

Historic, Archive Document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.



On a Magic Carpet of Corn



A World of Adventure

By

Betty E. Hill



For: Bonnie,

The best sister anyone
ever Had.

Betty & Lowell







On a Magic Carpet of Corn



A World of Adventure

By
Betty E. Hill

Sketches, photos, and text by Betty E. Hill

*Dedicated
to
Rebecca and Brent, Russ and Donna,
and our grandchildren Ryan and Meredith
for their patience and support
during our frequent and long absences
while I was generating notes from our travels,
and to my husband for his company and support
during the travels and the time spent converting
my hurriedly penciled notes to the computer.*

Contents

Preface	v	Korea 1989	423
Prologue	viii	Venezuela 1990	441
Acknowledgements	ix	Brazil 1990	454
<hr/>		Argentina 1990	474
Mexico 1975	1	Japan 1990	497
Brazil 1979	30	Korea 1990	506
Brazil 1981	38	Poland 1991	510
Argentina 1981	61	Japan 1991	536
South Africa 1981	69	Colombia 1992	555
Argentina 1983	84	Egypt 1993	569
Japan 1984	112	Chile 1993	598
Japan 1985	141	Hungary 1993	607
via New Orleans	142	Thailand 1994	618
from Hong Kong	150	Russia (Spring) 1994	637
Hong Kong 1985	168	Zimbabwe 1994	677
South Africa 1986	176	Argentina 1994	699
Japan 1986	208	Russia (Fall) 1994	705
Yugoslavia 1986	230	Russia (Spring) 1995	713
Indonesia 1987	249	Russia (Fall) 1995	734
Singapore 1987	283	Russia 1996	745
Brazil 1987	287	Korea 1996	757
Argentina 1987	306	Japan 1996	771
China 1987	320	Korea 1998	785
Thailand 1988	371	China 2004	793
Singapore 1988	407	<hr/>	
Yugoslavia 1988	414	Epilogue 2011	813



Russian grain traders showed their appreciation for my help in the Workshops

Preface

I slowly turned the pages in my geography book, absorbing the pictures and creating mental images as I read the descriptions of those far away places. The pictures were all black and white, but I visualized them in glorious colors. I was sitting at my desk in the little 1-room schoolhouse, but in my mind I was walking the narrow streets of Florence and gazing in awe at the famous sphinx and towering Giza pyramids.

The brown cast iron stove in the corner, the kerosene lamps on the wall, the teacher's desk and the blackboard at the front of the room, faded from my view as I closed my eyes and imagined I was floating on that magic carpet from the Arabian Nights. It carried me over the vast expanse of sand in the Sahara desert, then quickly whisked me to the Brazilian rain forest and so close to the Falls of Iguacu that I could hear the rushing water.

A soft autumn breeze carried the sweet scent of ripening corn and the sound of rustling leaves through the open windows from the fields just beyond the school yard. Little did I realize that a field of golden grain held the secret to weaving that magic carpet that would someday carry me to adventures in more than 50 countries.

I closed the book with a long sigh — there was no magic carpet to loft me over the cornfields of Iowa. Would I ever see those enchanting places and walk the streets in foreign lands? I whispered to myself, “some day, some way, I will visit those wondrous sights.”

Many challenging and enlightening experiences lay between this schoolroom and the realization of that dream of travel. However, I never lost that dream as I completed my studies in country school and passed the 8th grade “county exams” (required of all who graduated from country schools) before entering Webster City High School at the innocent age of 12.

I met my future husband, Lowell, while completing my BS degree at Iowa State College — a long struggle because I had to sandwich my college years between teaching jobs to earn enough money for the next term. Lowell and I were married in 1951. Following time at Ft. Sill and graduate work at Michigan State, he joined the faculty at the University of Illinois. His research led him to a study of causes of quality losses in grain exports.

Lowell's research required that he physically follow the golden grain from farm origins to final destinations, collecting samples at every point in its journey in order to document the deterioration in quality and to identify the causes. I joined Lowell on these travels around the

world on a “magic carpet” woven from the story of kernels of corn traveling from farmers’ fields in Iowa and Illinois to the tables of Mexican, European and Japanese consumers. The corn from those Iowa and Illinois fields provided the opportunity to experience the culture and customs of many of those “far away places” I had dreamed about so long ago.

The problems Lowell encountered in the first shipment from Toledo to Rotterdam convinced him of the necessity of having a reliable, loyal, and dedicated partner on the team. I became that unpaid partner and accompanied Lowell throughout the research and interviews. One of my “duties” was to provide photographs of the research — many of which were used in his publications and in his presentations to students, colleagues, and industry audiences.

Although the university could not pick up my expenses, Lowell recognized the value of my company and we found the means to work and travel together. My duties went far beyond photography to include active participation in much of the research. I made (and often changed) travel reservations for the research team, handled many phone call emergencies, and administered first aid to the team of students and faculty working around the clock during loading of the cargoes. With a sheet of canvas and my sewing machine, I created a more efficient device for bagging samples of corn collected in the hold of an ocean vessel — a system we had seen in Argentina. I even sewed buttons on a dress shirt to save the day for a Japanese student during a last minute preparation for a formal dinner. I organized logistics (such as meals and appointments) and recorded the challenges and frustrations that would never make it into the formal reports. While Lowell was absorbed with the technical discussions, I was recording insights gleaned from observing attitudes, reading body language and expressions, and listening to side comments Lowell never heard.

My presence often took us into situations that would not otherwise have materialized. When asked “what would you like to do?” my response of “I would like to learn more about your culture” nearly always generated big smiles and another new adventure, taking both of us far beyond the technical interviews and tours of processing plants. We were invited into homes and were urged to participate in family activities ranging from picnics to weddings. The warmth of these people and their families provided many unique and exciting adventures and often developed into friendships that persisted across the years.

The path was not always an easy one. The research results generated controversy and opposition from people at home and abroad. “Protecting research turf” was a concern on the part of other researchers in USDA, and even within our own university. The research involved Lowell in congressional hearings and federal investigations, intrigue within the industry and a clash between old and new ideologies. The large domestic and international grain companies

became increasingly vocal and unpleasant about Lowell's work, fearing disclosure of some of their questionable practices and a disruption in the "status quo" that might require changes in their practices and priorities. People in U.S. and international government agencies as well as private industry often tried to halt the research even to the point of contacting the Dean of the College to have Lowell "reassigned." He held firm and the Dean upheld the principle of academic freedom, allowing him to continue. Their opposition began to weaken as we documented the facts through pictures and publications.

Following dinner and a program one evening, when the criticism had been especially vicious two company men looked about them, took me aside and quietly confided, "Off the record, he really has made a difference for the good of agriculture."

Many exciting as well as challenging things happened along the way. I have captured some of these events using the notes jotted down whenever there was a spare moment in the often over-booked itinerary. I must confess that my emotions sometimes surfaced — especially when people unjustly criticized or tried to block the research. I have tried to recapture the excitement and challenges of the research and the insights into the people and the cultures, gleaned from travels spanning the period from 1975 to 2004. There are names and incidents I would not dare to publish were it not for the many years that have passed since they occurred.

Together, Lowell and I met the challenges and surmounted the obstacles that threatened the research, effecting changes in government policies and industry practices. We had no dull moments — sometimes scary, sometimes funny, sometimes emotional, but always exciting. Although much of the travel involved gathering information about marketing and quality of corn, I found insights into the culture, people, and their hopes and dreams to be much more interesting — there was so much more than corn to be gleaned from our travels. In the end many of our most vocal opponents became supporters of Lowell's research and we developed warm relationships with friends around the world — friendships that have lasted a lifetime. "Traveling with a Professor Was Not All Corn!"

Prologue

Lowell D. Hill
Professor Emeritus
University of Illinois
April, 2011

The years slip quickly by, and the time will come when the opportunities for adventurous travels may no longer be a part of our daily lives. In the afterglow of our many shared experiences, we can read these stories, and walk in memory along these paths of our past. We can relive the excitement of exploring new places, the challenges of long and arduous journeys, happy days of travel by car, train, and plane, the frustrations of plans gone awry, the successful confrontations with industry's opposition to change, and the fatigue of long days as we pursued answers to research questions dealing with grain quality. Most of all we will remember the people we met and the friends we made in near and distant lands who have contributed so much to the enrichment of our lives as we explored this exciting wonderful world. This book will bring back the many happy times together — a lot of joy and laughter, perhaps a few tears, and always the satisfaction of knowing that we accomplished this together. Perhaps others may enjoy sharing some of these adventures, but our shared moments together will be reward enough for the time spent in recording the daily events.

Betty's daily journal captures the excitement of many incidents, recording her impressions, sensations, and emotions at a moment in time. While I was engrossed in the technical aspects of the research, she was noting side comments, facial expressions, and body language which never reached my radar screen. Readers will quickly recognize her skill in interacting with farm families and stevedores; CEO's of international grain companies and their secretaries; students and professors; grain company employees who were critical as well as those who were supportive. Her interest in people and cultures gave her opportunities to record their hopes, their dreams, their worries and concerns, their personalities (both good and bad) and relate to these diverse groups based on her own experiences from around the world.

She made hurried notes as we scrambled from place to place — making more detailed entries as she whiled away the hours in hotels waiting for me to return from a meeting, or interviews, or collecting samples from the cargo of an ocean vessel. While I was engrossed in the

research, Betty focused on people and places, rather than historical facts. This is not a book on travel (although it contains many pointers on what to do and not do), but a book about people and their reactions to us as “outsiders”, often resulting in deep and lasting friendships with people ranging from a small farmer in Argentina, to the minister counselor in the U.S. Embassy in Russia, to the president of a major corn processor and his family in Japan.

The chapters that follow were constructed from the daily journals she kept while traveling with me as a full time assistant. Her help with photography and execution of the research was important, but even more useful was her knowledge of the culture and geography of every country, and her intuitive sense of direction that “saved the day” for me and my team more than once when we were headed in the wrong direction. There were many moments of panic, challenging adversities, and industry criticism. She took them all in stride as she worked beside me to complete assignments.

I contributed some material to explain the “why” and “how” of the assignments that took us to so many countries, but the effect of this research on industry and government policies can be found in other publications to which she also contributed. This book tells of her experiences and impressions as we travelled.

It is our hope that readers and future generations will enjoy these experiences and find in this tome even a little of the joy and excitement that have graced our lives. For experienced international travelers, the places and events will trigger memories of their own travels. For those less travelled, these experiences in the different countries and cultures may encourage you to try “the roads less travelled.” For our grandchildren and future generations, perhaps they will read this in amazement at what it was like “in the old days” when travelling with only intuition as a guide.

To our many friends in Western Europe: we have not forgotten your many kindnesses and the new and old friendships we found there. However, those trips and adventures were so numerous we have reluctantly excluded them from this account — perhaps there will be time for yet another book.

With my thanks for the fond memories,

Lowell

Your travelling companion

Acknowledgements

This book is based on my notes and information provided by the people associated with the episodes. I offer my heartfelt thanks to all my friends around the world who have made contributions while I was in their country as well as to those who later reviewed and commented on the content. However, I take full responsibility and offer my apologies for any errors I may have made in facts and impressions. A special thanks to Bette, Paula, Stephen, and Allison from Wheeler Arts for their advice and patience as I worked through the process of turning my journal notes into a book.

Mexico

November 20 - December 6, 1975



Mexico

1975

Our trip to Mexico actually began at New Orleans, starting with three barges loaded with corn from central Illinois farms. They had made the long journey down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers and were already secured along the banks of the lower Mississippi River, some 40 miles above New Orleans. This would be the first of many adventures associated with the golden grain as it traveled to ports and processors in distant lands.

As a result of the many complaints about the quality of U.S. corn from foreign buyers, Lowell had developed a research project that required following several shipments from origin to destination. The first shipment from Toledo to Rotterdam had encountered so many problems Lowell recruited me (at our expense) as part of the team to organize details of food, lodging, plane and train travel, financial records, and first aid to team members doing the manual labor of taking samples in ship holds 60 feet deep. My little “point and shoot” camera supplied a record of activities and my photos were often incorporated into the research publications. Thus corn became my “magic carpet” carrying me to distant lands. Little did we realize the many problems awaiting us on this adventure where my help would be needed.

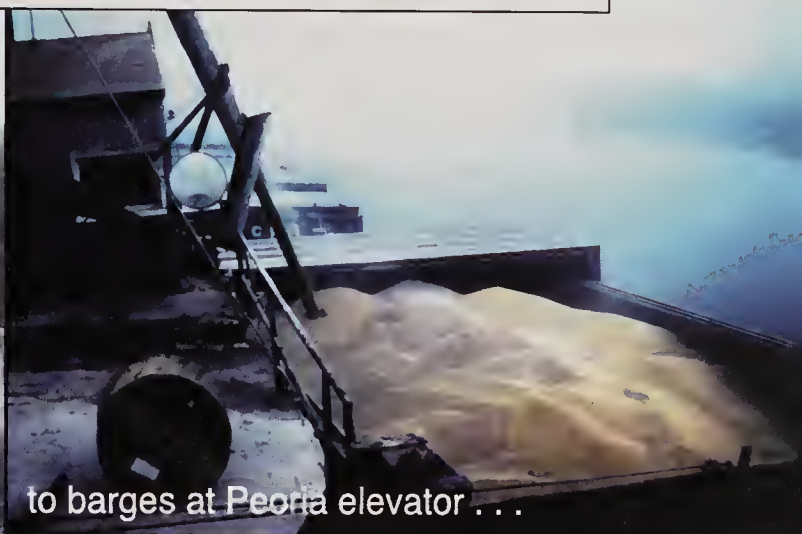
During the weeks before the start of our journey Lowell had several meetings out of town, returning from a 3-day meeting in Purdue the day before leaving for New Orleans. Meanwhile, I had been juggling church, school, and children’s lessons while packing for an undetermined number of days in New Orleans to be followed by an even more uncertain period of time in Mexico. We expected to be home before Thanksgiving, but dates were still uncertain. I made the necessary arrangements for the children to handle things at home while we were away. They were left in charge of feeding and caring for the cat, two rabbits and two squirrels. The rabbits had been abandoned when their nest was damaged by a lawn mower and they were threatened by neighbors’ cats. They now resided in our garage. The squirrels had been rescued when they fell from their nest to the concrete in Lowell’s parking lot. They had become too “cat friendly” to release into the wild and resided in a “castle” in the garage.

Lowell’s research had created a lot of controversy and most exporters had refused to participate. Importers as well as exporters were concerned the cause of the problems might be laid at their doorstep and they often tried to block or discredit the work. Cook Industries agreed to help because they were under federal investigation for allegedly adding trash to a cargo destined for Poland. After seeing the results from the shipment Lowell had tested in Rotterdam, they contacted Lowell and offered to allow him to take samples at every point in the market channel.

The research team followed a shipment of corn from origin to destination.



From farmers' trucks . . .



to barges at Peoria elevator . . .



down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers . . .



to export elevator
and holds of the *Union Defender* . . .



to tortilla customers in Mexico

The corn was followed from farmers' trucks to the tortilla factory in Coatzacoalcas, Mexico. They hoped the comparison would show that much of the problem was created by handling methods at destination. This controversy added even more excitement, uncertainty, and challenges to the trip.

Lowell had recruited a multi university team consisting of professors Les Stice and Marvin Paulsen from the University of Illinois and Professor Roger Brook from Purdue. Graduate students Alan London and Dan Hiller were recruited to help take samples at Peoria and in the ocean-going vessel. Budget constraints limited the members of the team continuing to Mexico to Lowell, Les, and Alan. Lowell had asked Ann Stice to accompany the team as company for me while the men were involved in the research work. Of course Ann and I went at our own expense. Lowell's Mexican student, Felix Carvallo, was to join us in Mexico City as guide and driver, and USDA had agreed to send Larry Nafzinger from the Texas Grain Inspection office to "legitimize" sampling methods at destination.

Thursday, November 20

Early Thursday morning, we picked up Ann and Les Stice in our rented car and departed for the St. Louis airport. We had decided we should allow four hours for travel, turning in the car, and checking our luggage. With the early morning start we felt the need for a coffee break, so took the exit at Effingham for a coffee and roll at the Dixie Truck Stop. It was nearly 9:00 when we reached the junction of I-55 just east of St. Louis. We realized we must have spent more time over coffee than we should have. We began to wonder if we could make it to the airport in time. Lowell kept one eye on the rear view mirror, as the speedometer needle slid above the speed limit, but there were not enough miles left to make up much of the time we had lost over coffee. Check-in time was close as we pulled into the airport. Les and Ann accompanied me to the counter while Lowell turned in the car and dashed for the gate. We made it just as they were calling for boarding. The moral — allow more than four hours from Urbana to Lambert Field, if you want a long coffee break.

We arrived in the New Orleans airport about two o'clock, rented a car, and checked into the Airport Days Inn. Dan and Alan were already there, having driven straight through from Urbana with the rented van. They needed a vehicle for taking several hundred pounds of samples back to the University. Roger had flown in from Purdue the night before.

The five of them took the rental car to the elevator, leaving Ann and I to unpack and organize our lodgings. The motel was conveniently located with respect to the highway to the elevator, however, it was right at the end of the runway. We were to question the wisdom of the choice of lodging every time a jet took off over our heads and rattled the windows, from 5:00 a.m. until after midnight every day.

Lowell had expected to start taking samples from the vessel by Friday afternoon, but was informed that the MV *Union Defender* had not yet cleared the "anchorage" at the mouth of the

Mississippi River, where it had been anchored for the first of two official inspections. That left us free to enjoy a little relaxation and see the sights of New Orleans tomorrow. Someone from the Cook elevator was to call us with information as to when the vessel would be arriving at the loading berth.

Friday, November 21

Our crew started the day with breakfast at the adjacent Happy Chef restaurant. We quickly discovered, despite trying several items on the menu, the irony in that name. Maybe the chef was happy, but his customers certainly were not!! It was the only food facility in walking distance, so for the next five days we were stuck with a chef who was much happier than his customers. The lunch menu was even worse than breakfast.

We decided to be tourists while waiting for the vessel to arrive, so Lowell turned the rest of the crew loose to entertain themselves using the University van, while the two couples drove the rental car the 15 or so miles to New Orleans. We found a convenient parking lot charging only \$1.00 from noon till five, and no charge after that. It was just at the end of Canal Street near the river, so it was convenient for Les and Lowell to walk to their appointments, while Ann and I took in the sights of New Orleans. The colorful sights and sounds of the tourist shops were just a short walk in the bright sunshine.

Ann and I decided to try the challenge of the New Orleans street car and rode to the French Quarter. We found some postage stamps for Ann's postcards and looked through the many interesting shops. We met Lowell and Les about five o'clock for dinner at a small restaurant across from the Monteleone Hotel in the French Quarter. The four of us made a brief tour around the Jackson Square after dinner and decided to walk back to the car. It was late November, so darkness was upon us before we realized it. The walk down Canal Street began to feel just a little eerie. The side streets were now dark, and the warehouses ominous-looking. The streets were deserted except for an occasional rat scuttling into the darkness. We stayed close together and hurried toward our car park at the end of Canal Street near the river and the railroad tracks. There were several derelict warehouses along the docks, many of them empty, and suddenly it looked like the wrong part of town for strangers. It had not looked so menacing in the daylight. We were relieved to find the car intact in the now deserted parking lot and were soon on our way back to the Days Inn.

Saturday, November 22

When Lowell phoned the elevator manager to enquire about arrival time, he was informed the anchor chain of the vessel had become entangled with a cable laid in the river, and they were waiting for a diver to come and free the vessel. This was perhaps a portent of things to come! We now had more time to kill, but no idea how much. We could be called at any time, and it would require only two hours for the vessel to journey from the anchorage to the berth at

the Cook elevator. Lowell, Les, Roger, Alan, and Dan spent a few hours at the elevator, meeting with elevator personnel, the ship's master, and the head of stevedores to plan a loading and sampling sequence consistent with their requirements and to convince all that the extra effort on their part was worthwhile. The Master's concern was keeping the vessel on an even keel by alternating the loading spout among the fore, aft, and center holds, while the research team was taking samples from holds #2 and #5.

It was important to verify that the grain had not deteriorated during the two weeks spent in the barges. Cook's manager requisitioned a tug to ferry the team up and down the river searching through the hundreds of barges tied along the banks to find the three barges loaded in Peoria. Once these were located, the official USDA seal installed at Peoria was broken, the tops were rolled back, and samples taken of the cargo for later testing. Back at the hotel, all Ann and I could do was wait and hope all was going well.

The team returned to the motel for lunch at (ugh) Happy Chef, then all of us decided to go back downtown for more window shopping. We stopped at Café du Monde for the famous bignets and made a few purchases at the fresh fruit and vegetable market to provide a welcome alternative to the menu at the Happy Chef.

Sunday, November 23

A call to the elevator this morning provided no new information. Divers had still not been able to free the vessel. There was little for anyone to do but wait. The fellows made a trip to the elevator, to supervise unloading of the barges into holding bins. There must be no question about the integrity of the cargo during the transfer from barge to silo to vessel, so Lowell knew that he had to personally supervise every step.

I stayed by the phone, taking messages as they gave us hour by hour reports on the next best guess for the arrival of the *Union Defender*. We were on alert 24 hours a day because no one knew when the ship would come and once it berthed, loading would start regardless of the hour — day or night. We dared not leave the area for very long, because they could give us no more than a 2-hour notice. Everyone was a little on edge having nothing for entertainment except watching television and sleeping.

Ann and I decided this would be a good time to visit the St. Louis Cathedral in Jackson Square, so we persuaded Lowell and Les to drive back to New Orleans. It was comfortably warm in the sunshine, and the Square was filled with early morning tourists. The streets and shops were very colorful with painted wrought iron balconies. We could see the mighty Mississippi River slowly flowing just beyond the high levee, with large ocean-going vessels moving in both directions. We found it very pleasant walking among the craft stalls surrounding Jackson Square, and admiring the many paintings hanging on the iron fence. I enjoyed looking over the shoulders of the artists who were busy applying brush to canvas with subjects ranging from a caricature of a local tourist, to landscapes from their artistic imaginations, to abstract art.

We went inside the beautiful St. Louis Cathedral, with its high arches and French Gothic architecture. It was quite dark, but that only enhanced the color of the leaded glass windows. We moved on to the museum next door, but were disappointed in the contents — mostly Civil War relics and weaponry — so we did not spend much time there. We met Les and Lowell at a small restaurant on the square for a quick coffee and snack, and returned to the motel to continue our wait for the call that would start the action.

Monday and Tuesday, November 24 and 25

I had already accepted that my birthday would receive little recognition except for a card and wish from Lowell. We spent the day just killing time, eating and watching TV. We dared not leave the phone for long, as we continued to wait for that all important call. Everyone was a little irritable and on edge with the continued inactivity and uncertainty.

At 10:00 p.m. we were suddenly awakened by the jangling of the phone. The elevator manager called with the long awaited message — “The *Union Defender* is freed and enroute to the loading berth at Reserve.” Lowell called the room numbers of Les, Roger, Dan, and Alan, and gave them the urgent message. Within 15 minutes they were all in the car complete with the clothes they would need to keep warm during the cold, damp November nights of New Orleans. They would work around the clock until the cargo was loaded. I watched from the motel window as the crew departed, not knowing when they would return — communication from the ship would be difficult. Cell phones were not yet a part of everyday life. I was now “out of the picture” and in a “holding pattern.” Lowell later related the obstacles they faced and conquered during loading.

“We took the curving River Road along the dikes towering 20 feet or more above our heads, covering the 20 miles to the elevator in about 30 minutes. It was nearly midnight before the vessel had been given the final inspection and certified as ‘fit to load’ and the night shift was ready to start loading. The bright lights on the elevator and loading gantries, gave us good visibility as we crossed the road from the elevator to the dock and vessel, with buckets, probes, canvas, ropes, and other supplies.

The sampling entailed the usual effort of sinking a probe into the grain mass, and filling sample bags to be hauled to the deck. There were lots of trips up and down the ladders to the bottom of the hold 60 feet below the deck. Since we were sampling in only two of the seven holds (#2 and #5), the hard work was interspersed with long waits, as the loading gantry and spouts were moved to alternately load the other five holds to keep the weight distributed evenly and the vessel on an ‘even keel.’

Between weather delays, and elevator down-time, holds #5 and #2 were a long time in completion. By 5:00 a.m. Tuesday, Les (age 60+) was showing the strain of

the physical exertion, but he was too proud to follow our suggestions to ‘sit out’ the next round of sampling. Finally, Roger could see he was on the verge of collapse and told me he had a plan. Roger told Les ‘I’m starving. Will you go with me to the restaurant up the road for some breakfast?’ I assured them both they were not needed for a while. We would not be back in the holds again for at least another hour. Les reluctantly went along. Roger said he used every trick he could think of to delay finishing breakfast, but Les finally got angry and insisted they go back to the elevator ‘even if you have to take your breakfast with you.’ We had completed sampling another layer by then.

The loading was going very slow. I felt that if I left the site at any time during loading, I could not verify nothing had been done by the exporter to influence our research results — critics were looking for every opportunity to discredit the work. I alternated between the vessel, the office control system, the laboratory of the official inspection agency, and the loading area of the elevator. By midnight Tuesday, the vessel was loaded except for the final layer representing our last barge to be loaded in hold #2. It was another hour before samples from that final layer were bagged and recorded. No one had had any sleep and little food for 28 hours. It required another 6 hours before the last sample was bagged, tagged, and boxed for transport back to the University.

We had developed a good relationship with the ship’s captain during the past three days and when we were discussing how we were going to transport those 12-foot probes and all the other equipment to the remote port in Mexico, he volunteered to let us put the equipment in a compartment on board the vessel. ‘That way it will be right where you need it when you board in Coatzacoalcos,’ he said. We expressed a little concern about its safety since it was USDA equipment, so he said he would put it under lock and key. We were very appreciative, but the solution to this problem laid the groundwork (we later discovered) for a much bigger problem when the equipment was removed from the vessel in Mexico.

We jumped in the car and headed back for the hotel. I had been able to notify Betty of our completion time and she was making arrangements for tickets for the flight and hotel check-out.”

Wednesday, November 26

I had spent a long day waiting for word from Lowell, and was quite relieved when the call finally came at 5:00 a.m. I called the airlines and confirmed departure times for myself, Lowell, Alan, Les, and Ann. Lowell had said Roger and Dan would stay behind to load the van later that day and Dan would drive back to Illinois. I decided we could just make the 9:00 a.m flight departing from our nearby airport to Mexico City. I also called Becky and

Brent at home to tell them the vessel was loaded and we were on our way to the airport and Mexico City.

The men scarcely had time to change clothes, drive the half mile to the airport, and turn in the rental car, but we made the plane. The adrenalin began to slow and we all knew how tired we really were. It had been 40 hours since the team had left the hotel Monday night. Lowell was asleep before the plane reached the end of the runway, and I had to shake him awake when we landed at the Mexico City airport.

I was surprised at the arid appearance of much of Mexico as we flew toward Mexico City. There were several breaks of green but much of the region over which we flew appeared desolate from the air. As we descended toward the airport, we could see the haze of smog over the city, held in place by the ring of mountains that surrounded the old lake bed on which Mexico City had been built centuries earlier by the Indian cultures.

Felix met us as we came off the plane. At that time the terminal was a small, concrete block and cement structure. There was one small room that served Coke and sandwiches, if you were brave enough to try them. We already knew the importance of giving instructions to “hold the ice.” Even though the Coke was safe the ice was not!

As we drove through the city toward our hotel I was impressed with the brilliance of color everywhere. Buildings and cars were bright orange, red, blue, and green. The little VW “Bug” was very popular in many varied colors. We checked into the Calinda Geneve, a small hotel in the Zona Rosa (the pink zone) near the American embassy. The rooms were comfortable enough, but they overlooked a very busy street. The traffic noise and the blaring “Italian” horns continued throughout the night. While their “musical notes” were amusing during the day they became annoying at night and downright grating on the nerves by 2:00 a.m. Worse still, the acrid smell of car fumes and street pollution penetrated the rooms even with the windows closed.

As soon as we were settled, the four of us walked the few blocks to the American embassy to make our courtesy call on Richard Welton, the Agricultural Attache. Lowell wanted to be sure he knew what we were planning to do, our research objectives, and the details of our travel itinerary. Richard agreed to assist us in transferring the samples from Mexico to Illinois, using the embassy pouch to avoid customs inspections that might violate the integrity of the samples. Ann and I returned to the hotel, while Lowell and Les met with Conasupo officials. Conasupo was the Mexican equivalent of a government grain board, and was responsible for all imports, storage, and distribution of grain. It was essential to have their full cooperation for sampling, especially at the various Conasupo storage silos around the country where the corn might eventually be stored.

We called the children at home to tell them we would not be home for Thanksgiving and found they were managing quite well on their own. They told us they already had three invitations for dinner and they were in the midst of a big snowstorm.

Thursday, November 27

The next morning Felix picked us up at our hotel in his car for a tour of the city, covering the important land marks such as the Plaza, cathedrals, and various monuments. He also wanted to show us the National University where he teaches part time. The university dates back to the 16th century, but the library had an ultramodern facade. It was reputed to be the single largest campus in the Americas, with an enrollment of more than 300,000.

We stopped at a small restaurant highly recommended by Felix, for a quick bite. In spite of our warnings, Les insisted on sampling a dessert that included whipped cream. Felix had told us earlier the dairy industry in Mexico City had questionable sanitation standards. Although the milk might be pure when it left the cow, the water used to wash containers was the same water that was too polluted for any outsider to drink. Les found the results from the cream to require a round of imodium the next day, but fortunately he recovered quickly.

After lunch Felix urged us to visit the Museo Nacional de Antropologia, in Chapultepec Park. I had already heard this museum was famous world wide, so gladly accepted his suggestion. We were not disappointed. The displays were so extensive and interesting we covered only a small portion before exhaustion and time decreed leaving the rest for another time — in fact, we visited this museum several times during future visits to Mexico City. Lowell, Felix, and Les were especially interested in a display of the corn culture of Mexico, including primitive storage structures equipped for drying with an open fire, and an ancient metaté used by the Indian women for grinding corn used in making tortillas.

Several pairs of black swans were swimming lazily in the small lake beside the museum, looking for any tid bits discarded by the tourists. The park is renowned for the number of black swans, but they also had a few white ones, skirting the shoreline.

Felix delivered us back to the hotel and we were happy to call it a day. Lowell paid Felix for the airplane tickets that he had purchased for the six of us to travel to Coatzacoalcos Friday morning.

Friday, November 28

Felix came to our hotel early and had two taxis ready to transport us to the airport. We encountered the usual traffic jam, with horns blaring. The local drivers seemed to ignore the traffic lights, and continued through red until a car from the other direction decided to challenge and pulled into the intersection. That soon resulted in traffic gridlock. A woman traffic director stepped into the intersection and tried to sort out the jam. No one paid any attention to her whistle and arm signals. Just more horns and louder shouting. She finally threw up her hands and walked away. Eventually, the log jam broke and traffic moved once more.

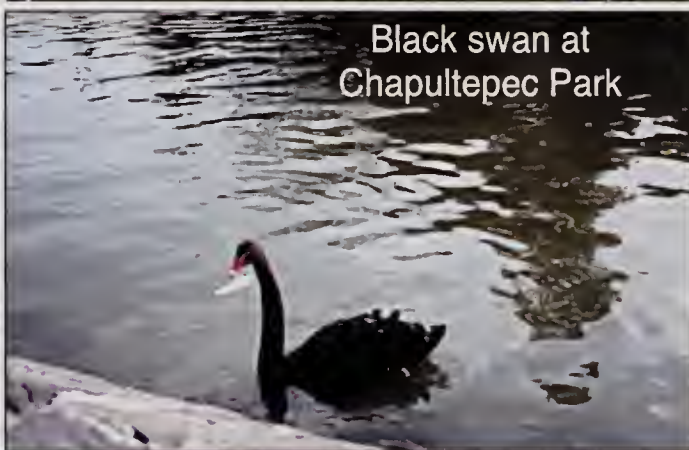
We boarded the plane and found our seats. We were a little uneasy with the condition of the plane, but hoped the mechanical parts were better maintained than the interior. It was not



Primitive grain storage in museum



The National University of Mexico



Black swan at
Chapultepec Park



Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl (Sleeping Woman)

much comfort to have Alan point out a local traveler across the aisle, who was making the sign of the cross as the engines revved. We relaxed when the plane lifted off the field and circled to rise above the smog and the ring of mountains surrounding the city. As we headed southeast we passed close to the two snow-capped volcanic peaks, lying dormant now but always with a hidden threat of eruption. As we passed, Felix related the legend of Popocatepetl (Smoking Mountain) and Ixtaccihuatl (Sleeping Woman):

“The warrior, Popocatepetl, was sent into battle by his commander. He was in love with the emperor’s daughter, Ixtaccihuatl, and was reluctant to leave. However, he obeyed orders and went on to win great victories. Just as he was returning to claim his true love, his enemies at home told Ixtaccihuatl that he had been killed, and she died of a broken heart. When he discovered the tragedy, he used his mighty powers to construct the mountain range, laying her body on one and placing himself on the adjacent one to stand guard. From time to time he sends a billowing cloud of steam and smoke to tell all that he is guarding still.”

The distinct form of a reclining woman on the top of the mountain, with the white-top peak standing near, was almost enough to convince us the legend of Ixtaccihuatl was true. Little did we realize then that 25 years later, Popocatepetl would awaken, flashing his sword of steam and fire, raining ash and smoke upon the neighboring villages.

The flight was uneventful, with a nice snack on the way and conversation with Felix about the newly developing oil economy in the Coatzacoalcos region. We checked into a very modest, though modern, hotel and asked Felix to arrange a port tour for our group since the *Union Defender* was not yet in port. By mid morning Felix was back with the port tour arranged. We boarded the launch and were invited to join the captain in the wheel house, as he explained the configuration of the harbor, the depth of the channel, and the sights along the shore. He cruised as far as the mouth of the harbor where we could see the full expanse of the deep blue Caribbean. It was a bright, sunny day. The water was very calm, the air was filled with the salty smell of the sea, and sea gulls circled overhead and around the boat, watching our wake for any possible meal. Although it was not yet in sight, the captain said the *Union Defender* was just entering the outer reaches of the harbor and would dock yet tonight. As we swung back toward town, we passed close by a dredging barge, working to keep the channel depth needed for the ocean-going vessels.

Felix found a quaint open air restaurant, specializing in seafood. We were ushered to a table on a partially enclosed platform, built a few steps above the ground level. It had walls that came up about to the height of the table, open from there to the thatched roof, giving us an excellent view of the blue waters of the harbor. A review of the menu left us puzzled, even with Felix translating and explaining. I finally settled on Red Snapper — a variety of fish I had never tried before, but a dish I thoroughly enjoyed. Alan, Lowell, and Felix wanted to be adventurous,

so they chose the seafood gumbo. When it arrived, no one could identify all the creatures floating in the dark liquid. Alan insisted some of them kept trying to crawl out of the bowl. Even Felix couldn't finish it!

When we returned to our hotel, we were informed that the *Union Defender* had docked and would start unloading the following morning. Lowell convened a short meeting of the team and the representatives from the government grain company, Conasupo, to finalize plans for taking samples from the two holds that had been sampled at the Cook elevator in Louisiana. Larry Nafzinger, from the Federal Grain Inspection Service, had arrived that afternoon from Beaumont, Texas and joined them for the planning session. Someone produced a copy of the local paper containing a front page story about a team of researchers from the University of Illinois that was in town to work with Mexican grain handlers to improve the quality of corn imported for tortillas. We were intrigued we had been selected for a front page story in the local paper, unaware of the problems that would create for us during the following days.

Saturday, November 29

Early Saturday morning the two couples and Felix went eagerly to the port area, hoping to see the ship crew open the hatches and catch our first glimpse of the corn that had traveled all the way from the Illinois' farms. None of the Mexican workers or officials had yet arrived. Lowell spoke briefly with the captain and he ordered the crew to open the hold #2 containing our "special" shipment. We leaned over the edge of the hold peering into the abyss below as the hatch cover was rolled back. The corn had settled several feet but we could clearly see the gleaming golden mass below. Since none of the crew were dressed for work, there was no need to descend into the hold. We returned to the hotel to prepare the team for the work of taking samples as the corn was unloaded.

The first of many surprises awaited them when they returned to the port. As they walked toward the equivalent of a gangplank used for boarding the vessel, two uniformed officials stepped forward and blocked their path. With Felix interpreting, they requested passports and work permits from everyone in the team. Everyone produced passports and explained through Felix that no work permits were needed. "We are not employees of any organization in Mexico, and none of these people are workers in that sense of the word," Felix explained. "These are professors and students conducting research for a university in the United States." The officials responded that taking samples was work, and lifting sample bags was work, therefore, all were required to have work permits.

The explanations were interrupted by the next shock. The officials turned to Larry Nafzinger, with his passport open in front of them, and informed him that there was no entry stamp by the Mexican immigration authorities. Therefore, it was obvious that he had entered the country illegally. (I don't know how they thought he had arrived). Larry protested vigorously. He had gone through customs when he entered Mexico, they had looked at his passport,

asked him the usual questions, and he assumed they had stamped the passport. He admitted there was no stamp but said, “the authorities at Mexico City airport immigration must have failed to stamp my documents.” The officials would not admit that customs could have made a mistake, and the armed authorities blocking progress to the ship, insisting he had entered the country illegally, brooked no further argument. Despite continued explanations and protests, they confiscated all of the passports and said they would be held until the matter was settled. Fortunately, Ann and I were still back at the hotel with our passports safely concealed.

Once the passports were taken, the team was allowed to board the vessel, in part because of the presence of several people from Conasupo, who were aware of the research project and wanted to see the quality of the corn. The congenial ship’s captain opened the hatch covers on the two holds Lowell needed to sample and unlocked the compartment where the probes, canvas, buckets, sample bags, etc. had been stored. The discharge procedure was quite a surprise. It was almost entirely a hand labor procedure — Mexican workers used shovels to load a large square of canvas. A crane then lifted the canvas by ropes attached to each corner, then swung it over to the dock and dumped it into the waiting boxcar.

Everyone was very concerned about the passports. The Mexican authorities would give no information as to what they required before returning them. Lowell called the embassy in Mexico City, asking if they had any suggestions. Richard Welton, the agricultural attaché, said it was difficult to tell if the Mexican authorities were holding our passports in hopes of obtaining a bribe, or if they were trying to test us to see if we would try to bribe them and would then arrest us for bribing an official. The third alternative, he told us, was they were legitimately questioning our procedures and papers. He was unable to provide any assistance and could not advise us which of the three alternatives we should accept. There was nothing more we could do.

Lowell organized the record sheets and laid out the plan according to the captain’s directions on when the different holds would be unloaded. Accompanied by Felix, Les, Alan, and Larry, he returned to the vessel to take samples. Two uniformed officials watched the team carefully as they walked up the gang plank, but did not try to interfere. Alan and Larry collected the sampling equipment and went down the ladder into the hold. Felix had hired several locals to help with the sampling, so it took only about 30 minutes to complete the first layer. However, as the group started down the gangplank with 24 sample bags, they were stopped by the officials. Through Felix, they explained very testily that we were illegally taking corn from the vessel. “Any corn leaving the vessel must be inspected by customs officials before entering Mexico,” they said. Again, lengthy explanations achieved little, except a final compromise: the bags could leave the boat, but each bag must be opened for inspection. They examined each of the bags and searched Lowell’s briefcase as well. They continued this process during the entire program of sampling. This was clearly a deliberate strategy for harassing the team.

When the team returned to the hotel covered in corn dust, the management soon made it

Checking the corn
at destination



Mexican laborers unload
the Illinois' corn



Unloading to rail cars with crane and burlap sling



Mexican laborers carry corn
into storage



clear they did not appreciate such scruffy looking individuals in their lobby. I tried to explain the work they were doing and that they would clean up immediately. The manager would accept nothing less than a promise in the future all workers would be brushed off before leaving the port. I could hardly keep from commenting that the hotel lobby didn't look all that clean for him to complain about a little corn dust.

We had told Felix we wanted to follow the corn to the final processor and consumer. Since holds, other than #2 and #5, had to be unloaded before the next set of samples could be taken, we decided this afternoon would be a good opportunity to see how U.S. corn was being converted to tortillas. Felix contacted Senor Blanco, who owned Tortilleria el Rayo, one of the larger tortillerias in town, and arranged a visit for the entire team. The processing facility was family owned and operated with eight or ten people including family members. The wife and young son were operating a retail desk at the front of the plant. Housewives were coming in off the street and buying cooked tortillas as well as uncooked dough for cooking at home.

Corn from a previous ocean vessel cargo had been delivered in burlap bags by truck to the small plant. Since the Mexican consumer preferred tortillas made from white corn, Sr. Blanco was mixing a small amount of U.S. yellow corn with Mexican white. Sr. Blanco told us through Felix, that his customers preferred the smoother, whiter tortilla produced from local corn, but there was simply not enough white available. The white and yellow corn was dumped into a concrete steeping vat holding about 1½ tons. Lime was added to the water in the vat to loosen the outer coating of the kernels and soften the corn for grinding. After four to six hours of soaking, the softened kernels were placed in a small grinder operated by an electric motor, and the water was drained into the city sewer. The water draining from the soaking tank was milky white as a result of the starch that had dissolved from the broken kernels. It was easy to see the concerns of the processors about broken kernels, because the exposed starch dissolved into the lime water, reducing the nutritional value as well as the yield of dough for the tortillas. Much of their profit was simply washed down the drain, adding to the pollution in the rivers and the bay.

One of the workers collected the dough from the grinder and rolled it into a huge round ball. The ball, nearly two feet in diameter, was placed in a hopper, where an electrical device squeezed the dough into balls (called quallis) just the right size to make a tortilla. The small dough balls were automatically flattened and dropped onto a chain conveyor, where they moved slowly across a gas-fired flame, were mechanically flipped at just the right moment, and came off a golden brown. The tortillas were stacked as they came off the conveyor and packed in wooden boxes for shipment to other retail shops in Coatzacoalcas as well as to several neighboring towns along the coast. Local housewives were lined up at the counter purchasing raw dough or cooked tortillas. I was impressed at the clean and colorful clothing they were wearing. A young woman, wearing a brilliant red skirt, with a young boy at her side, made a perfect picture as they proceeded on down the street: a stack of golden tortillas tucked into her straw tote bag.

Explaining
the tortilla
process



Grinding the corn into
dough balls



Dough balls of corn ready for tortillas



As we were being given a tour and explanation of the facilities, their small son proudly showed us his multicolored flock of five hens and a rooster. They were scratching in the dirt floor, picking at any kernels that might have been dropped during loading of the steeping tank. The chickens were also enjoying a small round trough of water. We pretended not to notice when we saw one of the workers chase the chickens out of the trough so he could wash his hands before returning to the corn grinder to roll another large dough ball. Sr. Blanco, anxious to show us his hospitality, proudly pulled hot tortillas from the pile and gave one to each of us. I wondered if it was safe to eat, but when I saw Sr. Blanco watching with eager anticipation on his face, waiting for my reaction, I decided to take a chance. I took a cautious bite as the rest of our group stood watching, with one eye on the water trough. I was not too concerned since they had just come over a searing gas fired flame. As I smiled with pleasure, they all joined in a repast of tortillas, still warm from the cooking fire. I expressed enthusiastic approval of the tasty product and was rewarded with the happy smiling face of Sr. Blanco. As we returned to the hotel we concluded that despite the trauma over the passports, this had been an informative and enjoyable day. The warmth exhibited by the Blanco family easily transcended the language barrier and made up for the unpleasant officials at the port.

It was Saturday night and we decided to take in the local atmosphere for the evening meal. We enjoyed the sights, sounds and smells of the evening as we walked among the local stores and tradesmen. Most of the stores were open on the plaza side. It had been several hours since we had eaten lunch, so we looked for a place where we could satisfy our hunger. Felix urged us to try the local cuisine, despite our concerns over sanitation. We finally agreed to try a small food stall, despite the flies swarming over the counters, food dishes, and tables. I suggested to Lowell we choose a beef sandwich because the meat was being cooked on the grill and served hot. That should compensate for the swarm of flies on the raw meat. To my dismay the cooked beef was not placed on the bun, but slapped on the fly covered cutting board and cut in slices before being placed on the bun. How we survived that meal without a touch of the “Aztec Two Step” (as Alan had dubbed it) I’ll never know.

As darkness fell, everyone seemed to congregate in the central plaza, especially the young people. We watched, with amusement, the Saturday night ritual of walking the square. We were reminded of our younger days in small town Iowa, when teenagers would walk around the courthouse square on Saturday evening. Tonight, the town square in Coatzacoalcos was filled with people, lights, and sounds. Groups of girls in colorful skirts circled the plaza in one direction: the boys in the opposite direction. They shyly eyed each other as they crossed paths. How long this continued or how it ended, we never knew. We were all tired and returned to the hotel.

Sunday, November 30

I was not feeling well this morning and my jaw seemed stiff. I thought it might be a tooth problem, but nothing materialized. After returning home it was suggested that it might have

been a tetanus reaction although I had had my vaccination. While shopping in Mexico City I had stumbled on the very uneven and broken sidewalks, and skinned my knee on the dirty cement. It was some time before I could return to the hotel and disinfect it with the alcohol which I always carry in my first aid kit. I spent most of the day in my room reading. There was little activity in the town except for church. Coatzacoalcos had not yet developed a tourist industry. Ann and I found a small café for lunch, took a short walk around the area and returned to the hotel.

Lowell and the team had returned to the vessel to continue sampling. Much of the corn had been transferred to rail cars and it was important to take samples from inside the boxcars to determine how much breakage had taken place despite the gentle handling. Larry, being experienced in sampling rail cars, undertook to probe the cars. Unlike covered hopper cars in the states where the top can be opened to insert the probe, these box cars were completely covered, with entry through the door on the side of the car. It was no small feat to maneuver the 12-foot probe inside the nearly-full boxcar. The heat that had built up inside the closed car with two feet of head space, made the rest of the team happy Larry was considered the expert.

Lowell had been talking with the Conasupo people about obtaining samples at later points in their marketing channel, and was told that many of the boxcars were headed for their silos in Mexico City, some were being shipped to the town of Cuernavaca, but most of the grain that had been sampled would be going to a local warehouse for storage and distribution to the local tortilla manufacturers. This warehouse, it turned out, was scarcely a quarter of a mile from where the vessel was located, providing an excellent opportunity to determine final quality. The corn would be handled in bags from the warehouse, so there would be no further breakage between storage and the tortilla plant.

Once the corn in the rail cars was sampled, the cars and the team moved to the warehouse where workers were filling burlap bags using a wooden chute to direct the corn from the car to the bags. This was a long, slow, and laborious process, with 70 tons of corn in each railcar being loaded into bags. The bags were sewn shut, hoisted on the shoulder of a worker, and carried to a small platform scales that would hold three bags at a time. The three bags were weighed while another individual with a clipboard and pad of paper recorded the number of bags and their weight in sets of three. Each bag was then hoisted back on the shoulder of another worker who carried it to the warehouse and stacked it with the others for later distribution. What a lot of hard labor!! Even without analysis, it was clear that the corn handled in such a gentle manner was going to be in better condition with respect to breakage than the corn in shipments to Europe where it was unloaded with pneumatic suckers and chain conveyors.

Lowell contacted the Mexican authorities again, with Felix's help, and received the same vague answers regarding their passports. He tried to negotiate with them but could not determine what kind of a game they were playing. Felix finally received a plausible explanation. One of the minor players in the Mexican authoritarian regime confided to Felix the local

authorities had been very upset when they read the newspaper article about a team of Americans in their city and their port. They had not been informed about the visitors and the activities in an area under their jurisdiction. It appeared to be a problem of saving face by holding the passports. Our early pleasure at being recognized in the local paper had turned into a serious liability. Lowell gave up on the negotiations and returned to the port.

Monday, December 1

The team was still worried about passports and interference from the Mexican authorities, but Lowell said the last layer had to be sampled today or it would be unloaded into the rail cars without being sampled. Lowell left the embassy phone number with me and said if we were not back by dinner time to call the embassy for help.

Ann and I decided to try our hand at bargaining in the small shops around the hotel. We walked past the food booths filled with fruit and vegetables, admiring the wide variety. Then we passed the meat shop with dressed chickens hanging from hooks outdoors in the warm air covered with flies and already turning dark in the hot sun. It gave us pause for thought as we looked at menus featuring chicken back at the hotel. As we passed one of the shops I noticed a window display of white clay doves about half the size of my hand. They were so pretty and realistic, I decided to go in and check on the price. A sweet young girl came to wait on me. She spoke quite good English. We talked about where we were from, where we were staying, and the price of the doves. I thought they would look nice in a Christmas display, so selected four of them and negotiated a price of 30 pesos (about \$4.00). That left one lonely looking dove still in the window. She wrapped tissue paper around the four I had purchased, and handed the package to me. Then she reached back into the window, picked up the remaining dove and placing it gently in my hand she said, "This one is for the nice American lady."

Meanwhile the team had returned to the vessel. The same two ominous-looking uniformed officials were waiting their arrival, but made no attempt to stop them from boarding and picking up the sampling equipment. Lowell started down the ladder with Alan and Larry, to sample hold #5. Felix tried to persuade Lowell not to enter the hold. He was convinced it would damage his reputation if anyone discovered he was actually doing manual labor. "No professor in Mexico would engage in manual labor," he said. "A professor should stand on the deck and supervise the others." The explanation that as a researcher, it was essential he be in the hold where he could watch all that was being done, never convinced Felix. He finally accepted the fact that Lowell was going down into the hold to supervise the taking of samples and recording the data, with no regard for "reputation." It only required about 40 minutes for them to collect the last set of samples and the team breathed a sigh of relief as they departed the vessel with all the samples intact.

The passport situation was nearing the panic stage. The full team made another trip to the customs offices, and asked once more what was required. This time they were told if each

“worker” would pay \$80.00, customs would issue work permits and return the passports. However, they said, since they had failed to obtain the permits before they arrived in Mexico, each team member must pay another \$80.00 as a penalty or fine for entering the country without the proper documentation. The question of Larry’s illegal entrance did not come up in their negotiations, and Lowell was certainly not going to mention it. By pooling their funds, the team was able to come up with the \$160.00 required for each of the five people involved in the team, and to their great relief, their passports were handed back. Whether the problem was bribery or bureaucracy, it was finally resolved and we slept a lot better that night!!

Tuesday, December 2

We had plane reservations back to Mexico City for early departure this morning. Lowell was relieved that he had a large number of samples in plastic bags stored in our hotel rooms. However, he had to find a way to get them back to Mexico City where the embassy had agreed to box and ship them to Illinois. He finally hit upon a plan of renting a station wagon in the town of Coatzacoalcos and letting Alan London and Larry Nafzinger drive the samples back across the mountains to Mexico City — about an 8-hour drive. With that arrangement made, the rest of us caught the plane to Mexico City and left the two of them to load the equipment and the samples, and drive back. Alan told us later it was quite an experience because they had no place to carry the twelve-foot probes. They decided to tie them to the car doors, which of course prevented them from opening the doors on that side. With all the other equipment and the bags piled up to the top of the car, and some equipment tied to the top, they were looked at with considerable suspicion as they drove through the many small towns on their way back to Mexico City.

We arrived at our Mexico City hotel in mid-morning and requested an inside room. It would be hot, but at least the noise would be muffled so we could sleep. Felix said this would be a good time to visit the pyramids of Teotihuacan, and stop by the agricultural college of Chapingo. We were more than willing since we wanted very much to see the pyramids.

Lowell and I piled into Felix’s old car and headed through the bedlam of traffic to the edge of the city. At every stop light two or three small boys would come running to all the cars and start washing windshields. Waving them off had no effect and they were finished and holding out hands for coins by the time the light turned green.

As we left the city, we entered into a flat, dry agricultural region. Since this was December, the grasses were dry and the landscape brown and barren. We saw an occasional shock of corn and a few thin cows reaching for the last few blades of grass. To our right we could see the peaks of Popocatepetl with a faint trail of smoke lifting lazily into the sky. Ahead of us were low mountains becoming visible as we approached Teotihuacan.

The pyramids were everything we had hoped for. Only a small portion of the city had been excavated and the two main pyramids stood stark against the sky, with the low mountains

as a backdrop. We were intrigued by the Pyramid of the Sun and its ancient stone stairs just inviting us to climb to the top. Felix tried to discourage us, but I wanted very much to climb to the top of those ancient steps. Felix assured us “there is nothing up there that I want to see,” so Lowell and I started the long climb, stopping occasionally for a view. Felix was soon just a doll-sized figure at the base below. We later discovered he was afraid of heights and would not have climbed even to the first level for any amount of money.

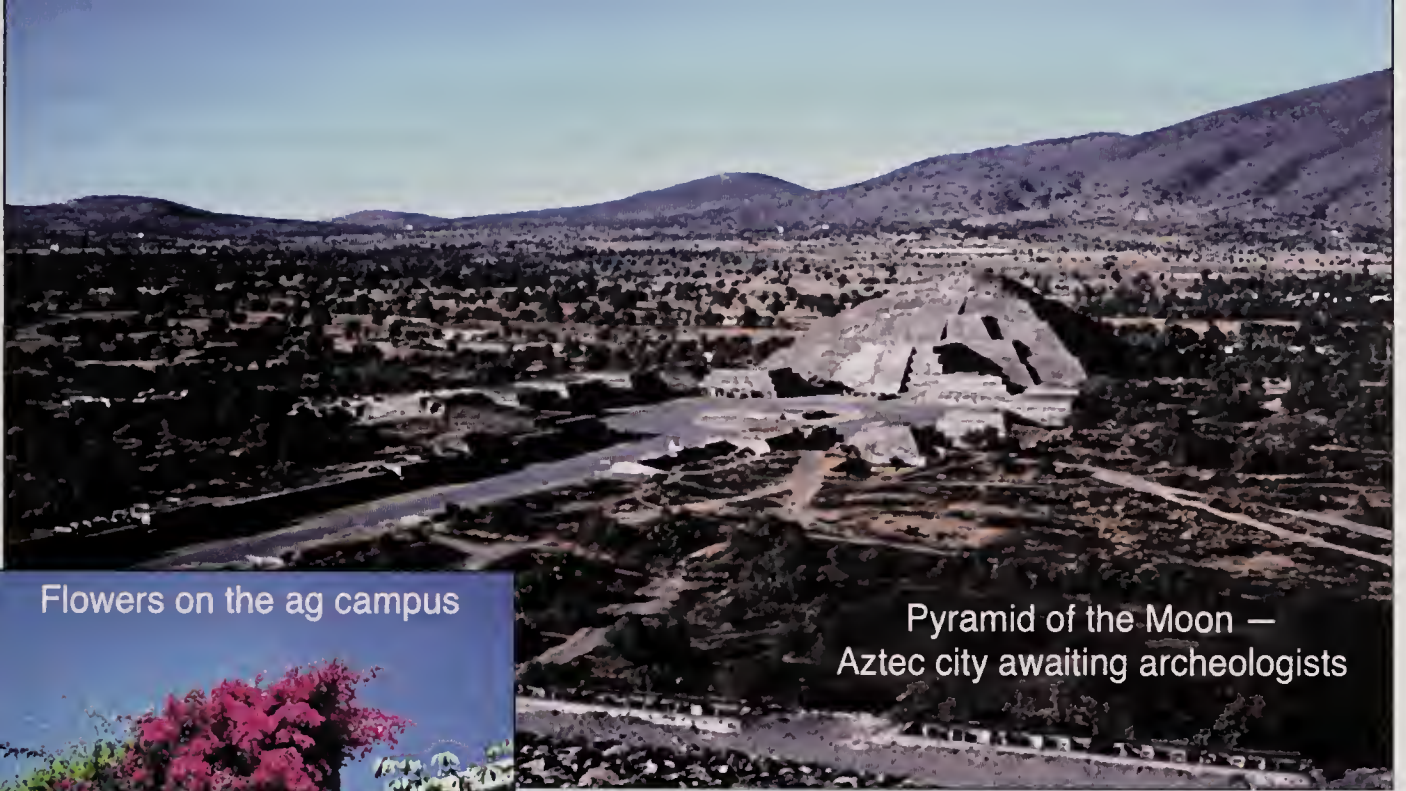
At each level we paused to view the ever widening panorama before us. The view from the top was amazing. The layout of the central square became quite clear from the top view. And as far as the eye could see there were signs of an ancient city, now covered in scrub growth and trees. Only a few structures had been partially uncovered by archaeologists. We descended the stone steps and explored the rest of the structures. To our surprise we found, beneath a rock overhang, a painting of a jaguar, the brilliant colors of orange and red still clearly visible after the centuries that had passed since a talented Aztec artist had painted it.

The Pyramid to the Moon was not as tall but still impressive. Several small pyramids were clustered around its base. We decided we did not need to climb another pyramid and were content to gaze in wonder at the remnants of a civilization that had built such a structure with none of our modern technology.

At the eastern edge of the excavated area we found a woman dressed in a long, bright red and orange dress with a black shawl around her shoulders, selling crafts. I was taken by the beauty and quality of a carved onyx chess set and promptly purchased it as a present for Brent and Lowell.

When we finished the pyramids, Felix drove us back by way of his “other” university, the agricultural college at Chapingo. The campus was small but beautiful, with bougainvillea — brilliant red, orange, pink, and blue — climbing everywhere. Felix was embarrassed for us to hear his students calling him “Dr. Carvalho” since he knew we knew he had never finished his degree. He explained this was just a term of respect and was equivalent to “professor.”

On the way back to Mexico City, Felix suggested a detour to a small village where we could shop for authentic Mexican crafts. The village was very quaint and very small with only a few adobe homes and dusty dirt streets. Crafts and food were displayed in open booths all along “main street.” We walked among them admiring the handcrafted pottery, garments, and weavings. I was immediately “taken” by a beautiful serape with black and rust colored designs on a cream colored background. Felix said he could get a better bargain farther down the street, so he and Lowell continued working their way along the other shops. I liked the one I had found and decided to stay and talk with the woman holding it in her hand. Although we spoke different languages we understood each other perfectly. We quickly agreed on a price that was satisfactory to both of us and I had my serape. Felix returned to tell me he had found a good bargain farther down the street but was in shock and disbelief when he discovered I had made an even better deal with a lower price than he had negotiated.



Flowers on the ag campus

Pyramid of the Moon —
Aztec city awaiting archeologists



Pyramid of the Sun



Aztec painting of jaguar

It was a little after four o'clock when we returned to the hotel to wait the arrival of Alan and Larry. We had calculated they should be there by four o'clock, given the distance and the roads. Five o'clock came and went, and still no sign of our two team members. By six o'clock, I was beginning to worry, and asked Felix what he thought. He assured me there was no problem, they had probably stopped to eat and it had taken longer than we had calculated. By eight o'clock, there was still no sign, and I was beginning to get very uneasy. I kept asking Felix if there wasn't some way to check on them or if we should notify some authorities. He said, "Don't worry, I have called the highway patrol and they will be on the lookout for the car. Once the patrol locates them they will take care of the team members and escort them back into town." It was nearly 10:00 p.m. before the two of them arrived at the hotel. They explained they had taken a couple of side trips along the way and found some very interesting scenery and places to visit. It never occurred to them it might worry us if they failed to show until six hours after the expected arrival time.

After things had calmed down, Felix confessed to me he had lied about the highway patrol. He was worried Alan and Larry might have had an accident driving over the mountains, but he never called the highway patrol because he knew there was nothing they could do or would do. They would have laughed at him if he had tried to convince them we were worried about someone driving from Coatzacoalcos to Mexico City. "I didn't want Dr. Hill to worry, so I just made up the story," he told me. Needless to say, we were all relieved to see them, and their cargo, safe and sound.

Wednesday, December 3

After a good night's sleep, the team boxed all the sample bags and took them to the embassy. Richard Welton had agreed to send them through what is known as the embassy pouch, by way of Miami, where they would be passed without inspection, because they would have the embassy stamp upon them. Lowell hoped that would keep the customs people from opening and mixing or spilling the valuable samples. The postal system would then deliver them to the University of Illinois.

By now Lowell had determined he would be unable to obtain any samples from the silos in Mexico City or Cuernavaca, but he had permission to interview the people who were in charge at each of these locations. Lowell, Les, and Felix decided to visit the largest of the silos in Mexico City and interview the manager, while Ann and I shopped. As they had heard so many times before, the grain manager complained that U.S. corn was badly broken and did not provide the type of tortillas the Mexican housewife preferred. In fact, he said, he had to blend U.S. corn with Mexican white to be able to sell it at all. He had carefully calculated just how much they could add before the housewife recognized the difference.

Ann and I had a relaxing day. We found another museum near the hotel that was not even in the guide book. It contained a variety of historical items, including a section on weapons

from spears to cannon. Not particularly interesting, but worth a short walk when there was little else for us to do, while waiting for the men to return.

I had heard and read a lot about the world famous Ballet Folklórico and had been hoping to see it. I had dropped several hints, but the men were always too involved in talking with the grain people to find out about tickets. To my surprise, Felix had been listening to me, and around 3:00 he came to our room with tickets in hand. He had managed to obtain tickets for all four of us (despite a sold-out crowd!) for the only night they would be performing while we were in Mexico City. It was still daylight and we decided to walk the few blocks to the theater. Given the horrific evening traffic we knew it would be faster than taking a taxi. Sidewalks were filled with people and the streets filled with the many colored cars, horns blaring. It was another good opportunity to absorb the atmosphere of a typical night in downtown Mexico City.

At the door we were ushered to our seats, located almost directly in front of the stage and close enough to have an excellent view of the details of the scenery and costumes. As the curtains opened, a hush fell over the theater. The lights were lowered until we were in complete darkness. The golden glow of a rising sun appeared behind the pyramids and the haunting music of the Aztec flutes called the dancers to life. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled from the drums as the sun rose above the pyramids. This first dance depicted the origins of civilization. Quetzalcoatl defeated the gods of the four directions, then stole the bones from the god of the underworld to form the Aztec's world. In the end gods and man joined to live happily together. Dance after dance continued to depict the history and culture of the various regions of Mexico. They varied from agricultural offerings to war and revolution, each expressing clearly the story they were trying to tell.

The most exciting dance for me was the famous Deer Dance, which has been passed down through generations of people along the Pacific coast of Mexico. The Yaqui Indians of this region honor the deer as the center of their religious and economic lives and the dance depicted the endurance and spirit of the noble animal. The first dance was the Dance of the Hunters. One dancer, wearing the head and antlers of a deer, tried to escape two hunters. The dancers raced and postured while the deer ran, and leaped high in the air in an attempt to elude the pursuers. Finally as the deer paused for a drink at a waterhole, the hunters threw their spears. Caught up in the excitement and intensity of the struggle, I could feel the pain and fear of the deer as, wounded, he tried desperately to rise and flee, only to collapse at the feet of the hunters. I was almost as exhausted as the dancers when the curtain fell.

Dancers from each of the regions of Mexico brought their own interpretation of culture and history. The costumes were elaborate, colorful and unique. I sat entranced as each new series of dances proceeded to unfold the story of the region. The most unusual dance and costume had developed on the East Coast of Mexico. Following a wreck of a Portuguese ship, a baby's dress was washed ashore. Thinking it was some sort of headdress, the natives incorporated it into their costumes and dance.

The final curtain fell and we moved quietly back into the modern world of honking cars and bustling streets. There was a line of taxis waiting along the street so we were quickly returned to our hotel.

Thursday, December 4

Lowell and Felix had arranged a visit to the silo in Cuernavaca, traveling in Felix's car. Felix had driven us in his somewhat dilapidated car all around Mexico City. He said it did no good to have a good car in Mexico City, because there were so many accidents that it was bound to be dented and damaged very quickly. I could believe that, and Lowell was very relieved that Felix was willing to drive rather than for him to try to navigate the seemingly "no holds barred" system of traffic. However, when we started talking about the trip to Cuernavaca, Felix began to have second thoughts. He said it was a very mountainous road, very steep and dangerous, and he didn't believe he would be able to drive on that road. Lowell informed him if he could drive us out of Mexico City, he would drive the mountain roads. He and I had driven roads in the Colorado mountains as bad as any we would see in Mexico. We had traveled in Colorado back in the days when many of the mountain roads were nothing but one-lane gravel, with a 1000-foot drop on one side and solid rock on the other. Felix decided that was a good compromise,

Felix drove us to the outskirts of Mexico City and Lowell took the wheel of the car, wondering just how bad these roads could be. To our surprise, it was a 4-lane divided highway, and while there were steep drop-offs and many curves, there was a wide shoulder in addition to the double lanes. The heights and looking over the side of the mountain left Felix unnerved. It was not the road, but the height that had him frightened.

Cuernavaca was a very interesting historical town, and we enjoyed touring the various historical spots, which Felix described in great detail for us. Housewives were busy at the various shops and food stalls. We admired the sparkling water fountain in the town center. Ann and I browsed through the colorful market and I found a purse I couldn't resist. All the men in our team had purchased the typical Mexican embroidered shirts, so I thought I deserved a purchase on my own. Lowell and Felix visited the grain storage silo while we shopped. The silo visit was a short one, with answers to their questions much the same as they had heard before. They did not gain any additional information, but it was important to verify that the quality being received at the final destination was less than the quality the tortilla processors would have liked.

On our return trip, we had a chance to observe many small fields of corn being harvested by women in brightly colored dresses. They were placing the ears in bags and laying them along the rows. A man with a donkey cart would come along and pile the bags on the cart and take them, we presumed, to their home. It provided us one photo opportunity which demonstrated the contrast in Mexico. Lowell called it the picture of the three Cs — corn, cactus, and

Coca-Cola. Coca-Cola ads and cactus were very prevalent. It was a little harder to find a field of corn.

With our assignment completed and samples delivered to the embassy, Lowell decided it was time to arrange for sending all the equipment back to the United States — particularly the pair of 12-foot grain probes that belonged to USDA in Washington, D.C. This generated another flurry of discussion and activity among the Mexican authorities, and the final conclusion was, “We need to see your import papers.” Lowell explained the equipment had been brought on board the vessel. They were not imported, but were part of our personal possessions. They said, “No, these are pieces of equipment of commercial value, and you could not bring them in without having had an import license.” His explanations about the captain having stored the equipment on deck were to no avail. In the end, they impounded the equipment and said they would wait for further instructions from Washington, D.C. Lowell decided that was a problem for the U.S. government, and informed the agricultural attaché and the people in Washington. We later learned that six months after our departure, the Mexicans agreed to send the equipment back to Washington, D.C., but demanded payment for having stored them for so long! No one ever said it was going to be easy working in Mexico!

Lowell and Les decided to visit several of the grain brokerage offices in Mexico City and discuss pricing strategies, since there had been complaints about price gouging by the “free market.” Ann and I used this opportunity to walk back to the museum and Chapultepec Park. We were very interested to see the Chapultepec Castle, the official home of Mexico’s president at the time of Maximilian and Carlotta during French occupation during the 1860s. Carlotta designed the gardens surrounding the castle and many of the furnishings she brought from Europe were on display in the museum. I stood looking out a window and imagined what it must have been like when Carlotta was standing in this very same spot.

Our dinner tonight was to be a special occasion with two special people. Miguel Cuadra had completed all but his MS thesis under Lowell’s guidance, then returned to a government job that precluded his completion of the research. When he learned we were in Mexico City, he and his lovely wife traveled from Monterrey to host a dinner at the restaurant Hacienda Los Morlares. What a dinner that was!! I cannot begin to describe all the exotic Mexican dishes in which we indulged, but one stands out in my mind. One of the several appetizers was corn smut smothered in a cream sauce. Yes, I said corn smut — that black, ishy, fungus that occasionally grows on an immature ear of corn. Despite the mental picture that a dish of corn smut created in our minds, Lowell and I were brave enough to agree to try it. The dish had a reasonably appetizing appearance and the flavor was delicately exquisite. The smut provided a faint flavor of sweet corn and the fungus added a most pleasant flavor. I had already learned as long as the dish was hot and posed no bacterial contamination, local customs and cuisine were always worth trying and I was usually pleasantly surprised at the result. Besides, to refuse would be an affront to the generous host. Dinner was filled with conversation and laughter about memories

from Miguel's time at the U of I. Miguel's wife was delightful and we enjoyed hearing her descriptions of her background and the area around her home. We talked about their current activities and plans for the future as Mexico moved forward with land reform. Miguel had reservations about the success of dividing large productive haciendas into small plots for every peasant, but his assignment in the government administration required that he do his best to implement the master plan. He feared the small subsistence farms would mean a major reduction in productivity and supplies of food, and a decrease in the amount of food entering the market for urban areas, even though it would help many poor farmers feed their families.

The dinner finale was the delightful, honey-filled "sopapillas." Miguel waxed eloquent in expressing his appreciation for the opportunities the University of Illinois had provided him and the assistance he had received from Lowell. As we parted, he presented Lowell and me with a hand carving of a Mexican laborer, carrying a large water container on his back. I did not recognize the signature of the artist, "J Pinal," but I'm sure it was a well-known artist in Mexico and a valuable piece. The quality of the workmanship clearly supported that conclusion. We said our goodbyes — a little emotional knowing that it was unlikely we would cross paths again with this wonderful couple.

Friday, December 5

With the work completed and the samples in the hands of the embassy personnel, we were ready to head for home. I finished packing and Lowell confirmed plane reservations and arranged for a taxi to take us to the airport tomorrow morning. We decided to try one more museum, not far from the hotel. It had a lot of ancient artifacts but we were becoming a little jaded after all the museums and stressful experiences, so I'm afraid we didn't give it the attention it deserved.

Saturday, December 6

The taxi arrived on time at the hotel door and deposited us at the airport terminal. We checked the luggage and collapsed on one of the benches in the terminal. It was the first time I could really relax since we arrived at the port in New Orleans more than three weeks past. I suddenly realized how tired I really was, and glancing around it was clear that all of us were exhausted!!

Lowell had succeeded in obtaining the information he needed in spite of all the obstacles created by the Mexican authorities. He could now demonstrate that handling at the importing facilities was creating much of the broken kernels and that the so-called "foreign material" was primarily broken kernels and corn dust. The gentle handling at Coatzacoalacos caused little damage and the golden grain in the vessel holds and at final destination was still a bright golden mass. It would require many more shipments and research efforts to "prove" his conclusions, and these too were the basis for even more adventurous travels to distant lands.



From rail cars to storage,
one bag at a time

I had gained an appreciation for the warmth and friendliness of the people in Mexico and new insights into their culture and the problems they faced in their day-to-day activities. I had met many kind strangers and understood their eagerness to communicate with “Americans.”

While waiting for the plane departure time, we noticed all the many colorful pinatas hanging in the few stores that were open. Pinatas came in many shapes — donkeys, parrots, dragons, etc. We chose two, to take home to Rebecca and Brent. We also purchased two huge colorful sombreros. After boarding the plane we noticed almost everyone on the plane was trying to stuff a pinata into the overhead bin or holding one in their arms. They seemed to be the “gift in vogue” for returning tourists.

The plane to Chicago left on time and we could relax for an uneventful flight to Chicago. We were almost too tired to converse about all that had transpired since the day the barges were loaded at the Peoria River Elevator with corn from farmers’ trucks. We cleared immigration and customs in Chicago, with no problem and waited for the rental car shuttle. We picked up the rental car and made the 3-hour trip home, too groggy to even remember the details of the drive. The children had had their own adventures during our extended absence, but they had handled everything with maturity. While we were enjoying the warm sun in Mexico, they were struggling with a snow storm, walking to the neighbors for Thanksgiving dinner. It was so good to be home!!

This was the first of many adventures in Mexico. Subsequent trips were not so stressful, but all were filled with adventures and opportunities for new friends, new pleasures, and insights into the history and diversity of the Mexican culture.

Brazil

March 30 - April 8, 1979



Brazil

1979

Friday, March 30

Our first opportunity to visit Brazil came when a quasi government organization called TRANSCON asked Lowell to conduct an evaluation of the economic feasibility of building a railroad from central Brazil to the port city of Santos for exporting primarily soybeans. We departed Urbana for Chicago in a rental car on a damp chilly day. I really don't remember much about the trip, except that the day fit our mood. Our beloved Siamese cat had just died at the age of 16 years. A cat was the first priority when we arrived in Urbana in the fall of 1963 and he had been with us all through the children's school years. The four of us felt the loss deeply. We caught the plane in Chicago, changed planes in Miami and tried to sleep on the long trip to Rio.

Saturday, March 31

As the plane banked for landing we could see the bay nearly surrounded by mountains, glistening in the morning sun. The city climbed the mountains from the beautiful sand beaches below, stretching like fingers up the many valleys ascending from the city. The renowned Corcovado Cristo statue stood on a high peak with arms outstretched welcoming all those below. The famous Sugar Loaf projected upward from the waters of the bay. After passing customs, we took a taxi to our downtown hotel. TRANSCON had made reservations for us at the Hotel Gloria, a nice but old hotel located in the Flamengo District. The window in our room gave us a perfect view of the bay and the Sugar Loaf. The sun on the clouds wrapped a cloak of red and gold around the top of the mound.

We had Sunday free while waiting for TRANSCON to contact us and wanted to make the most of our free time. We changed some travelers checks into cruzeiros (cz) at the cashier desk in the hotel at a rate of 25 cz per \$, looked over a number of tour brochures and signed up for a tour of the Sugar Loaf and the city for Sunday morning. We decided that was enough for the first day.

Sunday, April 1

A tour bus picked us up at the hotel quite early. We were the first of many pick ups as a number of guests from other hotels were also signed up for the tour. Then we were off to the Sugar Loaf. We boarded a cable car at the base and were lifted to the top where we had a great

view in every direction. Corcovada was faintly visible, shrouded in clouds and mists at the top of the mountain. There was a fair sized area where we could walk about. A guard rail surrounded the area to keep pedestrians from falling over the side to the water below. The ocean stretched to the horizon. Lush tropical plants and mosses were growing from every rock and crevice. We stepped back into the cable car, descended to the kiosks at the entrance, and returned to the bus. We proceeded to a beautiful botanical garden and were given time to walk about the garden and enjoy the plants, trees, and butterflies. A quiet pond was covered with water lilies, and lily pads, some three feet across — a brilliant green among the colorful lilies. Frogs were leaping from pad to pad, easily supported by the buoyancy of the pads. Flowers bloomed all about us. There was only a few minutes to absorb the multitude of trees and flowers in one of the reputedly best botanical gardens in the world.

It was time for lunch and the tour included a churrascaria — a Brazilian barbecue. This was a very interesting and enjoyable experience. All kinds of meat were cooked over an open fire on large skewers and brought to our table on these same skewers. We had our choice of lamb, beef, pork, and chicken and the waiter sliced a generous portion from the rack. A multitude of side dishes was also available.

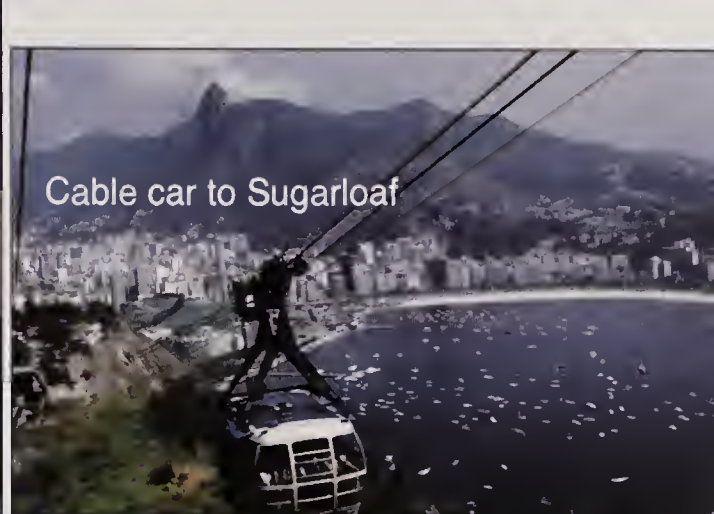
After lunch we were driven up a winding road through thick tropical growth. The heavy moist air was filled with bird songs and beautifully colored butterflies — gorgeous blue, bright yellows and oranges with a myriad of patterns. The moist air was permeated with the smells of green leaves, fragrant flowers and the dampness of the forest floor. The road curved and wound its way upward, giving us alternating views of the ocean and city below, and the lush growth through which we passed.

The bus pulled into a parking spot at the top of the mountain, and we stepped out. We climbed a few short steps to the base of the Corcovado Cristo statue. The view from here was breathtaking. The city and the beaches were spread along the curvature of the bay far below us. To the south we could see the shacks of the hopelessly poor and destitute, huddled together on the mountain side in the area called the Flava. A terrible plight for thousands of people, including young orphans — a situation the locals were reluctant to discuss.

There were several tour busses here as well as private visitors, but there was a quietness in the presence of this huge statue. People were clustered around the base, marveling at the immensity of the statue, arms outstretched, welcoming the world. The top of the feet were about on the level of our heads as we stood looking up. The information brochure said it is 120 feet tall and weighs 700 tons. The city lay far below us with buildings looking like small dots surrounding each of the bays. Some of the beaches were so enclosed by small mountains they could be reached only by boat or through a tunnel. Sugar Loaf was just a small hump in the expanse of ocean stretching to the horizon. We re-entered the bus, retracing the route back to city. Again we had a long tour of the city as the bus made its way to each of the hotels — our hotel often seems to be the first pick up and the last drop off.



Sunrise over Sugarloaf



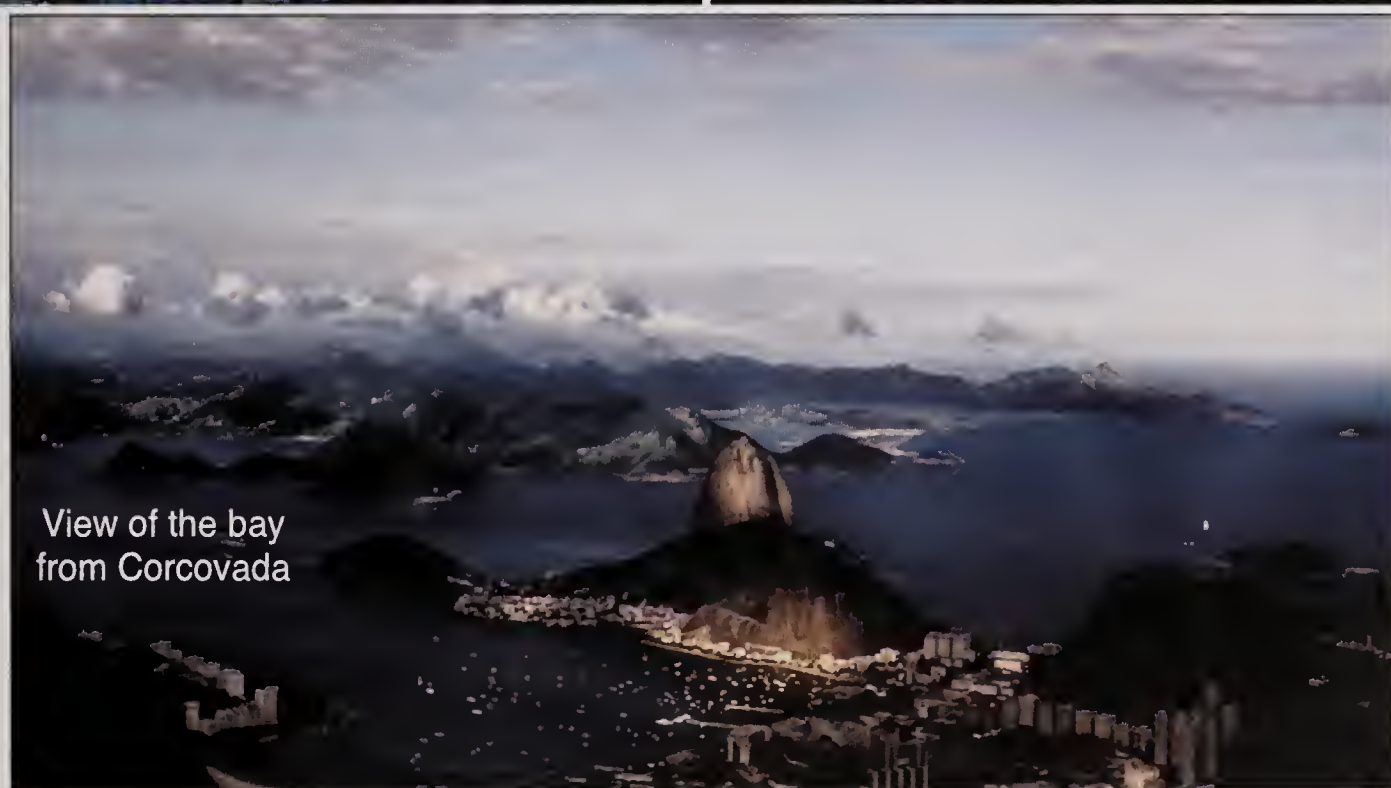
Cable car to Sugarloaf



Lily pads at the botanical garden



Christ The Redeemer



View of the bay from Corcovada

When we picked up our room key at the desk, they had a message waiting for us. Mr. Domingo had called to say that we were to remain in Rio another day and enjoy the sights. He had another commitment on Monday so we would not be traveling to Belo Horizonte for another day.

Monday, April 2

Since we had extra time, we decided to pay a visit to the American Consulate in Rio. The embassy was located in Brasilia, but they had an important counselor office in Rio. We had a nice visit with the consulate, discussing Brazil's progress and problems. He told us it was only a short distance back to the hotel, so we decided to walk. It turned out to be a good idea but also, not such a good idea. It was a chance to feel the bustling city and do some shopping, but it also was less than comfortable at 96°, with the hot tropical sun pounding on our heads.

We took a short walk along the water front in the evening then returned to our hotel, stopping for a cold drink along the way. The view from our window after dark was spectacular. The lights of the city were spread before us. The curving streets were bordered with buildings showing brilliant red, green, and blue lights. The headlights of the cars made a slowly moving pattern of yellow among the lighted buildings, like strands of diamonds, following the curvature of the bay. With all that beauty we were reluctant to retire to bed.

Tuesday, April 3

A message at the desk indicated that we had been given the "green light" to travel to Belo Horizonte to meet with Mr. Domingo. We took a taxi to the airport, found the Varig check-in counter, and boarded the plane. As we left the ocean and the city behind us the landscape became very rugged and mountainous. Belo Horizonte is located in an old gold mining district and lies about 200 miles north of Rio. It is located in a deep valley, surrounded by rugged mountains. The landing was exciting to say the least. As the plane made its approach to the airport, we skimmed the top of the peaks at a high rate of speed and power dived to the runway at full speed. We hit the runway hard. Full reverse thrusters and brakes pushed us hard against our seat belts. The plane came to a screeching halt directly in front of the terminal. I never thought the pilot would be able to stop in time to avoid hitting the big glass windows. Dr. Halcrow (Lowell's Department Head) later told us that during his experience in World War II he learned the Brazilian pilots developed the full power landing to escape snipers and he suspected our pilot had had that same training. It was certainly a landing unlike any we had experienced before and hoped not to repeat ever again.

Mr. and Mrs Domingo met us at the airport and drove us to the hotel where we were to stay. They said they would be back to take us to dinner. It was going to be a late one! South American restaurants wouldn't think of opening before 8:00 p.m. for dinner, so "late" for us was normal for them.

They returned a short time later and drove us to a restaurant that served typical Brazilian food. We suggested they order for us since many of the dishes were new to us. Many of the dishes included manioc and black beans, mixed with various meats. All were very good. This was a good ending to another day of travel.

Wednesday, April 4

Mr. Domingo picked Lowell up at the hotel and drove him to his office for a day of discussions on the problems of transporting grains and other products to one of the port cities. There were no navigable waterways from the state of Minas Gerais to the ports, and rail and roads were very inadequate.

Mr. Domingo had arranged for his wife to arrive a little later with a car and driver to take us up the mountains to the old gold mining town of Ouro Preto (black gold). It was a town off the beaten tourist path but one revered by locals, much as Venice is by Italians. Just as we were leaving the hotel, Mr. Domingo called to say he had heard there was heavy rain in the region and there were mud slides being reported. He was afraid for us to make the trip as it would be dangerous under these conditions. He suggested another town much closer to Belo Horizonte.

Despite the change of plans, it turned out to be a very interesting day. The town was much like some of our old mining towns in Colorado. We had a delightful time investigating the shops and having lunch. We visited a very old church with beautiful stained glass windows.

Mrs. Domingo was happy to have an opportunity for conversation, as she was feeling rather lonely in this isolated area. We covered many topics about family, past history, personal life, and the difficulties experienced living in Brazil. She lamented she had no telephone service, because telephones were almost impossible to obtain in Brazil. She had asked to have one installed, but so far no success. We learned on later trips to Brazil and Argentina that installing telephone service to private citizens was difficult at best and could require a wait of more than a year. A technology we in the United States considered a daily necessity, was a luxury in Brazil.

The day remained cloudy and misty and the tall peaks often disappeared into the clouds. It had been a memorable day, not only in terms of the sights, but in terms of the insights into daily life provided by this time alone with Mrs. Domingo. We returned to Belo Horizonte in late afternoon to learn that Lowell and I were to fly back to Rio yet that evening. Lowell wanted to make contact with some of the grain exporters in Porto Alegre to explore the possibility of conducting future research on the quality of soybeans exported from Brazil. Mr. Domingo had arranged the meeting, but it required that we be there the next day.

We quickly threw everything back into our suitcases, thanked the Domingo's, and headed back to the airport. Remembering our wild landing, we crossed our fingers as the plane gunned its engines and raced down the runway. It was a quick lift off, but the plane had to circle within the bowl ringed by mountains, in order to gain enough altitude to clear the peaks looming

above us. As we climbed into the falling dusk, the sharp blue peaks below disappeared into a shroud of clouds. It was a short flight to Rio, but we were arriving late in the day. Fortunately, Mr. Domingo had arranged a reservation for us at the airport hotel, requiring only a short taxi ride to and from the airport. The next leg of our journey would require returning to the airport at an early hour, so we were especially appreciative of Mr. Domingo's thoughtfulness in making all these arrangements. It was bedtime when we checked into the hotel and we were glad to find a quiet room and a soft bed.

Thursday, April 5

We awoke early for the flight to Porto Alegre — an important port for soybeans exported from the state of Rio Grande do Sul. It took most of the morning to make the changes in our plane reservations. We arrived in Porto Alegre late afternoon and checked into our hotel, the San Rafael Plaza. Since we did not know the area, we decided to have dinner in the hotel's classy dining room. I mention this because I thought the quail listed on the menu sounded very interesting and it was. The waiter brought a plate holding three tiny birds. As I looked at them, all I could think of was, "These look like three little song birds." I found it very difficult to eat them (there was little meat to eat anyway), and hoped I would never again be asked to eat that dish!

Friday, April 6

Shortly after breakfast, a representative came to drive us to the port and gave us an excellent tour of the port and the grain elevators. Our host allowed (even encouraged) me to take photographs of the silos, trucks unloading, and an ocean vessel being loaded with soybeans. We were even taken to the top of the elevator for a picture of the rather congested port with all types of freighters, launches, tug boats, and smaller vessels coming and going. A dredge was busy removing the deposits of silt being carried by the river from distant fields and deposited in the bay. The manager gave Lowell a lot of information about handling and shipping out of the port and the production area supplying the soybeans. He was interested in Lowell's future plans to take samples from a vessel in Porto Alegre and sample the cargo again at the final destination. Lowell explained that this research would help both countries by identifying the changes in quality during transit across the ocean and by comparing the relative quality of soybeans from the two major exporting countries. The friendly display of interest gave no indication of the many problems Lowell and I were to encounter when we returned to implement this plan.

Our morning tour was cut short by our scheduled departure at noon to return to Rio. The flight was uneventful and we were back in our room at Hotel Gloria in early afternoon. Stern Jewelers had a sales room at the hotel and they happily offered to give us a tour of their factory. We readily agreed. It was very interesting to watch the cutters turn rough rocks into beautiful jewels. When they took us to the show room, Lowell decided I should have a beautiful green tourmaline and diamond pendant, as a reminder of beautiful Brazil.

Saturday, April 7

Saturday was our return date home, but our plane did not depart until evening. We decided we had time for one more tour. We chose Petropolis, which had been the summer home of Emperor Dom Pedro II. The royal family liked the climate so much he ordered the palace to be built on this mountain in 1845. We were picked up at our hotel by a tour bus that had already stopped at several hotels for others who had chosen this tour. The bus wound its way up the mountain on a long curving road surrounded in thick fog. Everyone lamented we had such a poor view when the occasional glimpse through the fog revealed beautiful forests and mountains. We stopped at a small waterfall just off the road, surrounded by thick jungle growth. It was a favorite “photo op” and all the tourists wanted their picture taken standing with their back to the falls. To one side was the ever present kiosk, selling tourist gimmicks and soft drinks.

At the museum, the palace rooms were furnished as they had been during their occupancy by the royal family. Before we were allowed to step into the rooms we were told to remove shoes and don floppy slippers to protect the intricate inlaid floors. The museum contained clothes, jewels, silver and gold-plated items which the family had used. There was an Imperial crown with pearls and 44 diamonds. Nearby was a carriage museum with the wagons and carriages used during the time of Dom Pedro. Some looked like heavy farm wagons, but many were elegantly adorned carriages suited to transporting royalty. After some time we returned to Rio and our hotel. The fog was still quite dense. We could no longer see the top of Sugar Loaf. We checked out of our hotel and hailed a waiting taxi for the trip to the airport.

Sunday, April 8

It was a long night’s travel back to New York. Once we de-planed, we were told we had to transfer to the domestic terminal. Not sure about the location or distance, and because we were very tired, we hailed a taxi for a short, \$2.00-ride to the domestic terminal. We later learned it was a very short and easy walk between the two terminals. We boarded our TWA flight and were off to Chicago, where we picked up a rental car and drove back to Urbana, arriving home at 2:30 p.m. It had been a long time since we left Rio the night before. Now back in familiar surroundings it was hard to believe we had been driving through tropical jungles just the day before.

Brazil

March 18 - April 1, 1981



Brazil

1981

Our second trip to Brazil was part of a 3-country marathon. Lowell's current research was focused on a caparison of quality, marketing practices, and government policies among the major exporting countries. As the research began to identify potential causes of the problems in U.S. corn and soybean export quality, the opposition became stronger and more vocal. Even some officials in USDA were bowing to the pressure from industry to withdraw support. However, the enthusiastic response from industry and government officials in Porto Alegre during our previous (1979) trip had provided the impetus for funding and support from several agencies in and out of government. We were headed back to Porto Alegre to take samples from a vessel of soybeans to be loaded at the port. I was included in the team (at my own expense of course) for organizing, documenting, and photographing the program.

The travel to Brazil and Argentina to implement Lowell's research project, had been in the planning stages for several years. The opportunity now seemed to be at hand. He had been promised help from the USDA's grain inspection department, and received assurances of cooperation from agencies and firms in Brazil and Argentina. Robert Zortman from USDA had been assigned to join us in Porto Alegre, Brazil, to take "official" samples from the vessel and USDA had agreed to ship the necessary ropes, bags, long probes and short probes for taking and packaging samples. The Foreign Agricultural Service had agreed to use their embassy pouch to return the samples so they would pass intact through customs. The American Soybean Association had agreed to "loan" Dr. Parry Dixon (a U of I alumnus) to accompany us as interpreter and assistant. He had spent time in Brazil and was fluent in Portuguese.

Although we thought we had covered all the bases one more complication arose. A few weeks before departure, the South African Agricultural Economics Association issued an invitation to Lowell to speak at their annual meeting in Bloemfontein. We decided we could manage to add that to the end of our itinerary. Arranging for three sets of visas presented a challenge. Our passports were sent to the American Visa Service in Chicago for a walk-through handling. We were assured Brazil and South Africa visas would not be a problem, but Argentina was uncertain. We had waited for the return of our passports for over a week and were on pins and needles since our passports as well as visas were still in Chicago while they negotiated with the Argentine consulate.

Wednesday, March 18

It was a great relief and joy to receive the passports and visas in the overnight express mail from Chicago. Surprise of surprises, the Argentine visa was there as well, in spite of earlier statements from the passport agency it would not be possible to obtain them in time for our departure. Rebecca and our son-in-law Russ stopped by to say "Goodbye" and to offer a little advice and lots of admonitions to "be careful." We called Brent before he departed for a week with Jeff Dumontelle in California and made a call to Mother in Webster City, Iowa. All of them admonished us to "be careful." Lowell suggested to Becky and Brent he would make a deal with them. He wouldn't worry about them if they didn't worry about us. Brent said, "If you encounter any trouble, Jeff and I will be on the next plane to rescue you."

Thursday, March 19

We awakened to a layer of snow and departed at 9:15 by rental car to Indianapolis for a 2:07 departure for Miami on Delta Airlines. We stopped at the Ogden exit on I-74 where we had arranged to meet Darrel Good. He and Nancy were waiting in their car. We bade farewell to Nancy (she was not able to go with us) and continued on snow covered roads to the Indianapolis airport. We turned in the rental car and checked our bags with a little time to spare before the departure. On our flight to Miami we enjoyed a pleasant chat with a sweet college student from Bloomington, Indiana on her way to join her parents for spring break in Florida.

In Miami we checked our bags at the Varig counter, and learned that we were the first passengers on the first flight of a brand new 747. It had been flown in from Boeing in Seattle for its maiden voyage, and I jokingly commented "I hope this is not also the first flight for the crew." An American in a Delta uniform overheard my comment and assured us that an American crew was working alongside the Brazilian crew while they gained experience with this plane.

Our plane departed Miami nearly an hour late, with no explanation. It was a long overnight flight to Rio. A woman on the plane from Sao Paulo introduced herself, gave us her card, and invited us to call her if we were in Sao Paulo. A business man noticed Lowell's Rotary pin and introduced himself, with the invitation for us to call him if we needed help or wanted to attend Rotary. We were, and still are, deeply touched by the kindness of strangers welcoming us to their country. The landing in Rio was an amazingly smooth touch down. It may have been the first for the Brazilian pilots, but with the American pilots beside them they apparently knew how to make a feather soft landing.

Friday, March 20

We arrived in Rio about 6:45 in the morning, about 30 minutes late. This was not bad considering that we had a one hour delay in the take off from Miami. After flying all day and all

night, we were three very groggy people, while waiting for the 10:00 flight to Porto Alegre. Darrel looked especially bewildered and a little dubious and frightened by his first long flight out of the country.

The plane arrived in Porto Alegre on time and we were met by Parry Dixon and a group of people from the government agency identified as CIENTEC. Following introductions by Parry, there was a scramble to get everyone and our bags into the waiting government cars and we were whisked off to the Hotel Plaza Porto Alegre.

We were given a few minutes to deposit our luggage and take a quick shower while our hosts waited in the lobby. Our first meeting with CIENTEC was at 2:00 in their offices. It quickly became evident they had only limited knowledge of the project and of their role in the work of taking samples from a vessel. Little did we know that the project had already been “Scotched”!! The discussions were hampered by language differences and the requirement that both Parry and Susanna (interpreter for the Brazilian side) were expected to give their versions of the conversations. They indicated that there had been a cutback in the funds allocated for helping with our project which would limit what they could do in cooperation. Thank Goodness for Parry’s language skills. He had spent two years in Brazil about ten years earlier as a Mormon missionary. His knowledge of the language, the people, and the culture was invaluable.

The discussion began with everyone seated around a long table in the conference room at the CIENTEC Institute of Technology. The responses to our questions were guarded but courteous. Most of the discussion was in Portuguese although they knew more English than they were willing to reveal. From the start it was evident things were not going as planned. I detected expressions on the Brazilian faces that were defensive and a little pompous, apparently to cover some intense embarrassment. The discussion did not seem to be going well, based on my reading of the body language. They were hedging and evasive and Parry was becoming more and more frustrated in his attempts to get them to say what they were willing to do to assist us in the project. Then in an aside in English, Parry said “I think they are telling us that we’ve got trouble.” After a few more heated exchanges in Portuguese, Parry insisted they bring in the director of the Institute. Parry angrily asked him to answer the simple question, “Are you prepared to help?” The director said he was not involved in the original decision to help and he had neither the interest nor the funds. Unable to look any of us in the eye, the rest of the group admitted they could not take part in the project in any way, shape, or form. The fact that the University had already invested nearly \$10,000 in setting up the project meant nothing to them.

All of us were all a little stunned. We had expected some opposition and foot dragging along the way, but nothing as final as this. The depth of their embarrassment permeated the silence in the room, once the truth came out. All sat momentarily speechless, but as I watched, Lowell’s expression changed from disappointment to challenge. He quickly suggested alterna-

tives to Parry to translate and relay to the director. "Could you assist us with transportation?" "Not at this time." "Could you provide contact names and references?" "Not without violating government orders." "Should we move our project to another state in Brazil?" Obviously this hurt what little pride and self-respect that remained. The director, certainly not willing to help us do that, departed leaving the original group of Brazilians setting silent and embarrassed. Parry succeeded in obtaining the use of a room and phone, and started working the somewhat unreliable Brazilian phone system. Lowell needed to find a friend somewhere in Brazil!!

Lowell and Parry called various people they knew in the grain industry in Brazil and received enthusiastic offers to help once we were out in the country. Appointments were set up to meet with a cooperative in Curitiba Monday morning. We would then fly to Sao Paulo where Lowell and Parry had arranged meetings with several grain firms. We started the process of moving. Parry changed our plane reservations and made hotel reservations for us in Curitiba.

As a gesture of apology, the CIENTEC group invited us to be their guests on Saturday at a soccer match. While Parry and Darrel were very interested in the event, Lowell brusquely declined, saying we had too much work to do in making the new arrangements. However, they insisted we would stay as their guests for dinner in the Institute's dining room.

While the men continued with phone calls, Susanna invited me to see the library in the Institute where she worked. She was the librarian at the Institute and had assisted with the translations during the meetings. I was surprised to find that most of the books were in English. Their chief source of technical information apparently came from researchers who publish in English.

Following dinner, we were driven back to the hotel in the company car. After a brief stroll, we collapsed into bed. It had been a long, long day with a lot of surprises and most of them not very pleasant. With the metal blinds dropped to shut out the waning light of evening and muffle most of the street sounds, we enjoyed a restful sleep.

Saturday, March 21

The sun rose into a balmy autumn morning, particularly enjoyable since we had left snow behind in Illinois. A good night's sleep left us much refreshed and determined to save the project, even if it required drastic changes. We found our way to the dining room and were surprised to be greeted by a sumptuous tropical breakfast. The buffet table was piled high with all kinds of fruit, juices, cold cuts, cheeses, marvelous breads, etc. It was a paradise of anticipation for me just looking at those mountains of fresh fruit, especially the huge slices of fresh pineapple and melons. Our discussion over breakfast focused on the changes required to salvage the project.

Darrel and Parry were in hot pursuit of an American newspaper, to see if Illinois had won their basketball game the previous night. Alas, after an exhausting search of the newsstands none could be found. Lowell and I spent the morning getting our records together and found

time for a short walk through the business district. It was not yet time to initiate the new plan!

I remained at the hotel while Parry and Lowell were driven to the airport to meet the noon plane from Miami, hoping that Bob Zortman, the USDA grain inspector, would be on it. They had been meeting every plane from Miami since our arrival the day before. They had also made several visits to Stuart Lippe, the American consulate in Porto Alegre, asking for information about the 2-man team that was to assist Lowell in taking samples. So far Stuart insisted he knew nothing about the team or the reason for their delay. Bob was to be an important member of the team to validate the representativeness of the samples collected in Brazil. I knew Bob from previous travels. He was behind the wheel on a wild trip by car on the autobahn from Hamburg to Bonn, Germany and had helped take samples from the cargo of corn on the MV *Union Defender* on the “challenging” first cargo of corn traveling from Toledo, Ohio to Rotterdam. Bob (from D.C.) and Larry (from the Texas’ office) were to provide “official” determination of the quality as samples were taken from the vessel of soybeans being loaded in Porto Allegro. Larry had been with us in Mexico in 1975 when the officials “pulled” our passports, so we knew we had two very good men to do the hard work of taking samples.

However, Parry returned from the airport without Bob or Lowell — neither Bob nor Larry were on that plane, Lowell had stayed to meet the next plane due in two hours, hoping they would be on that one. Parry and Darrel had decided they would accept the invitation to attend a local soccer game. Parry invited me to go with them (even though it was becoming increasingly apparent he very much resented my presence.) I chose to wait at the hotel for Lowell.

Lowell returned with the disappointing news that Bob was not on the plane, and his call to the American Consulate was met with the same answer of no information about their delay in travel from Miami. Darrel and Parry returned to the hotel but the disappointment over the negative turn of events hung over us like a heavy shroud. It was beginning to affect Darrel’s already flagging spirits. The “cultural shock” from his first experience with developing countries was becoming evident.

The CIENTEC people made another attempt to make amends. Three couples and Susanna called and requested our presence at a dinner at a typical Gaucho restaurant. They picked us up at the hotel for a long drive to a restaurant. It was obviously a popular place for the locals. It was small but very quaint. We were led through the main dining room to a crowded back room where two gauchos in full dress and regalia were playing a guitar and an accordion. They were singing with gusto! We were seated at a long table on one side of the room. Drinks and appetizers were brought to the table. Soon after, a gentleman appeared and proceeded to tell everyone about the guests from the United States and how honored they were to have us in their city and restaurant. After introducing each one of us, he recited a rather lengthy poem about a brave gaucho woman — all in Portuguese — which he dedicated to me. The songs and music were very romantic and very South American, as was the gaucho country food served in great

abundance. I especially enjoyed the manioc served in so many different ways — fried, boiled, baked, and in a flour form with bits of meat and onions. Such an enjoyable evening with such a pleasant host we shall always remember. They did their best to make amends. Immersed in the joyous sounds and pleasantries of the evening, we were able to forget the troubles of the past two days. A touching farewell song was played in our honor as we were leaving the restaurant — about 1:30 a.m.

Our hosts decided our trip would not be complete if we left without seeing something of their city, so at 1:30 a.m. they gave us a driving tour of the important buildings in the city before returning us to our hotel. They continued to apologize and express regrets about the collapse of the research project. They were obviously following orders from above and had not personally wanted to see it fail.

Needless to say it was a very short night with a big day coming up on Sunday.

Sunday, March 22

Following another sumptuous breakfast buffet, Lowell continued his calls to search for assistance in transferring the team and equipment from Porto Alegre to Curitiba and on to Sao Paulo. Stuart Lippe informed Lowell that he had made special arrangements for the importation of the equipment, guaranteeing it would not be left in Brazil. He insisted that we arrange to take it with us to Curitiba and back to the States. CIENTEC agreed to forward the equipment as far as Curitiba, since it had come in addressed to them. Lowell made one more trip to the airport with Parry and left word that if the government people arrived after we departed, someone at the airport should tell them where we had gone. By now I doubted they would ever show, and had even less faith that anyone would follow through with a message if they did.

Lowell stopped back at the consulate to inform them we were leaving and to see if he could get an explanation for the failure of USDA to follow through on their promise of help. Stuart repeated he did not know why the USDA people had not arrived. When asked if anyone had contacted D.C. for information, Lippe gave an evasive answer. Lowell responded, "I'm going to sit here while you call my contact in D.C. and get an answer." Lippe was cornered and he sheepishly pulled a telex from a desk drawer and showed it to Lowell. It contained a brief statement: "There is to be no cooperation with the sampling project." Lippe had known for the past three days that the two USDA people would not be coming, but had denied any knowledge while Lowell and Parry made the numerous trips to meet the incoming planes from Miami.

We checked out of the hotel and took a taxi to the airport for the departure to Curitiba. What a job we had packing the equipment to send to Curitiba! First it had to be collected from the offices of CIENTEC. Fortunately, they loaned us their truck and we delivered to the airport the equipment consisting of two 6-foot probes, two 10-foot probes, a box of plastic bags for samples, and another large box containing a cargo divider, sieves and other miscellaneous

equipment — a total of five large packages. What a struggle convincing the airport officials these could be checked through to Curitiba as excess baggage! My assignment was to watch the luggage, while Lowell arranged for shipping and boarding passes. Fortunately, one of the CIENTEC people stayed with us until all was arranged.

Lowell called a Mr. Hamilton, the assistant attaché at the consulate in Sao Paulo, to ask his advice about shipping the equipment and if he had heard from Zortman. He said to call him back in about 15 minutes. Lowell called him at 11:45 to say we had solved the equipment problem and did he have any information for us. He said he had contacted Mr. Brown, the Agricultural Attache in Brasilia and had been told that Brown had talked to USDA people in Washington, who reported that the USDA team's trip had been cancelled

It was a beautiful flight to Curitiba. Our plane came in low over the city and landed at a very attractively landscaped airport. The open spaces were covered with beautiful flowers and the blue mountains bordered the distant horizon. I watched over the baggage while Lowell, Parry, and Darrel retrieved the equipment and arranged with the airport freight office to store it until such time as we could find a way to take it with us or return it to the States. It required two taxis to transport us to the Hotel Iguacu, because they had small taxis and a "rule" of only three people per taxi — at least for foreigners! I enjoyed the long drive into town, with bright sunshine, open plains, cornfields all against the backdrop of the distant mountains. All around were brilliant colored flowers with butterflies hovering over them.

Everyone quickly dropped their luggage in their rooms and met in our room about 3:00 to make plans as to how to proceed. Lowell phoned Stanley Brown, the Ag counselor in Brasilia, and asked for an explanation for the change in plans. His said the office in D.C. had intercepted the USDA team last Friday, paging them in the Miami airport. They were told to cancel their trip. USDA was not going to "participate in Lowell Hill's project." Bob and Larry had been paged in the Miami airport and sent home with no explanation for the change in plans. Brown's explanation to Lowell, under persistent questioning, was that sending government employees to Brazil would trigger suspicions that USDA was sending government officials to investigate Brazilian grain exports. Furthermore, any future assistance from his office or any of the consulates would generate the same problem. Lowell suspected this "conclusion" had been triggered by pressure from industry opposition in the States, especially since the Brazilian government officials had originally been very interested in the opportunity to make comparisons of quality of grain at export and destination. He suggested Lowell contact Lyle Sebranek, the Agricultural trade officer in Sao Paulo, for advice on how to return the equipment. Lowell was able to contact Sebranek and arrange a meeting for Wednesday morning in Sao Paulo. Brown and, we suspected Lippe, had known since Friday that Bob Zortman was not going to be allowed to join us, but had avoided telling us. We also suspected this information had been communicated to the Director of CIENTEC which was the reason for the sudden reversal in their original plans to assist with full cooperation.

Parry's hostility toward me and his negative comments about the project had increased in intensity. He strongly recommended we bring the project to a quick and abrupt conclusion. He was ready to return to the States. Darrel was increasingly homesick and discouraged, but Lowell and I were determined to salvage as much of the project as possible and to gather important information about Brazil's soybean production, marketing, processing, and exports, even if we would not be allowed to collect samples from the ocean vessel. The depressing attitudes of Darrel and Parry were as burdensome to me as an albatross about my neck.

Monday, March 23

Lowell confirmed a number of meetings in the Sao Paulo area. A brief walk around the streets near our hotel occupied the rest of the morning. Parry had arranged a meeting with a regional cooperative in Sao Paulo. I waited at the hotel until the men returned from their meeting to depart for the airport, where we were once more faced with the problem of organizing all the equipment that we had put in storage and arranging for it to be checked through as excess baggage to the airport in Sao Paulo. Our plane departed around 6:00 p.m. for an uneventful flight to Sao Paulo. Parry helped Lowell and Darrel arrange to put the equipment in storage again and verify they had an official claim ticket for retrieving the five packages. The four of us were able to fit in one taxi which conveyed us and our luggage to the Hotel Villa Rica. This was a very pretty hotel, surrounded by tropical plants and flowers.

Tuesday, March 24

Lowell, Darrel, and Parry departed for a full day of meetings. They were well received at all three firms and were invited to visit the Cargill processing plant in Marinique on Thursday. In all their meetings they found people interested in the project and willing to share information (contrary to the dire predictions of the U.S. agricultural attaché and counselors) and several even offered to work with Lowell in obtaining samples and following shipments from origin to destination.

Wednesday, March 25

Following three morning meetings, Lowell, Darrel, and Parry walked to the U.S. Department of Commerce where they had arranged to meet the agricultural trade officer, Lyle Sebranek, at 10:30. They were allowed to "cool their heels" in his outer office until 11:00. A rather tense discussion followed. Lyle refused to provide any assistance. He refused to call his contacts at the research station in Londrina to set up appointments for fear "they would be displeased at that type of request over the phone." Helpful Parry interjected that Londrina researchers would be too busy to bother with us. Lyle finally allowed Lowell to make contact with Stanley Brown in Brasilia. Brown reiterated his previous displeasure with the project and was glad to see we had given up taking samples back to the States. Lowell asked Sebranek if he

could recommend an interpreter. His response was “I don’t know anyone who speaks English and Portuguese.” He had only been in the country for three years! Finally Lowell asked if he had any suggestions on how to get the USDA equipment back to the States. When he replied he had no suggestions, Lowell placed the five claim tickets on his desk and walked out.

The men returned to the hotel after lunch and proceeded to implement their developing plan. Lowell called Cargill to confirm the visit to their plant on Thursday and to see if we could visit their elevator at the town of Cascavel. They were happy to oblige. Lowell received a similar response from Anderson Clayton along with an invitation to visit their facility in the port of Paranaguá. We had no idea how we were going to manage all the travel arrangements, contacts, and language problems (Parry said he was going home) but we were determined to visit country elevators. Lowell then called Jim Parker at the American Embassy in Buenos Aires, to confirm arrangements for next week in Argentina. Jim, who had been a valuable friend in London several years previously, agreed to set up as many appointments as possible during our visit and would make hotel reservations for us. Lowell filled him in on the problems we were having in Brazil and said we were trying to make connections to Cascavel.

The next challenge was changing plane reservations. All the connections we wanted were either full or cancelled or did not make connections through Curitiba. That prevented us from visiting the port, but we were able to find a flight into Iguacu Falls. There was a significant charge for changing tickets. We had no alternative but to pay the price. Parry informed us that the project was done so far as he was concerned. He was changing his tickets to read “Sao Paulo to St. Louis.” We were on our own so far as finding an interpreter at Cascavel.

Thursday, March 26

Cargill’s driver met us at the hotel at 8:30 for the 1½-hour drive to their processing plant at Marinique. We were met by their manager, Guarez Maier. He spoke good English and was a very congenial host for the entire morning. He gave us a close up look at everything from the unit train loaded with soybeans to the truck filled with cans of edible oil headed for the retail markets. He said the larger cans of oil were being delivered to schools and hospitals. I saw them manufacturing the cans from sheets of tin, unloading soybeans from trucks and rail cars, cleaning, drying, and processing the meal into pellets, and extracting the oil. He put us in places we weren’t sure we wanted to climb just to be sure I got the best photos. It was interesting to learn that some of their soybeans were coming from as far away as Paraguay and the western states of Mato Grosso do Sul. I was also interested in his views on education. He said Brazil was missing a good opportunity by not supporting their educational system and their professors to work to solve problems. Professors’ salaries were not competitive with those in other types of employment. Maier had to leave for another meeting, but he put a young man in charge of assisting us. He even made truck drivers pull on to the scale platform a second time, so that I could get just the right angle for the photograph I was taking.

The Cargill driver ushered us into his car and started for Sao Paulo, but under orders from the manager he took a side road to the top of a hill where we could have a panoramic aerial view for one more photo of the processing plant and surrounding land. Back at our hotel we had to walk to three banks before we found one that would cash American Express travelers checks. With Brazilian money in hand we were able to return to Varig and pay for the tickets we had purchased earlier. They would not give us the tickets unless we could pay in cash. It cost over \$360 per person to change the tickets, and any refund for the portion of the unused tickets could only be arranged after returning to the States. With the tickets in hand we returned to the hotel and Parry headed for the airport. It lifted my spirits just to see him in the taxi and on his way with his negative attitude in his pocket.

Friday, March 27

We were up at 6:30 for breakfast with Lowell and Darrel in the dining room. After considerable discussions with the cashier at the desk, Lowell and Darrel were finally allowed to pay the bill with credit cards. The only bank that would cash travelers checks was blocks and blocks away and opening time was always questionable. We requested a taxi, loaded our baggage and were off to the airport at 10:00 for a 12:00 departure. It had required almost the entire morning just to check out of the hotel!

After checking the bags, we looked around the few shops in the airport terminal. I purchased five block prints. We were bussed from the terminal to the plane. It was a little disconcerting to be dodging arriving and departing planes as we crossed the airstrip, but this was necessary due to the lack of space. The growing city had completely surrounded and enclosed the airport and there was so little runway for takeoff that our plane taxied to the very edge of the bluff at the end of the runway. They needed every inch of the runway for the Varig 727 take off. I think they had the tail sticking over the edge of the bluff!

We had a stop at Curitiba, under heavy overcast skies and light rain, quite unlike our sunny arrival at this airport a few days earlier. Following a short stop, we were on our way with the surprise of two lunches served en route to Iguacu Falls. As the plane banked for the approach I had a good view of the land-clearing process in this part of the country. There were rolling hills with long gentle slopes covered with scrub growth, brush and an occasional tree. This clearly was not the Amazon forests that the environmentalists claim are being destroyed by clearing land for farming, but the land was being converted from brush and timber to productive farmland. The brush and undergrowth had been bulldozed into large piles and were being burned. The air was filled with smoke from the fires. Farther to the right I could see the final stage of developing the fields: the slopes were covered with soybeans ready for harvest.

The airport at Iguacu Falls was a small, almost primitive, one room terminal — even less than Willard Airport in Champaign! After the cool weather when we left Sao Paulo we could not believe the warm, humid climate. All the bags were accounted for and Lowell arranged for

a taxi to take us to the nearby Hotel San Martin — actually more like a motel. What a lovely setting! It was Spanish architecture with red tiled roof surrounded by tropical growth and colorful flowers. Inside was a red tiled floor in an open lobby and corridor with tropical flowers and foliage everywhere. The swimming pool looked very inviting in the brilliant late summer sun. White chairs and tables, each with an umbrella for protection from the tropical sun, were arranged around the pool, providing us with a nice place to discuss our uncertain future plans

Lowell started a search for tour guides who might be able to serve as interpreters in our travels to local elevators. Most agencies were fully committed for the weekend with tourists coming to visit the Falls. Finally, success! A young man named Arno, obtained permission from his agency to take a short leave and help us out. He agreed to a very favorable arrangement. For \$400.00 he would provide a car, and would serve as guide, driver, and interpreter for the next four days. His English was somewhat limited, but he was very pleasant and willing to learn.

After a little unpacking and a light early dinner we decided to get some rest. Suddenly at 6:30 a surprise knock on our door! It was Jim Parker, the U.S. Agricultural Counselor from Argentina. We were speechless! We had told him during the phone call from Sao Paulo we were going to visit elevators near Cascavel before coming to meet him in Buenos Aires. We couldn't give him a phone number, because we didn't know which hotel we might use for our first night in the area. We had been unable to make advance reservations, given the lack of help from the consulates. "How did you ever find us?" He laughingly explained that he had responsibility for Paraguay and Uruguay as well as Argentina, and had gone through the area to visit a hydro electric plant in Paraguay. He knew we were going to be in the area, so on his way out, he left messages up and down the highway asking them to be on the lookout for three Americans. On the way back he stopped at each hotel until he hit the one who reported we were registered. Since he had to wait until Sunday noon to meet someone coming from Washington, D.C., he chose to spend the time with us. We had a delightful conversation over dinner and he gave us several suggestions on how to approach the challenges of the next few days, searching out grain marketing information in this region. We had known Jim for a number of years. We first met him when he was an assistant agricultural attaché in London and Lowell had relied heavily on his willingness to intercede with the UK grain industry on the research — sometimes "bending the rules" that had been passed down from "on high" that the embassy was not to respond to Lowell's requests. He had even set up appointments and organized seminars for Lowell during several visits to the UK. It was a fun evening with lots of conversation and laughter, and reminiscing about our previous times together. We agreed to meet for breakfast, before departing for a tour of elevators.

Saturday, March 28

We met Jim for breakfast as planned, and he assured us we would be well taken care of in Buenos Aires when we arrived on Thursday. He promised Lowell a full schedule of meetings

with the grain firms and government agencies. To our surprise, Arno arrived at 8:00 as promised, to drive us to Cascavel. We bade farewell to Jim, with promises to meet at the American Embassy in Buenos Aires on Thursday, and we were on our way. The 150 kilometer trip took over two hours over less-than-perfect roads to the Hotel de Ville.

Although it was located in what appeared to be the middle of nowhere, it was an attractive location with flowers, outdoor swimming pool, and comfortable rooms. Once again we found a very comfortable accommodations, obviously catering to tourists due to proximity to the Falls. The hotel was extremely pleasant with a wide veranda overhung with bougainvillea, lots of shiny red tile and two swimming pools — one for children — in a idyllic garden setting. Lounge chairs, small white tables with chairs and umbrellas were arrayed around the pools. There was even a concession stand operating occasionally. The hotel had rather extensive grounds, beautifully landscaped. As we relaxed in a wooden swing under the trees, two men drove by in a two wheeled cart, the horse walking lazily in the hot sun.

Arno was ready with the car as soon as we had deposited our bags and we departed for the Anderson Clayton elevator in Cascavel where we met briefly with the manager, Helio Alegretti. Helio had been contacted by the head office in Sao Paulo and was prepared to share everything including their prices. He offered to call some of the farmers in the area and arrange a visit for Saturday afternoon or Sunday, if we wanted to return. He also agreed to collect samples from any deliveries for the rest of the day and save them for us in the plastic bags we provided. Lowell found it interesting that they were monitoring prices at the Chicago Board of Trade on a continuous basis.

It turned out there were several elevators in and around Cascavel. Lowell arranged to return to visit with Helio later in the afternoon when he would have more time and proceeded to visit locations by looking for the tall silos, driving up and introducing ourselves as American professors on tour. Everyone was congenial and cooperative. One small elevator was drying soybeans in a wood fired dryer. There was a wood pile behind the elevator and a worker was bringing supplies in a wheel barrow and throwing chunks of wood into what looked like a regular furnace. This was the first time I had seen a grain dryer fired with wood, but this turned out to be very common in Brazil.

Following lunch at the hotel, we returned to the Anderson Clayton elevator at 3:00 and were introduced to one of the larger farmers in the area, who had just delivered a load of soybeans. The farmer invited us to accompany him to one of his two farms where they were harvesting soybeans. He told us he was harvesting about 8,000 acres of corn and soybeans from land that had been cleared. I could see tree roots and chunks of wood still protruding from the soil between the rows. I thought this might present a few problems with the combine! I recognized that this would be a common problem in the stages of turning a brush forest into a soybean field.

The government was assisting with the cost of land clearing and encouraging production with low land prices and tax deferments. Soil conservation was being practiced on all the land in this region, with terraces, contouring, and farm ponds. Although farming practices seemed to be equal to that of the Midwest, the roads left something to be desired. Our trip was not over a Midwest farm-to-market road. Our farmers may complain about their roads, but wait until they try moving grain over eight miles of red, rough, and dusty dirt road.

The field he took us to was very large, stretching as far as the eye could see. The land was rolling with long sloping hills, all recently terraced, with rows following the contour of the land. The soil was a deep red color, much like the soils of southeastern United States. He had 12 large combines harvesting at the same time. I was amused when Lowell pointed out the combine driver was leaving a lot of soybeans in the field. The farmer waved down the hired combine driver and told him to repair the sickle bar and slow down. The red dust swirled as the combines marched across the field, filling the air with red dust into a cloudless blue sky. A combine stopped to unload into a waiting truck. The combine operator was dressed in shorts and covered in the red dust. The dust nearly obscured operator, truck, and combine and I received my share in my hair and eyes.

Arno urged us back into the car to follow the elevator operator to the farmstead where the workers' houses and equipment storage sheds were located. Living quarters for the workers were small gray wood buildings with red tiled roofs and shuttered windows. The area around them was red dusty earth. No landscaping or green lawns here! Two small children — quite dirty from the red dust, were playing in a field wagon. They eyed us with curiosity as we stood talking in the yard.

As we prepared to leave the farmstead, a large truck heavily loaded with 70 tons (they told us) of soybeans pulled onto the red dirt road in a cloud of dust, headed for the elevator at Cascavel. The engine growled as the truck slowly ascended the long incline that seemed to stretch to the horizon — a thin ribbon of red dirt cut through the brush and undergrowth. The red dust hung in the air as the truck became a small dot in the distance. Helio had accompanied us to the farm and was very interested in our questions and the answers we received. When we returned to his elevator, he proudly showed us he had 10 samples of soybeans which had been taken from 10 different trucks, each from a different region around Cascavel. He was quite proud of his “knowledge” of research objectivity and representative sampling!

It was now late afternoon and time to return to the hotel for dinner. Helio had devoted his entire Saturday afternoon to our farm tours. There was little choice of locations for dinner as we were several miles from the nearest town, but the hotel had a nice restaurant in a separate building, partially open to the sky and surrounded by green landscaping. A large beautiful blue butterfly drifted lazily over our heads as we ate. I was far more tired than I had realized, while immersed in the day's activities, and was glad for a soft bed and a long night's sleep.



Clearing land for soybean production



Children's play interrupted by visitors



The red dust swirls



Red dirt road to market

Sunday, March 29

Arno was a blond lad of German descent, always quiet and cheerful, willing to do any and all that we suggested. He made a very good translator, although he was not always familiar with the technical terms of agriculture and grain marketing. Lowell and Darrel had given him a short course in grain marketing and futures prices on Saturday evening, because they had discovered he was having trouble translating some of the technical terms. These terms were familiar to the elevator managers, but Arno struggled to find the right word in Portuguese.

We were up at 7:00 and down to a bountiful breakfast by 8:00. The buffet included mixed fruit compote, watermelon, honey dew, papaya, luscious slices of pineapple and mounds of bananas. There were glazed cakes cut into diamond shapes, sponge cake and plates of various cookies. After a meal like this we were ready for a long day of travels.

By mid morning we were back in the car headed for Anderson Clayton again. Helio was not there, but he had instructed his assistant manager, Joao Franca, to come to work on Sunday (even though the elevator was closed) in order to accompany us to more farms. Joao accompanied us to a small farm near Cascavel. We passed through sleepy villages some with only one or two dilapidated shops. A donkey hitched to a cart stood with head sagging in front of what might have been a store or perhaps a bar. It was hard to tell.

Arno stopped the car in front of a small house surrounded by a corn field. A number of children appeared, ranging in age from about five to teenagers. A mongrel pup bounced at my feet. I asked the smallest girl if that was her puppy and she happily answered that he was. It did not matter that she spoke only Portuguese and I spoke only English, we communicated. Another older dog appeared on the scene, but snarled and growled as I approached. The little girl snatched him into her arms and reproached him soundly for such bad behavior to a stranger. A rather intimidating woman scowled at us from the open upper half of a Dutch door. The family appeared to be of Indian descent. The farmer appeared to be well along in years and very Indian in appearance. He introduced himself as Luiz Pontes and suggested we follow him to a larger field which was just now ready to harvest. His total acreage was 37 hectares and all of it was planted to corn. We got back into our car and followed him down a narrow road and lane into the corn field.

These narrow dirt byways and lanes were not unlike those of my youth in a rural area of Iowa. The sun was brilliant and soft fluffy clouds drifted across the sky. The cool morning air stirred the tall waving grasses and rustled the drying corn standing in the field. My heart stood still as my senses rekindled memories of another time and another place. The sun, the soil, the wind, and the corn all in a different land, but yet so familiar to my senses.

This field was very irregular in shape and looked to be about 10 acres in size. Most of the stalks were broken off half way down. I commented it might be difficult to harvest and he

explained that all of his corn was harvested by hand and delivered to the local Cargill elevator in the ear. Darrel, Lowell, Arno, Joao, and Luiz were immersed in animated conversation about acres, hectares, varieties, seasons and soils as I listened with one ear and happily snapped away with the camera. I hoped to capture for a future day some memory, however small, of this magic moment.

The magic of the moment was interrupted by Luiz asking if we would like to visit a farm that raised pigs as well as corn. All of us thought that would be interesting. Arno drove us down one of the roads we had traveled yesterday and turned into the farmstead of Carlito Hoeltgebaum. They had no way of knowing we were coming, but he and his family welcomed us very graciously. The wife whisked the children inside and and reappeared a few moments later with the children in fresh clean clothes. Once introductions and explanations were completed, Carlito gave us a tour of the small farm, accompanied by his wife and two small children, Luiz Pontes, Joao (from the elevator), and Arno worked very hard to translate between the six of them and the three of us.

Carlito was blond and of German descent. His wife was a dark skinned Brazilian with black hair from a region farther north. A little boy and little girl hid shyly behind their mother. The dark-eyed girl was three and the boy was five. Both were very blond. Carlito explained they had purchased this farm only three years ago but were hoping to buy a larger farm farther north in Brazil so they could grow coffee and fruit: crops they considered more suited to their skills. Carlito was not so sure he wanted to change to another region, but since his wife was originally from the coffee and fruit region of Brazil, she was urging him to go.

While the men talked, she showed me the house and farmstead. Their small wood house, with doors open, gleamed with cleanliness. The floors of wood shined from much scrubbing. The interior was spotless as was the entire family. Near the house was a brick oven where, she explained to me through Arno, she did her baking. At the present time she was using it to dry peanuts. She was very pleasant and even though we did not speak the same language, we had no problem in communicating. The small children followed us from yard to kitchen and back to the oven, their big brown eyes wide with curiosity about these unusual visitors.

They were trying to make this 50-acre farm self sufficient; growing rice, cassava, sweet potatoes, popcorn, watermelon, and peanuts for their own use and growing corn and pumpkins for livestock feed. The livestock consisted of two dairy cows, a horse for light farm work, and a farrow-to-market hog operation. He was understandably proud of his very modern hog operation, with sows farrowing every month to make maximum use of his limited space. It was a beautifully clean farrowing barn. The white sows and small pigs almost sparkled in the sunshine. I saw an old tractor and disk, so he must not do all the work by hand. However, he said all the crops were harvested by hand. He had a corn sheller connected to a gas engine for shelling the corn. A pile of shelled corn was spread on a canvas in front of the house and was drying in the heat of the sun.



Rush hour at the local bar



Homemakers
from two cultures

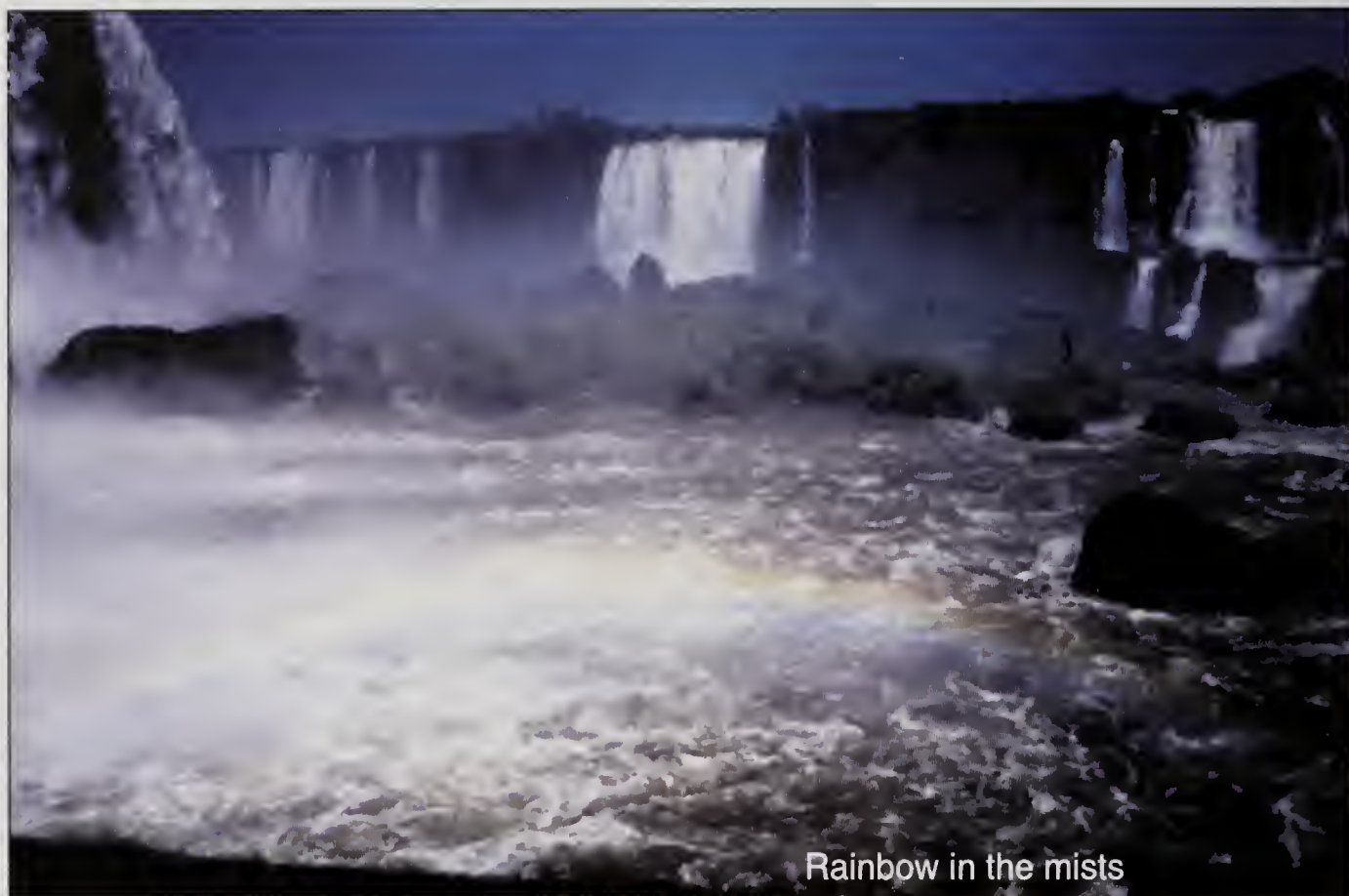


Solar dryer



Our first view of Iguacu Falls

Butterflies at
the Falls



Rainbow in the mists

It was a lovely warm day and we walked a short distance to see their garden and then on to the corn field where cassava was planted between the rows. Carlito pulled up a stalk of cassava to show us the large tuberous roots which could be baked, made into flour or tapioca and probably several other things.

We thanked both of our hosts and started back to Cascavel with Joao, stopping along the way for a photograph of a long line of trucks loaded with grain, apparently waiting for the elevator to open tomorrow morning. We dropped Joao at the elevator, thanking him profusely for his time on a Sunday morning.

Arno said it was unthinkable we should be this close and not see the Falls. Since he worked as a guide for the Falls tours, we had a special (and free) personal tour. The Falls were spectacular from the Brazil side. We spent the afternoon at Iguacu Falls located on the border of Argentina and Brazil. We stood below at the river's edge and looked up at the cascading water. It was not just one falls, but a whole series of falls with water tumbling over a broad cliff. High above us we could see a daring fisherman standing in the rushing water at the edge of the falls casting his line to the brink of the falling water. The lush tropical foliage was everywhere. Colorful butterflies flitted about in the warm moist air. There were large yellows and blues, but the very small ones were the most colorful with various patterns in brilliant shades of orange, red and blue. Gathered around a pool at the river's edge was a cluster of hundreds of yellow

butterflies, apparently drinking. A board walk stretched out toward the main falls. Mist filled the air and dampened hair and faces as we walked the length of the board walk to benches backed against the wood protection fence.

Arno suggested we should move to the Argentine side of the park, where we would be just above the falls. We parked the car under the bridge where Argentina and Brazil meet. A ferry was loading a colorful mixture of local traffic. There were women dressed in bright colors with baskets of fruit on their heads, cars, trucks, tractors, and a tour bus were packed tightly on nothing more than a raft with a ramp on each end. We managed to find a spot on the raft and were safely deposited on the other side. They were offering boat trips across the river above the falls and we decided we should have that experience. The boat was quite shallow. As we watched the water spilling over the cliff not far away from us we wondered if this had been a wise decision. We had no life preservers. If the old motor failed, the current would quickly throw us over a 237-foot drop, 70 feet higher than Niagra Falls. The water was only a few inches below the side of the boat. To add to the excitement, the guide threw a piece of bread into the water and a school of Piranhas devoured it in seconds. We were extra careful to keep our hands inside the boat! Had we thought about all that might happen before we stepped into the boat, we might have chosen another route. "All's well that ends well" which it did.

We returned to the bank and were dazzled again with the brilliant colors of the myriad of colorful butterflies. Arno guided us back to the car park and drove us to the hotel. It had been a wonderful afternoon, viewing the awe-inspiring falls with the mists caressing our faces, watching the many different butterflies, and experiencing the excitement of the river.

Monday, March 30

Arno departed with Lowell and Darrel in tow early this morning. I decided to stay at the very pleasant hotel. They had an appointment with Ronaldo, the manager of the Cargill elevator in Cascavel. This was one of the largest elevators in the region and the appointment had been made by Cargill in Sao Paulo, so they were expecting to obtain good information about pricing, receiving practices, and transfer of soybeans to their processing plant in Ponto Grosso, where the wet beans were dried in large wood-fired dryers.

The fellows returned to the hotel before noon, located a cardboard box, and packed the samples received from Anderson Clayton on Saturday for shipment back to Champaign. Arno took us to the airport where Lowell tried to convince the air freight people to ship the box to Champaign. They were adamant that they could do no more than ship them to Miami, where someone could pick them up from customs. Lowell paid them the \$40.00 freight charge and arranged for Darrel to pick them up when he went through Miami.

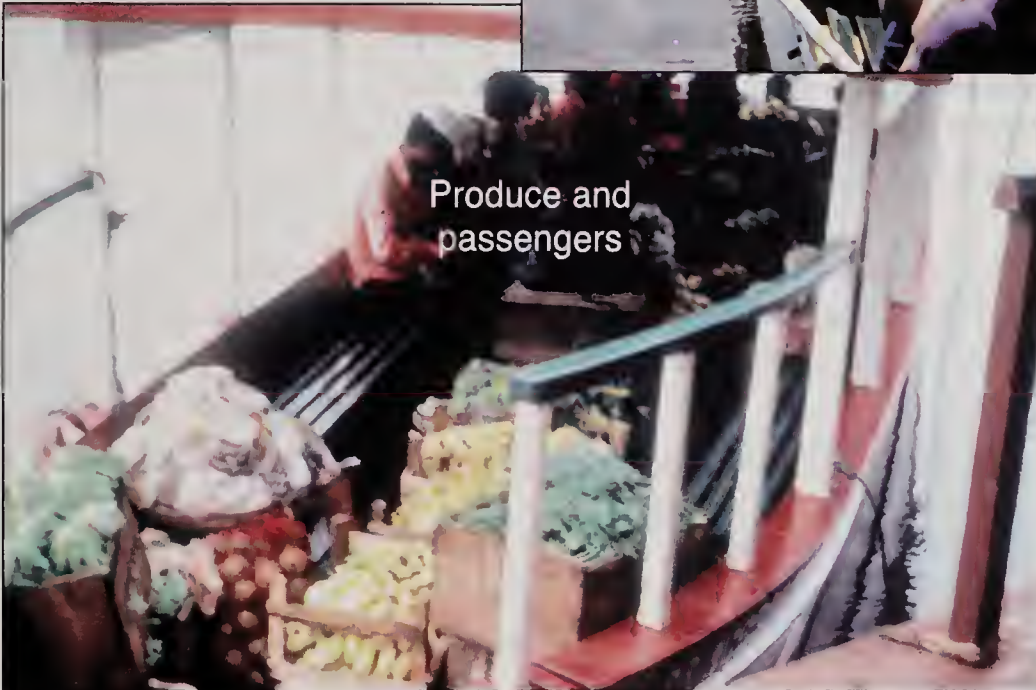
(As an aside, despite our best efforts in Miami and Champaign with numerous calls to air lines and customs in Miami, the box of samples was never found. I suspect that the freight

Loading the ferry





Piranha territory —
watch your fingers!



Produce and
passengers



A passenger boat too close
to the lip of the falls!

agent simply pocketed the money and dumped the box in the trash.)

Arno returned us to the Hotel San Martin near the airport. Lowell paid him for his services, car rental, and food and lodging during the four days he spent with us. He had been a most pleasant companion and guide and seemed to have enjoyed the experience.

Tuesday, March 31

We spent the day preparing for our Wednesday departure and relaxing around the attractive grounds of the hotel. I tried to bring my diary up to date, and Lowell continued dictating his trip report and sorting through all the papers and related materials he had accumulated. We spent a little time planning our activities coming up in Argentina. The original plans called for Darrel to accompany us to Buenos Aires. His knowledge of futures markets would have been useful during the interviews and Lowell thought it would be good for his future research and extension at the University. However, it was clear to us he was becoming more and more restless and homesick. He in fact complained about being physically sick once or twice with only vague symptoms. He finally asked Lowell if his presence in Argentina was absolutely necessary. Given his deteriorating state of mind, I doubted that he would be of much help to Lowell, so Lowell asked if he would like to return early to the States. He brightened immediately, readily agreed, called his wife, and changed his tickets at the airport. It was settled, Lowell and I would depart for Buenos Aires and Darrel for Miami on Wednesday afternoon.

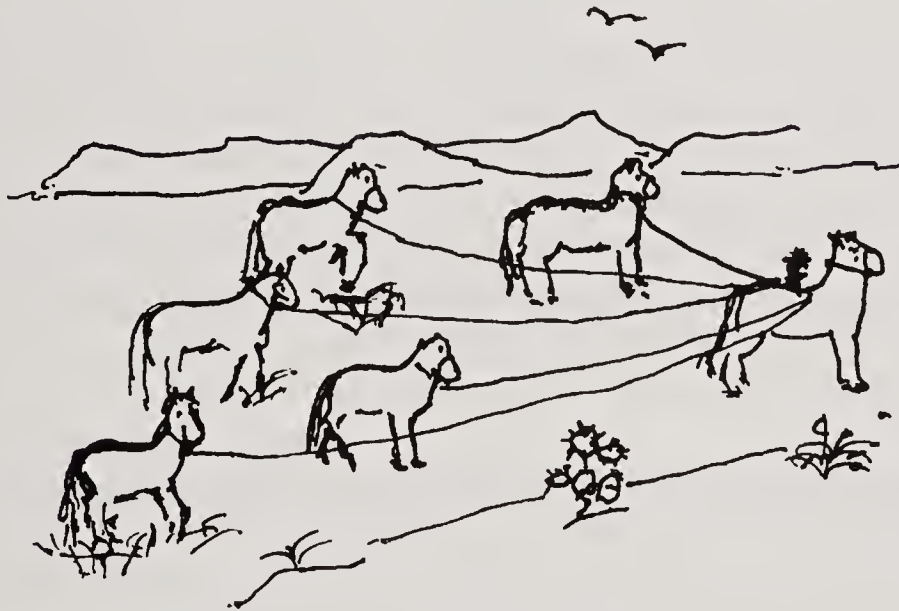
Our sometimes exciting, often frustrating, but always interesting visit to Brazil had come to a close.

Wednesday, April 1

Following one more exotic Brazilian breakfast, a taxi transported us to the Iguazu Falls airport. As we sat waiting in the terminal, a young man sat down beside me on one of the wooden benches. He asked if we were Americans and had we heard the news that President Reagan had been shot? We had not heard the news. I enquired if it had been fatal. He replied that he had heard nothing more than that he had been shot and taken to the hospital. I offered a prayer that it would not be fatal. We departed for the next round of adventures in Argentina on a very sad note.

Argentina

April 1 - 6, 1981



Argentina

1981

Wednesday, April 1

During the taxi ride to the Iguacu Falls airport at the conclusion of the Brazilian adventures, I hoped our five days in Argentina would be more relaxed and congenial than our previous two weeks. The experience in Brazil had been especially frustrating and exhausting. I was looking forward to calmer days and more accommodating people in government and industry as we boarded the plane in Iguacu Falls airport and headed for Buenos Aires. There was still no more information about the shooting of President Reagan, except for the message given to me by the young man who approached me in the airport terminal.

The plane landed at Ezeiza International Airport around 5:00 p.m. and Lowell discovered there was no place to change dollars to pesos. All banks and financial institutions had closed due to an anticipated devaluation of the peso. A friendly taxi driver offered to drive us to our hotel, where he was sure the manager would change enough dollars to allow him to collect his fare. He was willing to accompany us into the lobby to complete the transactions. We had not realized how far the international airport was from downtown Buenos Aires. It was nearly an hour's drive (and \$40.00 fare) so it was past our dinner time when we arrived at the Gran Dora Hotel where Jim Parker had made reservations for us. The hotel was very old with an opulent lobby left over from earlier days. It contained shops, restaurants, and a coffee shop. However, we were far too early for an evening meal in Argentina. Restaurants seldom opened before 8:00 p.m. We settled for a snack in the coffee shop and on to bed.

Thursday, April 2

We had breakfast in the hotel restaurant and discovered a soft-boiled egg and cup of coffee cost us \$10.00 each! Jim had selected a very grand hotel but without considering university limits on food allowance!! Lowell contacted Jim and discovered he had organized a full program of meetings, as promised, starting at 11:00 a.m. with Fredericko Dussel who had been appointed the chief advisor in the government grain sector (the Junta Nacional de Granos) following the recent change in government.

Although we were to meet with Jim at the embassy to discuss the details of our program, we were unable to change dollars to pesos with which to pay the taxi fare to the embassy. We finally accepted the fact that with the banks closed no one had any pesos to change. At 10:00 we called the embassy again and were advised to skip the embassy visit and go directly to the

11:00 meeting with Dussel, using the few pesos we had left in our pockets to cover the short trip. The people at the Junta greeted us warmly and I listened intently as they related the progress and problems during the transition from complete government control of the grain industry in 1979, to a partial privatization of the domestic operations. Even some of the export elevators had been sold to cooperatives and private firms including multinationals.

The government officials assured us they would be pleased to cooperate with Lowell in a study of quality changes between Argentine ports and European or Japanese destinations. "You may take samples at any and all points as required for the research," Mr. Dussel told Lowell.

Between sessions, Lowell and I were still trying to think of a way to change dollars to pesos in order to make the taxi trip to the embassy. When Mr. Dussel heard us discussing the problem, he immediately ordered a government car and driver to deliver us to the embassy gate. We met briefly with Jim (he was involved in a meeting) and then the assistant Attaché (Joe) suggested we have a sandwich with him in the embassy cafeteria. Following lunch, we returned to his office where their travel agent helped us confirm plane reservations to South Africa. Joe and Lowell worked out a number of visits for Thursday afternoon, Friday and Monday, and Joe authorized the embassy cashier to exchange dollars for pesos at the embassy rate. We were back at the hotel by 6:00 in time to meet Jim and Madge Parker. They had a car ready to take us to their home for dinner.

It was a delightful evening with Jim and Madge and their two little boys. The boys went reluctantly, but politely, to bed as it was well past their bedtime. We enjoyed Madge's delicious dinner while conversing about Argentine agriculture and politics, discussing old and new friends, and reminiscing about our previous exchanges in London where Jim, as the assistant attaché, had been a valuable help to Lowell over a period of several years of research. During the conversation, Madge remarked it was difficult to get to know the Argentines even though she and Jim and the children lived in a residential neighborhood. The fear of saying anything that could be interpreted as critical of the government, discouraged the Argentines from developing close friendships with anyone.

Following dinner, Jim drove us back to our hotel, and saw us safely into the lobby.

Friday, April 3

We had agreed during dinner Thursday night, we should return to the embassy for more information before tackling the list of meetings. With our new supply of pesos we arranged for a taxi and arrived about 8:30. We had a nice visit with Jim, gleaning some insights into the financial situation in Argentina and the inner workings of the combined private and government ownership in the grain industry. Jim helped us call Chris Blignault in South Africa to finalize our travel plans for next week. Chris suggested we arrange to stay in Cape Town with friends from our days at Michigan State, until the weekend and then fly to Johannesburg to start the

meetings with farmers and companies in the grain region of South Africa. Chris, Rita, and their children had spent about a year in Urbana where Chris was a visiting professor in the Agricultural Economics Department. We were looking forward to our first trip to South Africa, and were most appreciative of all the assistance and personal attention we were receiving from the embassy staff.

Our first appointment was with Mr. Rudolpho Koval and Mr. Viana of Bunge and Borne, an international grain company with headquarters in B.A. However, we learned we would not be meeting with any of the family. Jim told us the headquarters had been moved to Brazil following the kidnaping of some members of the Bunge family. The victims had been returned safely after paying a handsome ransom, but the company decided the political situation in Argentina was too unstable and dangerous to continue with headquarters in Buenos Aires. This fact was brought home to us when we found the address we had been given. It was an unlikely looking place for an international company — very dark and drab. We entered the lobby of the building and found a man sitting at a table near the door. When we told him who we wanted to talk with, he checked our passports and made a phone call, all the time looking very grim and displeased as he conversed on the phone. He hung up and accompanied us on the elevator to the 8th floor — the last button on the console. He then walked with us to a set of stairs, which we ascended. There we were confronted by a steel door. We pressed a buzzer, a small slot in the door opened, and a man peered out. He asked what our business was with this office, and we identified the people with whom we had an appointment. The little slot closed and we were left waiting, not knowing what was going on inside. They apparently decided we were who we said we were, opened the door and ushered us into a small room. We were motioned to sit and wait, still with no explanation as to what was going on. Finally someone came out and informed us Mr Koval was late this morning but we could wait if we wished. Finally, Koval and Viana appeared, greeted us warmly and ushered us through two doors into a small conference room.

Rudolpho was very congenial and provided Lowell with a lot of information about the private grain trade. He emphasized he and his company were prepared to work with Lowell in any research in Argentina that might shed light on the corn quality problems faced by all exporting countries.

In the midst of the conversation, a red light on the wall to our right started flashing, and both men jumped to attention. Rudolpho grabbed the telephone and after a brief conversation, gave an obvious sigh of relief. He had a brief conversation in Spanish with Viana and they both relaxed and continued the discussion. We could only wonder what was in their minds and what kind of alarm system was installed for what purposes.

We were running low on pesos, and asked where we might find a bank. Rudolpho summoned an office assistant who took our travelers checks, while we continued our discussion. A few minutes later he returned with pesos at a very favorable exchange rate. Viana said

he had plans to be in the States in August and we urged him to contact us. When the discussions were finished we were ushered to an elevator concealed in the wall of the conference room. This elevator, which was located in their office, took us all the way to the lobby. However, it was not visible from the lobby, and appeared to be a “secret” entrance. We returned to the hotel to wait for the next appointment.

Over the lunch hour at our hotel Lowell received a call from Fernandez Harper of the LaPlata Cereal Co asking if we could work in a visit with him. Unfortunately Lowell had completely filled his remaining hours so he had to settle for a short phone conversation. Harper had been so eager to meet us, that he had tracked us from meeting to meeting until he finally found us at the hotel, just prior to Lowell’s next meeting. We were not to discover the importance of this individual until a year later when problems with access to the ports arose during our next visit to Argentina. I had no idea about the long line of events that connected him with Lowell’s research and his willingness to “buck the system” to be of assistance.

The representative from the Junta arrived with car and driver at 2:00 to take us for a tour of the Buenos Aires port. We were greeted warmly by Maria Pena the Director of the Port and ushered into an office with several representatives from the export management and operations. I was intrigued with the view from the office window. Trucks filled with corn were lined up in front of an inclined chain and flight conveyor. As the trucks were unloaded, the conveyor moved the grain directly into the waiting vessel — no scales, no inspection. This minimized the breakage with only one handling and as Lowell commented, it certainly eliminated any opportunity to blend diverse qualities, a practice which had been a bone of contention in the U.S. grain industry! The port director urged me to take pictures of the process, then took us on a guided tour of the entire elevator and port, readily agreeing to any and all requests for photographs of the facility and the port. This openness was unusual for any port location, but even more so, given it was a government owned facility. The real importance of our tour was not to be realized until the next time we returned to this same facility and were refused admission to the grounds.

Our last meeting of the day was with Genaro Garcia Grain Co. Once again we found a very receptive audience to Lowell’s plans to follow a shipment of corn from farm to final export vessel. Garcia controlled facilities along the entire market channel so they could be a valuable ally in the coming months. One of the Garcia management team had been a student of Dr. Dale Hathaway at Michigan State University. Lowell’s work with Dr. Hathaway helped cement the bond. They even offered to provide daily prices from the Junta, and to negotiate a sale to one of Lowell’s cooperators in England so he could sample at each point in the market channel. It sounded too good to be true, and later events proved that it was.

Following this meeting, we returned to the hotel for dinner and a well earned rest.

Saturday, April 4

With no appointments scheduled, we had a day for shopping and sight-seeing ahead of us. It was pleasant and sunny as we walked down Florida Avenue, a pedestrian-only street filled with shops. We walked the full length of Florida, to the Plaza and the Pink Palace of Evita Peron. The palace was on the east side of the plaza with a large monument in front. Armed guards could be seen stationed on the roof. It was an uneasy time giving us an uneasy feeling. I had read about young people protesting the current military government who frequently disappeared, never to be seen again. Mothers were marching in protest around the Plaza, demanding information on their missing children. At the far northeast corner of the Plaza was a cathedral. We walked inside where there were a number of people walking about. One young man kept watching us as we moved about the interior and I kept wondering "why?" He finally got up enough courage to speak to me and asked if we were Americans. When I said "yes" he seemed very happy to see us and told us he had been an exchange student in the States. He then introduced us to his parents, who were accompanying him on a tour of the city. Obviously his experience in the United States had been a great bridge builder of goodwill.

Sunday, April 5

This was another warm sunny day. Jim had mentioned the zoo as a possible attraction, but with no comment on how to reach it. I did a little reading as to its location, and found it was not far from the embassy. There was a rather dilapidated subway which ran beneath our hotel, which made its presence known with the vibrations in our room every time it passed beneath our hotel. I had noted during our first visit to the embassy, there was a subway entrance nearby. With adventure in our minds, we decided to tackle the subway to the zoo. Admittedly the cars and subway entrances were dirty and ramshackle, but we managed enough of the Spanish signs to arrive at the zoo and back without any problems. There were lovely botanical gardens near the zoo and we spent the better part of the day enjoying both. One of the highlights were the "Howlers." I was startled at the sudden loud booming noises resounding throughout the zoo. A little detective work and I discovered the source — a cage of howler monkeys making their presence known.

Monday, April 6

We made an early trip back to the embassy, being daring enough to try the subway for a second time. There was a stop near the embassy so it was convenient although still a little scary. Jim was surprised we had been so adventurous, as the subway did not have a good reputation and the appearance was not very inviting to strangers. We met with Jim and Joe and found out that Lowell owed 90,000 pesos for the long distance phone calls. Jim's very pleasant secretary, Mabel, made out the appropriate receipts so Lowell could be reimbursed.



Corn moves directly
from trucks to vessel



Flowers bloom at Casa Rosada



We spent the afternoon shopping and resting in preparation for the long trip back to the airport and an 11:00 p.m. departure for Cape Town, South Africa. We had spent only a short time in Argentina, but it had established a lot of valuable contacts and many insights into Argentine's culture, government, and grain industry.

We repeated the long \$40.00 taxi ride to the airport, and with a little time spent in line, boarded the plane for the long flight to Cape Town.

South Africa

April 7 - 15, 1981



South Africa

1981

Monday, April 6

Our time in Buenos Aires had been short but very enjoyable and productive, thanks to our friend in the American embassy. With our last day of activity completed, we were packed, bills paid, and ready to depart. The doorman at the Gran Dora Hotel whistled in a taxi from the waiting line, and we were off to the Ezeiza Airport, as the sun dropped below the horizon. It was an easy check-in and we boarded the South African Airline plane for the long, overnight flight to Cape Town.

Lowell had consented to present a paper at the South African National Association of Agricultural Economists in Bloemfontaine before the trip to Argentina and Brazil had been planned. We had attempted to contact our good friends Rene and Johann de Swart before we departed Urbana telling them the dates we would be in Pretoria and Bloemfontaine and asking if there was any chance we could meet them in either city. We had been their host family while Lowell and Johann were graduate students together at Michigan State University nearly 20 years earlier. Their oldest son was born in East Lansing.

At the time of our departure from Urbana we had not heard from them, but while we were in Sao Paulo, Brazil, we received a message they would like us to fly to Cape Town, where they would meet us at the airport. Changing our plane schedule in Sao Paulo was not easy but we finally persuaded a Brazilian tour office that it could be done — for a sizeable fee, of course. We were now on the third leg of our journey headed for South Africa.

Tuesday, April 7

I had always heard the area around Cape Town was beautiful and we discovered that to be an understatement. As our plane slowly descended and banked for the approach, we caught our first glimpse of the lovely coastline, edged by the glistening blue Atlantic Ocean, shining bright in the morning sun. To our right, was a view of the jutting cape mountains, rising above the city and the sea. To our frustration we could not reach our cameras as the plane banked and provided a perfect view of the famed Table Mountain. Our plane circled the city and landed smoothly on the runway just east of the city. We wondered if we would recognize our friends and if they would recognize us — it had been so many years since we had seen each other. While standing in line for our customs check we could see both Johann and Rene waiting for us outside. We recognized each other instantly, despite the effects of the intervening years. What a

wonderful feeling to see such dear friends after so many years! We all declared none of us had aged, even though we knew it was not true.

They quickly gathered up our bags and drove us to their home in Paarl — a small town located in a beautiful area about 35 miles from Cape Town. Most of the town is situated in a long narrow valley in the heart of the grape growing area of South Africa, and famous for its fine wines. The de Swart's home was built on a hillside overlooking the town, with a view extending far over the valley. Flowers filled the beds on the steep lawn in front of their house. A swimming pool extended out from the family room. To the left of the pool, backed against the hillside, was the bedroom area; to the right side the front lawn dropped to a steep slope and a sweeping view of the valley and town below.

We did not get to see their son, Duane, as he was serving in the armed services, but we had the pleasure of meeting their teenage son Johanni — a slim, handsome young man.

After lunch we were given a tour of the town and the winery. This is a wine growing area settled mainly by French immigrants. We were both so exhausted by the previous three weeks of travel in Brazil and Argentina and the overnight plane trip from Buenos Aires, we hardly knew what we were seeing or hearing as they gave us the details of their agriculture and history. I do remember being shown some of the very old elegantly carved wine barrels as we toured the cellars of Paarl's most famous winery. They were beautiful masterpieces and had been used to store and age the wine extracted from the local grapes from many, many harvests. Before leaving, we were taken to a room to sample their various wines. Johann informed us not every one was given the complete tour including the taste tests, but that he had been granted a special favor because of our long friendship and the special occasion of our being able to visit after all these years of separation. Since neither of us were wine drinkers, some of the finer distinctions among the blends and vintages were lost on us. One did make an impression on me. It was most unattractive in color (a murky black) but it had a very distinctive flavor. It was made from Muscat grapes with a flavor so distinctive it made a pleasing impression on us despite our lack of experience. We were pleased to learn this was also Rene's favorite.

Johann and Rene had owned and operated a vineyard a few years previously, but had become discouraged with the quality of labor and the many problems associated with managing the laborers and their families. They had worked hard for many years to improve the lot of the blacks in South Africa, drawing from their strong religious backgrounds, striving to reduce apartheid. They finally became discouraged after trying in vain to upgrade workers' diets, housing, and education. Although they gave prizes for the best kept homes and gardens, and bonuses to those who refused the weekly quota of liquor (a quota required by law to be given to black workers), they had been unable to change the lifestyle that seemed to be a part of traditional culture. Johann was constantly being called to settle domestic disputes in the compound and Rene spent much of her time shopping for some of the special foods the workers and their families demanded. The final result was that they decided to abandon the farm and dismiss the

workers. Johann's profession as an economist and president of a cooperative flour mill in Paarl was a full time job and the struggle to meet the labor problems on the farm was more than they could handle.

Johann then drove us to a beautiful modern monument situated on the side of a mountain. The monument was erected as a tribute to the early champions of the Afrikaans language. Just as we were approaching the monument a strong electrical storm descended on us and we decided to retreat to the protection of their home in Paarl. After dinner and a reasonable amount of conversation, Lowell and I made our apologies for being dull company and fell exhausted into bed.

Wednesday, April 8

It was a lovely bright sunny morning. The view across the valley was spectacular. Johann and Rene had a full day of activities planned for us. After Rene's delicious breakfast we were on our way. Our first stop was a beautiful flower garden and memorial to the early French settlers in the valley. Blue mountains rose in the distance giving a colorful backdrop to the green lawns and brightly colored flowers.

We proceeded to the Southern coastal strand where our hosts had a cottage on the beach. It was beautifully decorated by Rene's own artistic hand. Johann's mother had already been there and had put a wonderful coffee cake on the table to accompany our coffee. The front of their home opened onto the ocean (glistening deep blue in the sun) just beyond the broad expanse of yellow sandy beach. It was so lovely and peaceful I hated to leave so soon, but our time was short and they wanted to show us many more things before the day was over.

We drove to Cape Town and on our way passed some of the dismal shanty towns. We made no comment as we knew most South Africans were very defensive about the race relationships and we certainly had no perfect record on race relations in our own country. Cape Town was a very clean and pretty city, edged by the blue Atlantic, with the much photographed mountains rising sharply from its center.

We visited an aviary where we were allowed to walk in the caged enclosures with the birds. One of the enclosures contained a family of squirrel monkeys. Without warning one of them made a flying leap and landed on Rene's shoulder. She was not the least daunted by the surprise attack and the animal, accustomed to friendly people, happily explored her hair with harmless curiosity. Johann did not fare so well. As he walked past a large goose, it reached out and bit his hand. We were fortunate enough to have a camera ready and now have a record of Johann being attacked by a goose.

From the aviary we were driven to a marina and walked along the docks admiring boats of many different colors, shapes and sizes, anchored there. The big blue peaked mountains towered above us. We walked on to a native craft shop where I purchased several things to take home, including one more doll for my collection. We returned to the town of Paarl in the after-



Friends
reunited



Protea —
S Africa's national flower

Rene receives a
friendly welcome



noon and Johann prepared us an excellent barbecue dinner on the grill by the pool. After dinner we were admiring Rene's beautiful arrangements of the South African national flower — the Protea. They asked if we would like to see some of the many varieties of Protea. A short walk from their house was a public garden in which a large collection of Protea specimens was growing. We were amazed at the beauty and diversity of the large flowering heads of what is technically the bracts of a genus of evergreen shrub. We later purchased a beautiful dried arrangement of Protea in the airport, but New York customs confiscated them on the grounds of potential soil borne insects (on a dried arrangement of flower heads??) He looked very miffed when I said "I hope these don't show up on someone's table tonight." We returned to the house and spent the rest of the evening catching up on old times and reminiscing about experiences at Michigan State.

Thursday, April 9

Johann was the manager of a large cooperative flour milling plant with several facilities producing flour, and storing and merchandising wheat. He proudly took us to his office and gave us a tour of the facilities. One of their advertising materials was a set of placemats displaying the symbol of the cooperative. Rene gave me a set of these lovely placemats with the wheat design and an extra set for me to send home to my mother. Johann and Rene had spent a night with my mother when they made a trip through Iowa during our graduate study days. Rene had designed the placemats herself for the promotion and had created the original company logo. Her artistic talents were in evidence in her home as well as in the business and the community.

All too soon we had to return to the airport for a noon flight to Johannesburg, as Lowell had a meeting scheduled with the Maize Board in Pretoria. It was a warm sunny day. We had a wonderful view of the mountains and valleys below us as we flew northeast toward Pretoria. The mountains gave way to fields of corn as we crossed over The Orange Free State. Johann had arranged for one of his company men to meet us at the Johannesburg airport and drive us to Pretoria as there were no easy connections between the two cities. Such personal attention repaid many times the meager hospitality we had provided Johann and Rene while we were at Michigan State. The company representative was at the airport when we arrived and drove us to our hotel in Pretoria.

Our accommodations were very pleasant with bedroom, living room, and bath. We decided to take a brief walk around town before turning in for the night. I was struck by the difference in body language of the South African blacks on the streets from the ones in our own country. I immediately sensed a surface subservient attitude with an undercurrent of resentment. There was little direct eye contact, only veiled glances and unsmiling faces. I felt a great sorrow for the South African people as I realized the enormity of the gap to be closed between the races. No one could predict in 1982 what price would be paid for greater equality in the govern-

ment and a stronger social and political role for the blacks. It would be a long time before a peaceful solution would be reached, but I could sense the undercurrent of uneasy subservience among the blacks as well as an uneasiness on the part of many whites as to what should be done and how this complex problem could be resolved. We were to hear many sides of the conflict as we moved among the different groups in South Africa. The problem was not simple and it consisted of many different points of view among the whites as well as a large number of internal conflicts among the more than 25 tribes that made up black South Africa.

Friday, April 10

Hot coffee greeted us as we awakened the next morning. It was passed quietly through a small door in the wall of our hotel room. A few moments later there was a knock on the door and we were handed our breakfast trays.

A representative from the Maize Board picked us up and drove us to the company office. A woman home economist was brought in to meet with me while Lowell was working with the Directors of the Board. She was very pleasant and gave me a tour of their offices, laboratories and kitchens. They were currently working on a cookbook using laboratory tested recipes of products made from corn. She promised to send me a copy of the book when it was published. About a year later it arrived; true to her promise. It is a very attractive, colorful hardback book which I have continued to use and enjoy.

We had lunch with the men: a huge buffet in the company dining room. The home economist had arranged for a driver and company car to pick us up immediately after lunch to take us on a tour of Pretoria. We visited the capital buildings, the gardens, the University, and other important landmarks located throughout the city. We then took a short drive into the country to visit the Voortrekker Memorial, commemorating the trek across Africa in the mid-1800s by wagon train. I was told, in great detail, about the attack by black tribes who broke a treaty that had been made with the white Dutch pioneer settlers, to allow safe passage of the pioneers. The attack and massacre that followed was the beginning of a major war and the continued distrust among the races. The tall monument was very impressive, situated on a knoll overlooking the countryside. The interior at the base was a circle like that of a wagon train encampment. The story of the massacre was told in pictures engraved in descriptive relief as you circle the room. The outside area was enclosed in a wall of wagons carved from stone drawn into a circle as if for protection from attack by the black tribes.

On the lower hillside was a museum of pioneer artifacts. One of the most beautiful was one long wall covered with a needlepoint mural telling the story of the pioneers. The colors and the workmanship were beautiful. I could only try to imagine the hours, weeks, and months it took these women to create such a masterpiece.

Our driver was always ready and waiting for us; always polite, but very stone faced. I was disturbed as we rode along, because my guide discussed the problems of the blacks and their

Voortrekker
Memorial —
circled
wagons



lack of responsiveness to responsibility, as though our driver could not understand every word she said. I listened, but made no comment. When they returned me to the hotel I quietly thanked the driver as warmly and sincerely as I could, but the face remained still as stone, with no word or sign of response. I thanked my hostess for all her kindness to me, for it had been a most enjoyable and informative day. It provided me additional insights into the complexities of race relations in South Africa.

Saturday, April 11

At 5:00 a.m. a driver from the Maize Board met us for the trip to the airport in Johannesburg so we could fly to the university town of Bloemfontaine in the heart of the Transveld agricultural region. We were met by our friend Chris Blignaut and driven to their beautiful home. We had met Chris, Rita, and their four children when Chris was on sabbatic leave at the University of Illinois several years before. Chris' specialty was farm management and he had spent a year with our farm management and farm business record group.

They were insistent we spend the night in their home before going to Lowell's former graduate student Kobus Laubscher's home the following evening. The Blignaut home was an open, ranch style house with glass doors from most of the rooms opening onto a manicured back lawn and a swimming pool. They had a whirl wind morning planned for us. We deposited our suitcases, greeted the children, ate a quick breakfast, said goodbye to the children and were

ushered into the car. Rita, Chris, Lowell and I were on our way to visit farms nearly a hundred miles away. The morning sun burned brightly as we drove across the flat lands of the Transveld. One could almost believe we were driving across the prairies of Illinois or the western United States. The two hour drive was an ideal time to catch up on news. Chris and Rita were very eager to hear all about activities in the Department and the changes that had taken place in faculty and personnel.

It was midmorning when we reached the first farm. Our hosts came out to greet us. Their genuine warmth and hospitality made us feel immediately at home. The farm home was built very much like the old Dutch Colonial style (1-story, white stucco) and was surrounded by a large expanse of lawn and brilliantly colored flower beds. A bountiful morning "coffee" had already been prepared and was waiting for us on the table. We sat in a cozy, homey dining room, sharing experiences and common interests, before being driven out to inspect the corn fields. It was almost harvest time and the corn stood drying and waiting for the combine. The stiff dry leaves were rustling in the gentle air, just like our fields on another continent thousands of miles away. As we approached each gate in the pick-up, our hostess jumped out and opened and closed it to keep the cattle out of the corn field. I had to laugh, remembering how many times over the years, as a child, it had been my job to do that very same task as we drove from pastures to corn fields on my home farm in Iowa.

The corn was yellow dent, much like the corn grown in Illinois. However, the distance between each row was nearly twice that of the United States (5 or 6 feet). They responded to my question of "why the wide rows?" with the explanation that the low rain fall made it necessary to keep a low number of plants per acre in order to provide sufficient water for the ears to develop and mature. Tillage, cultivation and harvesting equipment were much like that of the United States except for the double row width, and the 3 and 5-row tillage and harvesting equipment.

As we talked of things we would like to see there was a sudden decision we should visit a neighbor's farm who had a different style of agriculture. They made a quick phone call and the neighbor immediately insisted we should come over, even though they had just returned from a trip out of the country about an hour before. This farmer not only had many acres of corn, but he also had a large wild animal herd to supply his commercial hunting ranch. Their farm was only a short drive away and the family was waiting in the yard to greet us as we drove into their driveway. Their home was similar in many ways to the one we had just seen. Broad spreading trees shaded the lawn, but I was entranced by a large wire enclosure nearby containing five full grown cheetahs.

Our host noticed I could not tear my eyes away from those gorgeous, fascinating creatures. He gave me a mischievous look and said "How would you like to go inside?" I knew he was daring me, for these were definitely not tame animals, but I am not one to back down from a dare, and I certainly was not going to miss this opportunity for a close encounter with a beau-



Wild cheetahs



Here Kitty Kitty

tiful cat. Without a moments hesitation I told him I would be pleased to be that close to one of those beautiful, wild creatures. He picked up a piece of plastic hose about six feet long, unlocked the gate, and we walked inside with Lowell close behind. The animals moved slowly away from us snarling and spitting as they went, but they kept their heads and their eyes fastened on us. They clearly knew the discipline of the plastic hose. I started talking to them as I would to my own favorite house cat and I could sense a change in their demeanor as they began to calm down. One large female lay down in the grass and stretched and yawned. I approached within 10 feet of her and she allowed me to stand and talk without showing any signs of aggression. Our host said he and a friend and his friend's four year old little boy had been in the enclosure not too long before. He had turned just in time to see one of the large cats ready to spring on the four year old. He told us they were not likely to attack adults, but something smaller than themselves and moving swiftly looked like a natural prey.

The cheetah has become an endangered species and this farm family was hoping to breed them in captivity to increase the numbers. So far there had been little success in creating offspring. Mrs. D. (the farm wife) had some bad scars on one hand. She explained she had been accustomed to feeding meat to the cheetahs by pushing it through the fence. On one occasion a cheetah snatching for the meat had accidentally grabbed her hand. With their long curved claws it was impossible to withdraw the hand from the clutch of the cheetah. She said it was a terrifying experience as a cheetah cannot retract its claws and she was caught in its grip. She was terrified and so was the cheetah as a tug of war progressed. The outcome was a badly torn hand when the cheetah finally managed to pull its claws from her hand. After that experience they built a wooden chute so the meat could be placed in the chute from the outside and would slide into the pen where the cheetahs could grab it. When the farmer was explaining the cheetahs' reaction to small animals he said they had pretty well eliminated barn cats from the neighborhood. There were often small pieces of meat left from the cheetahs' dinner which was an attraction for small cats who could easily slip under the fence and through the gates. Cats were an easy target and a quick meal for the waiting cheetahs.

Cheetahs were not the only animals on this farm. We were driven to the pasture where we saw a large number of eland, wildebeest, kudu, and other exotic grazing animals. These animals were to be used for "great white hunters" coming from around the world for an opportunity to stalk and shoot a "trophy."

It was noon and the family insisted we be their guests for lunch. With only a one hour warning that we were coming, and having returned to their home only a few hours before, they served a sumptuous meal with the help of their servants. It was not lunch, it was a banquet with several kinds of meat and dish after dish accompanying the main dishes. I have no idea how she accomplished such an elaborate meal in such a short time. She did have black servants in the kitchen, but even so, that seemed an impossible accomplishment. All too soon we had to leave, for we still had a long distance to drive before our last visit of the day.

The last ranch we visited was quite remote from all other inhabitants. It consisted of several thousand acres, owned by a young woman who had been an only child. Her parents were now dead and her husband was British with a military background. He still had some connection with military intelligence. They had one little girl who was three years old. The ranch buildings were located many miles from the outer perimeter of the ranch and the ranch was located a long way from any habitation. Even after crossing their property line, we drove for many miles through deserted range country. A sea of brown grass stretched in every direction as far as the eye could see. There were no signs of habitation as we bumped along on the dusty wagon road. We drove for more than an hour before we eventually came to a rather luxurious house faced with native stone, situated on a knoll rising out of a broad expanse of land. They had been waiting for us for some time, as our enjoyable morning had put us far behind the original schedule. The situation was like something out of an old west storybook, except the home was modern and more elegant than one might expect in such a remote location. Due to their minimal contact with the outside world, they were starved for conversation. We spent a delightful evening with this family. Conversation revolved around the problems of ranching in a remote area, their economy (both theirs and ours), world problems and potential changes. They did not see outsiders for weeks at a time and their only other human contact was with the blacks that worked for them. She was the driving force and manager behind the ranch. She was brought up as an only child in this isolation and was adept at riding a horse around the perimeter of the thousands of acres, checking on her cattle every week. She alone was responsible for the people who worked for her and for the financial success and physical well being of everything on the ranch. I asked her if she ever felt afraid. She said, "Not at the present, but the time might come when I will need to use the gun that I always carry." They felt that one of them must remain on the ranch at all times to supervise the employees and they could never take a vacation together.

Chris had arranged for one of the local extension men to join us for the drive to the ranch. He gave us a running commentary on the agriculture and the problems faced by the ranchers in these remote areas. One of the more interesting aspects was the need to hire blacks to operate the ranch. They paid good wages and provided complete care from salary, to food, to housing, to medical care, to schooling on the ranch. However, the prosperity enjoyed by this group of blacks invariably attracted their extended families. Within a few months of hiring one black there would be five or six family members living with them. Now, what had been a very generous salary, was no longer adequate to feed the much larger family. The result was an increase in poaching and thievery to support the "visiting" relatives. This soon placed the employers in a position where they were forced to increase the salaries to care for the larger number of people and control thievery. This in turn, allowed the extended families to add more relatives, in a never ending circle. The extension agent gave an estimate it would take twenty or thirty people to operate the ranch successfully, but after several years of gradual unofficial expansion they were supporting much closer to two hundred people.

Our hostess served us a lovely, late dinner and it was 11:00 p.m. before we could tear ourselves away. They begged us to stay the night and return to Bloemfontaine the next morning, but Rita was reluctant to leave her four children home alone all night. She called them to say that we would be very late. She was right, it was after 1:00 a.m. before we arrived back at their home in Bloemfontaine and fell exhausted into bed with a million memories and visions chasing themselves across our mind.

Sunday, April 12

Sunday morning was a bright and beautiful day. When we arose, Rita and the girls were already in the kitchen preparing breakfast which they carried out to the table under the shade trees next to the pool. It was a pleasant morning. The temperature was perfect and as we visited we watched the pet white rabbit hop around the perfectly groomed flower bed and lawns. The children were a delight. They brought out some very elaborate puppets they had made and gave us a demonstration of how they manipulated all the strings. I did not do nearly so well as they when I tried to become an instant puppeteer.

Rita and Chris had invited two couples — friends of theirs — to join us for a large Sunday dinner. A fellow from Australia, who was scheduled to speak at the same conference as Lowell, also joined the group. He was the first and only Australian I have ever met who was such a boorish snob. The two couples, however, were delightful. It was the day that our space ship was being launched in the United States. Everyone insisted that the TV be moved into the dining room so they could watch the launching of the U.S. space ship. As we witnessed the successful takeoff, without a word or signal from anyone, everyone in the room stood and toasted the wonderful accomplishment of the U.S. technology. We were very touched by their sincerity and spontaneity.

After lunch we were taken on a tour of the museum and given a lecture of South African history by a very funny and interesting young physical education teacher. She had been spending many of her summers in Florida, training an Olympic swimming team. She had some really funny and interesting stories to tell, a few of them a little too risqué to record. I will risk telling one or two. She told the story something like this “I was in a line at the airport security with a group I suspected were Afrikaaners, but none responded to my overtures in the Afrikaans language. A small, weasel of a Brit was doing a body search on each person in line ahead of me. As it came my turn, I threw my hands over my head, did a quick wiggle and said in Afrikaans, ‘go ahead Charlie, I like your style.’ Everyone in the line burst out laughing and I knew I was in the company of a group of Afrikaaners.”

“On another flight, I discovered Prince Andrew was in first class near where I was seated. The plane was crowded, the stewardess was overworked and having great difficulty serving everyone. I told the stewardess that I would be glad to help and took the drinks from her hand. I proceeded to serve Prince Andrew, and told him, ‘perhaps I can say that I have served the future

King.' He responded that he would not be king, because he was only the second son. He laughed when I responded, 'you never know. It would not be the first time that a second son became king'."

We repacked our suitcases and moved to the home of Kobus and Annemarie for the next two days. We had a quiet dinner with them before saying goodnight and retiring for badly needed rest.

Monday, April 13

I spent most of the day with Annemarie and the children while Lowell attended the conference. Rita came by and took me sight seeing around the university and then to visit a lace maker. This woman makes lace and teaches classes on how to make lace like the old Belgium handmade lace. She served us tea and I felt very honored to see this personal demonstration. One of the methods she demonstrated was placing pins in an intricate pattern in a pin cushion and then weaving the designs, marked with multi-colored threads, around them. The evening was spent visiting with Kobus and his family.

Tuesday, April 14

Lowell was again busy at the conference and Annemarie had invited several of her friends in to meet me and have coffee. We spent a pleasant morning enjoying conversation, coffee and cake. One of her friends brought me a large roll of apricot leather she had made.

Kobus was responsible for the big sheep barbecue for the conference participants in the evening. He spent the day tending the fires and carefully turning three butchered sheep carcasses on upright racks surrounding the fire. By dinner time they were done to perfection. A long table was piled high with food. We soon learned one does not go hungry when you are a guest in South Africa. Dish after dish kept us eating long after sunset and we sat about the glowing fire with sparks flying into the blue black night with nothing left of the sheep except their skeletons. I mentioned the Australian earlier: he proved my assessment of his character to be correct. He and Lowell had discussed the type of thank you presentation that should be required for our hosts since we were their guests. He told Lowell he thought there should not be any formal speech, that a formal thanks would only embarrass our host. As the evening came to a close, however, he quickly moved to the microphone and proceeded to give a speech of appreciation, making it appear he was the only one who had appreciated their hospitality. Lowell salvaged the moment for the Americans, but it came off as a rather awkward situation for everyone.

Wednesday, April 15

Lowell spent the last few hours of the morning with Kobus at the university as they had not had much time to visit. Annemarie insisted that I take the time to rest as we had a long flight home ahead of us. I thought that was good advice and followed it.



After lunch Kobus drove us to the airport to fly back to Johannesburg to begin the long trip home. We were to fly South African Airways from Johannesburg to New York. We arrived at Johannesburg a little after 4:00 p.m., had dinner at the airport and checked through customs to wait for our 11:00 p.m. flight back to the United States. After going through customs we looked back at the glass enclosed visitors gallery that formed a semicircle above the departure lounge. There were Chris and Rita waving goodbye; they had made the trip to the airport to see us off, even though they could not join us in the departure lounge.

We had no sooner taken off than the pilot announced that the U.S. space ship had completed its mission and landed safely. Everyone on the plane (90% South Africans) gave the American accomplishment another great round of applause. We flew across the dark African continent and landed about nine hours later, for refueling on a little island called Isle de Sol, located off the coast of Africa. Isle de Sol is a part of the Cape Verde Islands. We were told it would be a short 20 or 30-minutes stop, and we could get off the plane if we wished. Lowell and I, along with quite a few others, thought it was a great opportunity to stretch our legs before the next long leg of the flight. We walked across a rather dark runway into a gloomy little cement concrete block terminal. There was a small duty free shop with very little to buy except perfume, liquor and cigarettes. We couldn't even find a souvenir. Everyone spent the time walking up and down the damp, gray waiting room trying to get their blood circulating again.

About 17½ hours after leaving Johannesburg we landed at Kennedy Airport in New York about mid-day. We had nearly three hours to kill in the airport and as we sat in the United Red Carpet room I turned to Lowell and said, "What country and airport are we in?" I was too numb even to remember. The plane to Chicago departed on time and landed at O'Hare about two hours later. We picked up a rental car in Chicago for the 3-hour drive to Urbana. Counting the day in South Africa and the travel time, it had been 44 hours since we had had any sleep. Home never looked so good!

Argentina

March 8 - 30, 1983



Casa Rosada

Argentina

1983

During our second trip to Argentina we came to realize the importance of the political and economic environment within which we were working. Change was in the air and it was in an aura of uncertainty and sometimes fear, that we were trying to elicit cooperation and information from sometimes reluctant industry and government agencies.

Argentina had operated under a military government from 1976 until 1983, maintaining control through abductions, kidnaping, indiscriminate military brutality, and murder. They ran numerous detention centers with no due process of law required for permanent imprisonment. The sight of a black Mercedes on the street was enough to send people scurrying for cover. Even conversations between friends were guarded, with no one sure who might be listening. The most notorious actions were the abduction of thousands of children, with no reason. Thousands disappeared, never to be seen or heard from again. Mothers of these children formed their own group known as "Mothers of the Disappeared" and eventually were able to create a monument to these children in front of the Casa Rosa. Twenty five years later a group called "Madres de lo Plaza de Mayo" were still commemorating the capture, torture and death of these poor children with a parade around the monument in front of the Casa Rosa, every Thursday. In 1982, the debacle of the Falklands War brought down the military regime, and Raul Alfonsin was elected president with promises to punish the military personnel involved. During much of this time, inflation was out of control in Argentina, with economic instability and inflation rates of 1,000 percent and more. Government policies vacillated between the Peronist's far left and efforts to create economic incentives for growth and exports. When Carlos Menem was elected in 1987, the national debt was soaring. He succeeded in bringing inflation under control, with strict economic controls. He broke the inflation spiral which had reached as "high as 50% per month."

I have introduced this bit of history to set the stage for some of the challenges we faced and the actions and fears of the people with whom we worked.

Tuesday, March 8

During our brief visit to Buenos Aires in 1981, Lowell had received enthusiastic offers of support from government and industry personnel for his plans to document changes in corn quality from farms to ocean vessel. He had received a warm reception from LaPlata Cereales, officials in the Junta Nacional de Granos (JNG), and several other people in the grain industry. Subsequent correspondence had given assurances we would have access to samples of the Duro Colorado maize (the Argentine flint corn with its world wide reputation for high quality) all the

way from farms to the ocean vessel, and permission to return them to the University for analysis and comparison with corn from the United States. It seemed all bases had been covered. However, Lowell had been receiving a number of negative vibes from certain people in the U.S. grain industry who seemed to have an influence with USDA. A very vocal director of one of the grain associations had persuaded a number of people that a comparison of U.S. and Argentine grain would only alert foreign buyers to the superior quality of Argentine corn — as if the foreign buyers had never noticed the difference! Fortunately, the attempts to block the trip, had been thwarted by our association with the current U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, John Block. He had previously been Director of Agriculture for Illinois and had been very supportive of Lowell's research. When Lowell explained the importance of the research, and reminded him he had authorized a \$50,000 grant for just such a project when he was in Illinois, he took a stand against the industry opposition.

Our team included Marvin Paulsen from U of I Ag Engineering, and Jim McGrann from Texas A & M. Jim was an important asset since he had spent several years working and traveling in Argentina, was a professor of farm management, and his wife, Nadia, was originally from Buenos Aires. Jim not only knew the language, but could joke with natives at all levels in the system. Jim was to meet us at our hotel/apartment in Buenos Aires.

Lowell, Marvin and I departed from Urbana headed for O'Hare via rental car about 11:00. We arrived at 2:00, turned in the car, and checked bags and equipment through to Buenos Aires. Unfortunately, Eastern Airlines flight 79 was an hour late and was not scheduled to depart until 5:00. We hoped we could still make the Miami flight to Rio. We arrived in Miami with just enough time to pick up our boarding passes, register our cameras and some of Marvin's equipment with customs, and sprint to the Pan Am boarding gate.

Wednesday, March 9

We arrived in Rio at 8:00 a.m., with a long night and little sleep behind us. I had hoped to look around the shops, having seen a large selection of beautiful jewelry in the Rio airport as we passed through in 1981, and hoped to find ear rings to match the tourmaline necklace I had purchased in 1979. However, it took so long to get boarding passes that I had only 5 minutes to look. We boarded Pan Am's Boeing 747 for the flight to Buenos Aires (it had originated in San Francisco). We arrived at noon and were welcomed by lovely 80° temperatures. All our bags and Marvin's portable moisture meter came rolling off the baggage carousel. Our earlier concerns about customs' reaction to the moisture meter were not unfounded. They demanded we cut the tapes and open the box. With no language in common, they questioned, examined, and reeled off questions in Spanish. Marvin's attempt to explain and demonstrate the meter's operation only left them more puzzled. The agent clearly did not know anything about moisture meters or probably about grain. In exasperation he waved us on through, without even inspecting the rest of our luggage. He must have assumed we were strange, but harmless,

professors and gave up trying to communicate.

It was a long, but pleasant, drive into Buenos Aires and we went directly to the Edificio Esmeralda apartments on Marcel T.de Alvear Street. This was a small hotel operated more as apartments, with a kitchen, living room, bedroom, and bath for about \$30.00 per day — well within the university budget for lodging. It was a convenient location and provided an opportunity to prepare some of our meals. Following a short nap, we went for a walk around the immediate vicinity. We were pleased to find the Plaza San Martin only a block away. It was a very nice family park, with trees, flowers, and playground equipment. Children were happily running and screaming with delight, while others climbed the low branches of an enormous tree. A statue of General Jose de San Martin riding a magnificent horse was an imposing sight as we crossed the street. This hero and liberator of South America has his statue in parks and plazas in nearly every city we have visited.

Rich Petgas (Lowell's former student and now an assistant attaché in the embassy) met us at the hotel. Given the time since we had last seen a bed, we prevailed on Rich to settle for dinner at a small restaurant just around the corner. We were the first customers of the evening at 8:30. With no sleep since Monday night, a bed looked exceedingly welcome, so we cut Rich short on his explanations of the Argentine grain industry. We "turned in" as soon as we could finish dinner. It had been a very long day.

Thursday, March 10

We woke to a beautiful clear day with temperatures predicted for the low 80s. The first appointment was scheduled for 10:00 with Mr. Sanjuan and Tommy Robertson in La Plata Cereals head office, to discuss future plans related to taking samples from a vessel to be loaded at Buenos Aires. They were ready to assist us in moving to the country where we could sample corn as it was being harvested and delivered to country elevators. They suggested we move to Pergamino near their elevator while they worked to find a vessel that would be loaded in Rosario on the Parana River. Mr. Sanjuan offered to make reservations at the Hotel Fenetia and drive us to Pergamino on Sunday afternoon. We departed his office at noon, stopped for a hamburger at Pumper Nic, and did a little shopping, before going to the American Embassy via taxi. Prices had really dropped since 1981, due to the devaluation of the peso — taxi fare for the three of us was only \$2.00. We met Rich at the embassy and he accompanied us to the meeting with Marcelo Regunaga who was the Assistant Secretary of Agricultural Economics. He was planning a trip to the States the next week and hoped to visit the University of Illinois and Iowa State University, so was very interested in assuring us of hospitality from his government while we were in Argentina.

We returned to the hotel via taxi to wait for phone calls confirming future meetings. I suggested we walk a couple of blocks to a Chinese restaurant I had seen during one of our walks. The food was very good and inexpensive. Complete dinner, including dessert, cost only

\$9.00 for the three of us. As we were finishing our dessert a man from a nearby table came over and said "I thought I heard a good old Yankee accent." He introduced himself as Roger Lester, an engineer for A.E. Staley, a large corn processing plant in Decatur, Illinois. He was in charge of building a plant in conjunction with Coca Cola in Montevideo, Uruguay. He was very pleasant and identified some additional contacts for Lowell and Marvin related to grain processing and invited us to meet with him again on Friday afternoon.

Friday, March 11

Breakfast in our room offered an opportunity to make good use of our kitchenette. It was another warm and beautiful day. We took a taxi to the government offices on Paseo Colon for another meeting with Regunaga. He told us he was leaving for the States on Monday and wanted to visit the Agricultural Economics Department at the University of Illinois. Lowell gave him some names of faculty he might want to contact. He arranged for a car and driver to take us to the Junta inspection laboratory, where we were met by Mr. L. Navarro who did not speak any English. He was a short stocky man with bulbous eyes and a rather Mediterranean appearance, but with a warm expression. He was assisted by Hugo Luxardo a young attractive person who spoke very good English. He said he had lived in New York with his parents as a child. We spent most of the time discussing their possible help with the project, for which they showed enthusiastic interest. They searched their records in an attempt to identify a vessel that would be loading at one of the many export elevators located on the Parana River during the time we would be available to take samples. Lowell was hoping we could connect with a vessel where the cargo could be sampled as it was being loaded on the River and then sampled again during final loading in Buenos Aires.

They graciously served us tea and then gave us a tour of their laboratory to see their research and testing procedures. They were especially proud of their classrooms for training their grain inspectors. One room was for lectures and the other for laboratory work. One wall was filled with shelves of jars of various kinds of grains in various conditions for use in classroom instruction and "hands on" analyses. When the tour was completed, they called for a company car to return us to our hotel.

Following a quick hamburger on Florida Avenue we walked on down the pedestrian street to the office of Roger Lester (the American from A.E. Staley, USA) for the 2:30 appointment he had organized following our accidental meeting at the restaurant the previous evening. Roger introduced us to a very personable "chief engineer" named Benito Garcia. When Benito learned of our interest in grain quality he immediately started making arrangements for us to visit his plant in Chacabuco, a short distance south of Pergamino. "If you need transportation, just call me and we will pick you up at your hotel in Pergamino," he said. We were introduced to another engineer who, although more reserved than Benito, had a lively sense of humor. He spent several minutes trying to convince us that vegetarians live longer than meat eaters! We

mentioned our difficulty in exchanging dollars for pesos as a result of the high inflation rate. Benito immediately called in one of their secretaries and told her to make arrangements for us to change travelers checks at the black market rate of 80,000 pesos per dollar. In response to our concern about using the black market, he assured us it was not really a black market, but “just a program to help the poor Argentine grain companies by allowing them a rate above the market.” With that assurance, Lowell and Marvin each gave the girl \$400.00 and she returned in 15 minutes with 32 million pesos!

We returned to the hotel where Lowell called Tommy Robertson to report our favorable meeting with the Junta. He seemed pleasantly surprised and relieved. They had located a possible vessel for Lowell and Marvin to sample. The cargo on the *Sister Star* belonged to their company (La Plata Cereals which was a subsidiary of Andres) and was to be loaded by Cargill in Rosario. It was scheduled to arrive in Buenos Aires for the “top off” loading Thursday or Friday. He explained to Lowell that “top off” was necessary because a fully loaded vessel cannot clear the shallow water at the mouth of the River Plate in the port of Buenos Aires. The vessels are partially loaded up river and then the rest of the cargo is loaded after the vessel passes over the shallow draft bedrock on its way to the harbor and open ocean. He assured us again that Mr. Sanjuan would meet us at the Esmeralda Sunday morning and accompany us to Pergamino, providing us with transportation while we were there.

Mr. and Mrs. Enrique Abramovich, the parents of one of Lowell’s students, had issued an invitation for us to visit them as soon as they learned we were going to be in Argentina. At 7:45 we hailed a taxi and conveyed the address to the driver. We entered a beautiful building. The elevator took us directly to their apartment. We were ushered in by a maid dressed in a blue and white uniform. Mr. Abramovich came forward to greet us warmly, followed closely by Mrs. Abramovich. They brought a tray of hot homemade empanadas and cocktails but quickly substituted tomato juice at our request for non-alcoholic. A warm and pleasant conversation ensued. Discussion on families, government policies, etc and a lot about Lowell’s student André. We then walked a few blocks to a restaurant called simply “Clarks.” This was the restaurant Andre had suggested to us before we left the States, and we saw from the menu he had made a very good choice. We chose the stuffed trout, Marvin and Enrique chose T-bone steaks, and Mrs. Abramovich the chicken. Our salad was a lovely plate of sliced fresh, crisp mushrooms. The bread was excellent. We all ordered strawberry crepe suzettes for desert. It was a fun and enjoyable evening, with some very enlightening and animated conversation. Whenever the conversation turned to anything about the current government, their economic problems, or political issues, they looked quickly around the room, checking who was at adjacent tables, then lowered their voices. “It is dangerous to talk politics. You never know who might be listening and we can trust no one,” Enrique said, “Not even relatives.” We said good-night with many words of appreciation for the evening, promised to tell Andre all about the visit when we returned to Illinois, and took a taxi back to our hotel.

Saturday, March 12

This was our first morning to sleep late. We joined Marvin at our usual breakfast bar around the corner, for our usual jugo naranja (orange juice), media lunas (half moon rolls), and coffee. We had learned enough Spanish to order these three, so settled for the same thing every morning. Marvin even mastered mantecca (butter) for his media lunas. Our Spanish language skills left much to be desired, but we managed to survive when it came to food. The weather was cloudy and cool and a sweater felt good.

We spent the morning shopping and made our major purchases, since we did not know how much opportunity we would have after we returned from Pergamino. We lunched on sandwiches on Ave 9 Julio and took some photos of tourist attractions.

We had a fun dinner at the La Chacra restaurant on Avenue Cordoba. They cooked the meat over open barbecue pits in the floor of the restaurant. There were logs and red hot coals in the center of the open pit on the floor with a hood to carry out the smoke. The fire was surrounded by various kinds of meat on long skewers, some large enough to hold half a lamb. Waiters in gaucho dress brought the big skewers to the table and sliced the meat from the carcass in the kind and quantity desired. We had a huge salad, fantastic bif de lomo (equal to the best filet mignon), drinks, and dessert. The total cost for three people was about \$12.00 U.S. at our favorable exchange rate. The ticket read 1,150,000 pesos. We decided to be big spenders and left a tip of half a million pesos!

Sunday, March 13

We spent the morning as tourists. The weather was perfect — clear skies and temperature around 70°. We took a taxi to the Plaza de Mayo, where we took lots of pictures of the Cathedral, the Casa Rosa (Pink Palace), and other buildings and monuments lining the Plaza. Looking down the Avenida 9 de Julio (reputed to be the widest street in the world) we had a good view of the famous 220-foot-high obelisk in the Plaza de la Republica. We took a picture of this monument that commemorates the 400th anniversary of the founding of the city in 1536. We also took a picture of Marvin standing in front of the “Monument to the Mothers of the Disappeared.” We watched with interest as some type of official was ushered from the Casa Rosa to the Cathedral by eight armed guards. I pointed out to Lowell the “sharp shooters” standing on the Casa Rosa roof, watching the streets, buildings and pedestrian traffic — including us! We entered the Cathedral and observed mass in progress. Guards were standing at attention at the tomb of San Martin. We watched the changing of the guards as we exited the Cathedral.

The street plan of Buenos Aires reminds me of the spokes in a wheel similar to the street plan of Washington D.C. with the Casa Rosa as the hub. We walked back to the hotel via Florida Avenue. This is a pedestrian mall with several blocks of very modern stores and shops.

Many smaller shops are tucked into a second row off the street, accessible through or between the main shops.

Shortly before 2:00 p.m. Mr. Jose Sanjuan arrived in his car as promised, loaded our luggage and equipment in the trunk and we started for Pergamino. About half way there we stopped for refreshments and Mr. Sanjuan started telling us about the gauchos. As we approached San Antonio de Areco I saw a sign advertising a museum. When I asked about it, Mr. Sanjuan suggested we take time to visit. It was not far out of our way. On an impulse we agreed. The museum was the home of Ricardo Güiraldes, a famous Argentine writer. His most famous book was a true story about Segundo Sombra and describes the life of this gaucho. The museum was very interesting, containing historical records of the famous author, Argentine gauchos, and historical artifacts. A shallow, dug well outside the museum was particularly interesting, because it was lined with bleached bones of cattle.

We arrived at Hotel Fenetia in Pergamino about 6:45, tired after the long ride but happy with the animated conversation and information from Mr. Sanjuan. However, he was not ready to stop yet. He said "There are still several hours of daylight. Let's make a quick trip to the elevator and meet the manager. It's only a few miles from here." I knew it was close because I had already spotted it from the 2nd story window of our hotel, outlined against the setting sun.

We were introduced to the plant foreman who encouraged me to take some action pictures as trucks pulled onto the scales. When we returned to the hotel there was a message from Jim McGrann, our interpreter and guide from Texas A & M, saying he had arrived in Buenos Aires and was taking the first bus to Pergamino. No one (including the man at the bus station) seemed to know when the bus would arrive. We waited until 7:30 then walked to a nearby restaurant for dinner. When we returned to the hotel at 9:00, Jim had just arrived. Following introductions, we spent another hour visiting. It was 11:00 before we were able to turn in for the night.

Monday, March 14

We were up at 7:00 and met the others for our usual breakfast of media lunas, orange juice, and coffee in the hotel restaurant. The men discussed their plans over a second cup of coffee.

Mr. Sanjuan brought the car around from the garage for the drive to La Plata elevator. The men had lots of questions about the grain markets and elevator operations. Lowell made a call to John Marshall in Washington D.C. while I photographed the elevator, incoming trucks, the grain dryer and a small band of scrawny pigs grazing near the railroad tracks, the manager of the elevator, gave Lowell the disappointing news that a telex from Buenos Aires reported that the *Sister Star* had already been loaded at Rosario. Lowell and Marvin would not be able to take any samples until the vessel reached Buenos Aires on Thursday or Friday. Mario was very congenial and forthcoming with details of the marketing and pricing of grain in the region. Jim took me aside and said, " Mario is contradicting many of the things we were told

by Mr. Sanjuan, but the managers are always more accurate on the details.”

The elevator manager (Mario) and plant foreman accompanied us to our next stop at a plant called IRIDA that manufactured grain dryers — a “must see” for Marvin, our agricultural engineer. I was shocked to see men welding without face shields and walking barefoot through the main part of the plant. The elevator manager asked if he could order a new dryer and was told that they could not give him a price. Inflation was running 15 to 20% per month and today’s price would be different tomorrow. When the workers stopped for lunch, we were able to walk through the assembly area of the plant. When the workers returned from lunch, we were ushered to the drafting room where equipment was being designed. Marvin noted their dryer design was identical to one produced in the United States, but they made clear that infringement on U.S. patent rights was not on the list of discussion topics.

We returned to the hotel so Lowell could call the office and sort out a few of the problems related to finances and bring Margaret (his secretary) up to date, as well as to find out if any emergencies had arisen at the office. All seemed to be going well there.

Mario had selected a local restaurant for a group lunch — and what a lunch! I’m expanding rapidly with so many calories. Always a **huge** bif de lomo, plus fried potatoes, Italian green beans, french bread, salad, and dessert. All of this comes at a price in U.S. dollars of \$2.25 per person. Unbelievable!

Following lunch (always a 1 to 2-hour process) the elevator people returned to work while our “team” drove to the Research Institute called INTA. Many of the scientists were personal friends of Jim’s and their geneticists and economists were very generous with their time, research results, and publications — another load of books to carry home!! Jose Pizzaro was especially helpful and knowledgeable. It was a very attractive building and grounds, with what appeared to me to be good research carried on by well trained people. However, when Lowell asked the geneticist if they were introducing dent genes into their hard flint varieties to increase yield, he explained at length why they would not dilute their quality with American dent varieties. All the while (unseen by the scientists) Mr. Sanjuan was standing behind them shaking his head to indicate “No, that is not true.” Lowell had already observed varieties with characteristics of the dent genetics and noted that all the major seed corn producers in the United States had company roadside signs with their logos in many fields.

We returned to the La Plata elevator to observe unloading, sampling and grading grain as truckloads of corn were delivered from farmers’ fields to the elevator. I was able to take more pictures of the process from the scales to the dump pit, to the dryer, to the bin. Many of these photos found their way into Lowell’s publications in the months to come.

It was 7:00 before we arrived back at the hotel, and there was no need to look for a place to eat until 8:00. I suggested we walk around the town in pursuit of a place that might be open by 8:30. After walking for 12 blocks we found the restaurant where we had eaten the night before, only to discover it was closed. Transportation was needed so we returned to the hotel to

pick up the car to go farther afield in search of some place where we could have dinner. The concierge directed us to the Hotel Rex, which had an excellent menu. However, Lowell and I were still so full from lunch that we could not face another heavy meal. We opted for salad and rolls, but did sample the beef ribs. Lowell tried the tarts for dessert. What a lovely nut and apple concoction! The waiter insisted that I taste it also, and wanted to know what I thought of it. He wanted an American evaluation of his cuisine, I guess. Once more it was after 11:00 before we could fall exhausted into bed.

Tuesday, March 15

It was cooler and quite windy this morning and we needed our overcoats. Temperatures ranged from the low 70s in the morning to 78° during the day. It was beginning to look like fall on the Plains in the USA. The agricultural scene looked much like that of central Illinois — flat as a table, black soil, and corn and soybeans stretching to the horizon.

We drove back to the La Plata elevator again to discuss plans for sampling the *Sister Star* once it berthed at the Junta elevator in Buenos Aires. Mr. Sanjuan sent a telex to the port elevator. Mario agreed to take samples of corn from the dryer during the day. Lowell and Marvin took one sample on the spot just to be sure they had one of the corn after it had been dried. We drove back to INTA to pick up the publications that Jim's friend, Jose Pizarro, had collected for Lowell.

Mario had said we were to be their guests for lunch, so we returned to La Plata where the elevator employees were preparing our lunch. What a fantastic lunch! I never cease to be amazed at the ability of workers in other countries to produce coffee served in dainty tea cups or a five-course lunch on a grill behind the elevator! This was an asada, a complete barbecue in our honor, cooked and served by rough and tumble men whose job was handling grain. They had a lovely semi-enclosed brick patio area, complete with a built-in grill large enough to cook an entire cow. The patio held a table and benches made of cement and covered with colorful broken tile inlay. Lunch was served on white, blue-bordered china with wine goblets at each place. The table guests included Mario, the operations manager, Mr. Sanjuan, the plant engineer, Jim, Marvin, Lowell and myself. The meal was served by one of the plant employees, as adept as any waiter in the finest of restaurants, but looking more like a gaucho just off the range. Lunch consisted of wine, coke, French bread, tossed salad, grilled blood sausage (blood! Ugh!, but not so bad once I didn't think about it), ribs, and flank steak tender, delicious, and cooked to perfection. Then came the ice cream cake roll.

Completely stuffed we headed for two large grain farms where the operators were harvesting corn for delivery to the elevator. The wind had risen to storm-predicting gusts and dust swirled everywhere — not unlike a windy fall day on the U.S. Plains. The first farmer was a gregarious large Spanish-looking man, interested in what we were doing and anxious his harvest should measure up to American standards. His son-in-law and grandson (about four)

Persuading
the manager



Barbecue at the elevator



approached me with concern and asked how I liked Argentina. He was obviously pleased when I told him how very much we were enjoying everything. I spent most of my time taking photos, while the men visited about corn harvest, moisture content, combines, and the cost of equipment. The combines were operated by a crew that moved through the country as harvest progressed, much like the custom operators do in the wheat country of western United States and Canada. The farmer gave an interesting illustration of the rate of inflation. He told Lowell he had purchased the drying set up for 3-million-old pesos in 1960, but 3-million-old pesos would not purchase a pack of cigarettes today. Marvin jumped at the chance to ride one round on the combine, and Lowell and Jim took samples of corn from combine and dryer.

A frightened hare (about the size of a jackrabbit) darted from the corn rows as the two huge combines flushed him from his hiding place, only to face a crowd of humans. He quickly retreated before Lowell could snap his picture. Lowell and Marvin measured the field loss behind the combine as the farmer tensely watched the proceedings. A broad grin spread across his face when they reported field losses less than the average on Illinois farms.

Since there were still a few hours of daylight, we continued on to another farm where three combines were working. This farm was operated by a farmer and his two sons. The combines were equipped with a special cleaner which deposited non corn materials into large canvas bags. Unlike U.S. elevator practices, there was an economic incentive to deliver corn with as little foreign material as possible. The field was quite weedy and the surrounding pasture was infested with thistles. I was surprised at the thistles and wondered why the lack of control, since my own father pursued them with such a vengeance. A windmill, no longer operating, stood like a sentinel against the darkening sky. I couldn't resist that photo op. This farmer did not have a dryer, but was unloading the combines into a large holding bin. The commercial truckers could quickly fill from the holding bin and depart for the elevator. Lowell was able to take samples from the combine, the holding bin, and the outbound trucks.

We returned to the elevator in time to meet one of the trucks coming from this last farm. This allowed taking samples at the elevator and a promise from Mario that he would take a sample from the dryer. He also had received information from Buenos Aires that the ocean vessel, *Sister Star*, was to start loading Thursday. We returned to the hotel to shower off a layer of dust before dinner. The men created quite a sensation in the lobby by rigging up a "light box" using a sheet of cardboard with a small hole positioned above a flashlight, to check corn kernels for internal cracks caused by drying. The group agreed to walk the five or six blocks to the restaurant where we had eaten upon arrival on Sunday. We were met and served by the same plump Italian proprietor who had served us on Sunday. He was all smiles to see the "Americanos" back at his restaurant. All of us were amused by his technique for serving. He would take one order and then dash off to get it. Then he would return and take the next person's order. I tried an interesting grilled cheese seasoned with oregano. I added a tossed salad with palm hearts, Swiss omelet, and fresh peaches for dessert. It was a pleasant walk back

to the hotel in the cool of the evening, with the odors of the distant cornfields drifting in to mix with the smell of the spicy foods being prepared. As I had predicted from the rapidly moving clouds during the afternoon, we had a violent electrical and rain storm during the night. It was a real “plains boomer.”

Wednesday, March 16

As we prepared to check out of the hotel we discovered that La Plata had covered all of the hotel bill and most of the food costs at the Hotel Fenetia. Following a hurried breakfast we squeezed in the car with luggage for the five of us, plus all the bags of corn samples, and were on our way to Buenos Aires by 8:15. We could hardly breathe, let alone wiggle. We arrived back at the Hotel Esmeralda in Buenos Aires around noon and moved all the samples into our room along with our luggage.

Jim called Nadia (his wife) and confirmed she would come from her mother's house and join us for lunch. I started unpacking a few things, while Lowell and Marvin set about unpacking their samples of wet corn before they started to mold in this warm weather. Nadia arrived and we lunched on sandwiches at a nearby restaurant on Florida Avenue. The men immediately asked for her help in finding some type of boxes to hold each of the samples of wet corn so they could be exposed to the air for drying. Nadia (native to Buenos Aires) was resourceful. I went with her to a nearby shoe store, where she proceeded to persuade the manager to give us 20 empty shoe boxes. (I don't know what he did with the shoes). The men were overjoyed. This was a perfect solution, as each box was just the right size for holding each sample dumped from the plastic bag. Once filled, the boxes were lined up on our kitchen counter top. My kitchen looked like an agronomy lab. The men kept wishing they could find a way to blow hot air over the wet corn to get the moisture down to a safe level for storage. I hit upon an idea. — my hair dryer. So for the next several days I was “blow drying” shoe boxes full of corn whenever I was free in the apartment. Unfortunately, the apartment was not wired for hair dryers. I made sure all other appliances were turned off while using the dryer, but if the refrigerator happened to kick in while I was drying, there went the breaker! With some difficulty I conveyed the circuit breaker problem to the manager without revealing the use of the hair dryer. The maintenance man was a little irritated after the third visit. Nadia returned to her mother's apartment so I spent the afternoon reading, writing, and drying corn.

Lowell tried to call the port authority as soon as we arrived at the apartment, to confirm the plans to take samples from the vessel, but due to the recent heavy rains and floods, telephone service was out. Telephone service was always a problem and the locals said they could wait up to two years just to get a phone line installed in home or business. Plans had to be made before the *Sister Star* started loading, so the men took a taxi to Tommy's office. Following a short visit, Tommy called a taxi and accompanied the men to the port. The ensuing discussion was very upsetting. As Lowell tried to explain the project to the young man from the port authority, and

the support from USDA, he got subtle signals from Jim to stop. Jim took over the conversation in Spanish and later told Lowell that any mention of USDA's interest in the project was a problem because the Junta had received a telex from USDA suggesting they not cooperate.

When they called Maria Pena, who had been a very congenial tour guide in 1981, she brusquely informed them they would not be allowed to take samples in the vessel or in the export elevator, and were not to set foot in any elevator owned by the Junta. La Plata came to the rescue. "The corn belongs to us when it leaves the end of the spout and we can take any samples we want from the vessel," Mr. Harper said. "We can also take samples inside the elevator before loading. Tell us what you want us to do."

It was 7:30 p.m. before the men returned, quite disheartened by the cool reception they had received and the opposition encountered to the previously agreed plans. La Plata had agreed to take a sample from the loading belt every 10 minutes during loading. However, that required 100 sample bags numbered in sequence for the La Plata employee to fill with samples the next day. I got out an indelible marker and started writing numbers.

It was nearly 9:00 before we were ready to eat at a nearby Italian restaurant. The food was delicious. We were offered three hor d'oeuvres, cold rolled flank steak and pasta with a sauce. Then on to breaded chicken breast, bif de loma wrapped in ham, browned potatoes, and spaghetti. Marvin and Jim still had room for dessert. Marvin chose strawberries and cream: Jim the fruit cup. Wine and water were included. The entire meal cost less than \$5.00 U.S. equivalent. By the time we finished eating and returned to the hotel it was midnight.

Thursday, March 17

Lowell was up and gone by 5:45 a.m. Plans called for loading the *Sister Star* from the Junta's elevator starting early this morning. He had arranged a 6:00 a.m. meeting with Tommy at La Plata. I washed and dried my hair and finished reading my book. After lunch I took the cards to the post office, did some window shopping, and returned to the hotel. I tried unsuccessfully to communicate with the electrician about the non working air conditioner.

It was almost 8:00 p.m. before the men returned from the port. They were covered in corn dust and carrying bags of corn taken from the cargo that had been previously loaded at Rosario. They had samples from the vessel only because La Plata had assigned their own men to take the samples under Lowell's direction. Samples had also been taken from inside the elevator by a La Plata employee. Officially, the samples were taken for the benefit of La Plata, but they were secretly given to Lowell. I say secretly because the samples from the loading belt were deposited inside the port area where Lowell was forbidden to enter. Lowell said the La Plata driver told him to stay quiet in the back seat of the car when they drove inside the gates to sign final papers. The two men from La Plata went into the small shed. While one talked with the government official from the port and signed official papers, Lowell saw a figure emerge from the hut. The trunk lid opened, and the car settled on its springs as a heavy bag was deposited in

the trunk. The driver returned, drove slowly out the guard gate, joking with the guard, who waved them through without checking the trunk. A large burlap bag in the trunk contained the 100 samples taken during loading.

Nadia returned from her mother's apartment about 9:00 p.m. By then the men had had time to shower and change clothes. We were all tired so we opted for simplicity and returned to the Italian restaurant of the previous evening. The food again was outstanding — such an enormous selection! Lowell and I had a cobb salad, avocado and palm hearts marinated in vinegar and oil dressing. Lowell had salmon which was surprisingly white rather than pink. I had a delicious dish called bif de Lomo, Edward VII loin rolled in ham and pate with mushrooms and little brown potatoes in a wine sauce. Dessert was the crowning glory. It was a large apple pancake topped with fruit — peaches, plums, etc. and ice cream, nuts, and cherries. It was 11:00 before we finished. Most of the other diners were just getting started.

I like the way Argentines enjoy their food. Every meal is truly a happy celebration for them. Two hours or more are often devoted to food and conversation at every meal. I mention food because it was always excellent and very inexpensive. These two characteristics were in contrast to many trips we had taken (and were to take) where food costs were so high we often helped our limited budget by eating snacks in our room. We learned over the years to bring a supply of cheese and crackers in little packets, raisins, and granola bars, and always a jar of instant coffee. It was midnight when we returned to the hotel and turned in for the night.

Friday, March 18

We were all tired this morning so “the call to breakfast” was not until 8:20. We settled for the standard trip around the corner to the Confitureia. The men departed for the American Embassy and the “exit debriefing” with the agricultural attaché, Larry Hall. I caught up on our laundry. I had another unproductive discussion with the electrician about the air-conditioner. He thinks I don't know how they are supposed to work and I couldn't seem to convince him that I did.

Mr. Sanjuan called from the La Plata office to say that Mr. Harper, the head man at the company, wanted to meet with the men this afternoon. He seemed reluctant to call Lowell at the embassy, so after a little thought I decided to call there myself and give Lowell the message. Sure enough, Sanjuan had not called and Lowell would have missed an important message had I not taken the initiative. I was amazed I could manage the telephone service and actually make contact with the embassy. Phone service is very “iffy” at best and I had to clear the hotel switchboard as well as the one at the Embassy.

I did a little window shopping on my own in the afternoon. The men returned about 3:00 and immediately started boxing and wrapping samples. They did not get very far before leaving for a four o'clock meeting with Mr. Harper at La Plata. I took over packing and wrapping the boxes.

During the meeting, Mr. Harper told Lowell that USDA had sent him a telex saying USDA did not support this research (a lie by USDA since the Secretary of Agriculture, John Block, had contributed \$50,000 to the project) and suggested he not cooperate with the project. Lowell discovered the extraordinary degree of cooperation from La Plata, in defiance of the message from USDA, was due to the involvement of a grain company called Garnac, in the shipment to Rotterdam. Garnac and La Plata were both owned by a Swiss company whose CEO was familiar with and fully supportive of Lowell's research, having conducted similar studies in the 1960s.

The men returned to the apartment carrying a huge bouquet of roses in appreciation for all the work I had done in drying and tagging the samples of corn. All of the samples were dry and ready to ship thanks to my hair dryer and a few blown fuses in the apartment. With the roses in a vase supplied by the hotel desk clerk, the entire team went shopping. I bought mother a blue purse and myself a black one. Marvin and Jim went looking for leather belts and jackets. Marvin met us at Pumpnickels for a hamburger, which was all we needed before returning to the hotel for an early night.

Saturday, March 19

We slept rather late this morning, then walked to our usual coffee bar around the corner for jugo naranja and media luna with manteca. The staff had adapted to our accent enough to bring us our standard breakfast of orange juice, croissant with butter — or maybe they had memorized our standard order. We needed to change plane tickets so walked to the Aero Lingus office to change plane tickets, where we discovered Pan AM also flew to New York on Wednesdays. Their office was only three blocks away and we much preferred to fly Pan Am, so we walked the three blocks to organize the flights home on March 30. Marvin was dying to find a leather coat, which resulted in our walking the entire length of Florida Avenue.

Following a quick lunch, we returned to the hotel and spent the afternoon tagging and wrapping the rest of the corn samples for mailing. There was now a total of 14 fair-sized boxes to be mailed back to the states. Nadia had agreed to pick them up Monday morning and deliver them to the Embassy.

We had arranged to meet Sylvia and Tommy Robertson for dinner to discuss the possibility of both of them attending the University of Illinois. Tommy had been Lowell's main contact at La Plata and had provided immeasurable help in the negotiations with the port authorities and the Junta. They had several possible interests for college degrees, including theater and dance, business, and handicapped children. It was an enjoyable evening of conversation and food. The meal consisted of empanadas, salad of palm hearts, apples, nuts, celery, and tomatoes, shish-kabobs, and french fries. A delicious chocolate mousse for dessert. Between the late hours for eating in restaurants and the animated conversation with this young couple, it was midnight before we were able to get to bed.



Duro Colorado —
Argentina's pride



Corn dried with my hair dryer

Sunday, March 20

We were up at 8:30 and ate breakfast in our room. An international call to Becky and Russ assured us that everything was OK back home, but it was snowing in Iowa. Following lunch, we checked out of the hotel, assembled our baggage, and waited for the driver from La Plata. Mr. Sanjuan had arranged for a driver to take us back to Hotel Venetia in Pergamino, with La Plata covering the costs of car and hotel for the full team. The research team still needed a lot of information about production and marketing practices that enabled Argentina to sell their corn to Europe and Japan at a premium over that coming from the United States.

Our driver was a nice young man about Brent's age, and was very pleasant to visit with as we drove through the countryside that by now was becoming familiar. We arrived in Pergamino about 6:00 p.m. and checked into our familiar Hotel Venetia. Jim McGrann's friend from INTA, Jose Pizzarro, and his daughter Sandra, met us at the hotel at 8:00 and chauffeured us to his private club for dinner. As usual, eating was a long but enjoyable process, especially with an opportunity to visit with Jose's delightful daughter. It was 11:15 before we could return to a welcome bed at the hotel.

Monday, March 21

Breakfast this morning was a little hit and miss. The coffee shop was late opening the kitchen. There was no coffee, but the manager assured us he had an adequate supply of tea. Marvin was very irritated when he was informed there was no coffee and said he didn't want any tea.

The men left for La Plata elevator a little after 8:00, after retrieving the car from the hotel garage. The driver provided by La Plata, had been instructed to leave the car and keys for our use, and returned to Buenos Aires by bus. The group planned to return around noon so Lowell could call his office. It was a clear, fresh, sunny morning with expected highs around 70°. We had enjoyed this kind of weather during most of our time in Pergamino. I remained in the room this morning.

The men returned for a lunch of sandwiches down stairs in the coffee shop. They had arranged to visit a number of elevators in the general area and hoped to persuade them to collect samples from farmers' trucks as they were delivered. Lowell and I took a walk around the park between 1:00 and 2:00. It was pretty much in disrepair and not a very pleasant environment. The men departed for a tour of elevators about 3:00. I worked on my crewel embroidery.

The men did not return until after 7:00. They reported a successful day of collecting samples. They visited with a farmer harvesting with several large combines and offered to check for field losses as they could see a lot of corn left on the ground. At first he argued they had not done an accurate measurement of field losses, but when they continued to show him all the corn on the ground he agreed the driver was traveling too fast. When asked why he didn't

instruct the driver to reduce the speed, he replied "The driver is my son who thinks he's a race car driver, and he never listens to me." We walked the six blocks to our usual restaurant for another big dinner, and were back at the hotel in time for bed at 10:15.

Tuesday, March 22

This was another beautiful day with temperatures in the high 70°s. We went for breakfast at 7:15, and the cook had it all together this morning. I went with the men to visit more country elevators and to pick up the samples that had been collected yesterday by the managers. We brought the samples back to the hotel and put them in Marvin's and Jim's rooms as their rooms were larger and they had a large floor fan that could be used to start drying the samples. I'm not sure they appreciated this encroachment on their "space."

It was mid morning by the time we finished and the men left for tours of more elevators and farms. Jim indicated it would be too crowded to take me. I think the real reason was that he was embarrassed to be seen with me in the car in this male dominated society. In my opinion it is time the male world of South America learned they are not the superior race!! For Lowell's sake I agreed to stay at the hotel and not push convention, even though he was willing to insist.

I worked on my crewel again and ate cheese and crackers and an orange in the room for lunch. I finished the pillow about 4:00 p.m., read a book, and generally killed time as the hours crept by with no word from the men. I thought they had probably just run into delays in the visits and interviews. However, when the clock passed 7:00 I really began to worry. No one in the hotel spoke English so I could not communicate my concerns to them. I had no way of making contact and even if I had tried to notify someone, I had no idea which direction they had taken. Knowing the dangers of driving in Argentina, plus all the other dangers in this country and all the problems we'd had with the government officials, I was really worried. Night had fallen and they had never been this late. When they finally arrived at 8:30 we had a sandwich and orange juice in the hotel restaurant as they were all too tired to walk to the other restaurants. Lowell reported they stopped for lunch in a small town restaurant near Pergamino, and ran into a representative of Andres (the parent company of La Plata Cereals) from Switzerland. He knew of Lowell's research, and was working for Dr. Wirth who had been corresponding with Lowell on this project. He felt obligated to spend some time with him and once behind schedule, every stop seemed to add to the delay. I was exhausted just from all the worry and Lowell was tired as well, so we considered ourselves lucky to be in bed by 10:30.

Wednesday, March 23

Following breakfast at 7:30, Lowell took the car and left for the elevator to pick up more samples. He returned about 10:30 with more corn for Marvin and Jim to spread out in their room. We met for sandwiches downstairs, then Carlos, from La Plata, picked us up for a drive

to a large ranch which was delivering corn directly to La Plata. The farm was a large cattle and corn operation with over 8,000 acres of corn, located 25 miles from Pergamino. On the way we learned the name of the ranch was Sol de Mayo, with a long history, including their own railroad station on the ranch, which in the old days had been used for hauling cattle and corn to market. The ranch originally had their own school for the children of the workers, a small chapel, and a number of other buildings.

When we arrived we were met with overwhelming hospitality. We were greeted by a young man — probably in his 30s — slight build and very athletic looking. He spoke some English and we learned he was an administrative go-between for the family that owned the ranch and the operating manager. We were driven all over the ranch to watch the combines harvesting the huge fields. I had one of my best photo ops of corn harvesting, with combines operating under a clear blue sky and a brilliant summer sun. The light was perfect for long range shots as well as for close ups of the red gold ears of Duro Colorado — Argentine flint corn. One particularly glowing picture of a single ear standing erect on the stalk, became the entire cover for one of Lowell's publications which won the Agricultural Economics Association's award for Quality of Communication.

There were over 10,000 head (they told us) of Black Angus cattle that were grazing in several large pastures, lush with alfalfa and grasses, and gleaning the fields where the corn had been harvested. We saw a large herd being prepared for market in one field and another herd of 2-year-old heifers for breeding. White cattle egrets seemed to cover the ground around every animal.

During our return to the hacienda, we spotted a group of eight gauchos sorting calves from their mothers — it was time for weaning. I have never heard such piteous cries as those coming from several hundred mother cows and calves as they were being separated. When we drove up to the gate we frightened the herd being driven to the gate and were met with very cross looks from the gauchos. However, when they saw that it was the “head cheese” with “Americanos” with cameras, they started grinning and returned to sorting cattle with more dash and flair than any Hollywood actor.

Following a number of photos of dashing horses and running cattle, we continued our drive for about half a mile or more through a beautiful park. Sheep were grazing in the shade of a tree-lined avenue. It looked so much like the English estates of the aristocracy. The long curving drive led us past the office, machine shed, and other service buildings, to a beautiful old Spanish Hacienda. Built in 1863, it was in the shape of a U with bowers of grapes in the inner courtyard. We entered through a large door in the center of the house. A large old style Spanish staircase led to the upper floors. A study was visible on the left and a living room on the right. A broad solarium stretched across the front of the house. We exited through the front door onto a spacious lawn, bordered by a low pink stucco wall. A lovely fountain and pool was located directly opposite the door in the center of the lawn. To the right was a lawn table and chairs

under a magnificent old oak tree. Beyond that, to the west, was a swimming pool. At some distance we could see a tennis court.

Our host explained he lived in Buenos Aires most of his time, but spent part of each year here at the ranch. He played professional polo and had a heavily bandaged leg, as a result of his horse falling on him at a match the previous week.

While we were talking, a servant appeared from the house carrying a large silver tray with silver coffee service, coke and lots of ice. This was very refreshing after our warm afternoon. The elegance of the service seemed almost out of place in such a remote ranch setting. Our host offered to organize a barbecue for us, but we thanked him and said “no” since we were short on time. We thanked him again, bid him farewell, and then returned to Pergamino.

All of us headed for the showers after the long dusty ride around the ranch and in the cornfield. Marvin, Lowell, and I went back to a restaurant where we had eaten several times previously. Jim spent the evening with friends from the Research Institute.

Thursday, March 24

Following breakfast at 7:30, we left the hotel driving the company car to La Plata elevator to pick up a driver. Mario, had intended to accompany us but with the pressure of increased volume of deliveries from the rapidly progressing harvest, he decided to send the agronomist, Carlos, instead. We had a long but scenic drive to Rosario to visit the firm of Generio Garcia. The representative of this company in Buenos Aires had suggested we ask the manager at Rosario to put us in touch with the Junta in Rosario. However, when Lowell broached the subject, the manager appeared uncomfortable and strongly suggested we not visit or interview anyone at the Junta facilities. It was not clear whether this reaction was because he had once worked for the Junta and was now a competitor, or if he had heard of the negative attitude of the Junta toward this project.

We left Rosario and drove southeast following the River Parana. We stopped for morning coffee in a quaint little town, with a park in the center, then continued our journey toward Villa Constitution. As we approached the port elevator along the road, Carlos suggested we stop, even though it appeared to be closed for the day. Lowell protested, saying it was not important. He had seen many port elevators. He had been forbidden by the government official at the port in Buenos Aires to visit any elevator owned by the Junta or even set foot on Junta properties. Carlos insisted, partly to demonstrate the government did not control the actions of private citizens. In spite of our objections he drove through an open gate in the iron fence surrounding the port. He proceeded to drive all around the grounds, behind the storage bins, and over to the edge of the river.

I had a strange feeling we were being watched, although no one was visible. When we started to leave we discovered the gate had been shut and an armed guard stepped in front of the car. Lowell and Marvin were trying to shove cameras and telephoto lenses under the seat as



Red gold
ear in the
sunshine



Gauchos in action



The Hacienda



Coffee break on Hacienda lawn

Carlos wound down the window. He spoke in Spanish at some length and later translated he had told the guard we had become lost on our way to Pergamino. We kept very quiet and hoped we looked like lost, innocent Americans. The guard did not appear to believe the story, but apparently decided we were not worth creating an international incident. We were all relieved when he did not ask to search the car nor press us farther on what we were doing. I was a little irritated at Carlos for putting us in such a potential for trouble for no good reason.

We stopped at a large Parilla for our noon meal. Every imaginable type of meat had been barbecued on large skewers. Waiters brought each to our table, cut and sliced from a full rack of lamb or a full pork loin, according to our requests. Along with all the accompanying dishes, it was nearly two hours before we finished. It seems that even lunch is a big deal in Argentina!

Carlos had one more port elevator for us to see at San Lorenzo. Again it was a quick drive around and Carlos kept a safe distance from this Junta facility! By now we were far behind schedule for returning to Pergamino and Carlos drove like a madman. We held the door handles for stability and our breath for fear. All of us were scared half to death. Back at the hotel we chose a quick sandwich in the bar as we were all more tired than hungry after the long and stressful day.

Friday, March 25

We rose early this morning and packed the car with all our belongings and all the corn samples collected over the past several days. Carlos arrived at 9:00 to take over the driving to Chacabuco and then on to Buenos Aires. It was bound to be a wild ride with Carlos at the wheel! While in Buenos Aires the previous week we had visited with a Benito Garcio, manager of Industrias de Maize, a wet milling plant modeled after the corn processing plant of A.E. Staley in Decatur, Illinois. They were partners with Staley's at that time. Benito had been very congenial (even jovial) and said we should see the corn milling plant he managed, located not far from Pergamino. He had told us to contact him from Pergamino after he returned to his home in Chacabuco. Lowell had called Benito on Wednesday and received an invitation to visit his home and the plant on Friday.

We arrived a little early, thanks to Carlos' driving, so stopped at a small local café for a cup of coffee. Then on to Benito's home. He met us at the door and accompanied us on a tour of the plant. Managers at Decatur had often refused Lowell permission to photograph anything in their plant, or to give him any information about the milling process for some of their patented products. Here, a thousand miles away in a foreign land, we were encouraged to take pictures of the entire inner workings of the plant and he provided more "secret" formulae than we needed to know or could even understand! He gave Lowell volumes of information about pricing and discounts. Even I was amused when Lowell asked about discounts and premiums for wet corn. With a twinkle in his eye he told Lowell he charged the farmer for drying the grain, but of course they never dried it but processed it at the moisture level delivered.

Following a mammoth cold plate lunch of rolled flank steak, ham and potato salad, lettuce and tomato salad, french bread, pepper steak, potatoes, and chocolate mousse, Benito insisted we should tour the flour mill operated by Bunge. Bunge gave another interesting interview and full disclosure of practices and plant operations, in contrast to the secrecy maintained in the Illinois' plants. I had an interesting discussion with Benito during his tour of the city. The topic of the place of women in Latin societies came up, and he was quick to point out it was appropriate there be differences in opportunities and education among the genders. He told me that if a young woman held a job she would be un-marriageable. I asked him if he realized the country could be losing half of the intellect and productivity with this custom. When that brought no response, I asked what if his daughter was brilliant, and capable of making a major contribution to the world? Would he want that opportunity to be lost? His answer was a thoughtful silence as if that had never occurred to him. He sighed and said, "I just don't know."

We started for Buenos Aires at 4:00 p.m. It was hot and exhausting, with Carlos driving like a mad man and all of us strung tight, holding on at every corner, gripping Lowell's hand as we darted through and around traffic. We arrived at 7:45, after fighting our way through terrible traffic. We were too exhausted to eat. A quick shower and fell into bed at 9:00.

Saturday, March 26

Lowell and I went down to our usual "greasy spoon" coffee shop around the corner. Jim and Marvin arrived while we were on our second cup of coffee, looking a little tired. We returned to the hotel and changed a little money at the front desk. They were always a little reluctant, and gave a lower rate, but it was convenient for the small amount we would need over the weekend. We said "goodbye" to Jim who was returning to the States today, then did a little more shopping on Florida Avenue pedestrian mall. We took the easy way out, and patronized the local hamburger shop for lunch. Lowell and I spent the afternoon catching up on details in our room, after declining Marvin's invitation to join him in a city tour. His suggestion of a night club tour in the evening did not sound as enticing as a good night's rest.

About 4:00 Lowell and I decided to see if we could find the "Little Ben" behind the Sheraton Hotel. It was a replica of Big Ben in London and given to Argentina for some reason that I forget. We walked through the Sheraton's gift shops to look at Stern's jewelry. We saw some dazzling tourmaline and 5-carat diamond earrings — only \$800.00! That was a small fortune for us at that time. Oh well, perhaps another day and another time. By 7:30 we were feeling a little hungry again, so found a sidewalk café only one block from our hotel on Julio Ave. and enjoyed a sandwich and coffee. We returned to our room for a leisurely shower and were in bed by 9:00 — a welcome let-down after a full week of rushing, people, conversation, and late meals.

Sunday, March 27

We slept until 8:00 this morning giving us a much needed long night's rest, followed by a relaxed breakfast of melon and coffee in our room. There were many good produce stalls on Florida Avenue allowing us to stock up on fresh fruit. Lowell worked on papers until about 10:30, but it was such a nice sunny morning we decided to go for a walk around the area of the hotel. A cathedral in a street behind our hotel was having Palm Sunday mass. We stepped into the back of the sanctuary to watch the remainder of the service, then joined the crowd in front of the building. The Falklands War in mid 1982 had resulted in some cool receptions for anyone of English descent. Even in the shops we were given some sideways glances when our conversation in English was overheard. I suggested we move to the rear of the crowd and try to remain inconspicuous. Everyone was holding olive branches to be blessed by the priest, as he walked from the church sprinkling water. A lady standing near us turned and handed us each a part of her branches so that we too could be a part of the blessing ceremony. I was deeply touched by her kindness and still have the branch in my bible after all these years.

Back at the hotel, I joined Marvin and Lowell packing the rest of the boxes of corn. We stopped for lunch about 12:45 and found a nice restaurant featuring beef (what else?). We feasted on bif de lomo, lettuce and tomato salad, and the house special — lettuce, tomatoes, onions, celery, Italian green beans, white lima beans, carrots, hard boiled eggs, boiled potatoes, French bread, with Italian dressing. All of us chose flan for dessert. The price including drinks and tip came to \$3.20 per person.

Our sunny day had turned to clouds and a light sprinkle of rain fell on us as we came out of the restaurant at 2:30. We returned to the hotel and I pressed some clothes, while Lowell finished wrapping the boxes of samples to take to the embassy tomorrow.

At 7:00 p.m. we decided to stroll down Florida Avenue before bedtime. I couldn't believe the mobs of people doing the same thing as we. We must have walked almost two miles in the cool of the evening before returning to the hotel.

Monday, March 28

We woke at 6:45 and had breakfast at our usual place on Julio Ave. Some people might have thought we should be more adventurous in selecting breakfast cafés, but it was so much easier to return to the same establishment, the same waiter and the same menu. We thought we had found enough adventure on this trip we could indulge in a little bit of routine.

The air was cool but the sun was shining. The temperature ranged from 68° in the morning to 78° in the afternoon. This was our day to take the samples to the embassy, but we were dismayed to learn during the night the transport union had gone on strike (including all taxis). Jim had arranged for Nadia to meet us at the hotel to negotiate transport for all those boxes. She arrived shortly after 9:00 and with her Spanish and "can do" attitude she comman-

deered a taxi and directed him right to the front step of the hotel. She was not to be deterred by a transport strike! We loaded the boxes and all climbed into the taxi, and arrived at the big iron gates of the embassy without incident. Nadia jumped from the car and said something to the guard. The gates swung wide and in we went! Rich met us in front of the embassy building.

We said our goodbyes to Nadia with our profuse thanks for all her help, and accompanied Rich to the lower level of the embassy to the mailing room. This was our second delivery of boxes of samples for mailing since our arrival in Argentina. The original arrangement was that they would be sent through the embassy pouch directly to the University laboratory, bypassing customs so as not to jeopardize the integrity of the samples. To our surprise, we were told we could not use the embassy pouch. No explanation was given, but I suspect the opposition to Lowell's work here in Argentina had been forwarded to the Foreign Agricultural Service in Washington and the word had gone out. Larry told Lowell the packages would have to be sent air freight through Miami customs. All packages would be opened, inspected, and repackaged for sending to the University. All 22 packages from last week still had the original address on the labels. We were told we would have to write (by hand) new addresses on all packages. This was no small task and we were not finished by the time Larry said we must leave for our final meeting with the Junta de Granos. Larry hurried us from his office to the waiting embassy car for the drive to the Junta offices.

We were ushered into a conference room with a large round table. A few minutes later Federico Dussel entered with his assistant (who looked like a New York lawyer. Decide for yourself what that means). There was none of the warmth and friendly smiles of two years ago. He sat stone faced, with no conversation while Lowell again explained the project. This was the same research which Dussel had so warmly endorsed in 1981. It was clear from the first we were getting the cold shoulder treatment. His only conversation was to contradict Lowell on two minor points about marketing practices in Argentina. He interrupted Lowell to tell him that he was aware of the research, because he had had a letter from Washington D.C. The opposition had struck another blow!! It is unbelievable how many people were out to "scuttle" the project. Dussel agreed we could visit the inspection laboratory, but not the port. Clearly a token gesture since Lowell had already visited the laboratory, and it was "thumbs down" on all Lowell's other requests.

It was clear that we were not going to get any more information or cooperation from this government office, so we politely took our leave and returned to the embassy to finish writing labels for the packages to Miami. Larry admitted he had been instructed from Washington they were not to use the embassy pouch to transfer the samples to the States. The reversal in the embassy agreement to handle the packages led me to wonder if there were plans for mischief on the samples at Miami. Any contamination of the samples would invalidate the research results and it appeared there were forces who would welcome that result. Time will tell!!

We finished the labels and returned to the hotel for lunch. At 2:30 Marvin and Lowell took the keys to the company car loaned to us by La Plata (we still had the car but were not comfortable driving in Buenos Aires traffic) back to Tommy Robertson. It was reassuring to know we had at least one good supporter in Argentina. Actually we had several, and Lowell now had “exit” appointments scheduled for Tuesday with Mr. Viana from Bunge, Benito Garcia from the corn mill at Chacabuco, and with Hugo Luxardo, the chief inspector for the Junta laboratory who was and remained a good friend regardless of the official attitude of the government.

While they were gone I went out for an hour to look at the shops, but everything was closed due to the strike. I returned to the hotel to wait for Lowell’s return. I met him in the lobby about 5:30. As we started up the stairs to our room, four or five big husky men were dragging a number of huge, well secured bags up the stairs. “They look like Russian mafia,” I thought. As we reached the next level we had to walk over and around more bags. The print on the tags appeared to be Russian. I looked more closely at one of the tags and could see that it was marked “Soviet Air Lines.” I was pointing this out to Lowell when one of the Russian men barreled around the corner and grabbed the bag. I wonder what he thought I was doing, looking at the tags?

We visited and just killed time, knowing we would not find any place to eat before 8:00. We found a Chinese restaurant only 2 blocks away, and decided that would be a welcome change to all the big, heavy meals we had been eating. 10:00 was bed time.

Tuesday, March 29

A busy day ahead! Up at 7:00. Breakfast at 8:00. Lowell and Marvin left for a round of appointments at 9:00. I went shopping and bought a charm and bracelet. Lowell returned around 1:30 and we decided to eat lunch in the room. Following a short trip down Florida Avenue to purchase two purses and a belt, it was back to the hotel to organize the next round of meetings. I joined Lowell and Marvin for a trip to the Argentine Board of Trade — The Bolsa. There was one large pit where most of the action was taking place. It differed from the Chicago Board of Trade in that buyers and sellers sat in soft seats arranged around the pit like an auditorium. They rose to their feet only when the excitement became too great to keep them seated. One of the officials of the board (not a trader) invited us to his office (plush office by the way) and conducted a very open discussion of quality, trading, pricing, etc. Lowell raised a question about the availability of price data by grade, and the official readily agreed to provide him with that data. This was the same data that Frederico Dussel had told Lowell was not available. On the way home we stopped at the La Plata office to say one more goodbye and express our appreciation to Tommy and Sanjuan. They had rescued us from the “jaws of defeat” when all the government agencies had turned against us. Tommy advised us to leave for the airport very early tomorrow as they were expecting demonstrations in connection with the strikes.

We had a hamburger at the Chi Burger. I just couldn't face one more big meal. We bought Lowell an ornamental bolo (the Argentine lasso with three short ropes and hard balls attached to the ends) and returned to the Esmeralda to pack for the trip home. In bed by 9:00

Wednesday, March 30

Children downstairs were making so much noise that we were awake before 6:30. Lowell and Marvin departed for the embassy at 9:00 a.m. to cash checks and ask how soon the samples would be mailed. They took a dozen red roses to thank Mabel (the embassy secretary) for all her help. I finished packing. We departed early for the airport as recommended because of the strike, but we encountered no problems. The taxi drivers were ignoring the strike for a little extra money. It was a long wait for our evening flight to Miami. There was no word about the boxes. They were being sent separately as air freight.

Thursday, March 31

We arrived tired in Chicago after starting from Buenos Aires yesterday morning, picked up a rental car, and drove home. Our bed was a welcome sight — it had been a long long day.

Epilogue

Lowell waited many days and even weeks for the boxes of samples to arrive. He kept calling the Miami airport freight office and finally found the woman who was on duty the night the boxes came through customs. The woman told him she remembered checking the boxes and forwarding them on to St. Louis by truck since they were being handled by one of the international freight companies. Lowell was unable to trace the St. Louis connection, but finally the boxes started arriving — two one day, maybe four or five the next. In the end all but one box arrived. The samples had not been damaged and the analysis resulted in a publication that was the recipient of several national awards. The opposition in Washington continued to voice opposition. One of Lowell's "anonymous friends" in the grain industry forwarded him some of the critical, and sometimes nasty, letters being circulated by a trade association. The opposition was vocal and influential, but we faced and resolved each challenge as it descended. We fought the good fight and with the help of God and good friends, we won.

Japan

May 2 - 19, 1984



Japan

1984

Lowell's research in Europe, Mexico, and South America had identified and resolved some of the foreign buyers' problems with the quality of U.S. corn. However, little had been done to alleviate the continuing complaints from Japan. With grants from several sources he and I laid out plans to carry the program into Japanese markets. The first step had to be one of investigation and discussion with major players in the Japanese food and feed industries. Several Japanese students who had studied at the University of Illinois and had returned home were very willing to help organize our visits to several companies in their country. They knew all the key people in the industries and were eager to "repay" their favorable experiences in Illinois. With contacts identified, and a tentative itinerary organized, we now had our visas and air tickets and were ready to "experience" a totally different culture.

Wednesday, May 2

It was 1:30 p.m. and we were ready to depart for Chicago by car for the flight to Japan. We had spent the morning closing the house. Anne A. (our next door neighbor) said she would take care of our plants until she departed for a summer in Los Alamos, sometime around the 13th or 14th of May.

I drove as far as Kankakee because Lowell was suffering from a pinched nerve in his neck. He took over the driving from Kankakee to O'Hare where we spent the night at the nearby Howard Johnson hotel. We dined on a great steak dinner as we had been warned of very high food prices in Japan that would probably exclude beef from our diet. Beef was considered a delicacy and an appetizer rather than an entree, and was consumed in very small quantities.

Thursday, May 3

We were up early and after a quick breakfast of coffee and toast, took the van to O'Hare to check in for our 10:00 flight. The United Airlines flight departed on time. After enjoying the sea food plate we had requested as a perk for their Frequent Flyer program, we watched the movie until we reached Seattle. We de-planed in Seattle because some of the passengers were changing to the Hong Kong flight and others were joining ours. We spent the time in the Red Carpet Room. It was quite small but pleasant, with juice, coffee and rolls. Our plane loaded a little ahead of time and departed on schedule. The weather was very good as we followed the Canadian coast line. It was a little cloudy around Anchorage, Alaska, but the clouds broke and I

could claim to have seen all fifty states. The visibility was quite good all across Alaska and very exciting to watch the rugged and wintry landscape below. As the flight crossed the Aleutian Islands I could see huge ice cakes floating in the dark blue water below. Spring was coming to the Arctic, and large icebergs were beginning to break apart. After two meals, a movie, and fifteen hours in the air with only water below us, we were over land in Japan.

Friday, May 4

We had crossed the date line so it was now late afternoon on Friday. The weather was clear and the bright sunshine glittered on the rice paddies newly prepared for planting. The plane banked low and settled down at Narita Airport. Immigration took quite awhile with long lines at each station, followed by a long wait for our bags to appear on the belt. As Lowell changed some dollars to yen I caught a glimpse of Kenji Horiguchi, who with his family had spent a sabbatical at the U of I, waving and smiling outside the customs area. It was an act of over whelming kindness, as Narita is an hour and a half trip from Tokyo. Kenji had come to escort us to our hotel. The three of us boarded the TCAT bus and departed for the trip into Tokyo. The terrain was somewhat rugged with glittering rice paddies tucked in most of the level areas. Often there was a straw hatted farmer with his pants rolled to his knees working in the wet paddies. Just as we approached Tokyo I looked out the window to see the new Disneyland looming up in the distance. Kenji was surprised as he had not seen it before. The bus took us to the down town bus terminal and from there we took a taxi to our hotel, the Tokyo Prince. We checked in quickly and Kenji handed Lowell a sheaf of papers with Lowell's schedule for the next two weeks. He had also included many thoughtful suggestions for me. He was very worried we might have a lot of problems on our own, since we don't speak Japanese. I assured him we would be just fine and we would see him Monday morning.

Our room was a delight to tired bodies. Beds were turned down. Kimonos were spread across the beds plus a tea tray with hot water was on a table beside the bed. The refrigerator was filled with cold drinks and snacks. We were too tired for any food so after a shower and a cup of green tea, we went to bed for a long night's sleep.

Saturday, May 5

We awakened early. It was only 5:00 a.m. but we were too keyed up to sleep, so we dressed and made ourselves a cup of coffee. There was a good view from our window of the gardens below and of Tokyo tower across the street. The cherry blossoms were in bloom and lovely azaleas blazed from every flower bed. Cherry blossoms lined the entire drive from the street up to the hotel. We had breakfast in the coffee shop and then decided to go for a walk. With previous detailed directions from Kenji, we decided to check out the subway station near our hotel. After studying the map on the wall and watching the locals pass through the turnstiles, we decided we could probably handle that, even though everything was written only in Japanese.



Shimmering rice paddies



Cherry blossoms



Imperial gardens

We walked back to the hotel and made a reservation for an afternoon city tour. The bus was full of other tourists with the same plan. Eight of them were from our hotel. A delightful couple and their two small children sat near us. They were from France, but he was now working for the World Bank in New Zealand. They had lived in California before moving to New Zealand.

The first stop on the tour was the Imperial Palace. A high gray stone wall surrounded the extensive grounds. Green tiled roofs sheltered watchtowers at various junctures on the wall. A large water-filled moat surrounded the wall. There was a large plaza in front of the entrance gates and little could be seen of the palace except some tiled roofs and the tops of trees. Back on the bus the next stop was the Akasaka area. We walked through a gate and down a broad sidewalk lined with many little stands selling all kinds of Japanese crafts. At the far end was a fountain where people reached in to drink the water to purify themselves before entering the Buddhist temple. Another altar gave off smoke and people walked through the smoke which was another form of purification. The area was packed with people and we stood near the entrance, watching the Buddhist service in progress.

Outside it appeared that some type of parade was in progress. A group of 4- or 5-year-old girls wearing head bands and short grass skirted garments, were pulling a float shaped like an ark, by means of ropes. They were followed by a float of drum beating teen age girls dressed in Buddhist robes pulled by several strong men. It was a very colorful spectacle and gave us an opportunity to see a little of the Japanese religious culture. Our guide led us on a short walk to the river where we boarded a boat packed with locals and tourists. The ride carried us past local apartment buildings with washing hanging on all the balconies, with an occasional patch of green grass and shrubs sandwiched in between. At the harbor and dock, we were picked up by our bus and transported to a pearl store. A formal tea ceremony was performed for us which I learned much more about at a later date. We were then given a short lecture about the culture of pearls, and ample opportunity to purchase, before we were driven back to our hotel. Jet lag had taken its toll and we went to bed shortly after dinner.

Sunday. May 6

This was another beautiful day so we decided to be adventurous and take the subway to find the Museum of Modern Art. With all the signs in Japanese it was a little tricky. They had good wall maps identifying each stop on each line, so we could count the number of stops. Kenji had told us where to find out how many yen coins it took for each stop, so we dropped them in the slot and somewhat to our surprise, the turnstile opened to allow us to pass through. The subway system was very nice, very clean, and easy to use once we learned to identify our destination and count stops.

As we emerged from the subway, we discovered we were close to the Imperial Gardens. They were open to the public, providing an un planned opportunity to walk the grounds. They

were very beautiful, both in the landscape design and the number of flowers and pools. I was so happy we didn't miss them. We lingered until nearly 11:30 then departed by the north gate to the Museum of Modern Art. Kenji had given us tickets from Mr. Yamaguchi (a representative from Marubeni who would be looking after us for the next several days) for a special exhibit.

The art was most enjoyable, but I decided it was time to find something to eat. Just as we reached the top floor of the museum, we discovered a small cafeteria. A quick orange juice and a hamburger revived us somewhat after a full morning of being on our feet. Then we used the rest of the afternoon in the shopping area of the Ginza. By 3:30 our feet were telling us it was time to quit. We discovered a subway stop near the Ginza requiring only one transfer to our hotel, so easily found our way back to the Tokyo Prince. After watching television, while regaining our strength, we had a light meal in the lunch room on the first floor and went to bed.

Monday, May 7

It was pleasant to awake early this morning and have a leisurely cup of coffee in our room before going down to use our hotel "chits" for our regular breakfast. Our membership in the Prince Hotel Chain provided us with daily tickets which we could use for any breakfast items. We met Kenji in the lobby and walked to the American Embassy. It is a very modern glass structure next to the Okura Hotel. There is a fence around the embassy grounds, but security was not as rigid as we had found in many countries we have visited. We met with Suzanne Hale, the assistant agricultural attaché, and her Japanese assistant. They were nice, but we were not impressed with their knowledge of agriculture. They had their degrees from a field related to foreign service, but their knowledge of agriculture was limited, considering that Japan was the United States' largest customer for grains.

Lowell and Kenji continued to the office of the Feed Grains Council for lunch and an afternoon of meetings. I stopped at the Okura Shopping Arcade. It was not particularly impressive, so I continued on to the Tax Free Shopping Center. I looked at cultured pearls on the first floor but thought prices seemed high. I went back to the hotel for lunch and rested for the remainder of the afternoon. Lowell returned about 5:30, and we had dinner in the hotel dining room.

Tuesday, May 8

We were awake early this morning and again had breakfast in the coffee shop. Kenji was waiting in the lobby at 9:15 to accompany us through the days' activities. We took the subway to the office of Mitsubishi to meet with their officials. They served us tea in fancy Japanese cups and saucers. They had high praise for the grain marketing work Lowell and Tom Hieronymus had been doing. The company men, with help from Kenji, laid out the detailed itinerary for the day, starting with a trip to Yokohama to visit their port and processing plant.



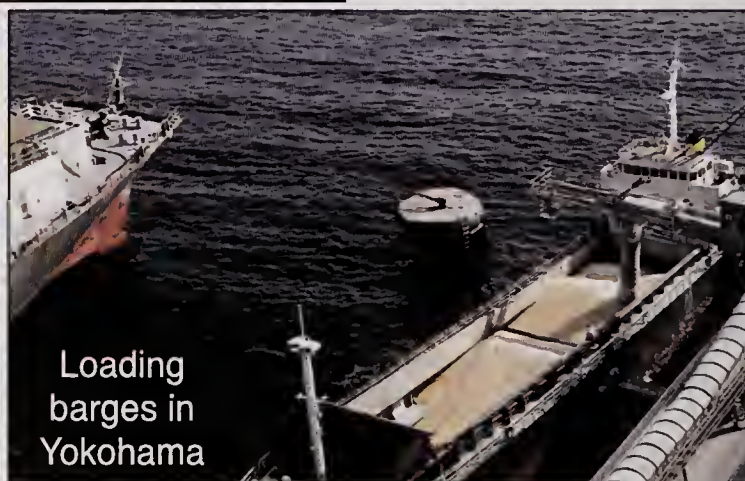
Imperial gardens



Children's parade



Unloading corn in Yokohama



Loading barges in Yokohama

Accompanied by Mr. Yamaguchi, we took the train to Yokohama. His most immediate responsibility appeared to be seeing we were well fed! He took us to a Chinese restaurant for lunch in the China Tower. Lunch in a private dining room had been meticulously arranged in advance, including seating arrangements and menus. The attention to detail and hospitality turned out to be a top priority for all the Japanese we encountered. We were served immediately with a fish soup, followed by a platter of assorted meat and vegetable tidbits, pork, ham, chicken, etc. We had a cooked green vegetable with abalone slices on top, whole shrimp in the shell with tomato sauce, another fishy soup dish, bowls of rice, green tea and floating coconut custard and fruit juice. Very delicious.

After lunch we were taken by taxi to the Yokohama port elevator, and true to form, were served tea upon our arrival before a discussion of formalities. Then they dressed us in stiffly starched white coats and hard hats for an outdoor tour of the facility. We were encouraged to photograph all the facilities including unloading of a ship and loading of a barge with U.S. corn — very dusty after being handled so many times. A spacious elevator lift carried us to the top of the silos for a view of the city of Yokohama and Tokyo Bay. An unparalleled photo opportunity of the city and port activity!.

I could not help but wonder how it looked 40 years ago this month as U.S. planes pounded the city and the harbor. What a tragedy that we had to have such a war. We have all lost so much and gained so little.

The men were all very considerate of me. I knew I was going places and doing things few women ever do in Japan — certainly not Japanese women. The men were too polite to let on this was anything out of the ordinary. Perhaps I've made a small movement forward in the acceptance of women as intelligent human beings with varied interests outside of home and family. Lowell is very supportive. Only a strong man could be so encouraging in these negative environments.

A quick stop at their office for a coke and we were off for a visit to a starch processing plant. Once more the first order of business was tea and polite conversation. Following a tour of the plant and a discussion about quality problems with U.S. corn, we took a taxi to the train station for the return trip to Tokyo. It was not too bad considering it was rush hour. We were glad to have a guide along, however. Kenji left us at the station where he changed trains for home, but Mr. Yamaguchi stayed on the train to be sure we disembarked at the right station, then took another train back to his office. The train station where we disembarked opened into the World Trade Center, and we decided this might be worth a visit in the future. For now we preferred to walk the half mile back to the hotel, picking up some strawberries at a fruit stand along the way. The fruit stand contained a colorful mix of a wide variety of fruits, many of which we did not recognize. I did notice a small watermelon with a price of nearly \$10.00, based on my best conversion from yen. Back at the hotel we ate a light supper in our room, enjoying our strawberries, despite the cost.

Wednesday, May 9

We awakened early and were finished with breakfast by 7:00; just as well since Lowell's escort for the day in Chiba arrived ahead of schedule at 7:20. They were scheduled for a full day of touring processing plants and inspection agencies. I was not invited this time, but was glad for a day to rest my tired feet. I spent the day writing post cards and bringing my journal up to date. This also gave me time to rearrange our suitcases and take a short walk around the hotel grounds.

Lowell returned to the hotel late and rather tired after his long day of interviews. We decided to give the hotel Tempura restaurant a try. The food looked delicious, but the hostess was snippy and disdainful of us as Americans. This was the first and only encounter with any unpleasantness from the Japanese. The prices were out of sight. Dinner was \$40.00 per person for a meal that would have cost \$10.00 at home. We settled for two shrimp and two mixed cakes at \$12.00 per plate. Lowell said "Let's get out of here" and we hastily retreated to our room.

Thursday, May 10

We were awake very early as our sleep patterns were out of balance. We had breakfast in the hotel coffee shop. Our Prince Club free breakfast gave us a choice of Japanese food or American but we decided to stick with familiar food, knowing there would be ample opportunities for adventures with some unusual foods for lunch and dinner in the coming hospitality of our hosts.

Shortly after breakfast a representative from a crushing and milling company called Showa Sanyo, met us in the lobby to escort us to the train station. He signaled one of the taxis waiting outside the hotel for the trip to the national train station. Kenji had pre-warned us to be careful entering taxis, because the driver could open them automatically from inside the cab, and did not always look to see if anyone was standing too close. Sure enough, we had to step back quickly to keep from being hit by the door. Taxis were always spotlessly clean inside and out, with lace doilies on all the head rests.

At the station, there were masses of people every where and very little written in English. We would never have found our way without our escort. Mr Yamaguchi had already purchased the tickets, so we could skip the ticket counter lines, and go directly to the train. Without our guide we could never have found our car and seats. We were learning quickly how organized the Japanese are. A second man from the company was already on the train to greet and accompany us to the plant in Kashima. The train glided smoothly out through the northeast suburbs of Tokyo for a pleasant two hour trip through the lovely countryside. It was spring and rice planting was in progress. The water in the rice paddies shimmered, reflecting a clear blue sky. The number of fields increased as we progressed northeast toward the coast. The fields were

being planted by both men and women, but mostly women garbed in pants, rubber boots, smocks, and coolie type hats. Some were hand planting and others were planting with a small tractor-pulled machine that plucked the seedlings from large flats loaded on the back of the machine and planted them in neat rows.

The train arrived at the Kashima train station at 11:30 and we were driven directly to a hotel for lunch. Two more company representatives were waiting to greet and join us for a full Japanese meal consisting of soup, rice, sushi (my first taste and I hope my last), pickled vegetables, tempura of squid, shrimp, green beans, and other assorted vegetables fried in their tempura batter. It was delicious — even the squid. We also had green salad and the ubiquitous green tea. I struggled valiantly with chopsticks until they took pity on me and signaled the waiter for fork, knife, and spoon. Following lunch we were taken to the plant by company car. I joined the men for the tour of the plant. No one raised an eyebrow, but I expect they were thinking plenty. At every stop on our tour the fancy tea set and cups were waiting for us even in grain storage facilities, and we were served tea when we arrived and again before departing. They deviated from the pattern this time and served cold pineapple juice prior to departure; a welcome change. Before departing by car for the station we were each given a gift bag containing literature, a towel, three colored pens, and an automatic pencil.

The 2-hour train ride back to Tokyo station was relaxed and pleasant with views of the lovely shimmering rice paddies as the sun sank slowly out of sight. We discovered that we recognized one of the young men from the company sitting behind us, riding the train to Tokyo just to see us safely to our hotel. Our “chaperones” had apparently been told to not make themselves or their task known to us. We started a conversation and discovered he would have a 1½-hour trip back to his home after depositing us safely in our hotel. We insisted he get off at the next stop and go home. He finally agreed but looked a little uneasy as though he might be disobeying orders. Then we discovered there was a second (backup?) company man still on the train who insisted on staying with us until we were safely in the taxi on the way back to our hotel. Then he returned to his office.

We ate a light supper in our room and collapsed into bed, exhausted after all that had taken place in just one day.

Friday, May 11

I had planned to spend the day shopping and reading, only to discover with the arrival of the usual guide, that I was expected to accompany Lowell to his meeting with the Japan Feed Trade Association, where one of the secretaries would take me shopping. I knew of no way to gracefully refuse the offer, so quickly readied myself to meet the group in the lobby.

Once again two of the company men were waiting in the lobby, planning to escort us throughout the day's appointments. I think they were convinced we would get lost without a personal guide every day. They escorted us to the office of the Japan Feed Trade Association,

and introduced us to Mr. Gotoh, Chairman of the Association. There must have been a contingent of nearly 20 people waiting our arrival. I “enjoyed” another round of green tea while Lowell went over some notes and described his plans with the members of the Association who were involved in importing U.S. corn for feed. The interpreters worked hard to convey the technical terms involved in the discussion.

While they were talking, a little Japanese girl about 30 years of age appeared and said “My name is Kyoko-Tsukioka, and I’m here to take you any place you want to go.” I suggested the Mikimoto pearl shop. She confessed along the way that she had been so scared of serving as my guide and having to use her English that she had not slept all night. Her husband told her it would be good for her and the company had ordered it. She also said that at the first glimpse of me I had the “stature of a prime minister” which left her doubly scared. I had not thought of myself as being so formidable, but I think she was feeling the pressure of making sure I was pleased, and worried about making conversation in English. As we conversed, she relaxed and I think enjoyed her experience as much as I did. We toured all three floors of the Mikimoto shop. The jewelry was gorgeous but very expensive. It was time for lunch. Most department stores in Tokyo seemed to have a lunch room somewhere. She helped me order rice, a shrimp dish with vegetables, potato salad, cole slaw (of a type) and a salad — and of course a pot of green tea. We toured the department store, then a shopping mall and stopped for another round of green tea in a nice little tea shop. We then bade farewell and I thanked her for her hospitality. She found me a taxi and instructed the driver to take me back to the Tokyo Prince hotel. We parted as good friends.

Lowell returned a little earlier than usual, so we walked down to the World Trade Center, looked in the windows, and came back to McDonald’s for a hamburger and milkshake. It was more than enough. We returned to the hotel and I washed my hair before “turning in” for the night.

Saturday, May 12

There were to be no meetings or company guides today — we were on our own. Following our usual breakfast in the hotel coffee shop, we took the subway to the Imperial Hotel to look at their shops. We were becoming quite adept and comfortable navigating the subway system. We looked at Mikimoto pearls, but they looked to be out of our price range, so we went on through the shopping area to another, less expensive shop where Lowell purchased a lovely string of pink pearls. Since I wanted a different clasp and knots between each pearl on the string, we had to wait for them to be re-strung. The clerks were more than happy to oblige while we waited and watched the process of putting each pearl on a new string, then tying a knot before slipping the next glistening beauty on the string. We walked on to the Ginza area and toured three department stores. The lunch menus were well displayed in pictures and plastic replicas, so we could make our selection without knowing any Japanese. We had a delicious

lunch of soup, salad, beef and rice, fruit and coconut custard, and of course green tea, for only 800 yen per person (less than \$3.00).

Our tired feet took us to the subway stop in the Ginza and back to the hotel. Kenji had scheduled a trip to his home for Sunday, so we purchased a lovely spray of orchids for his wife, Hiroko, at a stand outside the subway entrance.

Sunday, May 13

We finally managed to adjust our sleep pattern and enjoyed 10 hours of welcome sleep. We had not been sleeping more than six or seven hours a night since we arrived. We had a nice relaxed breakfast and I spent an hour or so packing in preparation for Monday's trip to Kyushu Island. I thought there would not be enough time to do this by the time we returned from our Sunday excursion. Kenji arrived in the lobby about 10:30, having made a 1½-hour trip by train, to escort us to his home. We walked the six blocks to the train station and spent the next 1¼ hours changing to four different trains. Kenji suggested this would be the easiest route for us when we returned tonight. I wondered what the hardest was, since this appeared to be about as complex as it could get. I began to question him about using the subway as an easier alternative, but he explained that nothing would be in English this far outside of downtown Tokyo.

It was a short walk from the station to his car and about a 10-minute drive through narrow streets to a very nice residential district. The houses were packed very closely together and even then, we were told, this was much more space than would be found in most residential areas.

Hiroko rushed from the door to greet us and called to her daughters, Michiko and Kuniko. We knew them both from their year in Urbana. We removed our shoes in the entrance hall and stepped into the slippers carefully placed there for us. The home was very attractive, with highly polished wood floors. We were ushered down a narrow hall to the living room. It was a square room with carpet on the floor and a low table in the center surrounded by cushions for us to sit upon. Bookshelves, a chest and a piano occupied two walls. The third wall was a sliding door opening into the garden. The opposite side opened into the kitchen and family room. It was a small room but organized much like an American kitchen/family room with TV, table, chairs, dishwasher, and built-in cupboards. A unique space-saving design was a food storage area beneath a trap door in the kitchen floor. Hiroko served us hot green tea and snacks as we sat on low cushions at the low table.

Kenji and Michiko then whisked us into the car and off to see an open air museum about a 15-minute drive from their home. I wanted Hiroko to go with us, but she insisted on remaining at home. It was hard to understand why she did not want to accompany us. Did she need to stay and cook our evening meal or did she feel uncomfortable and out of place hosting Americans in the park? I rather suspect it was her concern over the fabulous meal she planned to serve us when we returned.

The museum was a wonderful collection of old Japanese homes and shops in a beautiful park setting, although the fog and mist shrouding the outdoor museum, “scotched” our good photo shots. At one place a few craft people were weaving grasses into baskets, sandals, etc. One man was twisting grass into figures of little horses, holding one end of the long grass between his toes. As I watched intently, he bowed and offered me the horse he had just completed. I bowed in return and thanked him in English with as much warmth as I could express. The smile on his face was evidence our exchange had spanned the language barrier that existed between us.

About half way through the park we entered one of the classic old structures. We removed our shoes, donned the slippers, and climbed a few steps to a large open room covered with tatami mats. Low tables and cushions were placed around the room, which we discovered was to be our spot for lunch. Michiko had been complaining she was starved and it was past lunch time. Her year in Urbana had created a young lady who spoke her mind much more than most Japanese girls would ever do. Her father said she was often in trouble with her English teacher at school because Michiko corrected her teacher’s English.

My slippers were falling off my feet at every step. Slippers always seem to be made for the largest man in Japan and I can never find small ones. I kept shuffling until we made it to a table and seated ourselves on the cushions. We folded our long stiff American legs beneath us the best we could. Poor Lowell, his legs just don’t bend that way. I told him it was because he never studied ballet. He usually found a way to extend at least one leg under the table without kicking anyone. Michiko and I were brought dishes (round bowls) filled with barley noodles, slivers of green pepper, and a few other vegetables cooked in a very tasty broth. The broth tasted as if it might have been beef broth flavored with soy sauce. Lowell and Kenji had slightly different dishes. I’m not sure what they were and Lowell thought he would just as soon not know. We slurped our way through lunch, struggling with chopsticks on the firmer particles. My technique is still scoop and stab, which only works if the food is semi solid. The soup was easy — we drank directly from the bowls and encouraged a few of the smaller pieces to go with the flow to avoid chopstick efforts later.

Despite our difficulties with techniques and table manners, it was a delicious meal and in a unique setting for us. Our private room had open sides looking out upon green hillsides and other small buildings. Following the meal, we continued our tour of the park. Our last stop was an old Kabuki theater perched atop a high hill. Kenji told us this was typical in rural communities.

We returned to Kenji’s home for a delicious dinner prepared by Hiroko. This time we ate in the family room, western style with silverware. She served rice, fish wrapped in cabbage with a delicious white sauce, tender rolls of beef and a green salad. Dessert consisted of assorted cakes, strawberries, melon, and yogurt.

While we were at the park, Kuniko had returned from an athletic event in which she was competing at school. She unwrapped the corn cob doll I had brought to her from the Amana



Craftsman at the
folk village



Dinner with the Horiguchi family

Colony in Iowa. Michiko had opened hers as soon as we arrived and had given me a tiny baby doll in return. The girls took me to their rooms to show me their doll collections. The room was very similar to little girl rooms in America. Hiroko and Kenji's rooms were typical Japanese — void of furniture except for tatami mats for sleeping. There was a closet with sliding doors.

It was getting late and we had a long and challenging trip back to our hotel. Kenji and the girls decided to drive us to the station and ride with us to our first change. Kenji wasn't sure how to tell us the right train to board at the first stop, so we were most happy to have a guide. The girls were in high spirits. Michiko laid her head gently on my shoulder as she sat very close. I was deeply touched as this show of affection was contrary to all the things I had read about body contact by Japanese. A Japanese lady seated near-by looked at us with curiosity, but gave us a warm smile when we made eye contact. Kenji and the girls saw us into our next train and the girls raced along the platform beside us waving their arms ecstatically, as the train pulled from the station. The next stop was an easy change to the subway. It was just across the platform and we needed only one more change in downtown Tokyo in the Kybuia station. A young Japanese man, who spoke only a little English was sitting next to me, but he was eager to visit and seemed to enjoy our company, as the train sped through the suburbs of Tokyo.

We walked the short block from the station back to the hotel, rode the elevator to the 17th floor and fell exhausted into bed.

Monday, May 14

This was our day to fly to the south island of Kyushu. Two of the company men accompanied us to the Hanada Airport, outside of Tokyo. This was the domestic airport and much smaller and less congested than Narita International. One of the men from the Mitsui company boarded the plane with us. We were not to be left without a guide and interpreter during any

part of this trip. The snow covered cone of the famed Mt. Fuji was spectacular as the plane flew almost directly over it.

Another man in a company car met us at the airport and drove us to the New Otoni hotel and then to the plant. As soon as we were seated in the office, we were served a lunch which consisted of tea, spaghetti, and a salad. This was followed by a tour of the plant, complete with hard hats. We had a great view of the harbor and the mountains in the background. I was happy to return to the hotel, as the men planned a long train trip out of town to visit another processing plant. I used the time to window shop in an adjoining mall and bought a little plaster doll which was unique to this island.

The men returned late in the afternoon, and the two young men from the company told us they were taking us to dinner. This was our first experience eating at a real Japanese restaurant and I devoutly hoped the things I had read would carry me through with some sense of decorum. As we entered the restaurant we slipped out of our shoes and stepped into a room covered with tatami mats. Three kimono clad hostesses bowed low and ushered us to a very low table with cushions to sit on. Lowell and I were given cushions with back rests. The Japanese were a little shocked when we told them we preferred juice to alcoholic beverages. They signaled the waitress who brought us orange juice while they consumed the saki.



Dinner with the fellows
on Kyushu Island

The food was all served in small dishes placed in front of each one of us. The first course was toasted shrimp complete with eyes, pickled relish dish, small whole fish, some baked egg dishes and other smoked tidbits which I could not identify. I managed to swallow most of it but had to beat the head off one of the fish with my chopsticks — no small feat! They popped the entire fish into their mouth and swallowed it in one gulp. The second course consisted of all sushi — raw, raw, raw. There were four or five kinds of tuna, squid, abalone, shark, and several other sea creatures I could not identify. I managed to swallow one piece of raw tuna, coated with soy sauce and wondered how I could keep it down; fortunately, I did. The third course was more to our liking. It consisted of a steaming bowl of rice and assorted tempura vegetables. Last but not least we were served green tea. It had been a long evening and we were the last guests to leave. There had been very noisy parties on either side of us (I think mostly men). We put on our shoes and walked across the street to see Japanese clowns singing and dancing on a bridge over a river. Our hosts delivered us to our hotel. They had been very jolly and gracious as we struggled with all the new foods and chopsticks. Our legs ached from having them folded under us for the entire evening. We did our laundry, showered, and dropped dead into bed.

Tuesday, May 15

By the time we finished breakfast in the hotel, a Mitsui employee was waiting to drive us to the airport. He was also to accompany us back to Tokyo. Since this was a domestic flight we landed at the Hanada Airport outside Tokyo. Our “chaperone” accompanied us from the terminal to the monorail that runs directly from Hanada into the Trade Center in downtown Tokyo. Once we were seated and our bag safely in the rack, he decided his responsibilities were complete and he departed, probably to catch the next train back to Kyushu. The monorail literally stopped inside the Trade Center and we walked outside to hail a taxi. There was to be no gaps in our itinerary or allowances for any unexpected delays for today! We showed the taxi driver the address of the restaurant where Lowell was to present a seminar to the Japanese Starch Association. He was hoping to convince them to cooperate on future research projects to improve the quality of corn they received from the United States. We were greeted warmly by Jack Yamashita from the American Soybean Association. He had worked as the interpreter for Lowell for several years translating Lowell’s presentations to many trade teams visiting the University of Illinois. He had done the program so often that he once quipped “Dr. Hill, you can sit down and I’ll just give your speech.” Jack stayed with me in the restaurant bar until a young secretary arrived to take me to lunch and shopping at the Imperial hotel.

Lowell told me later about the meeting which resulted in our making a trip to Nagoya that turned out to be the beginning of a very productive and enjoyable friendship:

“When I entered the conference room the representatives from all the major processors in Japan were already seated around the table with lacquered lunch boxes at each place, waiting for me to be seated before opening them. I delivered a brief

review of U.S. grades and marketing practices, which was followed by intense questioning about how to resolve their problems of low quality corn arriving from U.S. ports. A representative from the Japan Corn Starch Company in Nagoya suggested I should spend a day in their plant and observe the problems first hand in their processing plant. Representatives from other companies voiced their support for that idea. The Marubeni representative immediately offered to arrange for some one to meet us in Nagoya. The Director of the Starch Association said he would make the necessary arrangements for our trip. So within a matter of minutes our entire itinerary was revised and we were scheduled for an unexpected but challenging experience, with all arrangements and expenses covered.”

Meanwhile, I was enjoying window shopping and an informative discussion with the secretary who was my companion for the afternoon. When I returned, Lowell was waiting with a taxi.

I was more than surprised at the news that we were to be on the way to Nagoya with only an hour to organize the 2-day trip. We were to pack the essentials and check the rest of our belongings at the hotel. We returned to the hotel and started “throwing” things in the two sets of suitcases. By 2:30 we were ready when Kenji arrived to escort us to the Tokyo station and put us on the 3:30 bullet train to Nagoya. It was a pleasant 2-hour trip in reserved first class seats paid for by the company. As promised, we were met by a representative from the Marubeni Trading Company as we stepped from our car. I don’t know how they made all the arrangements on such short notice. There had been less than four hours between the time Lowell was invited to visit Nagoya while sitting in a restaurant in downtown Tokyo, and our arrival in Nagoya station with a Marubeni employee waiting with car and driver. The Japanese companies are very efficient in communication and organization behind the scenes.

We were taken to the Hotel Nagoya Miyako and went briefly to our room before the appointed hour to meet in the lobby. We were taken to the head office and welcomed by four men from the Japan Corn Starch Company (JCS), including the president of the company and Chairman of the Japan Corn Starch Association, Mr. Hideo Kurachi. Marubeni was the trading company that purchased the corn for JCS which explained this connection and the joint arrangements between the two firms. Following a brief discussion, we were taken to a nearby restaurant. We were immediately served drinks, and they were quite surprised when we requested non alcoholic. They then felt obliged to follow suit. We learned later this is very common in Japan. Whatever the guests order in a restaurant, the host feels obliged to order the same or similar. It puts an additional strain on ordering since you are never sure what they would like and you know that your order will immediately restrict their choices. For tonight the menu had been pre-planned.

Mr. Kurachi did not speak English but two of the company men with fair English interpreted for him. Our conversation drifted to the year we were married, children and grandchildren. There we found common ground and an increased warmth from Mr. Kurachi. They had been married 36 years to our 33. They had three grown daughters and a much cherished son attending the University of Chicago and working for his MBA. When he discovered that we had a grandson about the same age as his, our relationship was clinched. We expressed a desire to meet his son when we returned to Illinois. This very much met with Mr. Kurachi's approval.

We were ushered around a screen to a beautifully set table for six. It was set western style, for our convenience. The table was adorned with a centerpiece of pink roses and carnations. A small Japanese flag in a standard was on one side and an American flag on the other. The meal that followed was primarily French. We were served Canard en Crouton; a recipe from a famous chef in Lyon, France, Filet mignon with bearnaise sauce, new potatoes, okra, small carrots, rolls, and salad. For dessert we had strawberries and cream and coffee — a welcome change from all the green tea! As we prepared to leave, Mr. Kurachi asked me if I could accompany Lowell to the starch plant tomorrow morning, where he would have an English speaking secretary and a car and driver ready to show me some of the city. I was surprised, since I had not expected to be entertained. I had tentatively planned to find a way to visit a nearby Noritake factory on my own. I expressed my pleasure and agreed to be ready to come to the plant with Lowell. The company car and driver returned us to the hotel, and we fell exhausted into bed. This was to be a way of life for the next two whirlwind days. Today had included an early morning departure from the Island of Kyushu, a plane flight to the domestic airport in Tokyo, a monorail and taxi ride to deliver Lowell to an intense discussion about corn quality problems, a revised itinerary, re-packing suitcases and hotel check out, a 2-hour ride on the famous Japanese Bullet train, a formal dinner with the President of the Japan Starch Association, and now plans for a full day ahead. No wonder we were tired!!!

Wednesday, May 16

We had breakfast at the Hotel Nagoya Miyako and were met by guide and driver for the drive to the starch plant. As we arrived, a slow rain had begun to fall, and as we stepped from the car, each of us was escorted to the door by a young man with an umbrella. They opened the door for us with a low bow as we entered. Two young women waited to greet me. The first, who appeared to be about 30 years old, was very beautiful, dressed in a lovely black dress embroidered with brilliant colors. She wore a matching lace jacket. Around her neck was a strand of exquisite pearls with a diamond pendant. Her pearl earrings were equally stunning. She stepped forward with outstretched hand, then bowing she said in beautiful English, "I am Yuko, Mr. Kurachi's second daughter and I will accompany you today." Then followed an equally formal introduction to the young and very sweet secretary Kuniko who, it developed, would be at our side for every imaginable service for the rest of the day.



"Simple" lunch
at the starch plant



Doll
factory



On the steps of Nagoya Castle

We were ushered into an adjoining room for tea and polite conversation. In a few minutes Yuko said, "Come. We are going upstairs for an early light lunch before leaving for our afternoon activities." Lunch came on colorful lacquered trays which were placed carefully before us on a table. A vase of fresh poppies decorated the center of the table. The "light " lunch included rice soup, fish, vegetable, and shrimp tempura, salad of raw vegetables, tender thin slices of grilled beef, a whole lobster for each of us, watermelon, and tea and coffee. On another platter were several kinds of sandwiches, "just in case the American lady did not like the Japanese dishes." Our lunch companions included several of the plant employees as well as my two female companions. Two full time photographers moved about the room taking advantage of every "photo op." We discovered that the photographers were to be constant companions at every activity and event.

Lowell and the plant employees departed to visit the operating areas of the plant. I was whisked into the waiting car, with several employees lining the front step bidding farewell with low bows as the car departed in a pouring rain for the doll factory. I was never quite sure how they had determined that I would enjoy the doll factory. During dinner the previous evening, I may have mentioned that I sometimes collected small dolls from our international travels. Someone picked up on that and had planned my day around one of my favorite subjects.

As the car pulled to a stop at the doll factory, men with umbrellas appeared from nowhere, as if by magic. I felt like a visiting dignitary. The museum and factory were fabulous — dolls, dolls, dolls! There were Kabuki dolls, automated dolls, dolls for Girls' Day, costume dolls, and dolls for every occasion. Each was more beautiful than the last. I was completely lost in absorbing the beauty and variety, so I was really stunned when Yuko stepped up beside me and said "You must choose your favorite doll. My father said I was to purchase one for you." I was so surprised that I was momentarily speechless. Then I thanked her profusely and began the difficult task of choosing from among the hundreds of choices. Finally, I selected a young girl doll such as the ones I saw in their display for the official "Girls' Day." The doll was a little large and I was not sure just how I was going to pack it for carrying home. To my surprise, the company secretary took it from my hands and Yuko informed me "My father will have it shipped to your home in its special glass display case." Several months later I was surprised all over again when the doll arrived by air freight in a tremendous wooden box with doll and case intact! The delivery man asked what was in it and burst into laughter when I told him it was a doll.

All during this time we were constantly being photographed in every possible pose and situation, by the company photographers who had apparently followed us to the doll factory in another car. The hostess at the factory took great pains to please me and explain the museum. It was clear she wanted Yuko to be satisfied with the treatment given her guest. I began to understand a little bit just how much the Kurachi family was respected in the town of Nagoya.

With perfect timing Lowell's car and driver arrived just as we stepped from the doll factory. I later discovered that everyone was communicating by cell phone and coordinating schedules down to the second. The two company Mercedes headed back for Nagoya, with Lowell, two company men, and Mr Kurachi's personal (male) secretary in the lead car; Yuko, the young secretary, and I followed in the second car. I suspect the photographers were in a third car behind us. As we drove toward Nagoya Castle, the two drivers were on the phone continuously coordinating their every move in the heavy traffic. Consequently, the two cars arrived simultaneously at the door of the castle. It was pouring down rain and closing time at the Castle museum. We indicated it was alright if we skipped this stop if they wished. However, a quick phone call by Mr. Kurachi and the museum closing time was suddenly extended. We would see the castle, if only for a quick look around the interior. The castle interior was indeed beautiful. It had been destroyed by American bombs during the war but had been restored to its former beauty. Yuko then gave us a tour of the nearby underground shopping mall before returning to the palace hotel for dinner.

Dinner was another extravaganza. It was served on the top floor of the hotel, and we were met at the elevator by Mr. Kurachi's brother and several employees, each bowing low before offering their hand. We had prepared ourselves back in the States on proper protocol with respect to bowing and had even practiced a little. Our less-than-perfect response bows seemed to please our hosts. Our dining room overlooked the palace with its moat, and the palace grounds and gardens. A dozen white swans drifted lazily about the moat, with their young Cygnets following close behind. As night settled upon the city, spotlights pushed back the darkness and shone on the two large gold dolphins that adorned the lovely oriental edifice. A harpist played classical music softly in the background and Mr. Kawakita, research director for the company, leaned forward and asked "Who is your favorite composer?" I replied "Chopin," to which he responded "Mine is Brahms." The dinner menu was more western, than oriental, with lobster thermidor, baked potato, green beans, green salad, bread, and dessert. The young secretary and two of the company men joined us for dinner at the last minute. I think this might have been the result of my casual question in the lobby as we parted, "Will Kuniko be joining us?" I had asked only to be sure I would have an opportunity to thank her before she slipped away, but I fear our dinner hosts considered I had made a request. At any rate we had additional guests for dinner.

The table setting again included flags from both countries. The table was beautifully decorated and elaborately set with a full complement of forks, knives and spoons. Someone had a good knowledge of western style table service.

Following dinner, we were told we would be driven to Mr. Kurachi's home to meet his wife and Number one daughter. Yuko may not have been number one in order of birth, but she was clearly the favorite and was the one chosen to be my companion. Yuko had overheard me ask her young secretary, Kuniko, if she would be joining us at the Kurachi's home, and had

heard her softly spoken reply, “I don’t know.” Yuko quickly interposed “I’ll ask your boss.” She made a quick phone call to her father and returned with “He says ‘yes’ you should join us.” All of this probably transpired out of my innocent attempt to determine when I should extend my thanks and farewell to Kuniko. We were ushered into the waiting cars for a drive to the home of Mr. Kurachi.

Lowell and I were very tired by this time, and the formality of dinner and conversation at the hotel had only increased the emotional and physical strain of the day, but we felt honored to be invited to their home. If we were tired, I cannot imagine how the rest of the entourage felt as they had worked so hard to make our day a perfect and enjoyable one, with the knowledge that they would be in big trouble with the Company if anything went wrong. It was obvious they were not accustomed to visiting the Kurachi’s home and were somewhat awed by being included.

Unfortunately it was dark and we could only imagine the passing views as we drove to the outskirts. It was obviously a lovely and exclusive neighborhood. The home was located in what appeared to be a very elaborately landscaped garden setting. Mr. and Mrs. Kurachi and their eldest daughter were at the door to greet us. Mrs Kurachi, dressed in a lovely Japanese hostess gown, looked almost as young as her daughter standing next to her. She had a sweet smiling face, a tiny figure, pretty dark eyes and dark hair.

The entryway was a large open area with a mini garden complete with trickling water running through it. We slipped off our shoes and stepped into the slippers that had been provided for us. As usual, I had difficulty keeping those large slippers on my feet. We descended the stairs to a sunken western style living room. It was furnished with a grand piano, a large curved bar and a beautiful Louie styled pedestaled table. A large gold framed mirror hung above it. Everyone gathered around as we were being seated on a large sofa and asked to participate in the formal tea ceremony. A tiny tray of beautifully decorated sweets was followed with an earthen pottery cup of a specially prepared thick green tea. Fortunately, Kenji Horiguchi had previously instructed us on the correct procedures for the formal tea ceremony, which helped us follow Yuko’s instructions. Yuko knelt before us and took us step-by-step through the formal procedures. We carefully turned the design away from us and took a slow drink, then turned the design toward the hostess as we returned the cup to the table.

Following the tea ceremony we were served dainty pastries on fine china plates with gold dessert forks, and black tea. This was followed by honeydew melon and strawberries. The conversation was pleasant and lighthearted. Mr. Kurachi, with help from his daughter as interpreter, told about his son who was studying for a masters degree at the University of Chicago, and about the gifts he had received from that institution. He dashed from the room and returned wearing the T-shirt with the college logo, and a broad smile. This scene was quite a contrast to his very formal demeanor during our business exchanges of the day. He again left the room briefly and returned carrying two small sacks — one for me and one for Lowell. Inside each



At the home of Mr and Mrs Kurachi



Yuko instructs us in tea ceremony



Mr Kurachi in his home chapel



A touch of levity with U of Chicago T-shirt



Mrs Kurachi insists I try the Koto

was a beautifully wrapped little package with a card from Mr. Kurachi. We carefully unwrapped the small packages, noting the artistic way in which the paper wrapping is always done on the diagonal, and found inside a small red velvet box containing lustrous pink Mikimoto pearl earrings for me and a pearl tie tack for Lowell.

We certainly had not anticipated such expensive gifts, but there was more to come. Mrs. Kurachi gave me a prettily wrapped wooden box containing a large pure silk brocaded table runner with an historical design. There were several additional gifts for each of us, each one elaborately wrapped and accompanied by oohs and aahs from the guests as well as exclamations of real astonishment from us. What could we say except we were overwhelmed by their generosity. Lowell said "This is just like Christmas when we were children" and everyone laughed with delight. They were clearly enjoying our amazement.

As the conversation began to quiet, Mr. Kurachi told us he was sorry we had not had time during the day to visit a shrine, so he would like to show us his. He took us upstairs to a nearly empty room with tatami mats on the floor. The only furniture in the room was one low table. Four silk screens, each depicting one of the four seasons of the year, covered one wall. He slid them open to reveal a beautiful Buddhist shrine with elaborate gold overlay. He said he would show us how to pray to a Buddhist shrine. He and Yuko knelt before the shrine, lighted incense candles and offered a short prayer in Japanese. He then showed us another shrine (this was a small one on the wall) and said, "You pray differently to this one." He clapped his hands four times and offered another prayer. A bust of his father was on a table in the room along with a document from the emperor commending his father for his pioneering work in the potato starch industry. His father was recognized as "the father" of the potato starch industry in Japan, and Mr. Kurachi was recognized as "the father" of the corn starch industry.

We asked about a Japanese musical instrument we had heard mentioned, and a Koto was brought out and placed on the floor. Mrs. Kurachi knelt on the floor and played a few notes. I knelt beside her and she helped me pluck a simple tune while she sang. It was a very moving experience in Mr. Kurachi's private shrine room.

We returned to the living room and said our farewells, with promises to call their son who was getting an MBA at the University of Chicago. They wanted us to help their son in this strange land so far from home and parents. We had been unable to convince them that the University of Illinois was not the same as the University of Chicago. Mrs. Kurachi took my hands in hers and did her best to tell me goodbye in Japanese. Her gestures spoke quite clearly, regardless of the lack of English. I was deeply touched.

We raced to the waiting car under umbrellas, for it was now raining quite hard. Yuko ran beside me in the rain calling to me as we slid into the car, "Next time you and I will go to Kyoto." We were driven to our hotel exhausted, but still stimulated with the excitement and adventures of the day. We fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion.

Thursday, May 17

This was to be another long day, so although we were still exhausted from Wednesday's schedule, we were up at 5:30. No time for breakfast so we consumed half of a granola bar apiece and made a cup of coffee from our supplies. We asked the front desk to arrange for a taxi to take us to the train station, where we caught the 9:30 bullet train for Tokyo. We arrived at the Tokyo station and had no trouble in finding a taxi. By now we had learned that the back doors are opened and closed by the driver using a button on the dash. Watch out for the swinging door! White gloved driver and white lace cloth on the seats are standard in Tokyo taxis. We arrived at the Tokyo Prince Hotel about 10:00 a.m. and were told our room was not ready. We proceeded to the restaurant and had the breakfast that we had missed in Nagoya.

By 10:45 they had our room ready for us so we collected our bags from storage where we had placed them at the time of our departure for Nagoya. Since we planned on just two nights in Nagoya, we had left most of our luggage in the hotel. We went hurriedly to our room where I gave Lowell's suit a quick pressing. By 11:00 he departed for lunch and a big seminar before members of the starch processing industry in Japan. I unpacked and tried to make order out of chaos. I washed my hair and tried unsuccessfully to take a nap.

Lowell returned at 5:00 and we departed to the Palace Hotel where the Mitsui Company had arranged for cocktails and dinner with Kenji and the people from Mitsui. It was a beautiful setting on the top floor of the building, overlooking the grounds of the Imperial palace. The tables were elegantly set with china, bordered with heavy red and gold bands. All the service was Western style. I had cream of corn soup; Lowell had shrimp bisque for first courses. We both ordered stuffed sole on leeks, salad, rolls, strawberry melba for dessert, and coffee. I was presented with a beautiful silver and gold fan decorated with sprays of cherry blossoms, on behalf of the Mitsui company. One of Lowell's students from many years back worked for Mitsui and they had been quite interested in and supportive of his research. The Mitsui representative then arranged for a car and delivered us to the door of our hotel a little after 11:00. We fell exhausted into bed after three days of a frantic schedule of travel, appointments, and entertainment.

Friday, May 18

We treated ourselves to the luxury of a late morning — stayed in bed until 7:00!! We had our usual breakfast in the coffee shop. Then Lowell went to the lobby to meet Jack Yamashita for a 2-hour discussion of the future research opportunities with the corn and soybean industries. I'm sure they may have reminisced a little about the many years they had worked together on Japanese trade teams sponsored by the American Soybean Association. While he was gone, I went for a photography walk and a visit to a temple located just behind the Hotel. It was a very peaceful escape from the bustle of Tokyo traffic. The sweet scent of polished wood and incense

filled the air. The grounds and temple were nearly deserted, quiet and peaceful. I would have liked to spend the day there absorbing, reviving, and meditating, but I knew Lowell would soon return to prepare for the next appointment. When I returned to the room, he was already there. We went to the lobby and purchased some fancy cakes from the hotel bakery to take back with us to Urbana. We decided there was time for a walk around the block to gaze in wonder at the hundreds of little statuettes in rows in the yard of the Buddhist temple. Each had a scarf around its neck and flowers draped across. We never received a clear answer to our question of what they represented. The most logical of the many versions was that they represented children who had died. A huge bell hung in the courtyard and every morning and evening at five o'clock, we heard the soft bong, bong, bong from the bell.

We returned to the hotel coffee shop for a sandwich. Then it was time for Lowell to meet Kenji for the train trip to Chiba where he was to meet with some of the Japanese grain inspection people. I remained behind this time to catch up on my journals and to do some re-packing in preparation for the next round of travels.

Lowell had intended to return from Chiba and meet me at the Hotel Prince. Mr. Goto from the Japan Feed Trade Association was to escort us to a restaurant for dinner. Late in the afternoon, I received a call from Kenji saying he and Lowell would be late and that Mr. Goto would come by himself to pick me up at the hotel. He would escort me to the hotel where Lowell and Kenji would (hopefully) be waiting. I was to meet Mr. Goto in the hotel lobby at 6:15. I went down a little early and he was already there. I had met him once before so recognized him immediately. He was a short, plump little man, a little self conscious and deferential, with only a little competency in English — somewhat less than he realized which made it very challenging to be sure that what he said was what he meant. He ushered me outside to a taxi and we struggled to communicate during the 20-minute taxi ride to the Ginza shopping area of Tokyo. I tried to put him more at ease, but was not very successful. I'm afraid this was partly due to the language barrier and partly due to the fact he was unaccustomed to escorting a woman about town — certainly not an American woman. He halted the taxi in mid traffic and we both hopped out. He darted across the street amidst the throngs of people with me scurrying to keep up. I wondered if he would be more comfortable if I stayed the respectful two steps behind him, but I was afraid of being left behind as he never looked back. I didn't have much choice but to try to keep as close to him as I could, but every time I came near his side, he would walk all the faster — making sure I stayed two steps behind!! A few turns, then down a narrow street to our left, then into a building. I would never have guessed this building housed a restaurant. We were asked to wait in a small cold looking room until Lowell and Kenji arrived. The furniture was simple and stark black leather. A small aquarium in the wall containing a few lobsters was the only relief in the dismal looking room. A few people continued to arrive and were ushered through a door and disappeared to who knows where. Mr. Goto had told me in the taxi we were on our way "to a famous oyster restaurant. All oysters," he said. "You like fresh

oysters?" I wondered at first if he really meant oysters, but he kept repeating "All oysters. Dinner be all oysters." I interpreted the "fresh" designation to mean raw oysters. "Oh please, God, not raw oysters." I can't abide cooked oysters let alone raw ones. "Please give me strength to swallow and keep down at least one if I must." We struggled through various topics of conversation, with gaps of uncomfortable silence, for the next 20 minutes while waiting for Lowell and Kenji. I learned he had one married daughter and no grandchildren, and that he lived in the outskirts of Tokyo with an hour's train ride to and from work each day. At last Lowell and Kenji charged smiling into the room, much to the relief of both of us.

We were ushered upstairs via a small elevator and into a small windowless room. Kenji whispered to me he much preferred a room with windows. The table was set for six and we were served drinks while we waited for another member of the Trade Association, and Suzanne Hale, the assistant attaché from the American embassy. With the arrival of the embassy representative, dinner could begin, at last. As the first course was brought to the table, my prayers were answered. The menu was not oysters, but lobster. Mr. Goto's English vocabulary included oysters but not lobster. The entire menu was lobster, lobster, lobster! We had seven courses and four of them were lobster in some form. Even the table center piece was a live lobster, pinned to his spot, claws moving slowly and eyes watching as we consumed his well cooked (thank you God) relatives. The four courses were cold sliced lobster with dressing, a curried mixture baked in lobster tails, a large broiled lobster tail with a cheese sauce, and lobster soup with a lobster claw and seaweed floating about. The taste was not bad, but a little like hot fishy sea water. The waiters then brought in two trays each holding a large smoking hot rock — a small boulder. We were given skewers of beef and vegetables which we placed on the rock to cook. We watched and chatted while we turned them and watched for the right moment to remove them done to our liking. The beef was exceptionally tasty and tender cooked in this manner. The last course was a serving of sticky rice wrapped in sea weed, immersed in hot green tea — or so they said. It certainly was not "my cup of tea." By now I was too tired to struggle with chopsticks any longer. No forks had been offered, unlike our gracious hosts in Nagoya who had done this quickly and unobtrusively at every occasion. Mr. Goto had become irritated at my lack of dexterity with chopsticks, and with his large consumption of wine his polite oriental facade began to fade. He dashed out of the room and returned with several sets of chopsticks and informed me I should practice before my next trip to Japan. I accepted them as politely as possible, but I was too tired to care if I ever learned to eat with two polished sticks for forks, and was tempted to tell him so. Many trips later Mr. Goto and I became very good friends.

My extensive reading and discussions prior to coming to Japan had prepared me for the lack of visible role Japanese women are allowed to play in public and at social occasions, but as I came to know and visit informally with more Japanese women I discovered it was not a role they particularly chose or enjoyed. They often deeply resented the company policy that required their husbands to spend every evening at a local bar, often until after midnight, and then expect



The bullet train pulls
into the station



A 7-course
lobster dinner

them to be at work early the next morning. Given the long commuting time, this usually meant very little time with the family and the company became their entire life.

I had mentioned to Lowell on a number of occasions, this was a very degrading way for any woman to live. They had little contact with the outside world and full responsibility for the children and responsibilities related to the home. The discussion during and following dinner tonight really brought this home to me in a very personal way. As Mr. Goto's consumption of saki increased, his inhibitions decreased, and he decided we should be instructed that people were not called by their first names in Japan, not even within the family. Kenji admitted he did not call Hiroko by her first name, even though he had had considerable exposure to American customs. I asked, "Then what do you call her during conversations at home?" He replied that he used a Japanese word that was the equivalent of "Mom" or "Mother." When Lowell asked, "But what would you call her, if there were no children?," he replied, "Hey you." We pressed

him a little farther, and asked how he would introduce his wife to guests? He replied in Japanese and with obvious embarrassment declined to translate. Suzanne was not so reluctant but laughingly informed us, "Literally translated, that means the stupid goose who lives in my house." Kenji did not deny it.

We were served our final dish of the evening — a small dish of pickled relishes. With that final course we were able to call the evening to a close, and said our goodby's at the door of the hotel. Kenji walked us to the taxi stand and I quizzed him about the absence of Hiroko, since he knew there would be other women present at the dinner. He gave the excuse that it was too long a ride from their home, but I think the Japanese men just don't think in terms of wives at these gatherings. We found a waiting taxi for the short ride to the Prince Hotel, and dropped exhausted into bed. These were long and strenuous days!!

Saturday, May 19

We slept in this morning, trying to recapture a little of the energy expended over the past few days. We had breakfast in the hotel coffee shop again and then took the subway to the Ginza to finish shopping. By now we were quite adept at managing the line change required to get from the stop just at the end of the Hotel driveway to the stop that opened into the center of the shopping area. I bought five lovely white salad plates in assorted shell designs for about \$12.00 — five because that is an important number for Japanese customs and most table servings are organized in multiples of five.

We returned to the hotel for a quick and simple lunch, a pleasant contrast to all the formalities of previous days. We went to our room, closed the suitcases, and headed for the airport on the TCAT bus at 2:00 p.m. The Tokyo airport has a rather complicated system for paying the airport tax, making it difficult to dispose of all the small change left over. Once through the final check point, we found a candy Kiosk where we deposited our change and asked the cashier to give us any combination of candy that would approximate our remaining coins. She readily selected several items, gave us change of a few Yen, and showed us a big glass bottle where surplus Yen was donated to charity. The plane was delayed nearly an hour while they replaced an on-board computer. We were finally settled in our seats for a fairly comfortable, although long and sleepless, flight back to Seattle. We deplaned in Seattle to clear customs and then back on the plane for Chicago. We arrived in O'Hare about 6:45 and waited for the Howard Johnson's courtesy bus to take us back to their hotel where we had left our car. Was it really 17 days ago that we had left? We drove home in a heavy rain, arriving at 11:45 p.m. tired but oh so happy to be home. "All's well that ends well." We had a new appreciation for the Japanese people and their culture. We had been privileged to be guests in several homes and had new insights into their private lives. Our eyes had been opened to another way of life, but we recognized they were people with similar hopes for the future, with a lot of love and warmth within their family.

Japan

*May 17 - 22, 1985
and
June 18 - July 10, 1985*



Baby in rice basket

Japan

via New Orleans

1985

Friday, May 17

Lowell was off to the office early this morning because this was the day we would fly to New Orleans to start research on another shipment of grain. This cargo of corn was purchased from Cargill by the Mitsui company, to be shipped from Reserve, Louisiana, to Chiba, Japan. Much work had gone into the planning of this project. Lowell had selected and trained a team of faculty, staff, and students who were willing and able to withstand the long hours of strenuous work involved in taking samples from the holds of an ocean vessel. The final team consisted of Lowell, professors Gene Shove and Marvin Paulsen and Larry Pruett, an academic professional from Agricultural Engineering; graduate students Eugene Walerius and Wojciech Florkowski; and undergraduate students Alan Tumblin, Todd Ringhouse, Bob Spangler, and Terry Kuhn. Although the results from the first three corn shipments tested in foreign ports had removed some of the opposition from the grain exporters, many still had reservations about the effect the research might have on their practices. There was already evidence that Cargill was a reluctant participant. Certainly the previous shipments to Mexico and Europe had been fraught with expected and unexpected problems, but the exporters had been cooperative. The early negative reactions from Cargill suggested our problems on this shipment might start before the cargo was loaded.

I spent the morning finishing the packing and closing the house. Lowell had promised to be home for lunch as near noon as possible, but I took that statement with a grain of salt as there were usually so many delays at the office he was almost always late. I could hardly believe it when he arrived at 11:30 clutching his brief case and laughingly said, "I just got thrown out of my office. We had a bomb threat." University security gave an all-clear around 1:00 p.m., giving just enough time to pick up the remaining materials he needed before a 1:30 departure to St. Louis by car. We picked up Gene Shove and graduate student Eugene Walerius, and headed for St. Louis to catch the plane to New Orleans.

We arrived in St. Louis in time to catch the 7:15 evening flight to New Orleans. We had learned earlier that our son, Brent would be passing through the airport at the same hour and through a gate near ours, but his plane was late and it appeared he was going to miss his last flight to San Diego. Just as they were making the last call for his flight to San Diego, I heard

over the speaker his inbound flight had landed. I raced over to the attendant and pled with him to wait a few more minutes before closing the door. (Mothers will do anything for their children). He made no comment as Lowell and Gene raced off to tell Brent to hurry. They missed him, but a few minutes later Brent came racing to the gate yelling, "Hi Mom, goodbye Mom." The young man closed the gate behind Brent then grinned and waved to me. I decided he must have a Mom like that too. Our plane was also delayed over half an hour, but without any more complications we flew across a lovely evening sky and watched a brilliant red sunset as we neared New Orleans.

It was after 11:00 p.m. by the time we had picked up our luggage, checked out the rental car, and driven the one hour plus to the motel in Gonzales, LA. The Cajun Inn had been selected on the advice of a professor from Louisiana State as a convenient place to stay not far from the port at Reserve, and it seemed nice enough as we checked in. It was midnight before we were finally able to go to bed. All but three of the other members of the team, along with Malgorzata, Wojciech Florkowski's wife, were coming by University van in order to bring all the equipment including several hundred feet of temperature cables required for the research on board the ship. The plan was for them to depart Urbana about 3:00 p.m. and drive all night, by switching drivers.

Saturday, May 18

We were awake at 7:15 and enjoyed a big southern breakfast. Our young people driving the van had arrived at 5:30 a.m. and went to bed to get a few hours sleep. Lowell and Gene took the rental car to the ship anchored down river to meet with the captain and discuss loading plans. It was important to see the configuration of the vessel and the holds in order to make plans for installing the temperature cables and lay out the sampling plan. It was also important to make friends with Captain Liu, because his full cooperation was essential to success of the project. The students asked me to join them for lunch at McDonald's, which I did.

The Cajun Inn turned out to be a very undesirable location. First, it was an hour's drive from the airport and second, it appeared to be a place of ill repute. During the morning I had turned on the television to discover it had porn channels and on the desk was a letter with a phone number that was obviously a number to call for prostitutes. When the students reported that a phone number was written on their mirror in lipstick, we decided to move. When Lowell and Gene returned from a visit to the ship (called the *Century Progress*) and a visit with Captain Liu and Chief Officer Fu, I explained what I had discovered. I suggested we find another place to stay and they quickly agreed. This was not a place for students or for us! We spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening looking for a better motel that was within our budget. We found one called The Millet in the town of La Place, which was only six miles from the elevator where the ship was to load. We informed our students we would change motels in the morning, and all went to bed to rest for some long work days ahead.

Sunday, May 19

As soon as everyone had finished their breakfast, we packed the van to move to the new motel. As we were checking out of our rooms the clerk said to me, "They are a very nice group of young people" and I agreed. I think she suspected why we were moving and approved.

After we checked into the Millet, Lowell told everyone they were free to do whatever they liked because the ship would not reach the elevator until Monday. Lowell, Gene and I decided to take the rental car into New Orleans, and spent the remainder of the day in the French Quarter. We had lunch, did some shopping, bought a watercolor which had been displayed on the iron fence around Jackson Square, and strolled around the Quarter. While strolling the pedestrian mall on Bourbon Street, we were surprised to meet Jan and Earl Kellogg (friends from the University of Illinois) who were in New Orleans on vacation. We returned to the motel for the evening.

Monday, May 20

We were up early for breakfast. Gene had picked up Marvin Paulsen and two graduate students at the airport the evening before, completing the full crew for the project and the work ahead.

Lowell, Gene and Marvin left early for a meeting with the Cargill management, representatives from the stevedoring company, the ship's captain and chief officer, a representative from Mitsui, and the USDA inspection people. Sampling had to be coordinated with loading, which had to be approved by the captain to assure that the weight was distributed across all holds during loading. The stevedores had to help by keeping the surface of each layer relatively level, and the elevator operations people had to agree to shift the loading spouts from one hold to another after each 10-foot layer was completed. Everything appeared well on the surface. They assured Lowell they were ready to cooperate and the team could return in the afternoon to lay the temperature sensing cables in the ship's hold. During the morning the team had cut all the temperature cables to required lengths for installing in the one hold. It required a lot of space to string and measure the cables, so they took over the parking lot behind the motel. Their activity attracted a lot of attention and curious on lookers. The team returned to the vessel that afternoon and under Gene's instruction completed the first stage of laying the cables. Captain Liu gave the young people a tour of the vessel and the engine room. The farm boys were amazed to see engine pistons the size of a 50-gallon oil drum. The students enjoyed the tour of such a large ocean vessel and were eager to get started with the sampling.

Everyone returned to the motel at 7:00 p.m. along with a young man from the Mitsui Company who had been assigned to observe the loading and research. He moved to our motel and rode with Lowell, Gene, Marvin and myself the few miles to the Holiday Inn for dinner. We were ready for bed when we finally returned to the Millet at 10:30.

Tuesday, May 21

We were wide awake early even though the ship was not scheduled to load until 6:00 p.m. and decided to walk to the nearby mall for breakfast. We returned to our room about 9:15 just in time to receive a call from the Cargill head office saying they could not permit the research team to continue as they did not have the proper insurance in case one of the team was injured and wanted to sue the company. All of this was an obvious last minute attempt to force Lowell to abandon the project. All of these questions had been asked days ago and supposedly answered days before leaving Illinois. Lowell proceeded to make a series of phone calls to see if he could save the project by the 6:00 p.m. loading time. Between 9:45 and 11:00 a.m. he made numerous phone calls to his office, the U of I legal department, and the University insurance office to investigate the type and amount of coverage carried by the University. The University uses a self insurance plan, plus an outside company for “disaster situations” if a liability suit exceeded the university’s capacity to pay (a very unlikely situation). He also called Cargill’s head office in Minneapolis. Their representative, Pat Westley, demanded lengthy documents, signed and in their hands before they would let the team continue. We will never know for certain, but it gave every appearance of a deliberate attempt to block the project.

The legal counsel at the University of Illinois agreed to gather the documents and get them to Minneapolis as soon as possible, which would be the next day. This was very disappointing news, because the vessel would be partially loaded before the team would be allowed to enter the holds for sampling — tomorrow would be much too late. At 11:00 a.m. Lowell checked again with Cargill at Reserve, and was told that the vessel loading had been delayed until the next morning. (Someone up there was on our side). The elevator superintendent repeated that none of the University crew would be allowed on the dock or vessel, because of the insurance, and we should give up the project. Lowell wasn’t about to be bullied even if it was one of the largest grain companies in the world. They had hassled him on other occasions. He had an inspiration and called his friend Steve Sanderson, who was the very resourceful business manager in the Agricultural Economics Department, and asked him if he could expedite getting the documents to Cargill in Minneapolis by 8:00 the next morning. Lowell told him to use any means he could think of, including over night air courier, flying to Minneapolis himself, or asking one of the graduate students to fly and hand carry the papers to Cargill the next morning. This was several years before computers, scanners, and e-mail.

Lowell, Gene, and Marvin returned to the Cargill port office for a pre-scheduled meeting at 1:00 p.m. The graduate students were rather discouraged. Their hopes and expectations had been so very high. Now they feared all their planning had been in vain. I suggested they might like to spend the time visiting a nearby Civil War plantation, and it did provide them with a temporary diversion.

A violent wind and rain storm struck at 1:00 p.m. causing an hour and a half power

outage. Lowell returned to the room about 3:00, just in time for a phone call from Steve. He had assembled 35 pages of insurance documents to be faxed to Minneapolis, but did not think all could be completed by 5:30. He said he would continue as long as the Cargill fax remained open and then would continue the next morning. He would wait for confirmation that Cargill in Minneapolis was ready to receive. The fax technology at that time required a person present at both ends of the line. Lowell placed a call to Pat Westley, at Cargill and since she couldn't think of any reason to refuse, she agreed to accept the material sent by fax. Hopefully the project was on track again, but never sure. Lowell, Gene, Marvin, and I walked next door to a Mexican restaurant for dinner. We turned in early, but I doubt if Lowell slept much.

Wednesday, May 22

We rose at 6:30 and went across the street to Wendy's for breakfast. It was the only fast food place in the area. When we returned, there was a phone call from Steve Sanderson. Lowell called him back and discovered he had sent the insurance documents last night one page at a time. After nearly two hours Pat was ready to yell "uncle" and give in so she could go home before 6:00 p.m. She agreed the insurance problem was solved and we could proceed. Lowell and three of the students left in the car for the Cargill port elevator. Gene, Marvin and the rest of the team climbed in the van and followed. I had been monitoring the telephone almost constantly over the past two days, with numerous conversations with Steve, which had to be relayed to Lowell or when he couldn't be reached, I had to make the decision on the spot. I packed most of the suitcase, knowing there was a good chance the project would still be canceled. I was close to right, based on Lowell's later report of the problems.

When Lowell arrived at the elevator, the superintendent informed him he had not received word of any change in policy. The research team was not to enter the vessel. Lowell spoke with the stevedores about the problem and found them to be very sympathetic. They implied that they had had some problems with Cargill in the past and laughingly offered a solution. They would hire the research team as stevedores at \$1.00 per day, and as stevedores, Cargill could not keep them off the vessel. While it was a tempting way to "out-fox" Cargill, Lowell knew that strategy might "win the battle and lose the war." He returned to the superintendent's office and insisted that he call the office in Minneapolis. Cargill in Minneapolis told the superintendent that the University had countered every objection so the operations personnel were obliged to allow the research to proceed. It was obvious the superintendent was not happy with this decision.

The rest of the team arrived, and started the marathon of taking 64 probe samples from each 10-foot layer from six of the seven holds. Cargill had imposed one more ultimatum — if the sampling in any way interfered or delayed their loading, the University would pay \$4000 for each delay. Given their loading strategy, the team had about 45 minutes between the time the loading spouts were moved from one hold until it would be returned. Cargill could have

organized a more liberal schedule, but they were not about to be cooperative. Luckily, Lowell had made friends with the stevedores and they did their best to allow extra time and to keep the layers level. The team accepted the challenge and tried to set a time record every time they entered a hold for sampling. The record was 32 minutes with 64 samples bagged, tagged and stashed on the deck.

Gene and Larry had already laid temperature sensors on the floor and sides of hold #5. Sensors had been installed over the fuel bunker at the bottom of the hold, and taped to the wall. Additional sensors had to be placed in the grain as the holds were filled. Gene and Larry had to complete placing the rest of the cables in between sampling. The sensors were connected by cable to a battery powered computer, programmed to record temperature and humidity from each sensor at 30-minute intervals for the next 30 days. This was the first time this technology had ever been used under the conditions existing in an ocean vessel, so there was a real question about whether it would record accurately or if it would continue working for 30 days. As each layer was completed, Gene and Larry would position the next set of sensors while the rest of the team continued sampling. The original plan was to alternate two teams, so that each team would have a 30-minute rest from the very strenuous work of walking in the loose grain and driving the 10-foot probe at the rate of two times per minute. But Cargill's ultimatum and loading procedures required the full team working every shift. The boys had only a few minutes between trips down the ladder for the next round. There was no opportunity for food other than some soft drinks from the ship's supplies.

Meanwhile, Magosia (the Florkowski's preferred to be called Magosia and Wojtek) and I were trying to stay occupied, not knowing what was going on at the port, except that the project must be on track since no one had returned after the hurried morning departure. At 2:00 we decided we no longer needed to monitor the phones, so we walked across the street to Wendy's for a hamburger. Magosia then treated me to an ice cream cone at the nearby Baskin and Robbins. We took a walk around the strip mall, found nothing of interest, and returned to the motel to read. There was still no word from the port at 6:30 so we decided to find a spot where we could order a salad supper. All the fast food restaurants were greasy food and we felt the need to find an occasional alternative. We finally settled on Wendy's again. I returned to my room, showered and went back to my book of *Times of My Life*, by Betty Ford. Meanwhile, the research team was having some successes as well as frustrations, as Lowell later reported.

The sampling continued through the afternoon and on into the night. The captain ordered his crew to rig special lamps over each hold to provide enough light to bag and tag each sample. There were a few 10-minute breaks in the strenuous work, and the boys found a comfortable place in Captain Liu's lounge. They were lucky to have established a good rapport with him. He also invited them to use the crew lunch room although he couldn't provide any food. Gene, Marvin, and Larry completed the connections for the sensors and started the computer running. By 11:00 p.m. the sampling had been completed. The vessel was scheduled

to leave about noon the next day. The boys loaded the van with the sample bags and equipment, and headed back for the motel.

The men returned from the port at midnight, but Lowell and I couldn't fall asleep until 1:00 a.m. I slept fitfully and heard the students packing the van and leaving for Illinois at 5:00 a.m. Lowell and I got up at 6:00 for our usual breakfast across the street. Then Lowell, Gene, Marvin, and Larry headed back for the ship to check on the operation of the electronic equipment to be sure it was going to work properly during the ocean voyage to Japan.

The sampling canvas was an interesting technological development in itself. In previous sampling programs a simple canvas was placed on the dock and each probe had to be pulled to the top and dumped on the canvas and then transferred to the sample bag — a slow and strenuous process since the holds of the vessels were nearly 60 feet deep at the start of loading. While Lowell and I were in Argentina in 1981, we had seen an inspector using a variation on this procedure. The sides of the canvas were wrapped around a pole and the pole attached to legs. The finished product looked much like an army cot. Once the contents of the two probes were emptied into the canvas, the “cot” was folded, the corn rolled to the center crease, and could be easily dumped into a bucket for transfer to sample bags. I had been drafted the month before to construct the canvas for the wooden frame. Lowell and I finally found suitable canvas at a tent and awning company in Urbana. I cut, fitted, and sewed it into the desired configuration, and the results were welcomed by the team, especially given the pressure for speed put on them by Cargill.

All was not going well at the elevator this morning. The plan was to have the computer run for eight hours after sampling and installation, remove the recording tape, put it on the compatible IBM computer in the Cargill office and verify that temperatures had been properly recorded during the night. There were no “floppy disks” back then and no portable lap top computers. Not all computers were compatible with the research IBMs used at the university, but Gene had determined in advance that the Cargill computer would run the tape. It would take about 10 minutes to check the tape from the night before. “No way” was the response from the superintendent. He was determined to be obnoxious and obstructive no matter what the head office had been forced to support. Gene and Lowell begged and cajoled to no avail. A search of the New Orleans area yellow pages, and numerous calls failed to find any government agency or commercial firm in the area with a compatible computer. Lowell finally asked if the Agricultural Engineering Department at the university in Baton Rouge would be likely to have a computer similar to the one at the University of Illinois. Gene and Marvin were pretty sure they would. They found a contact, called, and the three of them drove the 75 miles to Baton Rouge for a 10-minute check of the tape. Fortunately, the technology was working: the tape had recorded eight hours of temperature data from each of the sensors. The men returned the 75 miles to Cargill at Reserve and thanked the superintendent for all his help (with tongue in cheek). The hatches were closed, the computer and sensors were working, and the vessel left for Chiba, Japan.



Loading the *Union Defender*

While the crew worked through this last obstacle, I packed and tried to catch a few more winks of sleep. It was a futile effort as the maids kept knocking on the door and asking questions. Lowell arrived with just enough time to throw things into the car, drive to the airport, turn in the car and catch the Ozark jet back to St. Louis. Marvin, Gene, and Lowell slumped in their seats exhausted, but I was equally tired from all the tension, waiting and sleepless nights. We picked up the rental car and drove the four hours home, too tired for conversation. The worst was over (or so we believed) and it would be three weeks before we were scheduled to meet the vessel in the Japanese port of Chiba.

Since we had the time and the tickets, we decided to organize a few days in Hong Kong before continuing on to Tokyo. That stop over was sufficiently interesting to warrant its own chapter in our lives. I will pick up the Japan adventures as we leave Hong Kong headed for Narita Airport in Japan.

Japan

June 18 - July 10, 1985



Japan

from Hong Kong

1985

Tuesday, June 18

Tourist fun was over and it was time to head for Tokyo. Following an early morning walk along the Kowloon waterfront, we took a taxi to the airport for a 12:45 departure for Tokyo. We arrived at 4:55, but by the time we had cleared customs we had missed the next bus that went directly to the hotel. From past experience we knew that the buses alternated between a direct trip to the Tokyo Prince and a termination at the train station. We decided it would be quicker to take the bus that went to the train station than to wait for the next bus to the hotel. Our previous trips to Japan had given us a little confidence in experimenting with bus, train, and taxi. With help from the transportation desk, we found the sign that listed the bus to Tokyo Terminal. The legend was in Japanese but we could read bus numbers and departure times, so were pretty confident we were standing in the right line. At the train station, there was steady rain and heavy fog as we made our way through the crowds to the taxi stand, but it was easy to confirm our destination to the driver by showing our Prince Club cards. With our Prince Club reservations, check-in was quick and simple. Our room was lovely. The bed was turned down, kimonos laid out on the bed, and a basket of fruit and hot tea were waiting for us on the table. We unpacked the suitcases, enjoyed our tea and fruit, showered, and fell into bed. In spite of our detour to Hong Kong we had arrived two days ahead of the rest of the team because Lowell had to contact the embassy, and finalize plans with the Japanese feed firms and trade associations. There were many details to be confirmed before we transferred to Chiba and the port where the *Century Progress* would dock and the sampling work would begin.

Wednesday, June 19

We woke to continued rain and had a leisurely breakfast as we watched the rivulets run down the window. We had found during our 1984 stay in this hotel, that the coffee shop was a very convenient place for breakfast and our club card reservations included breakfast. There was a wide choice of items on the menus — western as well as Japanese.

Professor Horiguchi arrived about 9:30 a.m. to make plans with Lowell. He also brought along a Japanese student named Masa. The three of them left at 11:30 for a luncheon meeting with the Japanese Feed Trade Association. I snacked in the room at lunch time, then rested,

wrote post cards, and read. During the afternoon I heard the sound of a flute from next door. I enjoyed the music, but wondered about the source. Later, when riding the elevator from the lobby, I met an Iowa girl who was playing with the Vancouver Symphony on tour in Japan, which explained the music I had been enjoying.

Lowell returned at 5:00 and we had dinner in the coffee shop. Restaurant food is very expensive, at least in this hotel. A tablespoon of salad, three shrimp, scallops, and two slices of bread cost \$8.00. Lowell reported the afternoon meeting had been difficult, but eventually all problems seemed to have been resolved. Representatives of all parties that were in any way connected with the cargo were present. Each had their own requirements for assurances. The inspection agency had agreed to help by providing a few workers. The customs officials wanted to know exactly how many samples would be taken and the total weight to be re-exported. This was a difficult question since the buyers had not yet decided how much corn was going to be distributed to which firm and unloaded at which port. In addition, they did not know which holds the team would be allowed to sample. They were also wanting to know the results, even before the samples were taken, and wanted assurances that their agency or firm would not be made to look bad when the results were published. Despite all of these unknowns, and with no help from the people involved, customs insisted on having the numbers. Lowell made an educated guess, assuming that customs would accept adjustments after the samples had been taken.

Thursday, June 20

This morning Lowell left for the American Embassy at 9:15. It rained off and on all day so I spent most of my time around the hotel, catching up on the "household duties" such as washing my hair and re arranging suitcases.

Friday, June 21

Lowell had a lot of paper work laying out all the details of transferring the team, sampling procedures, and customs documents, and it was still raining, so we spent most of the day in the hotel. Lowell received a call from one of the Tokyo Rotary clubs inviting us to join them for dinner this evening. When Lowell told me I was invited, I was very hesitant to go because women are not usually included in Japanese events, and at that time, Rotary International was a "men's only" club. Lowell insisted the caller had specifically said "you and your wife" so I finally consented. A car and driver with the President of the Koishikawa Rotary Club, a sister club to the Urbana Club, arrived at 5:15. We were driven to a restaurant in the north of Tokyo for a banquet. It turned out to be "ladies night" at the club and many of the members had brought their wives. We were served a sumptuous meal. In addition to punch or drinks we were served a mushroom oyster soup topped with puff crust, slices of peppered pork, beef in a special sauce, green beans, new potatoes, rolls and a beautiful dessert consisting of sugar crust

loaf with three tiny dips of sherbert on top. This was followed with coffee and petit fours. Lowell commented to me “this is a little different than the sandwich and salad buffet at the Urbana Rotary.”

Entertainment for the evening was a performance by two singers from the Tokyo Opera. Their voices were beautiful. Our host translated some of the conversation and meeting reports, and did his best to keep us entertained. When the meeting closed, I was given a bouquet of pink roses and gladiolas as we departed. Lots and lots of fun!!

Saturday, June 22

This was another foggy, rainy morning, but we braved the weather and took the subway to the Ginza in downtown Tokyo to shop. The shopping district was very interesting and we walked and shopped until 3:00 p.m. We stopped for lunch at a department store. Their food service is organized to make it easy for foreigners like us. Examples of each menu item were displayed in the window, so all we had to do was point. After lunch, I found a set of salad dishes to match the ones I had purchased last year. We returned to the hotel to await the arrival of Myrtle and Gene Shove from the United States. They arrived about 5:15 and after they had checked in, we had a light supper together in the hotel coffee shop.

Sunday, June 23

We were thinking about Brent since it was approaching his birthday back in the States, and we were a day ahead in time. We had breakfast with the Shove's and decided to find the place where the sight seeing boat docked. We walked past the Trade Center to the pier and managed to find the boat to the Asakusa Temple and flea market we had visited by taxi last year. It was a challenge, but it helped to have a map and seek out a friendly face among the crowd. A smile and pointing to the destination on our map, almost always got us willing assistance. It was an interesting old temple. The locals were purifying themselves in the sandalwood-scented smoke, and with sips of water from the water fountain. Our lunch — believe it or not — was a hamburger at McDonald's. We caught a taxi back to tour the Emperor's East garden. There were very few flowers in bloom. This was quite a contrast to all the azaleas and cherry blossoms of last year. Everyone was tired so we walked to the subway and returned to the hotel. While waiting to cross the street, we were amused at the people lined up to watch a mother duck and nine surviving babies cross the street to the moat surrounding the palace grounds. Three of the ducklings had drowned in a storm sewer overflow a few days earlier amidst much TV publicity. It is apparently an annual affair, with police holding up traffic as the mother duck escorted her brood from some unknown nest across the street to the moat for their summer development into adults. We watched them until they had safely entered the water for their first swimming lesson.

Monday, June 24

Lowell and Gene left early, taking the train for a meeting in Chiba. Myrtle and I took the subway to the Ginza for shopping. I had become quite confident and proficient in finding my way through the transfers in the subway. There were good maps in the subway station and on the walls of the cars. By identifying our origin and our destination, it was easy to count the number of stops to the first transfer point. Transfer directions were clearly marked, and I confirmed our “count” to the Ginza stop. I also noted some landmark to help guide me back to the correct entrance for the return trip, as there were usually several entrances to the same station, often leading to trains going in different directions. Myrtle and I stopped at a United Airlines’ office to reconfirm our reservations and seats on the July 10 flight back to Chicago. Myrtle bought several gifts but I just looked. We were back at the hotel when Lowell and Gene returned in time for dinner. We waited to go to dinner to see if Marvin Paulsen and the four students would arrive in time to go with us. When they had not shown by 6:30 we took Kenji and Masa to the nearby Prince Villa for dinner. The Prince Villa turned out to be a very nice place to eat and became one of our favorites in this and future visits.

By the time we returned to the hotel we discovered that the rest of the team had arrived, in various stages of exhaustion and excitement. Our team was now complete and included Lowell, Gene, Marvin, Larry, Todd, Terry, Bob, Alan, Kenji, Masa, and of course Myrtle and me.

Tuesday, June 25

We had breakfast in the coffee shop, and spent the morning in our room where Lowell briefed the team on their duties and what to expect when they started work in Chiba. Lowell, Marvin, and Gene had an afternoon meeting with the American Soybean Association. The rest of the team explored the area around the Hotel, including a trip to the top of the Tokyo Tower. I used the time to pack our suitcases for the train trip to Chiba on Wednesday.

Wednesday, June 26

We had just returned to our room following the usual breakfast, when Brent called to say that the Chamberlain company was trying to persuade him to stay with them. I’m not sure what he will decide to do. He reported everyone was O.K. at home, and Becky was feeling well.

We decided there was just enough time before departure on the train to Chiba, for a quick visit to the Japanese Gardens, so we requested a taxi for the short ride. There are always a line of taxis in front of the hotel. At the first indication a taxi was needed the doorman would blow his whistle and a taxi would drive up. The back door opened as if by magic (it is controlled by the driver) and we were seated on a white crocheted seat cover. The gardens were beautiful, with flowers, shrubs, and water strategically interspersed, but we

only had time for a quick walk around.

I finished packing, while Lowell paid the hotel bills for everyone and completed check-out with confirmation that we would be returning. I had a sandwich in the coffee shop while Lowell attended the Rotary buffet. It seemed like a good opportunity for an interesting “Rotary make-up” since it was held in the hotel, but Lowell was a little shocked at the cost.

The trip to Chiba was a little complicated. The team had a tremendous amount of luggage, with research materials and all that the boys brought with them. The team was going to Chiba by train and there was no way we could carry all that luggage with us. The representative from Mitsui arrived by taxi, and suggested a solution. If we hired a taxi to take the luggage and two passengers, we would save the cost of two train tickets. The money saved from the train tickets would just about pay for the one hour taxi ride and would solve the luggage problem very nicely. He negotiated with a taxi driver and agreed to be the one to accompany Larry in the taxi to make sure everything arrived at the right place at the right time. Luggage and boxes were stuffed in every available space and there was barely room for the two passengers to squeeze in. We waved them on their journey, just as Kenji arrived to help us get to the train. The doorman signaled to three taxis in the line up at the hotel, and we headed for the train station, with only the light hand luggage to contend with. Kenji had purchased tickets for each of us, and helped us find our car and seats. He said he would join us later, and waved goodbye as the train pulled from the station. This was the first trip outside the United States for most of our team and they were visibly excited watching the country side slide by the train window.

The train arrived at the Chiba station at 2:52, only a 40-minute train ride. Masa was there to greet us, having traveled on an earlier train. Larry and the luggage had also arrived in the taxi and he was waiting with our room keys in his hand. With our luggage deposited in the room, we went for a cold drink at the hotel coffee shop. Marvin suggested we make a quick trip to a department store because he wanted me to help him select pearl earrings for his wife, Karen. Everyone went along and had a great time looking at the different merchandise and displays. Marvin and the boys spent so much time looking and debating over their choices that it was closing time for the store and they were still trying to make their choices. The clerks graciously stayed on to help us, with smiles and suggestions. They never mentioned closing time, or looked impatient. Japanese clerks are very polite, and dedicated to serving the customer. I doubt a department store in Urbana would have stayed open past closing time for a group of foreigners making relatively small purchases. Marvin found the ear rings and I ended up buying a pin, set with pearls. Myrtle bought a pendant. With a great flurry of bowing by clerks lined up by the door, we were ushered out of the store. In the meantime we had lost Alan, Bob, and Todd. We decided this was a good time for them to learn to navigate on their own, so we found a place to eat supper and returned to the hotel by taxi. The boys turned up later that evening, having walked back to the hotel.

Thursday, June 27

We had a huge breakfast. They seated all of us at one table and served orange juice, bananas, three or four scrambled eggs, two slices of ham, toast and jelly, and coffee. After a quick consultation, we agreed our current hotel which Mitsui Company had arranged for us, was not satisfactory for the work and meetings that lay ahead. While we were still in Tokyo, Kenji had made alternate reservations at the New Park Hotel to serve as our team headquarters, and Lowell suggested we should take Kenji's advice. Following breakfast, we re packed and organized for the move. It was only a few blocks away, but we needed three taxis to carry all the luggage. We still had to wait for the rooms to be prepared, but we were also waiting for Kenji to arrive on the morning train.

Once Kenji arrived, he checked on the status of the *Century Progress*, and learned it would be delayed because the low tide would not allow it to berth when fully loaded. I had lunch with Lowell, Masa, and Kenji. The rest of the group went shopping and exploring. After lunch, Lowell, Kenji, and Marvin went to the port elevator to be sure everything was organized. I returned to our room to catch up on correspondence.

Our team returned to the hotel about 6:00, ready for adventure and dinner out on the town. Lowell and I weren't hungry or that eager for adventure, so just snacked in our room and went to bed.

Friday, June 28

There was a heavy rain all morning. We had breakfast at 7:00 in the hotel dining room located on the eighth floor. The team left early for the port to prepare for unloading. Myrtle and I spent a quiet day in the hotel, visiting, and eating a leisurely lunch in the hotel.

At 4:45, Masa came racing to our door, pounding excitedly until we could open it. He tried in his broken English to tell us we must be ready by 5:15 to go to the lobby for a Chinese dinner with the research team, plus the management team from the port elevator, and the Mitsui representatives. Myrtle and I hurriedly changed clothes, but before we could finish dressing, Masa was back pounding on my door again. "I need a button, I need a button," he shouted with his shirt in his hand. In fact, he needed two buttons. I searched my sewing kit and came up with two buttons. They were not the same size, but he exclaimed, "That's alright, that's alright." I sewed them on and sent him back across the hall while I hurried to finish dressing. Then Gene called from the port to say they would be delayed until 6:00 and for us to wait in our rooms.

The team returned from the port at 5:45. Lowell showered after a day in the grain, and changed into his navy blue suit. We went to the lobby and were met by the men from Mitsui and the elevator. Jack Yamashita was also with the group, having come from Tokyo to observe the process of taking samples from the deep cargo holds. Lowell had worked with Jack many

times over the past several years, and was glad to have him along to help with translations and explanations. We walked a couple of blocks to the Chinese restaurant which overlooked the city, and were seated at two round tables in the banquet room. There were ten of us plus six company men.

The banquet began with a round of drinks. Soft fruit punch for us. Appetizers consisted of lycee nuts, cashews, eggs, and pickles. A continual stream of dishes followed: assorted meats and vegetables, prawns, pork, tomatoes, mixed vegetables, chicken, sea food, shark soup, several kinds of meat, raw fish, and shrimp. Then came a dish with two kinds of shrimp, chicken on a stick fried in almond coated batter, beef with green garlic shoots, bowls of rice served with pickled radish, and a pot of jasmine tea. Dessert consisted of slices of watermelon, and a rice custard in fruit juice with grapes and lychee nuts added. We returned to the hotel about 9:00, overstuffed and unable to sleep.

Saturday, June 29

We finished breakfast in time for the men to leave for the port at 7:45 in two taxis. Myrtle and I walked to a nearby art museum and discovered a nice exhibit. We signed the guest book and asked two smiling ladies the price of entrance fees. They smiled graciously and said there was no charge. Based on the signs, we were sure there was a charge, but they were pleased to have American ladies interested in their exhibits. We returned to the hotel for lunch, and spent the afternoon reading. The men returned late afternoon. The port elevator had been treating the team to typical Japanese food in lacquered boxes for lunch for several days. The boys were ready for some American food so we took a taxi to a Pizza Hut. It was raining when we left the restaurant.

Sunday, June 30

We awoke to a pouring rain. We chose the eighth floor restaurant for breakfast this morning. The rain had stopped operations at the port, so our team met me in the lobby about 11:00 for lunch. I had a tuna sandwich. The group decided to take a taxi to the Chiba Castle museum in the pouring rain. It was an interesting museum but the small exhibits didn't hold our interest for very long. We took a taxi to the shopping district and spent the remainder of the afternoon in the department stores. I bought a white salad bowl shaped like a sea shell for Mary Everly's wedding present, and another shell pattern dish for myself. We stopped for a coffee break, then Myrtle, Gene, Marvin, Lowell and I returned to the hotel. Lowell and I opted for a granola bar in our room for dinner.

Monday, July 1

We were awakened in the middle of the night by a rising wind. The typhoon hit with full force about 4:00 a.m. We closed the wooden shutters across our windows and kept one ear

tuned to the howling wind. We decided it was not serious enough to merit leaving the room. Rain came in sheets. Lowell and I got up at 6:00 a.m. and found some of the boys sitting in the lobby. Uncertain about the strength of the storm, they had decided to come down to the lobby for safety. By 8:00 the storm was abating but when we finished breakfast and stepped outside, we were shocked by the extent of the damage. Trees were uprooted all over the park. The garden and lawn were flooded. The large colorful carp were swimming in the grass while a gardener tried to herd them back into deeper water before the flood receded.

Contact with the port revealed that the *Century Progress* had pulled up anchor and moved into deeper water. The strength of the typhoon made it too risky to stay in the shallow water against the dock. The captain could not return to the berth until the waves subsided, so there would be no work for the team this morning.

It was imperative that Marvin go to Tokyo. I forget the reason for the urgency. However, the storm had downed power lines and the trains were not running. Marvin had to take a taxi which cost \$80.00 round-trip. With all the disturbance in our world, we decided to call Becky and Brent and determined that everything was O.K. at home.

Once the storm passed, the day turned beautiful. The sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky. This was the best weather we had seen since coming to Japan. Myrtle was very ill with a sore throat and remained in her room all day. She even had soup sent to her room for her supper. I had lunch with the team in the lobby. They had been told to wait until 3:00 to go to the port. They did not return until nearly 8:00. At 1:30 I received a call from Nagoya. Mr. Kawakita, one of Mr. Kurachi's employees, wanted to know Lowell's schedule so they could try to organize a visit for us in Nagoya. I had dinner in the French room in the hotel, with Lowell, Gene, and Kenji. I ordered duck a la Orange which sounded good on the menu. However, it was awful — fat and under-cooked. I went to bed with a sore throat.

Tuesday, July 2

We woke early for breakfast in the hotel. The men left for the port at 8:15. Myrtle seemed to feel a little better today. My sore throat was much worse. Myrtle and I had a sandwich at noon. I did some laundry and read. It poured rain all day.

Lowell returned at 2:00 and spent the rest of the afternoon trying to make arrangements for transportation back to Chiba. Masa was supposed to be helping, but he was more of a hindrance than a help. He concluded we should take taxis back to Tokyo — a very expensive alternative for that many people. Lowell discovered the New Park Hotel had a shuttle bus and was willing to take the entire crew and luggage back to the Tokyo Prince for \$40.00. Lowell reserved the bus for Thursday afternoon. He was still searching for an air freight company that would ship the corn samples and equipment back to the states.

We decided to try the restaurant in the hotel next door for dinner, despite the pouring rain. Lowell had invited Captain Liu to join us. It was a pleasant evening with all in attendance.



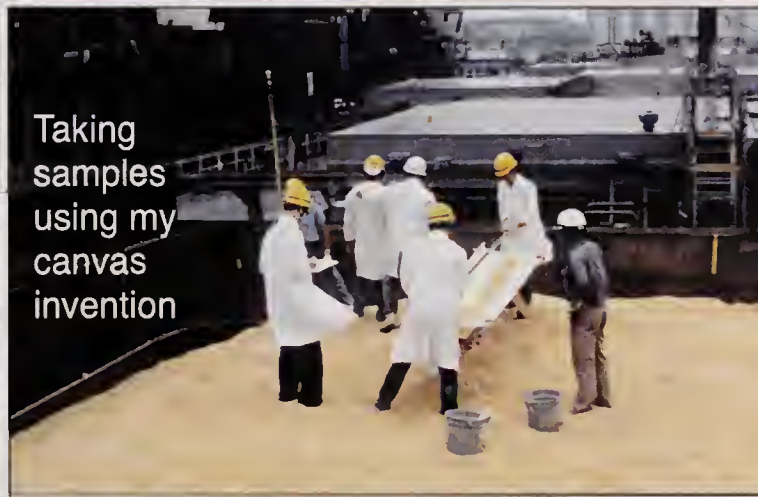
the Shoves join us for a snack



The team ate in style at the port



Aftermath of the typhoon in Chiba



Taking
samples
using my
canvas
invention

Dressed for comfort Japanese style



There was so much animated conversation we did not notice that the restaurant was slowly revolving. The pouring rain obscured the slowly changing view out the window. Alan laid his umbrella on the window sill and halfway through dinner noticed that it was gone. He was sure it had been stolen. While dessert was being served we all started laughing, because here came Alan's umbrella — it had come full circle. The rain had changed to light fog by the time we parted company with Captain Liu and returned to the hotel. My throat was still sore.

Wednesday, July 3

My throat felt a little better when I awoke and I went with Lowell for breakfast at 7:00. Lowell called the office in Urbana to reserve a car for returning the team from Chicago to Urbana. He also changed plane reservations for Todd and Terry so they could stay on until next Wednesday. The team departed for the port at 8:15 to continue taking samples from the holds as the vessel was unloaded. Myrtle and I had a quiet day to ourselves and ate dinner in the Chinese restaurant in the hotel.

Gene and Lowell returned from the port with a strange request from the Mitsui representative who had been sympathetic to the physical efforts and difficult coordination of the team throughout the sampling of the vessel and barges. As the team prepared to leave for the day he asked Lowell if he could provide very detailed measurements of Dr. and Mrs. Shove and Dr. and Mrs. Hill. The measurements included height in meters, weight in kilograms, and the length and circumference of arms and several locations on the torso. As we provided these they were making notes in Japanese. We were completely mystified. What possible reason could they have for all this information? They even gave us a copy of all the information for us to confirm accuracy. We did not discover the reason for this strange request, until we arrived in Tokyo the next year. In our rooms, wrapped in elegant paper, were four kimonos — beautiful tie dyed cloth — and each one a perfect fit.

Thursday, July 4

After breakfast, I spent the morning packing for the return to Tokyo. Lowell returned at 11:00 with the work completed at the port. Gene had been able to print out a record of every reading of temperature and humidity obtained by their sensors. It resulted in yards of computer paper, because the recorder took a reading every 30 minutes for the entire 3-week journey. We were all a little surprised at how well that technology had worked, in spite of Cargill's lack of help in testing it at origin. We loaded everyone on the bus at 1:00 and departed for the Tokyo Prince Hotel. It was only one hour door to door. Lowell had been instructed to prepare a report for presentation on July 5, to all the Japanese people involved in the project. He already had some results about the shipment by having some of the team analyze the samples whenever they had spare time on the vessel. He also had the results of the temperature sensors. We had been trying to find some way to put the data on overhead transparencies. Neither Masa or Kenji

or any of the hotels seemed to know where to obtain or how to create a simple transparency. As we approached the Tokyo Prince I spotted a Xerox store only a block from the hotel and told Kenji and Lowell I was sure they could make transparencies. As soon as we were checked in, Lowell and I and the Shove's walked to the store and they immediately made the transparencies for the presentation. Lowell continued working on his presentation the rest of the day. We walked to the Villa for dinner. They served delicious sea scallops in a cream sauce.

Friday, July 5

Lowell completed preparations for his presentation and we departed at 3:30 for the Ginza area. We were able to find the building where the evening's program was to be held. It is a little difficult to find an address in Tokyo, because the building numbers are not in sequence according to location. Myrtle and I looked around the shops in the building, while Lowell met with the representatives from the various companies and agencies who would be attending his presentation. We had a cup of coffee and then went down the hall to the room where the evening program was to be held. I was surprised and delighted to be met by Kyuko, Mr. Goto's secretary who had so kindly shown me around Tokyo last year.

We were ushered into a large room complete with a huge buffet dinner spread on tables around the room. The students were having a great time conversing with the Japanese and sampling all the different foods. Most of the company men could speak English so conversation was very amicable. Kyuko took Myrtle and me to some chairs along one side of the room, and we were brought more plates of food than we could possibly eat. The final dish was a huge bowl of noodles in broth — wicked things to handle with chop sticks.

Kenji had warned Lowell that he should be prepared to make a speech and special thanks to each of the many people involved in the project, including Mr. Goto (who was chairman of the Japan Feed Grain Association), the Japanese grain inspection representative, the people from Mitsui, and the operations people from the port elevator. There were a lot of introductions and thank you speeches, and deep bows by the Japanese. Lowell tried to reciprocate. Jack Yamashita served as the translator, and I suspect he elaborated a little on Lowell's comments, to be sure all of the Japanese were properly thanked and included according to formal protocol. Everyone seemed happy with the conclusions of the program and the preliminary research results.

Kyuko took my hands in hers, as we prepared to depart, and said, "I felt something special for you last year. I felt like your Japanese daughter." Then she handed me two gifts — a flower and a planter. Mr. Goto ordered the centerpiece flowers to be wrapped for Myrtle and me. They were beautiful, red and pink carnations and baby's breath. We said our farewells to all and departed for the Tokyo Prince. We couldn't believe our eyes when we entered our room. There was soft music playing, lights were on, and a table was set with China and silver. There was a basket of melon and assorted fruits, and a gorgeous bouquet of roses. The card was from the

Mr. and Mrs. Kurachi expressing their disappointment we had been unable to visit them in Nagoya. They had arranged through the hotel to have all of this especially prepared.

What a day this had been!

Saturday, July 6

Lowell and I made a trip to the pearl shop in the Okura Hotel to look for pearls for Becky, Brent, and Russ. Lowell thought it would be a good idea if we could find some gifts for the office workers who had done so much of the background work on the project, but had not been part of the team that went to Japan. I selected earrings for Becky and tie tacks for the fellows. Jack Yamashita had told me to mention his name at the shop and that seemed to generate increased interest in finding small gifts for the office staff. He finally suggested pearl pendants for about \$5.00 each if we bought four of them. That seemed to be a reasonable solution for the office staff and we closed the deal.

All of the team except Todd and Terry left on the TCAT bus for the airport headed back to the States. Todd and Terry decided to explore the tower behind our hotel and do some shopping on their own. Lowell and I decided to try the subway system to the Ueno Zoo, where they were featuring Giant Pandas on loan from China. There was a big crowd around the Panda exhibit, but we managed to get close enough for a good view of the charming pair, relaxing with their bamboo shoots. We rode the monorail around the park, found a place serving ice cream cones, and returned to the hotel by the subway.

Todd and Terry were in the lobby so I suggested they join us for dinner in the Villa. Masa showed up as we finished eating, and offered to give us a tour of Yokohama. It was a little late in the day for that kind of adventure, especially with Masa.

Sunday, July 7

We ate breakfast rather late this morning. Kenji met us in the hotel lobby at 11:00. He and Lowell talked about work until 11:45. Kenji ordered a taxi to take us to the piano recital of Michko and Kuniko in an auditorium in the area of the United Nations University. Kenji was concerned we would not want to watch his daughters perform but we assured him we would very much like to have that type of experience in Japan. The recital was held in a very nice auditorium. The grand piano was banked with blue carnations and baby's breath. Both girls played very well and it was an impressive recital. Kenji's mother, who had been a guest in our house two years previous, met us at the auditorium. Hiroko's sister (the girl's aunt) was also there. Both were warm and friendly people.

After the recital we walked a couple of blocks to a Russian restaurant, where Kenji had already made reservations for lunch. It was great fun. I gave Kuniko and Michko some University of Illinois note paper and the family a book of American National Parks. Lunch consisted of an interesting bread. It was a bun or a ball filled with a meat, potato, and onion



mixture. The salad had a variety of things on the plate such as potato salad with beets and tomatoes. I had a beef dish in a cream sauce with noodles. We also had a cream soup with mushrooms covered with a bread puff. There was a choice of desserts and we finished with Russian tea.

We said goodbye to the Horiguchi family and took a taxi back to the hotel. There was a message to call Maribel Halcrow in Yokohama, asking if I could meet her in the hotel lobby Monday morning so we could go shopping together.

Monday, July 8

Lowell and I were up early for breakfast, since he had to take the train back to Chiba. He had found a freight company that was willing to ship the samples to Illinois, but they had to be boxed and papers signed for Japanese customs. They considered the return of the samples to be an export of corn from Japan. He had tried to explain that it was U.S. corn just being returned. Their logic was that it had cleared Japanese customs at the time of unloading, so it was an export. The confusion had started over a week ago in the Tokyo office of the Japan Grain Trade Association. The customs officials at that early meeting insisted on knowing exactly how many samples and the total weight being sent back to the states. They could not tell Lowell how many

holds would be available for sampling, or how much of the vessel would be unloaded at Chiba. Lowell finally made a wild guess on both figures and thought an approximation would certainly suffice given the uncertainties under which he was operating. Not so! The number and the weight at Chiba were now being carefully checked, and they came up short on both counts. Lowell solved that problem by having Terry and Todd go back on the ship and fill a box with shovels of corn. The custom officials accepted that, but when they weighed all the boxes again, it was 600 grams too much. All the boxes were tied and sealed when this discovery was announced. A quick consultation with the rest of the team generated a solution. There were 500 sample bags, each tied with a wire tie in a plastic bag. Lowell told the customs official that each bag and tie weighed 1.2 grams. 500 times 1.2 grams would equal 600 grams. Subtracting that from the total weight in the boxes would leave just the right amount that was actually corn. The corn in the boxes weighed exactly what the papers showed. The customs officials probably knew the mathematical manipulation by which this was achieved, but the only thing important to them was that they had met the letter of the law.

Maribel called shortly after 9:00 to say she was leaving Yokohama a little late. She arrived about 10:30. She looked very much like her mother and father, and was very warm and outgoing. Her father, Harold Halcrow, was department head when Lowell joined the department, and had been very supportive of Lowell's work. Maribel had married a Japanese young man and had been living in Yokohama for several years. We took the subway to the Ginza and had a good time shopping for gifts for her to take to Illinois when she leaves for the states on July 28. She spoke to the clerks in Japanese and would often forget and turn to me, continuing to speak Japanese. When realization came, all of us, including the clerks, would break into laughter.

We had lunch in the department store. I paid for the lunch, but she asked if she could have the receipt. I guessed she had a tight fisted Japanese husband who required her to account for any money he gave her, and the receipt would provide her with a few extra yen to spend. Alternatively, maybe she just thought she should have bought my lunch and the receipt would keep him satisfied. I suspected the former was more likely, based on conversations we had that day about conditions as a non Japanese in a Japanese world. She told me Japanese customs resulted in a much different role for wives than she had expected. We parted at the subway station in mid afternoon: she to return to Yokohama and I to the hotel.

Lowell, Todd and Terry returned from Chiba in late afternoon, and reported the corn had been turned over to the shipping company. Now all we could do was hope it arrived at the University of Illinois laboratory safe and sound. The boys wanted to go out for dinner but Lowell and I begged off and had snacks in our room. We learned later they had been invited by Mr. Goto to go to various clubs after dinner and join in the Karioke singing. They had a great time although Mr. Goto got so inebriated they had to help him into a taxi.

Tuesday, July 9

Lowell, Todd, Terry, and I joined the tourist ranks this morning. We signed up for an all day tour to the National Park at Nikko. The tour bus picked us up at the hotel at 8:10 a.m. to take us to the Asakusa station. The bus wound through crowded Tokyo and the suburbs past apartment after apartment with bedding and laundry hanging from windows and balconies, reinforcing our concept of the crowded living conditions in Tokyo. The tour guide gave us our assigned train seats and sent us on our way at 9:00. The train was very clean and comfortable, but full. The hostess came through to check for those wanting food or drink. We declined since we had had a big breakfast. The trip was an enjoyable one hour and 40 minutes ride. We had a good view of the changing panoramic view from our window. As we moved out of Tokyo we passed houses with their blue, green and red tiled roofs, crowded closely together. Sometimes there would be a tiny garden tucked in between. There were masses of bicycles parked by every railroad station — commuters making the first leg of their daily commute on bicycles. Then on into the country side with shimmering rice paddies. About an hour into the trip, the flat land gave way to hills with mountains in the distance. The train began climbing to higher elevations through beautiful green valleys and finally to Nikko station.

We walked along the covered platform to waiting buses and were driven directly to the Nikko National Park. Our first stop was the colorful Tashagu Shrine, which was built in the mid-17th century as the mausoleum of the first Tokugawa Shogun (one of Japan's greatest rulers). We alighted from the bus and walked through a Shinto gate, down a broad avenue lined with ancient cyprus trees and stone lanterns. It was far more beautiful and spectacular than I had expected, and consisted of a very tall Buddhist shrine, pagoda, elaborately carved gates, a stable, storehouses and much more. Before we entered the shrines we removed our shoes and placed them in a small wooden locker, then walked on tatami mats. There were many school children visiting the shrines. One group that was seated in the shrine, bowed ceremoniously upon command from the monk. Several times I observed one youngster who didn't bow. "Was this a Christian?" I wondered, "or a non-believer, or a non-conformist?"

The tour guides directed us back to the waiting buses which delivered us to the Kanaya Hotel for lunch. It was an attractive western style hotel, although obviously quite old. We were directed upstairs to a room with many tables set western style. Terry, Todd, Lowell, and I chose a table near the window looking into a garden with a view of a high mountain side. Lunch consisted of cream of chicken soup, a fish that looked like trout, complete with head intact. I watched a lady at the next table shudder as it was placed before her. There were potatoes and other vegetables, and chicken. Dessert was ice cream served with coffee or tea.

We all browsed in the gift shops downstairs until bus time. The bus ride took us high into the mountains. The road was narrow and very steep, with hair pin curves so sharp that the bus had to back into the curves. The bus stopped at a beautiful lookout point, where we could look

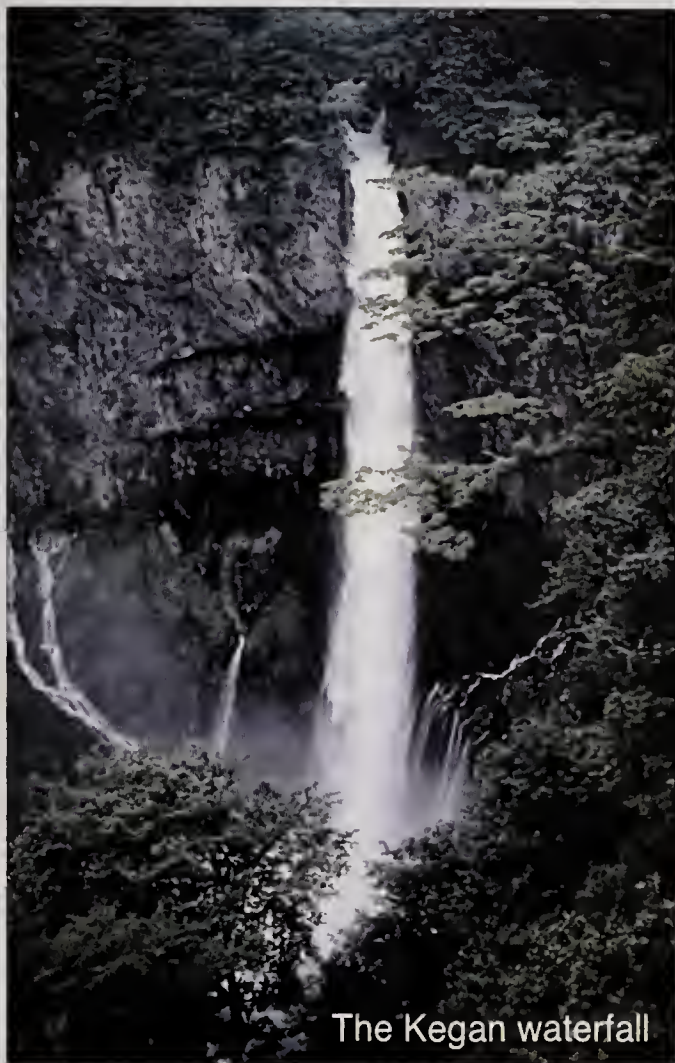
down on a river and the many switch backs in the road we had just traversed. High above us was Kegan Waterfall cascading in a long free fall on the side of the mountain. I took some photos, then a quick trip through the gift shop, and back on the bus. Our next stop was Lake Chuzenji with another beautiful view. It reminded us of Glacier National Park and St. Mary's Lake, or the lakes and mountains of the Canadian Rockies. The village near the Lake was a summer resort, with cottages, paddle boats and the usual trappings of a resort. The paddle boats on the lake were shaped like swans and other water birds. Very picturesque.

We visited the Futaarasan Shrine where a pair of Shinto dancing girls, wearing traditional costume, performed. Then it was back in the bus and down those steep, steep hair pin curves. There were several audible gasps as the bus took those turns at a speed that left one wondering if it would stay on the road. Some of the curves again required the bus to back up to achieve enough of an angle to stay on the road. Just before reaching the station, we stopped for a view of a beautiful red curved bridge. It was a famous bridge in Japan, although we didn't quite understand its significance. We left the bus at the train station and waited about 20 minutes for the train. This gave us an opportunity to visit with a couple from New Zealand while we waited. They gave us their business cards and said they hoped we would visit them some day.

We boarded the train shortly before 5:00 and started back to Tokyo. I was ready for the tasty finger ham sandwiches and coffee served by the hostess on the train. It was the best cup of coffee I had had in a long while. We arrived at Askuska station at 6:45, but it took another hour in the bus to reach our hotel as the bus stopped at every other hotel first. We were the last to disembark. This seemed like a good opportunity for a last dinner at the Villa. They served such delicious scallops and green spinach noodles in cream sauce. It had been a long day with a lot incorporated into those hours. We finished packing and into bed in preparation for a long day tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 10

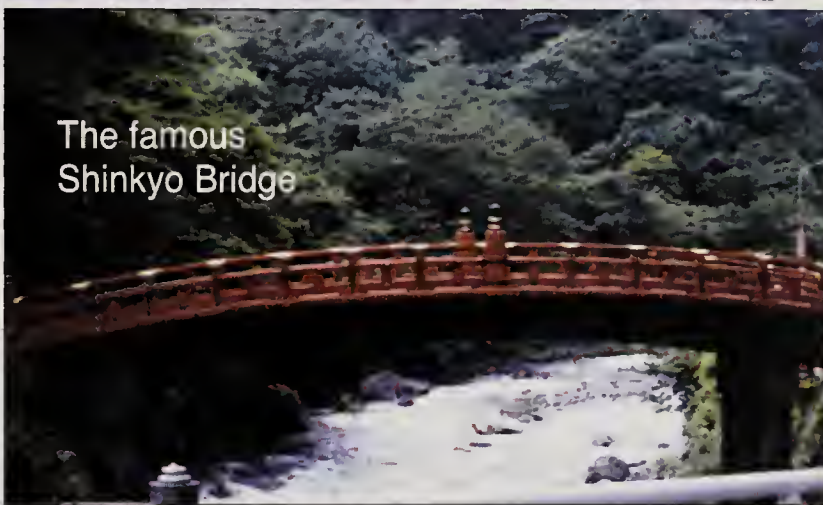
We slept until 7:30 this morning, knowing it would be a long day. We had our usual breakfast in the coffee shop, then finished closing the suitcases. We saw Todd and Terry off at 10:30 on their bus to Narita for the early plane home. We had lunch then caught the 1:30 TCAT bus for Narita. It was 2:00 before the bus finally finished picking up at all the other hotels. It seems we are often the first to be picked up and the last to be dropped off on these multiple stop busses. There was only a light cursory security check at the airport gate this time. The plane was only half full, so it was a very pleasant flight to Seattle. We went through customs in Seattle, then went to the Red Carpet room until time for departure — a two-hour wait. We arrived at O'Hare at 7:00 p.m., picked up the rental car, and arrived home at 11:00 p.m. — still too keyed up to sleep. We had completed a challenging research project and made many new friends who gave us insights into the culture and family life in Japan.



The Kegan waterfall



Terry and Todd at the gates of Nikko Park



The famous
Shinkyō Bridge



Entrance to
Nikko Park

Hong Kong

June 12 - 17, 1985



Hong Kong

1985

Wednesday, June 12

The day had arrived when we were to leave for Japan to meet the *Century Progress* in the port at Chiba, with a stop over in Hong Kong. It was 2:30 and we were finally packed and ready to head for Chicago. Lowell's "last minute" arrangements at the office usually resulted in a departure at least an hour later than planned, with all the last minute arrangements and packing left in my hands. Lowell had brought the rental car home the night before, so I could do the packing. We had hoped to stay overnight near the airport for the early morning departure on Thursday. However, all the hotels seemed to be full, so we stopped at the Holiday Inn at Harvey: a long way from the airport, but it was a convenient stop with time for dinner. Brent called to tell us he had accepted a job in Utah and would be moved before we returned from Japan. We tried for an early night, knowing what a long trip and unpredictable challenges we would encounter before we returned to the USA.

Thursday, June 13

We were awake early and decided to get up and drive from the hotel to O'Hare. A good thing we did because of long delays due to road work. What should have been a 30-minute trip from the hotel, took 1½ hours! We dropped off the rental car, caught the shuttle bus to the terminal, and checked in at the United Airlines desk. The Red Carpet Room supplied a little quiet time with coffee and rolls before boarding time.

The plane left on time and I entertained myself by watching the passing landscape far below. No matter how many times I fly, I never tire of watching the changing landscape, identifying landmarks, and thinking about the pioneers traversing the endless plains and mountain passes in covered wagons or on foot.

Friday, June 14

We changed planes in Seattle, substituting a DC-10 for our 747. It was only 2:30 Friday afternoon when we arrived in Tokyo, despite the many hours since breakfast in the hotel and the miles we had covered, as a result of flying "with" the time zone changes.

We had built a few extra days into this trip to Japan so we could visit Hong Kong while it was still under British control. Our Swiss Air flight departed for Hong Kong on time at 6:00 p.m., arriving at Hong Kong International Airport (Chek Lap Kok) at 9:00. It was quite over-

cast, but happily no rain. Landing at the Hong Kong Airport was in itself an experience. The runway started at the water's edge and ended at the water's edge and our 747 needed every foot of the length between. On the approach to the tarmac, we skimmed low between the high rise buildings built close to the edge of the water. It was a little surprising to look out the windows and see the buildings above us, even before we had touched the concrete. The airport terminal was very crowded, and there was a long line at the taxi stand. Fortunately, it moved quickly — unlike the line in Paris last year where it took forever to move the long line into the waiting taxis. It was a short ride to the Hotel Prince in Kowloon, across the bay from Hong Kong Island. We registered and took the elevator to our floor and entered our room. What a beautiful sight after 30 hours awake! The bed was turned down. The walls and furnishings were cream and soft muted rose colors — very welcoming and relaxing. I slept rather fitfully, as I had started coming down with a cold on the way to Chicago. Was that only two days ago? It seemed like we had been on the road a week.

Saturday, June 15

I was awake at 6:00 so decided to get up and have a leisurely breakfast. Our free Prince Club Membership was working well, with the complimentary breakfast, discounted and upgraded rooms, and express check-in at the desk. Following a big breakfast buffet, Lowell signed us up for a tour with pickup scheduled for 9:00. I was really dragging from my cold, but not about to miss this chance to explore Hong Kong.

The tour took us to Hong Kong Island via a tunnel beneath the bay. The world's steepest railway (tram) carried us to Victoria Peak. It was so steep the cars were jacked up on the rear end in order to maintain a level seating and keep people from sliding to the lower end. It ran on tracks like a funicular train, but was hauled up the steep incline by a series of cables. As we progressed I noticed how tightly packed together were the buildings and houses, although with dense greenery and blooming shrubs softening the brick and mortar. The view from the top was spectacular. I could see the entire city of Hong Kong and Kowloon, and the Hong Kong Harbour with all the small boats moving to and fro, and numerous large freighters anchored in the Harbour. I was amazed at the number of skyscrapers, especially on Kowloon. We had a good view of the "New Territories" on mainland China, although it was still a little hazy from the morning mists.

Back on the tram, we descended the 1800 feet through the five intermediate stations. The waiting tour bus stopped at another lookout point, giving me a different view of the city and some of the land extending on toward China. The next stop was the Tiger Balm Gardens. Colors and architecture were garish and wild, but it was a lot of fun to walk the narrow streets and observe the activities. It was almost a carnival atmosphere with a Walt Disney flare. There were entertainers walking the streets, fantastical sculptures, a towering white pagoda, and peddlers hawking their wares and trinkets — including of course, the "Magical Tiger Balm"



Morning
exercises below
our window



Hong Kong harbor



Tiger Balm Garden



Family life on the boat

being offered for sale at every turn in the winding alleys. I purchased a hand crocheted blouse for \$8.00. When I stopped for a picture of a gaudy (grotesque?) statue I discovered my camera case was missing. It was fastened to the camera by a cord, so I don't know how I could have lost it. I suspected it had been stolen, because another couple (Americans visiting from assignment in Saudi Arabia) told us they had lost their case as well.

The next stop on our tour was Old Aberdeen — a floating village inhabited entirely by boat dwellers who spend their entire lives on sampans and other types of boats anchored in the Harbour. It was amazing to see how the families lived their daily lives with only a “non operating” boat as their permanent home. Some of the boats had masts to hold sails, but I do not see how they could have navigated in the harbour, as all were packed so tightly together that many boats were actually touching their neighbor's. Young children were “tethered” in safety harnesses on long ropes, allowing them to wander just short of the edge of the boat. Dogs and cats, too were tied for safety to prevent them from falling overboard. Many families were preparing their noon meal, using charcoal fires and eating at tables on the decks of the boats. As our sampan returned to the dock, we passed a huge Chinese floating restaurant, painted in bright red and gold colors. There were four decks, each decorated in bright colors, with a pagoda perched precariously on the very top. Each deck was lit with colored neon lights strung on the balconies, like Christmas decorations! A tour boat was “parked” at the entrance, unloading passengers for (I'm sure) a huge Chinese banquet. We decided to give that one a pass.

A sudden bump nearly put us in the water. Our sampan had collided with another one giving another group tour. There were so many of these sampans and other small boats weaving in and out among the crowded water lanes, I would expect there have been many of these collisions. There was no damage done and with a few shouted exchanges among the drivers, we continued to the dock. The bus was waiting for us and following a few intermediate stops, dropped us off at our hotel. It was 2:00 before we were finally able to find a restaurant and have a “late” lunch. Refreshed, we took a walk around the area of the hotel and watched the always interesting water traffic in the harbour. We checked out the *Star Ferry* for future use. It is an easy on easy off operation between Kowloon and Hong Kong. We found a convenient spot for dinner and then to bed. My cold was really wearing me down and it had been a busy active day, not to mention having crossed 12 time zones.

Sunday, June 16

This was Father's Day and I gave Lowell my special wishes. The Prince breakfast this morning was a huge buffet, with every kind of dish one could imagine. I always take advantage of the many kinds of fresh fruit and Lowell enjoyed the delicious pastries.

We had looked at the tour being offered into China — an all day tour into the New Territories — but decided that was more than we wanted to undertake, with my cold still drag-

ging on, although showing some improvement. I chose instead to explore the famous indoor shopping mall on the Kowloon waterfront. It was fantastic! It seemed to stretch for miles, with three floors and so many side branches one could get lost in the maze. The mall was attached to our hotel and followed the waterfront. After long explorations I made my gift selections: Japanese kimonos for Becky, Russ, and Brent. I found two with huge dragons for the fellows and a white brocade with floral scenic designs for Becky. I chose strands of fresh water pearls for my Mother, Becky, and for me. I couldn't resist a few yards of the beautiful pure silk that I could turn into blouses for Becky and me. There was a beautiful royal blue print that looked just right for a dress at only \$8.00 per yard. In another shop we decided on a large brass candle stick for our fireplace hearth. At another shop I bought a cloisonne vase for my friend, Donna Everly, and pins for Lowell's office staff. By now we had walked our legs off, but it was fun to browse the endless array of shops and objects for sale.

We strolled outside to enjoy the beautiful 80-degree weather, and the ever changing scenes in the harbour. At 11:00 p.m. we received a call from Becky, wishing Lowell a happy Father's Day. A nice ending to a nice day.

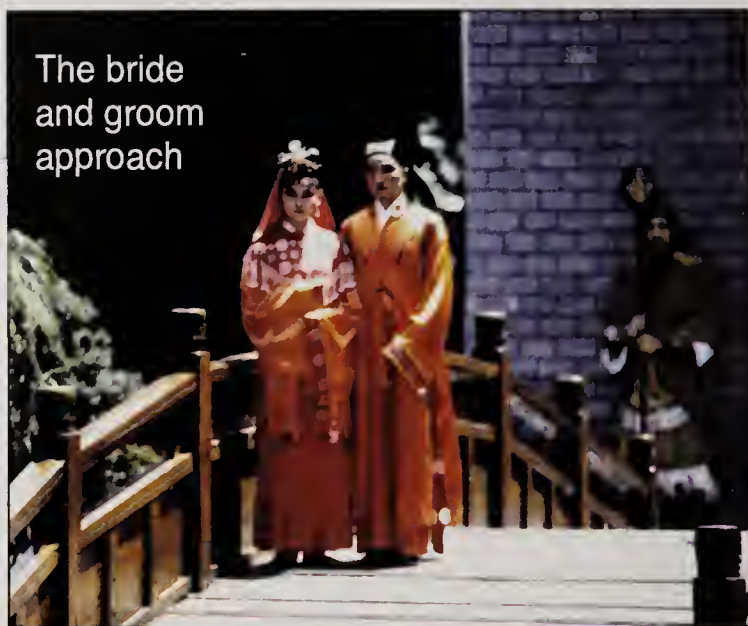
Monday, June 17

Following another huge buffet breakfast, we signed up for a tour of the Sung Dynasty Village. It was an opportunity to experience life as it was in the Sung Dynasty that existed from 960 to 1279 A.D. It was a re-creation of a village typical of that period, with many activities, including a monkey show, an acrobatics show, and workshops making candy, fans, incense, etc. As we walked along the ancient streets, a procession came into view across the carved and brightly painted arched bridge. It was a re enactment of a wedding of the period. First came four lovely women dancers in blue costumes and white fans. They were followed by a sequence of acrobatic acts. I especially enjoyed a young girl performing with large hoops, and I was fortunate to get a "stop action" shot of her in mid air as she propelled herself through the large hoop. Following this "parade" was a bride in an elaborately decorated enclosed litter, carried by four men in full costume of the period — one carrying each end of four long poles supporting the litter. Several attendants accompanied the litter. The entourage stopped in front of us, the bride stepped out and bowed as the groom stepped forward to join her. There was a short recitation in Chinese by an old bearded oriental — apparently the wedding ceremony. The entourage continued their celebration of dancing and acrobatics, following the bride and groom as they walked back across the brightly colored arched bridge.

We decided on lunch at the "Restaurant of Plentiful Joy." It was decorated in bright colors with ribbons strung all along the eaves. Outside was a pool surrounded by well groomed landscaping of dense bushes and colorful flowers. Inside, we selected a table and watched a young man demonstrate making the thin strips of spaghetti. Oriental music of the early period entertained us as we selected items from the menu containing authentic Sung dishes. I was not sure



Through
the hoop



The bride
and groom
approach



The bridesmaids



The bride arrives in a litter



Bride and groom wave goodbye





what some of the items were, so chose carefully. It still turned out to be a 6-course dinner. Our table included four Australians and two Filipinos, and we had an enjoyable conversation sharing our experiences in the Sung village.

Following lunch we made a brief visit to Hong Kong's largest wax museum, with figures depicting famous figures from China's 5,000-year history. Since the people represented were not familiar to us, it was a short visit. The grounds were very attractive with waterfalls and gardens, and frequent parades and street activities, so we spent another hour just enjoying the atmosphere.

We returned to the hotel about 2:30, and spent the remainder of the day shopping. Then it was time for me to complete the packing in preparation for tomorrow's departure for Narita and the Japanese adventures that awaited us.

South Africa

January 11 - 31, 1986



South Africa

1986

An opportunity for a second trip to South Africa presented itself, unexpectedly, in January of 1986. Lowell had been asked to present another paper in South Africa, this time for the 1986 Agricultural Engineering Conference in Pretoria and we welcomed a second opportunity to visit that lovely country.

Saturday, January 11

We rented a car to drive to Chicago and arrived at 11:30 a.m. Our son Brent, who was a design engineer for the Duchesau Company in Niles, had arranged to meet us in the Red Carpet Room at 12:30. It provided us with an opportunity to have lunch together and a chance to visit until 2:20 p.m. departure for New York via United Airlines. With a goodbye hug and lots of advice from Brent to be careful, because of all of the problems in South Africa, we said goodbye to Brent and were on our way. We arrived in New York on time and took the shuttle bus to the British Airway terminal to pick up our South African Airways flight to Johannesburg. We departed from New York promptly at 6:30 p.m. It was a packed full plane. We discovered that Julie and Rich Johnson (an agronomist for John Deere and U of I alumnus) were seated just a few rows behind us. Rich had been on staff at the U of I and was now employed by the John Deere Company in Moline. Also, Betty and Jackie Robbins were on board, all going to the same conference.

Sunday, January 12

Just as the first rays of daylight appeared, we landed on the little island of Isle de Sol. It was a short half-hour stop to refuel, but we got off the plane along with the Johnsons to stretch our legs. Many hours later we arrived in Johannesburg and were met by a South African couple. It was 6:30 p.m. Sunday evening when we arrived. The South African couple were friends of the Robbins and insisted we join them for supper before driving us to our dorm room on the university campus. At that point we were so tired we would have preferred to go straight to our room, but thought we really could not turn down their hospitality. They served us a lovely full course dinner. I can remember it was delicious, but I was so numb that, for the life of me, I cannot remember what I ate. They asked if any of us would like a swim in their pool just outside the open sliding door, but all of us were too tired to give it any consideration. Finally, around 11:00 our host offered to drive us to the dormitory. Betty and Jackie were spending the

night with our host. Julie and Rich were spending the night with some of the John Deere people. Since we had arrived a full two days ahead of the pre-conference tour, they had arranged for alternate lodging for the first few nights. We had intentionally scheduled our arrival ahead of the conference to give ourselves some time to recover from the jet lag which we knew was inevitable, as well as to give us time to become familiar with some of the people, facilities, and environment.

When we reached the dormitory the front door was locked. Our host, however, knew of a side entrance which had a coded lock, but he knew the code. We wandered the hallways on several floors before our host was finally able to locate our room on the fourth floor. There was no one at any of the desks at this time of the night to provide us with any assistance. Our room turned out to be a small apartment with a living room, dining area, a kitchenette, bath and three bedrooms. We were delighted to learn several days later we were the only people assigned to this suite, and did not have to share the bathroom and kitchenette. Some thoughtful person had left flowers and snacks for us. It was mid-night before we could shower and fall into bed. It had been some 36 hours since we had last seen one.

Monday, January 13

We awakened to a bright sunny day and were told we would be served breakfast anytime we wanted it since we were the only guests to arrive a day early. We wandered around the building for quite some time before we found the dining room. We had suggested 8:00 a.m. for breakfast and there before us was a full buffet with everything we could imagine, with enough food to serve thirty or more people instead of two. We returned to our rooms still very tired. Lowell worked on his presentation and I slept the full morning trying to recapture some of the lost rest. We were again served a huge lunch that surpassed breakfast.

Before we had gone to breakfast we had observed a weaver bird building its nest high on a tree branch, just beyond our window. It was a very elaborate job of weaving as if he had a loom on which he was creating this intricate nest. From a frame of twigs, he skillfully wove grass and small twigs into a fully enclosed basket, with only a small entrance on one side. It was nearly complete when we left for breakfast. When we returned from breakfast we were amazed to find it in shreds on the ground far below. We could not imagine what could have attacked the nest. We were even more surprised to find the nest rebuilt a few hours later only to return to find it again in shreds. The process was repeated three or four times. We finally found someone who explained that the male weaver bird builds the nest and the female decides whether she likes it or not. If she doesn't like it she tears it down and he must start over again. To the best of our knowledge the poor working male never completed one to her satisfaction. When we came back several days later there was still no nest in the tree.

I awoke toward evening and could not believe I had slept most of the afternoon, but I had lost a full day between the time-change and the long flight. I did manage to walk to a nearby

shopping center with Lowell to buy some postcards and stamps. It was a pleasant walk in the warm sunshine. The flowers along the walkways were brilliant with color. Trees spread their leafy branches over head. Many were in bloom.

Another huge dinner had been created just for the two of us in the evening. I could not imagine what they were doing with all the remainder of the food. Again, I couldn't believe I was able to go to bed early and sleep another clock around.

Tuesday, January 14

We awakened at a reasonable time today and felt wonderful. We had finally recaptured our lost rest and felt ready to go. A few more of the conference participants had arrived over night so we had company for breakfast. Following breakfast some of the organizers of the conference picked up all the arrivals in a van and took us on a tour of the National Agricultural Facilities (somewhat like the Agricultural Research Service Center at Beltsville, Maryland). From there they drove us to the Voortrekker Memorial which I had seen on the previous trip to South Africa, but Lowell had not. We returned to the dorm for lunch and had the afternoon again to ourselves before another big dinner. That evening we packed a small bag of clothes for a tour to Kruger National Park, in preparation for an early departure the next morning. We wanted to be sure that we had the necessities for the three nights on the road without burdening ourselves with too much luggage.

Wednesday, January 15

We had an early breakfast and an early departure for Kruger National Park. All of those going on the pre-conference tour had arrived. A large bus awaited us in front of the dorm. Nineteen people had signed up for the tour plus a driver and a tour director. It was a very international group consisting of seven Americans, (one was an Egyptian born American who kept every one entertained), five Frenchmen, four Dutchmen, one Italian, one Swiss and one South African from the conference. The director from the tour service decided to go with this group because they wanted to be sure the end result would be a large number of satisfied customers from many different countries. The group proved to be very jolly and congenial. We all chose our seats and were quickly on our way.

About mid morning we stopped at a town called Middleburg for tea and coffee then back on the bus. The landscape alternated between flat and rolling fields.

Shortly after noon we arrived at a tropical fruit experimental station. The grounds were lovely, broad spreading lawns, flower beds, etc. The sky had become somewhat overcast with threatening showers. The bus maneuvered its way up a curved drive and stopped by a thatched covered shelter. The people at the Experiment Station were waiting for us. Tables were set and several persons were busy preparing T-bone steaks, sausages, chicken, and lamb chops on a huge grill next to the shelter. After sipping cold drinks we were urged to help ourselves to the

bountiful buffet table consisting of salads, vegetables and a huge pot of mealies (corn meal served with a barbecue sauce) and more meat than we could possibly eat. As if that weren't enough we were brought dishes full of beautiful fruit. We were only just beginning to learn about the South African hospitality which continued to overwhelm us throughout the trip.

We had no more than finished our dessert when a tractor, pulling a flat bed wagon, stopped next to the shelter. Rain had failed to materialize so everyone hopped aboard, and off to the fields we went viewing bananas, avocados, and tea fields. By the time we had finished the tour it was mid-afternoon. After thanking our hosts for their warm hospitality, we scrambled back onto the bus only to be delayed while our hosts loaded the center luggage compartment under the bus with two huge stocks of yet-to-ripen bananas. We were assured the bananas safely stored in the luggage compartment under the bus, would be ripe before our four days trip was over and we would be appreciative of that fresh fruit traveling with us. With farewell waves we were off again viewing the rolling landscape of the many corn fields and pastures populated with grazing animals. The rolling hills gave way to more rugged scenery as we approached Kruger Park.

At the entrance gates stood a black guard dressed in full native costume, holding a spear in one hand and a shield in the other. Our driver stopped just inside the gate to register the group then proceeded to the first encampment (Pretoria stop or Pretoriuskop) where we were to spend the night. We made it just in time, as the compound was surrounded by a high fence so that animals could not get in and people could not get out. The gates were closed at 5:00 p.m. and no one could leave until the following morning. Each compound consisted of a lodge with a dining room and gift shop. Scattered around the lodge were many small, round, stucco, thatched native huts called rondavels. They were simple, but oh so charming. The interior consisted of beds and typical motel furniture, a bath, and refrigerator. All very comfortable and cozy. Lawn chairs were near the front of each little hut. The huts were connected by a small path that wandered about the lawns. Huge trees towered overhead and the flower beds were numerous. Each person or couple was assigned a hut and told we were free to do as we pleased until dinner was served in the dining room at 7:00. Many of us took advantage of the lawn chairs and a chance to visit with our neighbors as well as to enjoy the surroundings and sounds as night began to fall. A natural spring formed a swimming pool at the lower end of the compound and we were told we could swim there if we liked. A few did but Lowell and I chose to walk about the grounds, take pictures, and visit the gift shop until dinner time. We purchased an African print skirt, a few books, a set of placemats, and a book on native animals and birds that we could use as a check list as we went through the park. By 7:00 it was pitch dark and the night sounds of the insects and the frogs descended on us in musical harmony as we walked to the lodge for dinner.

The brightly lit dining room was a scene of activity with waiters moving about serving the many guests. Menus were placed at each table telling of the set menu and what a menu! There were seven courses printed in both Afrikaans and English.

We were in for another big surprise. When we paid for the tour, which we felt was very reasonably priced, we assumed that food would be extra. Not so, everything was included — even the constant supply of cold drinks and snacks always available for us on the bus.

After we finished eating we walked to a small outdoor amphitheater, where a movie about the park was shown by a park ranger. The air was alive with the exotic magical sounds of the night. The insects and tree frogs maintained a noisy chorus, accompanied by the deep bass of the bull frogs from the edge of a nearby pond. The leaves rustled gently overhead, and glittering stars twinkled brightly in the dark blue sky. We reluctantly returned to our huts for a shower and bed. We were all very tired after a long day, but I had looked forward to this experience in Africa for a good portion of my life and found it hard to let go of the day's thoughts and activities. Eventually sleep and exhaustion won out.

Thursday, January 16

It was still very dark at 4:30 a.m. when we were awakened from a sound sleep by a voice at our screened in window. "Good morning. It's time to wake up." It was our tour guide rousing everyone for an early departure because some of the best sightseeing is available early in the morning and we were to be ready to leave the moment the gates opened at daybreak.

We dressed quickly, packed our small bag, and joined our travel companions assembling around the bus in various stages of sleepiness or wakefulness as the case might be. Those not accustomed to early morning hours showed the signs of the struggle. Our tour director and bus driver had steaming hot cups of coffee waiting for us. We spent our last few minutes before boarding getting better acquainted with the other members of the tour group and enjoying the hot coffee. It provided a good opportunity to visit, at least with those who were awake enough to talk.

When the gates opened at 5:00 a.m. we were loaded and ready to roll. It is impossible to describe our exciting day for it was more than any of us had ever imagined. Our daylight was still somewhat dim as we searched the shadows of the brush and the trees of the savannahs. It was not long until our search was rewarded with great sightings of gazelles, giraffes, zebras, and other deer like creatures. Our bus driver was great and stopped often to allow us to take pictures from the open bus windows. He seemed to have an instinct for finding the animals and what would be the best angle from which to see them. He was very knowledgeable and was able to identify birds as well as animals. We had our handy checklist book we had purchased the night before, but scarcely had time to keep track of a written record as we were so busy snapping pictures of the many exciting creatures passing in front and beside the bus. The morning air was cool and pleasant.

We continued winding our way northward through the park until about 7:00 when we entered the next compound for a sumptuous breakfast in the open glassed-in dining room. The typical breakfast menu was as follows: fresh fruit juice, cold cereals, porridge (oatmeal), grilled



Pretoriuskop Encampment



Evening in front of our rondavels



Early morning coffee



Curious giraffes stop to look at the tour bus

pork sausage, eggs to order, bacon, toast with jam and marmalade, tea and coffee. After that hearty breakfast and a quick look in the gift shop we were again on our way across the savannah searching for more animals. Whenever someone yelled, "Stop," our driver stopped and would move forward or backward as requested for the best possible views and pictures. If there was a good photograph for the people in the front of the bus he was careful to move slowly so the people in the back of the bus could also take a photograph.

Lowell had purchased an automatic focus Minolta maxim 2000 with 200 mm telephoto zoom lens just before our trip. Our bus driver was enthralled, recognizing the value of an instant focus through a telephoto when animals were in view for such a short time. He was especially thrilled when Lowell handed him the camera and asked him to lean out the window and take some especially enticing photographs.

About mid morning we stopped at a rest stop for refreshments and for a moment to stretch our legs. No one is allowed out of their vehicles, except in the compounds, for reasons of their own safety and for the protection of the wildlife. We were happy to reach a compound where we could at least put our feet back on solid ground.

We certainly had a viewing advantage by touring in the bus because the height gave us a much better view over the tall grasses and the low growing shrubs than those people who were riding in cars. To my surprise we did not encounter a lot of traffic, unlike the National Parks in the United States where there is usually a line up of 40 tourists cars whenever a bear is sighted beside the road. We had the roads pretty much to ourselves for long distances. Occasionally we would meet or pass a park ranger in a pickup or a ranger on a bicycle. All of them carried guns.

The roads that we followed, were for the most part, the flat and rolling lands of the yellow grassy savannah. From time to time we would come across an area of burned brush. This was done to allow new vegetation to grow and to ensure a continuous food supply. Too much brush discouraged the grass and prevented new green growth from emerging for the browsing animals. Scattered about were the thorny acacia trees, a food especially enjoyed by the elephants and giraffes. It was interesting to watch the giraffes stretch their long necks into the branches and with their tongues delicately pluck the leaves, one at a time, from between the sharp spines of the acacia trees. Many of the trees were badly damaged and uprooted and we learned that the elephants were not so careful as the giraffes when it came time for their lunch of the acacia tree leaves. They often trampled the tree, completely breaking off huge branches to satisfy their appetites.

Many times we followed along the river or came to water holes where the animals came to drink. To the west of the park is a range of low blue mountains and to the east of the park is a sharp rise of a spiny range that separates South Africa from Mozambique. We were told because of the civil war and the desperate economy in Mozambique, people often climbed the fences and tried to enter South Africa by traversing through the park. Many of them are caught by the rangers, but many are also killed by the wild animals. Rangers constantly patrol the park

on watch for the illegal immigrants as well as for poachers. Despite the dangers, the conditions in South Africa were so superior (even as an illegal alien) to anything they were experiencing under black rule in Mozambique that thousands of people were willing to take the chance of being killed in order to seek the freedom and the economic opportunities which they experienced in South Africa.

At noon we stopped again at another compound and welcomed the chance to stretch our legs, visit the gift shop, and walk about the beautiful landscaped grounds, resplendent with big shady trees, lawns and bright flower beds. There was also a good supply of small birds giving us additional opportunities for photographing the beautiful and unusually colorful feathered friends. We were again treated to a sumptuous lunch.

All food was included in our guided tour price, but we noticed the posted price on the menu was R7.00, equal to \$2.80.

The afternoon was spent touring northward. At one place we met a pack of 10 vicious-looking cape dogs walking single file down the asphalt road directly towards our bus. They had apparently come from a fresh kill for some of them still had blood on their faces and around their coal-black muzzles. The bus stopped and they came aggressively down the road toward the bus and off into the brush to our right. We were told that the sighting of these animals was very rare, but they continued on their way directly toward our bus and camera shutters flashed at a furious pace. They are large animals, larger than coyotes or foxes. They are yellow with large black spots, big feet, round ears, and very large sharp teeth showing from their panting mouths. Every one of the Cape dogs had a white tip on their tail and each one was wearing white socks above their black feet.

Late in the afternoon we spotted a male and female lion resting comfortably near the road under a tree. We stopped and watched them for some time, while the female continued to lie relaxed, but watchful, with her big gold eyes focused on the camera shutters flashing from the bus windows. The male was more wary and moved behind a thin scrub bush that gave him a little protection and more confidence. Even so he stayed attentive and kept his eyes focused on us. We were provided all the opportunity for photographs we could want as the female lion continued to yawn in her relaxed manner and the male moving stealthily back and forth behind the bushes.

All afternoon we enjoyed wonderful views of animals, herds of wildebeest, blesbok, sable antelope, gemsbok, springbok, and impala in very large numbers. The impalas had beautifully curved horns and black hocks, with the distinctive three black stripes radiating from the base of their tail. They were so graceful they seemed to float as they moved in arching leaps from place to place across the waving grasses. We also saw several of the tiny klipspringer, a small animal the shape of a deer, but only slightly larger than a german shepherd dog. Translated, the word klipspringer means rock springer. They have unique hoofs that allow them to grip rocks and obtained their name from their ability to leap from rock to rock without slipping. We also saw

Cape dogs returning from a fresh kill



Lion yawns,
ignoring tourists



Blending with the tall grass



many of the striped kudu as well as families of baboons and a family of blue vervet monkeys with unusual markings, including what looked like a white hair ribbon around their brow. Under one large tree there was an extended family of baboons; in the trees, lying on the ground, and walking back and forth along the road. One large female baboon moved quickly through the brush with two babies holding tightly to her back. The male baboon took an aggressive stance challenging the bus and anyone who might interfere with his harem.

The giraffes and the zebras seemed very compatible with the herds of impala and with the ugly little wart hogs often grazing near the impala. Whenever the warthogs were startled, up went their tails like an antenna, and with noses pointed toward the sky, the adults dashed for cover with the babies following at top speed.

We made it as far as the encampment of Letaba just about closing time. This gave us plenty of time to get settled in our little round thatched huts, shower, change for dinner, and enjoy a stroll around the compound before time for dinner. A low stone wall bordered a river flowing past the compound where large old trees graced the river banks and provided shade for people as well as animals. The entire scene provided one with a sense of peace and relaxation. We were treated to another seven course meal. Black waiters quietly and efficiently moved about the dining room serving the guests. The menus continued to be outstanding.

There was never any question as to the safety of the food as we have found in many other countries. Everything was safe, clean and delicious, including the water. We were all on malaria medication however, because there was a danger of malaria mosquitos especially in the northern part of the park. All of the group that had not started the medication on their own were handed the pills the day before we departed Pretoria and it was strongly recommended they take them daily.

It was dark before we finished dinner and walked outside into the warm velvety night. Thousands of brilliant stars twinkled in the soft black velvet sky. Leaves rustled in the gentle breeze. The night insects and frogs gave forth their evening concert with the deep bass of the bullfrogs coming from the river bank. An occasional unusual noise from outside the compound reminded us that the wildlife of the night was out there conducting business as usual. With all these glorious sights and sounds it was difficult to say goodnight. I felt so much in harmony with my surroundings, not as a stranger or a foreigner, but as one with this sphere which we call "the earth." I longed to stay awake to watch and listen. It was 10:00 p.m. and we had to get to bed for we knew the knock would come on our window screen very early the next morning.

Friday, January 17

We departed a little later this morning as the gates to this compound did not open until 6:00 a.m. We had our morning coffee standing around the bus as before. All of our bags were loaded underneath. The group was well acquainted and it was indeed a jolly, jovial, joking bunch as the bus was loaded and a few people checked the bananas in the luggage compartment

to see if they were getting ripe enough to share. The Frenchman and Dutchman were extremely funny and congenial and kept everyone in gales of laughter. The Swiss and Italian were very nice but rather quiet compared to the others. We were all on the bus ready to roll the moment the clock allowed the compound gates to open. We were the first to pass through the gates as they swung open.

At one point our driver drove us down what seemed to be a rather back road and as we came around a curve there was a large area of water. Just off the shore was a wonderful group of hippopotami, both young and old cavorting in the water together. How he knew how to find that spot just at that time I can't imagine, but his timing was always flawless. We spent quite some time there with cameras snapping at a wild pace. Numerous water birds waded among the watery grasses along the edge or skimmed low over the water. With great reluctance the driver told us it was time to move on, we had a schedule to keep and there were many more things to be seen. By 8:00 we had arrived at the Olifant (meaning elephant) compound for breakfast. It is located on a bluff high above the river and what a spectacular view. Far below us we could see elephants bathing in the water and the great savannah with its yellow grass and scattered trees stretching far into the distance. Despite the limited time at each stop, we still managed to find a few minutes to spend in the gift shops to collect a souvenir that would be a constant reminder, for years to come, of each of the spots where we stopped. This time we purchased a can of elephant meat that could make interesting conversation at our next supper group in Urbana.

We had gone as far north in the park as time would permit and now we had turned southward moving down the east side of the park. We traveled south all day with numerous sightings of animals and birds. Elephants were seen much more frequently than on the previous day. At one spot we stopped on the road to watch an entire herd of elephants drinking and bathing in the river just below the road. The baby elephants were especially interesting with the adults in careful attendance. All at once the leader signaled it was time to leave. She turned suddenly and charged up the steep embankment through the thick undergrowth to the road above, that leads to the flat grass lands beyond. The herd seemed totally unaware we were parked directly in their path as the leader was about to rise above the embankment onto the road. It soon discovered we were blocking its path. With a shrill whistle and trunk waving it sounded the alarm, then turning back down the path retreated a small distance. She then lead the herd up the path and over the road behind the bus and on to the grassy plain with the adults protectively guarding the youngsters. I am sure our driver knew the animals' habits and locations and the times when we would most likely see them. He had parked in this particular spot knowing we would get some photographs of elephants only a few feet from our windows and our camera lens.

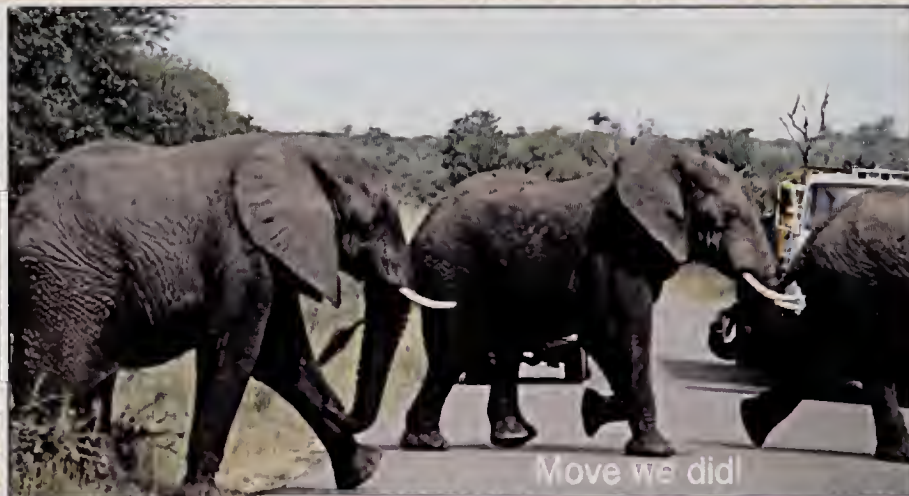
This day continued to be as exciting as the last one. At one place we came upon a large group of the lovely little blue gray vervet monkeys with their black noses and feet. Farther down the road we met a park ranger who told us he had just seen a baby giraffe being born. We



Zebra family



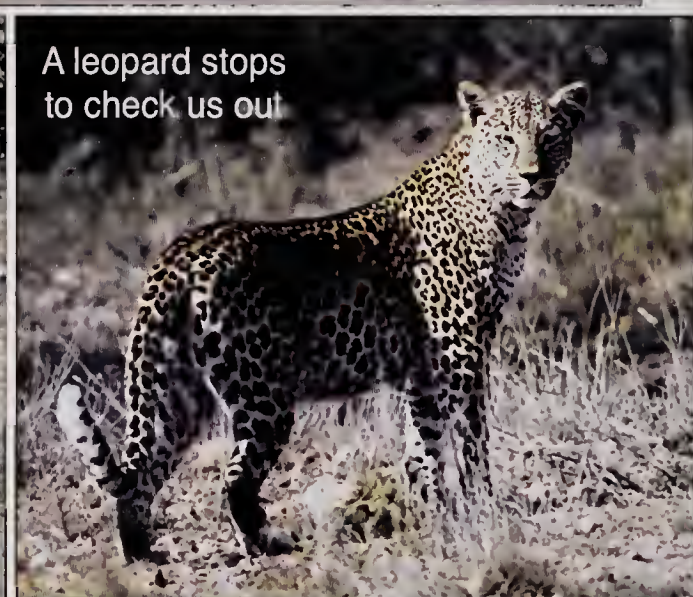
Elephant crossing.
"Move that bus!"



Move we did!



Wart hogs flee
with "antennas up"



A leopard stops
to check us out

hurried on hoping to see the new baby, but by the time we got there the mother had carefully hidden it behind some brush and she was peering cautiously over the top of the trees at us. Just before we reached camp we came upon another pair of lions. We could not believe we could see two male lions contentedly lying on the ground next to the road. Our driver eased the bus alongside the lions. Neither of the lions moved, but just seemed to amuse themselves looking at all these curious people hanging from the windows snapping pictures. One of the lions was apparently younger and we were told it probably was a father and son. They were beautiful healthy specimens with their gold coats and a huge ruff of fur about their necks. The older one was much larger and with a much heavier mane. Their beautiful big gold eyes were clearly visible even without our telephoto lens. We were as close as one could consider comfortable.

We arrived at Pretoriuskop just at closing time, tired but happy. We were all ready to turn in as soon as we had eaten as we had already been told we would be receiving our morning call at 4:00 a.m.

Saturday, January 18

Departure from the Pretoriuskop rest compound was early. Everyone was up at 4:00 a.m. for our 5:00 departure. We were somewhat sleepy but still a jolly group assembled around the bus enjoying the steaming cups of coffee and the first of our now ripening bananas which the Citrus and Subtropical Research Institute had given us. Hot coffee and a fresh banana did much to awaken those who were struggling with these early morning hours. The anticipation of what lay ahead was also a strong incentive and we never had to wait on any laggards. By 5:00 a.m. we were all loaded in the bus "bright eyed and bushy tailed" ready for another day of adventure. The gates swung open and we were on our way.

We were no more than through the gate when I looked forward past the bus driver's head to the road beyond and to my surprise and joy saw a huge spotted leopard come from the grass and onto the road. He dropped low to the ground when he saw the bus and slid quietly into the grass on the other side. I was so stunned that all I could do was shout, "there's a cat, there's a cat." I was totally speechless as to say what or where. Fortunately, the bus driver had also seen it and was able to confirm my sighting and my identification. Unfortunately for the rest of the group, we were the only two people to see it. The others had been distracted and were looking out the other side of the bus. But I shall never forget the sight of that beautiful animal with its black spotted yellow coat, its heavy body, its big paws and its big, long tail held low to the ground, as it slid across the road and disappeared into the grass. We kept watching for some sight of it in the grasses beside the road, but to no avail. We never saw it again.

Within another mile down the road we spotted three white rhinos, in full view, grazing in the grasses beside the road. We were told the white rhino had become extinct in this area and only recently had been reintroduced into the park. These were one of the few family groups in existence.

Exotic animals in Kruger



Here I must diverge to tell of an interesting incident. Two of the Frenchmen were a very lively and interesting elderly couple, not married, we were told, but still a couple. They had chosen to drive a car and follow the bus so they would have more flexibility. He was armed with a multitude of cameras slung over his shoulders. When the rhinos were spotted he immediately stopped his car, leaped out with his cameras and started walking across the savannahs to get a closer shot. All the while his cameras were running while the Africans in the bus were shouting, "Get back in the car, get back in the car, they will charge at any moment." It took several minutes and some fairly strong language to convince him he was risking an attack by the rhinos as well as violating park rules. He eventually and reluctantly turned around and came back and climbed in his car to everyone's immense relief.

A short time later we were driving along a "burned area" when suddenly we were aware of two large cheetahs ambling along beside us. They were almost camouflaged in the black and yellow, half-burned brush and grass. They continued to keep pace with the bus for nearly a quarter of a mile. Then suddenly they walked in front of the bus and one laid down and rolled over like a huge house cat at play. The bus driver had already slowed to a stop so the cats appeared very comfortable lying in front of us. He later laughed and said there were so many people standing at the front bus window to take that photograph he thought the back wheels of the bus came off the ground. The driver explained that the elephants had made a large wet puddle in the road and the two cheetahs were rolling in it in order to disguise their scent in preparation for a hunt. The cheetahs performed beautifully and everyone had ample time to take all the photographs they could possibly want of cheetahs rolling on the black top road. Both cheetahs had a beautiful tail with alternating white and brown rings, ending in a very distinct white marking at the very tip.

Just before breakfast time we saw a jackal which was the only one we saw during the entire trip. A short time later we stopped at the Berg-en-dal rest camp for a hearty breakfast. It was the newest of the camp compounds with modern stone architecture. I much preferred the older ones with the quaint rondavels (hut). After breakfast we wandered onto the terrace to watch a lot of the weaver birds flying in and out of their nests hanging from branches over our heads.

We heeded the call from the bus driver and were back on the bus for departure from the park through the southern park gates at Malelane. What an adventure this had been. The days had been sunny and warm and sometimes hot, but I don't think any of us had noticed. There was usually a breeze and even though the bus was air-conditioned, it made no difference for we had all the windows open so we could take pictures.

We went from the park to a large estate called "Laughing Waters" near the Malelane. It consisted of 1,466 hectares including six adjacent farms that were operated as a single unit. It was owned and operated by a brother and his family, and a sister and her family. It was located in the Eastern Transvaal Lowveld, in the micro climate region known as Underberg. It was one



Cheetah camouflaged in tall grass



Emerging from the shadows



Suddenly there are two



A roll



Paws up



Ooh, that feels good!

of the few subtropical regions in South Africa with adequate water for irrigation to grow subtropical crops such as sugar cane and bananas. The northern boundary of this region was formed by the Crocodile River, which was also the southern boundary of Kruger National Park. The southern boundary of the farm was the neighboring state of Swaziland. The eastern boundary followed the Lebombo Mountains which were also the boundary between South Africa and Mozambique. The western boundary was formed by the foothills of the Drakensberg Mountains.

At one point we could look across the valley to Swaziland, look to our left at Mozambique, and to our right to the foothills of the Drakensberg Mountains. By mid-morning we had arrived at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Rausseau. It was situated on the north hillside overlooking the valley and the view was spectacular. The home was a sprawling white stucco and not unlike many Spanish type California homes. Refreshments were ready for us on the tile covered patio. Cold fruit drinks, coffee and mounds of fresh fruit were arranged around the beautiful flower arrangements. We stood gazing across the valley as we enjoyed the refreshments and hospitality of our congenial hosts. In the center of the home's front hall stood a large stuffed lion. It had escaped from Kruger Park and since it was a threat to humans and livestock it had to be killed. Mr. Rausseau was licensed by the government to hunt the animal and was very proud he had been the one to shoot it. It was such a beautiful specimen he had had it stuffed and mounted for his front hall.

We were given a tour of the sugar and banana plantations. They had arranged to give us a demonstration of their banana packing operations. A big flat covered rack with the necessary equipment on board was pulled by tractor to the edge of the field. Blacks from Mozambique cut the mature stocks from the plants. Others inspected, trimmed and packed the stocks into large boxes for shipment. The conditions seemed fair and I have worked under more unpleasant conditions detasseling corn than those on the banana plantation.

The black workers were obviously enjoying putting on this special presentation for us. There were men, women and children all smiling and all curious. Mr. Rausseau said most of the young girls were mothers and had children to support. Since most people in Mozambique were starving from drought and civil war, they were more than eager to come across the border and work for wages with which they could buy food. We were told they had permission to use workers from Mozambique as there were not enough blacks available within South Africa who were willing to do that kind of work. The people from Mozambique were either transported by truck back and forth across the border each day, or they lived in small houses on the plantation, provided by the land owner. The choice was theirs and many chose to live in the workers' houses. We were given a tour of the area where the natives were living. Their houses were constructed of whitewashed concrete blocks, with tin roofs. Brightly colored clothes were hanging on the line drying in the sunshine.

We then drove to the other side of the valley to the sister and her family's home high on



Spectacular view across the valley



A flag for each country on the tour

Johnnie Rausseau — our host



Rogue lion resides in the hall



Harvesting
bananas



Check-in for weight credit



Loading the wagons



Relaxed conversation

the southern ridge. This was the original home of the family, built in the old white stucco Dutch colonial style, but with a large four car garage added to it. This garage also served as an outdoor covered patio. A tiled terrace with a low wall stretched across the front of the house. Huge pots of flowers spilling over the edges were bright with color. A spreading green lawn reached to the edge of the steep hillside overlooking the valley below. At the very edge was a covered patio, comfortable, with lawn chairs, tables, and a great view. Flags from each country represented in our group fluttered in the noon time breeze. We discovered they had been told ahead of time the nationalities that had signed up for the tour and would be visiting their farm. They had arranged to have flags purchased from every country so they could be flying from their flagstaffs when we arrived.

As we arrived we drove past the black housing area, up a curving drive, into the farm yard. Our hosts Mr. and Mrs. Monte Schoeman came forward to greet us. They were a lovely family of Dutch ancestry, warm, friendly and very outgoing.

Long tables had been set up in the sparkling clean garage area with white stucco walls and red tiled floor. The tables were covered with red cloths and philodendron leaves were used for placements. Napkins were blue cloth and the magnificent centerpieces were red, white and blue flowers. Other tables had been placed at the side of the room and heaped with food. We were served three meat dishes along with many vegetable dishes. There was one table filled only with salads another of fruit and cheese and still another of desserts. The menu included such items as: salmon cocktail, chicken Hawaii, bobotie with yellow rice, salads, fruits, pecan pie, ice cream, fruit salads, coffee, cheese and biscuits. Mrs. Schoeman said her black servant had been with her for many years and she was very attached to her. I noticed when the meal was over Mrs. Schoeman went to the kitchen door and gave her a hug and thanked her for her part in the success of the meal.

Mr. Schoeman sat next to me and when I selected a mango he showed me his tidy way to peel it. After this huge meal and wonderful conversation, Mrs. Schoeman showed me about the house with its highly polished wooden floors and cool spacious interior. The conversation and food were so enjoyable, departure time came far too soon. We hated to leave this warm and lovely family. We did tour the big building that housed the generators, which were used to operate the irrigation system, before we departed for Pretoria in mid-afternoon. It appeared that everything had been developed for self-sufficiency. The electrical system had been designed by the previous generation to divert water from the river to run the large generators. In recent years water power had been supplemented with diesel engines to guarantee electrical power when it was needed when the water level was low.

Reluctantly we thanked our hosts and boarded the bus for our return trip to Pretoria. We stopped briefly at a town so our tour director could buy leechy nuts and then a coffee stop around 7:00 p.m. at Middelburg.

It was 9:00 p.m. before we arrived back at the dorm in Pretoria. The remainder of the

bananas were divided among those who were staying in the dorms. Fruit and small sandwiches had already been placed on a table in the lobby for our late supper and packages of dried fruit had been placed in our rooms.

It had been a trip filled with memories that will last a life time and we were impressed by the hospitality shown us by the South Africans.

Sunday, January 19

It was another bright warm day and following breakfast at the dorm those of us who had signed up for pre-conference tours were picked up by bus and driven several miles out of town to a Safari Park, located about 1½ hours drive northwest of Johannesburg. We really didn't see many animals at the Safari Park except a number of zebras that wandered freely among the cottages and the guests and even came to the swimming pool to drink. One had to be careful when walking near them as they were rather mean tempered and prone to kick or bite if anyone came too close.

The park was really a resort with cottages, lodge, and a pool surrounded by a rather large park area with trees, flowers, and formal and informal landscaping. We were served cold drinks while seated around the pool followed by a huge buffet (barque or braaivleis). There were quite a number of black guests mingling with the whites which was rather surprising given all we had heard about segregation. After lunch we were directed to covered bleachers to watch a performance by the Mzumba dancers. The show and demonstration of native dances provided ample opportunities for excellent photographs as well as a very enjoyable entertainment. The dancers included a wide range of ages from teenagers to very senior citizens in full African costume. Some of the dancers had been mingling with the crowd earlier and it was quite a change to observe the teenagers, who had been running around in blue jeans a few minutes before, then appearing on stage in costumes from an earlier era and another time warp. The first performance, "The Dance of Happiness," told a famous story of a journey inward into the heart of Africa. They performed age old tribal legends of mystical Africa to the accompaniment of throbbing drums and chanting women. Another dance was described as a soul stirring sacrifice by a tribal princess in a rain making ceremony. This was followed by many other dances and dance-stories. The program was very colorful and exciting, lasting for more than an hour. We again noted a very relaxed mixture of blacks, coloreds and whites throughout the amphitheater. There was no sign of segregated seating or animosity among the audience.

In the late afternoon we arrived back at the dorm to attend another lavish buffet banquet served in the beautifully decorated dining room. Flowers and plants had been strategically placed throughout the large hall. By now most of the conference participants had arrived and this was the official opening event. Table after table of main dishes such as, seafood, breads, salads, and deserts awaited our enjoyment. It was another late night of feasting and conversation before we were finally able to tumble exhausted into bed.

Monday, January 20

Everyone attended the opening ceremonies. The wives were then assembled and presented with a pretty corsage made with dried flowers and given a blue zippered case containing information about the South Africans, in general, and this local area in particular. Also included was a necklace of native bead work. After coffee the ladies were given a tour of the research facilities. One of the exhibits was the way to construct a house at low cost using stones, wire fencing, poles, and plaster. We joined the men for lunch. After lunch we were driven to the Voortrekker Monument and given a tour of Pretoria and a local craft shop. Dinner was another huge meal of “finger food” resulting in another late night before bedtime.

Tuesday, January 21

The men attended meetings throughout the day while we ladies were driven to a cheetah breeding station. It was a wonderful experience. The station had been started by a lady who had been given two orphan cheetah kittens which she raised. However, it was technically illegal for her to keep them and when the government found out she had raised the cheetahs they forced her to give them to the government. She was so afraid the animals would become extinct that she finally gained permission from the government to establish a breeding station in hopes of preserving the species. She had developed a number of beautiful animals, none of which will be returned to the wild, but sent to zoos around the world continuing to increase the numbers in case they are needed for repopulation at some future time. The animals were contained in large enclosures simulating as close to possible their native wild environment; however, the enclosures were surrounded by high fences to limit the area over which the animals were free to move. One area was called the nursery where the mothers and kittens were kept. As we walked about we came to one enclosure that appeared to be empty, but the guide stopped and asked if anyone would like to go in and get a closer look at a cheetah. I was the first to shout, “I will, I will.” As our guide stepped inside she started calling, “Here Belinda, here Belinda,” and out of the bush came a beautiful year-old cat. She had been orphaned and raised on a bottle. She came close to the group and seated herself to watch. I approached slowly and spoke to her gently. She recognized me as a stranger, but cautiously stretched her head forward when I held out my hand. She then allowed me to pat her head. As I knelt down beside her and put my arm about her shoulders and neck, she pressed her cheek against mine and purred like a huge house cat. Fortunately, Julie Johnson was ready with her camera and took a picture of that scene for posterity. A picture I shall always treasure. Several ladies came within the enclosure, but most remained on the outside of the fence.

From the cheetah farm we were driven to a crocodile farm consisting of a large enclosed muddy pool. There must have been hundreds of the beasts slithering up and down the muddy banks. It does not take me very long to look at a crocodile and I was back in the bus ready to



Zebra drinks from swimming pool



Native dancers



I hug my favorite cat



Matching hard hats for diamond mine tour

depart shortly after we arrived. There was one amusing incident at the crocodile farm, but it didn't involve the ugly crocodiles. There were two large cranes running loose on the grounds. When they saw the group of brightly colored dresses worn by the ladies, they started moving rapidly around and around in their courting dance. From time to time they came so close we had to move back to escape the beating of their wings.

Wednesday, January 22

This morning we were treated to a tour of the De Beers Diamond mine. We were each told to select one of the hard hats before we were allowed to go into the mine operations, for protection from any falling rocks. There were many colors of hard hats and each of the ladies selected one as they walked by the stack. It was only after we had made our selection and ready to go into the mine when we looked at each other and realized with laughter that each woman had selected a colored hard hat that coordinated with the dress she was wearing. The history and the operation of the diamond mine was extremely interesting. We watched the processing of ore and the sparkle of diamonds among the crushed rock. We walked past the shafts that led deep into the mine. Nearby was a large open pit. About half way up the side of the pit was where the famous Hope diamond was found. The De Beers guide told us there had never been any problems with the workers as they hired compatible tribes and gave them liberal time off to return to their village, without penalty, to plant crops etc.

Following our morning tour we were taken to a late lunch at a little country inn. I purchased a lovely batik of zebras in their gift shop. The bus then returned us to our dorms in time to prepare to be picked up for dinner with a host family.

The conference organizers had arranged for each speaker to have a host family so they could become better acquainted with South African culture. We were picked up in the early evening by our family. The fellow was a self-employed engineer and his wife was a teacher. They had two children and lived on the outer edge of South Johannesburg. They had also invited another couple who were friends of theirs to join us for dinner. After cold drinks and lots of conversation on their open porch we retired to a candle lit dinner in their dining room. We were served by an attractive black woman who was their live-in cook and housekeeper. After dinner they introduced her and her little three year old daughter. The three year old was living with her mother in the South Africans home. They had asked her to bring the child from the native home so she might be better educated and have the cultural experience of living in a real house. We felt most families probably had at least some black help, but for the most part they were reluctant to mention it since South Africa was undergoing so much criticism and sanctions from much of the free world. They made a point of describing their relationships with the young woman and the opportunities which they provided for her and for her family. One more late night returning to the dormitory and falling exhausted into our beds.

Thursday, January 23

On Wednesday afternoon the entire conference was bussed to a model village of South African natives and pioneer Afrikaaners. There was a reconstructed agricultural exhibit, something like Williamsburg with crafts and various agricultural implements; almost an outdoor museum. They were even distilling some type of liquor, providing us with small shot glasses to sample their product. At the far end of a large open area was a reconstructed African village. This village was unique because it was constructed of whitewashed plaster with brilliant geometric designs on the walls. It was surrounded by a small whitewashed fence also decorated with unusual geometric designs painted in bright colors. While we were in this compound, an electrical storm came rolling in from the hills and we made a quick dash back to the open shed where they were going to serve the barbecue. The rain came down in buckets, but we were safe and dry in the covered porch area and able to enjoy another sumptuous barbecue. The rain had cut short some of our tours of the exhibits, but it was still an enjoyable evening of conversation and eating. The buses pulled up close to the shed as darkness settled over the museum area and we made a dash through the downpour for the bus and were delivered safely to our dormitory.

Friday, January 24

From this point on I must rely entirely on memory as activities proceeded so rapidly I no longer had time to make notes in my journal. The conference was coming to a close and after lunch Kit LeClus arrived at the dormitory to pick us up and host us for the next few days. He was a chief economist for the South African Maize Board and he and Lowell had had contact in the States and South Africa several times over the previous five years. He had visited in our home in the United States. We were to spend the next two nights in the town of Bothaville, a farming area between Johannesburg and Bloemfontein. In route to their home we took a short detour to visit a grain elevator (a frequent request by Lowell) where the manager served us "tea and crumpets." Rather a fancy service for a country elevator. The crumpets were a small flat round cake something like bread. It was a warm sunny summer day as we drove along the flat countryside with fields of corn growing everywhere. It looked much like an Iowa or Illinois scene but a somewhat drier climate. The country elevator manager was a little late arriving and came somewhat disheveled and with a day's growth of beard. He had an interesting story to tell of a close escape from government agents in a neighboring country as a result of his membership in an organization in South Africa that was assisting people to escape into South Africa.

By late afternoon we arrived in Bothaville where Kit, his wife and two daughters lived. We had requested they reserve a hotel for us for the two nights we were to be there, but they would not hear of it. It was already decided we would be house guests of Dr. Pieter and Gisela Gous and their four delightful children, Odet, Rehna, Fiona, and Pieter. They ranged in ages from three to thirteen. Dr. Gous was the President of the African Maize Board. We were warmly

welcomed to their lovely spacious home and ushered to the upstairs guest room that overlooked the pool in the back yard. A barbecue dinner had already been planned for us including the LeClus family as well as four other couples who were also associated with the Maize Board. It was a fun evening with lots of laughter and an exchange of cultural differences and similarities. One couple who owned a large game ranch, invited us to visit it whenever we were in South Africa. They arranged safaris for people coming from other countries (primarily Europe and the United States) wanting to shoot their “trophy animal.” He provided interesting tales of attempts to track down and shoot some of the larger animals. One of the ladies whispered, “You really should do it, it is really something and very special to receive such an invitation.” Unfortunately, our schedule did not afford an opportunity on this trip and we have not had another chance to visit South Africa.

Saturday, January 25

After a restful night and a huge breakfast Kit, Lynette, and their two small daughters called for us as we were to spend the day visiting farms north of Bothaville, close to the Botswana border. It was a pleasant warm sunny South African summer day and we had to remind ourselves “happily” it was winter back in Illinois.

We passed through several black townships. Several times some blacks stepped aggressively into the road way as we approached. Kit opened the glove compartment and showed us the pistol he always carried with him. Lynette said she could shoot, but did not like to carry the gun as she feared one of the children might find it. Our drive took us past the edge of Soweto, which had been in the news back home, because of the many attacks and ferocious fighting between black tribes and attempts of the South African police force to maintain order.

We drove for almost two hours through the agricultural countryside before we arrived at the first farm. They were waiting for us and insisted we must come inside the house for coffee and rolls before we started our tour of the farm. Their farm home like all the others we had visited was spacious and pleasant with beautiful green lawns and lots of colorful flower beds. The men and the two little LeClus girls rode in the farm pickup. We ladies followed in the car as they took us for a tour through the fields and pastures. The corn field spread out across the land into the distance like those of the midwest U.S. cornbelt. We drove through the gate into the pasture to get a better view of the large herd of Hereford cattle grazing in a pasture. We were informed the herd was guarded by (of all things) ostriches. They said there had been many cattle rustling instances where black natives would come into the pasture at night, slaughter the animal and take the meat back to their homes. We were somewhat dubious that ostriches would discourage cattle rustlers, but we were soon given a first hand experience. Two of the men and the LeClus’ little daughters, were riding in the back of the pickup. As we drove across the pasture the ostriches came at full speed, chasing the pickup, trying to reach into the back to attack, while the truck was moving at 25 to 30 miles an hour. This was a mother ostrich and the

pickup had come between her and her chicks. She finally retreated only after the truck had changed positions to allow her direct access to her chicks.

The farmer told us of a second example which convinced us that the ostriches were successful cattle guards. He had let one of his employees out of the pickup to do some work on a fence when he was spotted by a pair of ostriches. They immediately came to attack. He drove frantically in the pickup to get between them and his hired hand. The only defense was to lie flat on the ground since the ostriches main attack is striking with their talon claws. He maneuvered the truck between the ostrich and the man lying prostrate on the ground. With one blow the ostrich removed the headlight from the front of his pickup as the man scrambled into the back of the pickup. With that story and the observation of the aggressiveness of the ostrich family we were convinced he had an excellent guard for his herd of cattle.

Cattle and corn were not the only source of income for this family for there was a small open pit diamond mine upon their land. There was a vein of diamonds that ran about twenty feet below the surface of the ground and wound its way across the pasture following an ancient river bed that had long been buried under twenty or thirty feet of fill. The river had once flowed from a long extinct volcano and it carried with it diamonds ranging in size from dust and industrial quality to some extremely valuable ones. There were some beautiful gems and when we returned to the house they showed us several of the raw diamonds that would exceed a carat in size even after being cut. Our host handled them surprising casually. As he unwrapped one from the piece of paper it slipped from the table and fell to the floor. When they retrieved it, they explained it would weigh about two carats once it was cut and polished. Lowell and I exchanged glances at such casual handling of a 2-carat diamond! They also had a large number of finished diamonds in various colors. We were given a demonstration at their diamond mine, of their mechanical separator and the process they used to sift through several tons of rock, gravel, dirt and silt in order to find one or two gems. Many of the smaller, industrial grade diamonds were not retrieved and they showed us a large pile of "tailings" which they said contained the very small industrial quality diamonds that were not picked up in their mechanical sieving process. The natives were allowed to work these tailing piles by hand with a very low payoff, but an occasional find.

Back at the house their teenage son brought forth a number of archeological artifacts which they uncovered during their digging for diamonds. It was evidence of a primitive civilization that had lived there centuries or maybe even thousands of years before. He said that once a month one of the museums came by and picked up whatever they had that was worth retrieving. Meanwhile he asked what we would like to take with us. There were several interesting artifacts many of which would have weighed twenty or thirty pounds. We couldn't resist his insistence that we take a small stone hatchet as a souvenir of their farm (Lowell later privately laughed that a diamond would have made a better sample and would have been lighter to carry). They also presented us with a fresh ostrich egg and a shell from which the insides had

been removed through a small hole. These empty shells were highly prized by tourists because all sorts of scenes could be painted on their surface. The shell is nearly a quarter of an inch thick, so it is very durable and they make excellent souvenirs. We were happy to have one that had not gone through the tourist traps, but had been taken directly from the nest of the two ostriches which we had just visited in their pasture. They urged us to take the fresh ostrich egg and cook it. We were told that one egg was equivalent to about two dozen hen eggs in terms of quantity. We were not quite equipped to scramble two dozen egg equivalents so gave the fresh egg to the Gous family who were happy to receive it and we kept the shell of the other to bring home as a souvenir.

We were served another bountiful meal and then said goodbye to these gracious people and we were off to still another farm.

At this farm the men were given a tour of the farm, the corn fields and the machinery. Lowell was surprised to see a shed filled with 16 of the largest, 4-wheel drive, John Deere tractors that John Deere makes. This was clearly a large farm and a well financed operation. We ladies opted to stay in the cool comfortable house and enjoyed an afternoon of conversation. When the men returned we were again served refreshments then had a short drive back to the home of Kit and Lynette. They had invited some friends in for supper and a chance to meet us and visit. We visited for a while, but were so tired we decided not to remain for supper, but instead to walk back with Pieter and Gisela for an early night to bed.

I want to mention how much we enjoyed the Gous children. Nine-year-old Fiona decided she would teach Lowell to speak German (these children speak English, German and Afrikaans). I found the two of them sitting on the living room floor with Fiona saying “no, no, you must put your tongue like this.” It was a little daunting to have three year old Pieter following us about conversing easily in Afrikaans, German, and English trying to see which language would bring the best response from the two of us.

Sunday, January 26

We had breakfast with the Gous family and had no more than finished our packing when friend Kobus Laubscher arrived from Bloemfontein to drive us back to their home. We said our goodbyes to all those lovely friends and then were on our way. Kobus had arranged for us to stay in a very pleasant guest house with a kitchen, dining room, living room, two bedrooms and bath. The refrigerator had been stocked with breakfast food and loads of snacks and fruit for our convenience.

Monday, January 27

It was great visiting with old friends again — the Laubschers and the Blignauts. Lowell gave a seminar at the University and we were entertained royally with lunches, dinners, etc. Since we had last visited their home, Kobus and Annemarie had added a swimming pool.

Tuesday, January 28

On our last evening in Bloemfontein, Kobus and Annemarie had a delightful dinner for us in their backyard with each person doing their own cooking on a huge gas grill. The procedure was to have several dishes of different kinds of meats, vegetables, and condiments. Each person manufactured his own combination and placed it on the grill, cooking it to his own satisfaction. Our lovely evening was somewhat saddened when the Blignaut's older son who had been watching the launching of the American spaceship on television rushed outside to tell us the Challenger had exploded. Our meal was nearly finished and the conversation sobered considerably. We sadly returned to our university housing for an early night to bed.

Wednesday, January 29

Kobus, with three-year-old Cherese, drove us to the airport for our morning departure to Johannesburg. We were met by the head of the South African Maize Board and driven to our hotel near the airport. Lowell then went to the Maize Board Office for a short seminar with the entire membership of the Maize Board. He had a discussion with them about future plans and the importance of quality improvement and export opportunities. Before the head of the Maize Board took Lowell to the office he drove me to his home as he said his wife would like to have me spend the day with her and have lunch. Which I happily agreed to do.

It was a very pleasant day with many discussions about South Africa's many political and race problems. Their teenage daughter joined us for lunch and they mentioned the discrimination even among the whites in that predominately Afrikaans area. Their daughter had attended an Afrikaans private school, but she was often treated as an outsider because her parents were of English descent, not the Dutch Afrikaner. It was clear the discrimination problem differed from group to group in South Africa. The English descendants were much more tolerant towards the Blacks and the coloreds than the Afrikaners, but the Afrikaners and the English had their own conflicts because of cultural and historical backgrounds.

Mrs.B. then told me of her volunteer work at a colored township school and at a nursing retirement home for the coloreds. (Colored in South Africa refers to people of other races that were neither pure white nor black. The term was often used to refer to people from the country of India). She then said, "Would you like to visit them?" And I immediately said, "yes." My only regret to this day is that for once I had failed to bring my camera with me.

She first drove me through the streets of the colored township. The houses were mostly one story houses, neat, well painted and surrounded by small lawns and flower beds. From there we went to the school. It too was a one story building made of cement blocks, rather colorless, but many children in our own country probably have attended school in facilities no more attractive than this. She took me first to the principals office. He greeted us warmly then guided us about the various classrooms. Each room we visited was filled with children sitting in

quiet respect at their desks. After I was introduced they were asked if they had any questions for me. Only a few of the children had enough nerve to ask where was I from.

Next we visited the home for the elderly. Most of the residents were seated in the dining hall finishing their lunch. Again I was introduced to the group with a little explanation of where I was from and why I was here. One elderly lady put up her hand and said she wanted to tell me something. When I walked over to her side she grasped my hands and said she wanted me to know how good everyone was to her at this home. I then said thank you for their hospitality and goodbye and they waved cheerily to me. I was shown the kitchen which was very clean and was shown the menus for the week which I considered good by anyone's standard. Then I saw several units where husbands and wives could furnish and share their own room. These too were very pleasant and comfortable. They had been built with funds given by the Johannesburg Rotary Club. Mrs. A spent several volunteer days a week in the home planning the meals, shopping for the home, and whatever was needed to be done. She told me there was race discrimination between the blacks and the coloreds as the coloreds often felt a step above the blacks. She also mentioned that in addition to her volunteer work her husband took care of the accounting and book keeping for them on his own time.

On several occasions we were driven around the perimeter of Soweto, but were told it was not a safe area for whites to enter. It was late afternoon and we returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Not long after, Lowell and Mr. B. returned and took us to dinner. It was a pleasant evening with discussions of world problems and wondering how they might ever be resolved. It was late when they returned us to our hotel.

Thursday, January 30

We had asked one of the South Africans how we might arrange to purchase a diamond. The rand was quite low against the dollar and we were told of a reliable company with which we might deal and make a good purchase at a wholesale rate. A driver was sent to the hotel to pick us up. He was a black who worked for the company and lived in Soweto. He was very pleasant and spoke good English. He said his employers were very good to him and he enjoyed his work with the company. His big worry, however, was living in Soweto where there were lots of problems. He was worried of what effect it was going to have on his teenage children. He also worried, not only about the safety of his children, but of his entire family.

We were taken past a guard, up an elevator, and through a pair of steel doors. We were shown the cutting and the setting process and then taken to a private room to look at their collection of diamonds. Lowell bought a beautiful stone a little over one carat in size. We could only hope we were getting a good value, but when we returned home our jeweler estimated its value to be nearly three times what we had paid for it. As an unset stone it did not require duty coming into the United States and we were able to have it set along with my engagement

diamond. We then returned to the hotel for lunch and tried to rest until time to go to the airport. Our plane did not leave for New York until nearly midnight.

It was a long and exhausting 17½-hour flight from Johannesburg to New York. The plane was packed and the seats were small and crowded. After dinner was served, the lights were turned off and did not come on again until we approached the island of Isle de Sol for the refueling stop. We were served half a sandwich and a glass of juice just before we landed. The stewardess told us we could get off the plane for the thirty minute refueling stop, but if we stayed on the plane we were to not leave our seats. Lowell and I readily got off to stretch before our bodies froze in this position. It was good to have an opportunity to walk about the bleak little terminal even though it was in the dark of night. We returned to the plane and were soon back in the air on the way across the ocean.

Friday, January 31

The plane arrived in New York JFK airport at 6:50 a.m. Our schedule required a transfer by helicopter to LaGuardia and a three hour wait for the plane to Chicago. By that time I was too numb to know which country and which airport I was sitting in. We finally boarded the United plane to Chicago at 10:00 a.m. We arrived in Chicago and picked up the Hertz rental car for the three hour drive to Urbana. We were almost “out of body” as we turned onto I-294 and connected with I-57 headed south for home. We had a taste of reality when we stopped at the Hen House for a cup of coffee and American apple pie. Somehow this stop always seemed to help us bridge the gap of time and culture. We knew we were home as we listened to farmers in adjacent booths conversing about weather and prices.

We finally reached Urbana, and night found us back in our own bed. All in all it had been a wonderful trip with memories we will treasure throughout our life.



Tapan

April 8 - May 2, 1986



Japan

1986

The MV *Century Progress* had finished loading its cargo of corn at the Zen Noh elevator in New Orleans and was on its way toward the port of Kashima, Japan. Lowell and his team had completed an exhausting marathon of sampling the corn from farm to the vessel. This was one of the most complicated of the cargoes Lowell had monitored. In addition to Lowell the team included an entomologist, a plant pathologist, agricultural engineers, an ag lawyer, a licensed grain inspector and a bevy of students and technicians. The “frosting on the cake” was a 2-man video team that would record the process and create what turned out to be an award winning documentary recording changes in quality from farm to final destination in Kashima, Japan.

By the time the vessel left the dock in the New Orleans’ port, the team had installed humidity and temperature sensors, and insect traps in the cargo. The University of Illinois video team had documented the loading and sampling process, and would meet the vessel in Kashima.

Some of the U.S. exporters were still unwilling to cooperate in the research that included monitoring their operations during loading and unloading the vessel, and this was another good example. During March, Lowell had arranged to follow a shipment loaded by Continental Grain to Mitsui in Japan. The manager at the export elevator had readily agreed (he was from central Iowa and had good relations with Lowell from that connection). Once the loading date was fixed, the manager was to notify Lowell of loading time, three days in advance. However, word came down from the New York headquarters that the offer to cooperate had been withdrawn. Mitsui responded they wanted this information and would change to another exporter if Continental would not cooperate. The next day Continental called Lowell to say that he could take samples, but they had substituted another vessel which would start loading in eight hours. They knew full well that Lowell could not organize and transport the team and equipment to New Orleans in eight hours.

Lowell started calling his contacts in the Japan grain industry and soon had an alternative program arranged with Zen Noh which had purchased a cargo to be delivered to a starch processor in Kashima. His presentation to the Japanese Starch Association in 1985 and connections with Mr. Kurachi in the Japan Corn Starch Company had reaped its rewards.

The research and video teams were transported by plane and van to New Orleans and sampling went smoothly except for the usual threats that if the sampling caused any loading delays, Lowell would be held responsible for the costs in the thousands of dollars. The manager at Zen Noh had been a stevedore during sampling problems when loading the MV *Union Defender* for shipment to Mexico. Consequently, he was familiar with what Lowell was doing

and what was needed. However, he failed to notify Lowell that loading time had been moved up six hours. By the time the team arrived to take the samples, the elevator was behind schedule and pressing for speed. What Lowell thought would be two teams alternating eight hours on and eight hours off, turned out to be non stop for the entire team. The manager later confided to Lowell some of their operations people were “trying to cover him up with corn” and they had set an all time record for the amount of corn loaded in 24 hours.

The captain was another fortuitous circumstance, in addition to the coincidence that the vessel being loaded was the *MV Century Progress* — the same vessel we had followed in 1985. Captain J. Blesdoe was most cooperative and watched the sampling process with great interest. With no time for food or rest, whenever there was even a 5-minute break, the sampling team would throw themselves flat on the deck and rest until Lowell called for the next trip down the long ladder to the corn. Captain Blesdoe could appreciate the toll this was taking on the workers. and commented in his English accent: “Your lads look a little waxed.” He got that right!

Meanwhile, the video team had hired a helicopter and were filming the loading and sampling process from the air — heads and cameras hanging out the open door for just the right shot.

During all of this process I was back at our now familiar Millet Motel in the town of La Place handling phone calls and working with the students as they waited for the action to begin. I organized changes in plane schedules and kept in touch with Lowell’s office, as changes were made in schedules and as the developments for travel to Japan were completed.

Tuesday, April 8

Back in Urbana, I had completed my checklist for a 3-week absence and we were ready to start for Japan for a week of preliminaries prior to the arrival of the research and camera teams. The vessel was not scheduled to dock in Kashima until April 22, but we were leaving a few days early to play tourists in Kyoto and then on to Nagoya to meet with the Nihon Corn Starch company and their president, Mr. Kurachi.

We put our suitcases in the car (including all of Lowell’s research and sampling supplies and a box of publications) and departed for Chicago about 3:45. We stopped at Kankakee for dinner then continued the drive to O’Hare Howard Johnson’s hotel, where we could leave our car until our return. We had a light dinner then early to bed. We were anticipating a long road ahead — figuratively and literally.

Wednesday, April 9

We were up early to check out of the hotel and take the 6:40 shuttle to the airport. We departed for Los Angeles in a packed United DC-10, with approximately 40 black Junior high school students traveling with us. I learned from one of their leaders that they were a glee club scheduled to perform in Anaheim, California. They were nice, well mannered, quiet children.

We arrived in L.A. on time, only to discover that our flight to Tokyo had been canceled. Fortunately, we noticed there was a United Flight departing for Osaka in one hour. Since that was in our planned itinerary, we rushed to the Red Carpet Room to see if they could put us on that flight. I couldn't believe our good luck when they booked us on that flight and said they would try to give our luggage special handling to get it there too. We had intended to fly to Tokyo, change planes and fly to Osaka, where we would catch a bus to Kyoto. This was an even better arrangement than our original plan, because we could skip Tokyo and shorten the time in the air. The ship was not due to dock until April 22, so we had decided to visit Kyoto before taking the train to Nagoya, where Lowell was scheduled to meet with Mr. Kurachi and representatives from the corn starch industry

The route took us first to San Francisco, where we changed to an L 1011. It was a long flight to Osaka, but fortunately not too crowded. There was a couple sitting behind us and we learned he was a United Airlines pilot who flew this route on a regular basis. He said he had enjoyed Japan so much, he wanted his wife to see it also, and had taken vacation time so they could see it together. They were a very pleasant couple and we saw them several times on tours in Kyoto.

Thursday, April 10

We arrived in Osaka around 7:00 p.m. It had been raining, and we were lucky to catch a bus for Kyoto outside the airport for a 1-hour ride to the Kyoto train station, on a warm humid evening. We transferred to a taxi at Kyoto Station for a long drive to the Holiday Inn on the far north side of Kyoto.

Our room, overlooking the river, was pleasant and spacious. Cherry blossoms hung in garlands from every tree outside our window, and their fragrance filled the evening air as we prepared for bed. We had a shower and a nice long nights sleep.

Friday, April 11

We had breakfast in the coffee shop, then took a walk around the large sports complex connected with the hotel. There were facilities for ice skating, tennis, etc.

We looked over the tour brochures and decided to take a taxi at 10:00 to the Kyoto Crafts Center. We looked over the crafts without buying anything and then ate lunch at the center. After a review of available tours, we decided to join the afternoon Kyoto Shrine and Temple tour, advertised as "a rewarding return to antiquity." The United Airlines' pilot (Mario) and his wife (Betsy) who we had met on the flight from San Francisco to Osaka, were on the tour also. They were obviously pleased at the opportunity to share the Japanese experience with other Americans.

The tour included three stops; Sanjusangendo Hall, Heian Shrine, and Kiyomizu Temple. The Hall contained 1000 life-size images of Buddha, each with 11 heads and 40 arms. It was

somewhat overwhelming. These wooden sculptures were carved more than 700 years ago. Some are considered to be the most exquisite examples of wood sculpture in the world. The Heian Shrine was built by the city of Kyoto to house the spirit of Kanmu, the 50th emperor of Japan who built the city 1,100 years ago. The highlight of the 10-acre garden was the stepping stones in the pond. We enjoyed the short time available for the picturesque garden walk.

Our last stop of the day was the 355-year-old wooden Kiyomizu Temple. The temple was built into the hillside with attractive landscaping and many shops. The promotional material said the sacred water would “prolong life, and enhance intelligence and beauty.” I took a few sips of the water, but didn’t notice any improvement in the last two. Cherry blossoms covered the city in great profusion and their delicate perfume filled the spring air as we returned to our hotel for dinner and a good nights rest.

Saturday, April 12

We decided this was to be the day to see as much of Kyoto as possible. We had signed up the evening before for a morning palace tour and an afternoon garden tour. The tour bus picked us up at the hotel at 8:15. We were the first on the long list of hotel stops. It was a beautiful day, blue skies and cherry trees in bloom everywhere. Ancient castles and shrines mingled with commercial buildings of the modern city. The tour started at 9:15 with the first stop at the Nijo Castle, which was built in 1603 for the first Tokugawa Shogun, as his Kyoto residence. Surrounded by double moats, this castle had numerous beautiful structures and gardens. Ninomaru Palace, one of the main buildings, represented typical early 17th century Japanese architecture. The paintings on the walls and the sliding doors were works of the greatest artists of the period. An interesting feature of the palace was a wooden corridor called the “Nightingale Floor” that squeaked when anyone walked on it. It was intentionally designed to squeak to warn of possible intruders. This was the glittering residence of a military dictator who could afford to rival the emperor in the size and grandeur of his palace. It was here on April 6, 1868, that Emperor Meiji issued the edict that abolished the shogunate.

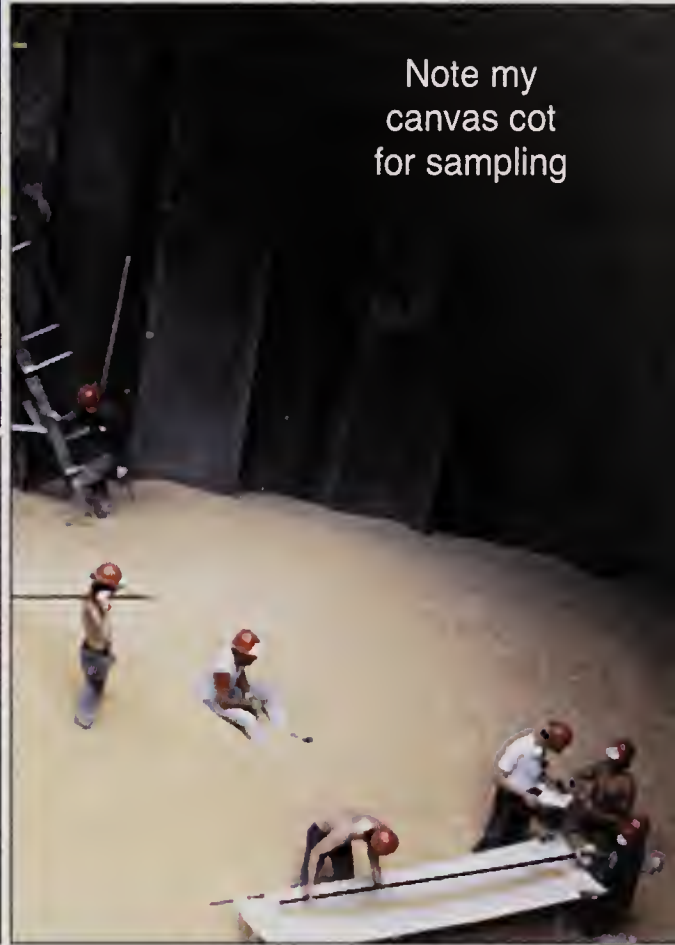
We wandered about the structures with our tour guide for some time, then boarded the bus for a tour of the Gold Pavilion (Kinkakuji). It was a lovely gilded structure standing in the precincts of a Buddhist temple called Rokuonji. This pavilion was built for the third Ashikaga Shogun and was typical of the Muromachi Period from 1392 to 1573. There was a beautiful pond that reflected the pavilion and the tranquil wooded background. The original pavilion was destroyed by fire set by one of its priests in 1950, and was rebuilt in 1955.

Our third stop was at the Old Imperial Palace. It was originally built in 794, but had been destroyed by fire repeatedly and each time rebuilt. The present buildings date back to 1855. I found this palace had clean, simple lines, but it was somewhat austere. The Imperial family lived here until the Meiji Revolution in 1868, when they moved to Tokyo.

Our last stop for the morning was at the Kyoto Handicraft Center. There were demonstra-



Century Progress
loaded with 2.1 million bushels of corn



Note my
canvas cot
for sampling



Cherry blossoms in Kyoto



Reflections

tions of various handicrafts such as, Amita damascene, doll craft, pottery making, woodblock, painting, etc. We browsed about the shop, then had lunch in the coffee shop and waited for the bus for the afternoon garden tour.

The afternoon garden tour was somewhat of an education in itself as there were few flowers. The Rock Garden of Ryoanji Temple is famous for its simplicity. It consists only of neatly raked white sand with 15 different shaped rocks placed at aesthetically pleasing locations. Each element has a special meaning, not always obvious to the tourist observer. The rocks symbolized tigers crossing a river, which was represented by the white sand. The marks of the rake in the sand represented currents in the river. The temple adjacent to the garden was originally built in 1450 and rebuilt in 1499 and belongs to the Zen Buddhist Sect.

The Garden of Daisen-in was founded in 1509 and was equally as famous as the Ryoanji garden and contained similar symbolism in rocks, sand, and shrubbery. It contained a representation of magnificent waterfalls, lakes, and rivers without the use of water — only white sand, gravel, and rocks. As the guide books say, “The interpretation is left to the viewer’s imagination and spiritual inclinations.” Both gardens embodied the Zen emphasis on tranquility and in those quiet settings, they did give one a feeling of peace.

Our bus returned us to our hotel for dinner and a quiet evening.

Sunday, April 13

We had talked about taking an afternoon tour to Nara, but decided against it as we would not be able to return until very late. This was a good time to get our tickets to Nagoya. We took the shuttle bus to the train station, picked up our tickets, and made our reservations for Monday’s trip. We spent an hour looking through a nearby department store, then took the shuttle bus to Hotel Kyoto to see if we could get tickets to the Geisha recital. Sadly, they were sold out. We returned to the Holiday Inn after lunch and went for a long walk to admire and enjoy the cherry blossoms, along with hundreds of Japanese. The trees were in full bloom, creating spectacular pink clouds everywhere. There were crowds of people, mostly local residents also out enjoying the beautiful day and blossoms. I was very touched while photographing some small children, when a little boy about three or four, came running to me and gave me the flower he was carrying, complete with roots. I suspect it had been illegally pulled up, but I could not refuse such sweet generosity. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the multitude of blossoms.

After a long walk, we reluctantly returned to the hotel for the evening, and packed for our trip to Nagoya on Monday.

Monday, April 14

We knew this was going to be a very busy day, but it turned out to be much more than we had anticipated. We ate breakfast at the Holiday Inn, then took a taxi to the train station. It was



Sunday
crowds enjoy
the blossoms



Symbolism
in sand



A friendship
flower from
a little boy



School girls
pose for a picture

a fast one hour trip to Nagoya on the bullet train (the Shinkansen). When we arrived at 11:26, four company people from the Nihon Corn Starch Company were waiting to greet us. One was a young woman secretary, sent by Mr. Kurachi, president of the company. This was a different secretary than the one who accompanied me during our previous trip. Mr. Kawakita, head of the research division, was leading the welcoming team. He continued to work with Lowell for many years and we became close friends.

We were ushered into two waiting Mercedes company cars and driven to the Nagoya Palace Hotel. We were informed en route they had “taken the liberty of changing our hotel reservations.” We had made reservations at a modest priced hotel, consistent with University budgets, but Mr. Kurachi thought we should have better accommodations. Mr. Kawakita told us all expenses would be covered by the company, and we were to sign for anything we needed during our stay. The entire group ushered us to the top floor to a beautiful suite of rooms, overlooking the magnificent Nagoya Palace. The Palace was surrounded by a park adorned with beautiful cherry blossoms and a moat complete with ducks and swans.

Our suite consisted of a large entry hall with closet and powder room and a large living room with a full glass wall overlooking the palace. On the coffee table was a huge bouquet of red roses, pink carnations, baby’s breath, and white flowers. A box of fancy Godiva chocolates and a welcome note from Mr. Kurachi were placed beside the flowers. The bedroom had its own sitting room, and a large divided bath and closet. A total of three phones, two televisions, a stack of English newspapers, and a refrigerator attested to the thoughtfulness of Mr. Kurachi and his staff. The decor was pale beige and gold with white tones in the brocaded walls and a beige carpet.

The company representatives handled a private check-in with the concierge outside our door. They invited both of us to join them for lunch and said they would wait for us in the lobby. After lunch, I spent the afternoon unpacking, pressing clothes, and enjoying. Lowell was driven to the office to meet with Mr. Kurachi and others in the company.

Lowell returned to the hotel in late afternoon and we were driven to a private club called “something” Cherry Blossom. A pretty stone path led to the front door through a carefully landscaped oriental garden. We slipped off our shoes in the entry and stepped carefully on the tatami mats. We were ushered across a large open room that could be divided by sliding rice paper doors, to an area with large windows overlooking a beautiful garden. Mr. Kurachi and Yuko (his daughter) were already seated on cushions and greeted us warmly. Sweet rice cakes and green tea were placed before us. After this formal hospitable greeting we were ushered back to a large room, containing low Japanese tables, for dinner. Lowell and I were seated nearest to the decorated alcove — “the place of honor” we were told. Yuko and Mr. Kurachi were seated across from us and three company men were seated to our right and across the table. Seating arrangements were apparently very important and had been carefully planned and subtly implemented. As a concession to Westerners, the floor beneath the table was cut away and we could

comfortably sit at the table with our feet resting on soft cushions below. A small back rest was also prepared for us. Hot wash cloths were brought by seven Kimono clad waitresses — one for each person at the table. I cannot even begin to remember the tremendous number of dishes served us, but there were many beautiful tidbits, each more elaborate and beautiful than the last. Early in the meal we were served small fish and delicate artistically arranged vegetables. Then main dishes were served to each of us individually, in hooded wicker baskets lined with bamboo leaves. Hot charcoal was placed on the bamboo leaves in the bottom of the baskets, and on the charcoal rested small whole trout about six inches long with a bamboo skewer through each. Two were placed on each plate on individual lacquered trays. Another unusual dish was thin slices of beef on our own tiny clay Hitachi, along with various soups, rice, etc. Yuko told us they had chosen the beef instead of blowfish, a poisonous dish if not prepared properly. Yuko laughingly said they decided not to take the risk. It was a very special and enjoyable evening. Royalty could not have received more gracious treatment. We said good-night and were returned to our hotel by the company driver. We had no sooner turned off our light when Lowell received a call from a New York consulting agency. Finally lights out at 10:30.

Tuesday, April 15

We rose early for breakfast in the dining room at 7:00. It was raining, but Yuko Itchikawa (Mr. Kurachi's married daughter), the young secretary from the previous day, and Mr. Kurachi's personal male secretary (his man Friday, I think) were waiting for me in the lobby, promptly at 8:15. A 45-minute drive outside of Nagoya took us to Arimatsur (one of the 53 stops on the Ancient road from Kyoto to Edo (Tokyo)), to the tie dye shop. The owners were friends of Mrs. Kurachi. It was a traditional Japanese home. We removed our shoes in the entry after introductions to our hostess, and stepped up to the tatami mats. Beautiful tie dye was displayed everywhere: ties, lengths of silk and cotton, t-shirts, handbags, etc. I was seated in a cushioned chair despite my protests that I would be comfortable on the floor. Yuko made a formal presentation on her knees, of a gift from the Kurachi family to our hostess. Six large boxes were wrapped and tied in the traditional scarf. Both the giver and receiver gave polite and formal exchanges of bowing and words. The gifts disappeared without being unwrapped.

The husband appeared and proceeded to explain the history of his family tie dye business dating back to 1608. When a Nagoya palace workman from Kyushu, was cited for the tie dye garment he was wearing made by his family, royalty insisted on having garments from this material. This was the beginning of the industry in the Nagoya area and this family business continued as the only one permitted to produce this type of tie dye until the 1800's. They made over 100 designs. Our hostess brought out a pretty navy blue tie dyed kimono and slipped it on me, complete with obi, and then asked if I would like to wear it during the tea ceremony. We walked down a narrow passageway bordering the tiny garden, after donning slippers, and then

removing them before stepping into the formal tea room. I was seated on a pillow next to the alcove (place of honor) and Yuko proceeded to instruct me in the art of the “tea ceremony.” I was given a sweet rice candy, then handed the tea bowl which had been prepared using the special stirring brush and appropriate gestures. I turned the bowl one-fourth turn as Yuko had instructed me, and took a small sip. I turned the bowl again, returned it to the hostess, and then bowed low and said thank you. Yuko and the young secretary followed the same procedures with their bowls, but the secretary seemed hesitant. I suspected that it was a protocol thing with her in the presence of “important” people, but kind generous Yuko urged her to partake.

We returned to the front room and Yuko said I was to select a length of silk for a dress as a gift from her mother and a tie for Lowell. I was quite overwhelmed at such a generous gift and finally chose a lovely blue gray tie dyed silk for myself and a navy blue tie with a red design for Lowell.

Yuko shopped for numerous things for friends, then we were taken down the street to a display of tie dye and to watch some of the craftswomen at work. We had time for only part of the demonstration movie. We were then driven to a restaurant where we were greeted by Mrs. Kurachi, a darling gracious woman. I would have loved to communicate more with her had we known a common language, but her warm smiles spoke volumes. We had a delightful luncheon (French menu) with lots of happy conversation, never stiff or uncomfortable. The menu included rabbit pate, tiny dish of seafood, vichyssoise, a chicken and lobster dish, tiny vegetables, custard with berries, and tea. Then it was back in the Mercedes and on to the Noritake factory. Another secretary had joined us and we were now being transported in two Mercedes with drivers. We went first to the show room where hundreds of dishes and pottery were displayed. After looking around, they asked me to sit in a chair and select a plate from the display. I finally settled on a lovely hand painted one. They then requested I sign it on the back as a souvenir of my visit. I asked Yuko and Mrs. Kurachi to sign it also, which they did, before sending it to be fired again. I was concerned I had chosen a very expensive dish — hand-painted cherry blossoms and Nagoya Castle, with blue and gold border. My fears were confirmed and I was more than a little shaken when I later saw it on display for \$180.00. Things became more unsettling as the afternoon progressed. We watched a movie about Noritake, then visited the plant. I was very impressed at the care given each individual piece. We watched them hand paint plates like the one I had chosen and all sorts of dinner ware. This was their “diamond collection” (top quality). We saw ceramic boxes being made special for visiting dignitaries such as President Regan. The factory was very clean, with a most pleasant atmosphere for customers as well as workers.

From the factory we were driven to the Noritake retail show room, and I was told I was to choose a tea set as a gift from the Nihon Starch Company. By now I was numb and beyond rational decision making. After long deliberation and much useless pleading for help, I chose a dainty white set from one of the less expensive lines. Mrs. Kurachi shook her head and pointed

to a similar set from the Okura diamond collection. She smiled with pleasure and nodded her head when I conceded to her choice of a delicate white set with gold trim. I shuddered at the price of nearly \$700.00 for the service for six, a lot of money for that time. Such choices place a terrible burden on the receiver, but more was still to come.

On to Ando, famous for its cloisonne. We toured the shop and admired the craftsmen's work and then I was told to choose another gift. At this point I was hardly capable of sound judgement and since I could not tell the price, I'm afraid my taste ran to the expensive and I found myself in a predicament. I couldn't think of a gracious way out, and knew the end result was going to involve a big expense for Mr. Kurachi. It was far too much on every score. Their hospitality and friendship was enough, but I shall always remember a sweet generous family that turned me into Cinderella for two days. I chose a lovely dish done in pastel flowers. I was told not to worry about taking it back to the states. Everything I had received that day would be shipped to my home. It did arrive, beautifully wrapped and packed in a wooden crate that was shipped air freight carrying a prepaid bill of lading showing a freight cost of more than \$100.00!

We then joined the family and Mr. Kawakita, for a western style dinner at a restaurant. It developed that Mr. Kurachi had reserved the entire restaurant and the French chef for our small dinner party. The food was exquisitely French. Mrs Kurachi had again prepared a splendid center piece. And as always, Mr. Kurachi had arranged to have flags for both countries. One of the "ever-present" drivers waiting at the door delivered us back to the hotel and we were in bed at 10:00, but had difficulty going to sleep after so much excitement.

Wednesday, April 16

Check-out following breakfast was a simple procedure since all charges went to the Nihon Corn Starch Company. The company driver met us in the lobby and handed us 1st class tickets on the bullet train to Tokyo. Mr. Kawakita had taken our 2nd-class tickets earlier and without asking us, had changed them to 1st class, compliments of Mr. Kurachi. The bullet train to Tokyo left at 9:30 and the company had five people present to put us on the train and bid us safe journey. We were shown where the number of each car door is painted on the concrete, and passengers match the numbers with those on their ticket and line up to wait. The train stops so that each door lines up exactly within the marks associated with each number. They made sure we were standing in the line with our car number painted on the concrete — a very efficient loading system. One of the young women secretaries who had been with us yesterday, handed me a lovely wrapped box that turned out to be candy as she said, "goodbye." One of the company men helped us on the train, carrying our bags and placed them in the overhead rack. It was only a 2-minute stop, so he and we were rushing to stow the bags, find our seats, and bid farewell. In the rush, he left the briefcase he had been carrying, on the seat. Lowell rushed to the door with the briefcase, but the doors slid shut

before he reached them. The shock on all their faces as they realized the loss, just as the train pulled from the station with the briefcase on board, indicated how important that briefcase must be. It was most likely company materials which the employee had been entrusted to carry. We knew of no way to contact the company to tell them we had the material at the hotel and assure them Lowell would take the briefcase with him on Thursday, when the company representatives came to Tokyo for the seminar. You cannot imagine their relief and gratitude on Thursday because he had rescued and returned the case.

We arrived at the Tokyo Station about noon, took a taxi to the Tokyo Prince, and had a light lunch in the coffee shop. Lowell spent the afternoon preparing for his Thursday seminar, while I unpacked and organized everything in preparation for the days ahead. After dinner, we waited in the lobby for Karen and Marvin Paulsen who were arriving from Illinois to join the team. They looked tired after the long flight and bus ride in from Narita.

Thursday, April 17

We had breakfast in the coffee shop with Karen and Marvin, showing them how we used the vouchers given to us by the Prince Club. Lowell and Marvin departed for meetings with the American Soybean Association in the morning and then held their informational discussion with the Japan Corn Starch Association in the afternoon. This was their opportunity to explain their research objectives and persuade the firms in the Association to assist in their efforts to improve quality of corn purchased from the United States for wet milling. Karen and I spent the day shopping in the Ginza, which is always a fun excursion. The clerks in the stores are always gracious and helpful. There were greeters at every door wearing uniforms and white gloves, welcoming each customer individually and offering assistance.

Lowell and Marvin returned to the hotel around 5:00 for dinner in the coffee shop and then to bed; everyone was very tired.

Friday, April 18

This was another busy day. Kenji sent Tony, one of his graduate students from Malaysia, to take Karen and me to the shrine and resort areas on the coast south of Yokohama. It was a long train ride with several changes. School children in uniforms hopped on and off the trains. They were so sweet and friendly. Tony took us to see a demonstration of the formal tea ceremony. This was new to Karen, but I had already been well indoctrinated in the formalities. A really fun day with about nine hours of sight seeing. Five of those hours were on the train. We toured several Buddhist shrines. One was the second largest Buddha in the world, "The Great Buddha of Kamakura." There were lots of darling school children at all the places we visited, dressed in their navy blue school uniforms, apparently on school field trips. By the time we returned to the hotel, Lowell and Marvin were already back from their day of meetings. They joined us for dinner, then Lowell worked a while before going to bed.

Saturday, April 19

We woke to another rainy day. I was happy we had decided against the trip to Fuji. Instead, Lowell, Marvin, Karen, and I went to the Ginza to shop. We were now quite comfortable moving around town on the subway system. We had learned how to count subway stops on the station display board and then keep track between origin and destination. The lack of English station names was not a problem as long as we didn't lose count. Many stations had English names posted. Lowell and I were ready to quit by 3:00 p.m., and so was Marvin, but Karen helped him decide to continue. We returned to the hotel and Lowell prepared for the next few days' activities.

Sunday, April 20

There was more rain again this morning, but it stopped before we finished breakfast. Karen, Marvin, Lowell and I decided to see as much of the National Museum and the Zoo at Ueno Park as time and energy would permit. Lowell and I had explored the park the year before, but were happy to repeat the experience. In the interest of time we took a taxi, since it was not too expensive when shared by four. We especially enjoyed the Pandas that had been sent from China. The National Museum was also very interesting as it displays the art and history of Japan with many rare exhibits. We rode the small mono-rail that stretched across the park, then stopped at a Japanese style restaurant (sitting on the floor) for lunch.

We decided on another taxi to the Asakasa shrine. Marvin and Karen had not been there before so we took time to enjoy all the little shops along the walk way to the shrine. All kinds of crafts and souvenirs were being sold. The large shrine at the end of the walk was very inspiring with huge red pillars and rich gold trim. There was a shopping mall nearby and we took this opportunity to do a little shopping, since the men would have little time in the days to follow. After completing a few purchases, we decided to try the subway home, even though it required several changes and we were in unfamiliar territory. A group of Japanese ladies saw us trying to read the subway map and even though they could speak no English, they indicated they knew where we wanted to go. They showed us how to count seven subway stops and we would be at our destination without any changes. All of this was done with a lot of hand motions, pointing, and laughter. They gaily waved goodbye as we boarded our train. Lowell and I returned to the hotel, but Karen and Marvin stopped off at the Ginza for more shopping and dinner. Lowell and I had dinner at "The Villa" on the grounds of the Prince Hotel. It was a very nice restaurant with excellent menu selections. It came to be our favorite dining experience. We returned to the lobby to wait the arrival of the rest of the research team from Illinois. They were two hours late due to heavy headwinds and an unscheduled stop for refueling in Alaska. I went upstairs and washed my hair while Lowell waited in the lobby. All were very tired when they arrived for check-in at 9:00 p.m.

Monday, April 21

After breakfast, Lowell met with the team for more than an hour, to lay plans for the departure to Kashima and the work that lay ahead for sampling the corn in the vessel. The team members were refreshed after a long night's sleep, despite the effects of jet lag. I attributed their quick recovery to their youth.

We departed from the hotel at 11:30 via taxi, to the train station. I could hardly believe the amount of luggage piled on the floor of the lobby as we waited for our transportation. The bell captain had been collecting it from the team for the past hour and covering it with a mesh netting as the pile grew and grew. It took four taxis to hold the crew and their luggage. We ate lunch at the station and decided the train was scheduled to depart from track #2 at 12:26. Our tickets said we were all in car #6. We no more than boarded, when company men from car #7 came forward to introduce themselves. It was not hard for them to identify who we were, with all the exuberance of the young men on our team and the huge pile of luggage. It was a pleasant 1½- hour ride to the suburbs of Kashima. The company men had pre-arranged for a bus to take all of us from the station to the Kashima Hotel. We checked into the hotel and took a drive to the port. Our transportation again was arranged by the company representatives assigned to host us.

After lunch the company men insisted we must see the Kashima Shrine. It was in a park surrounded by trees. Deer in a nearby enclosure, looked at us with soulful eyes and begged for handouts through the wire mesh. The shrine was painted a bright oriental red and the roof was covered with blue tiles. We slipped off our shoes as we stepped inside to view the altar. The shrine was built in the 7th century. The people regard it as a shrine dedicated to the deity of land and good luck in war. Since there was nothing happening at the port, the entire team including the video cameramen went with us, for a pleasant afternoon stroll, before returning to the hotel for dinner. Our team was now at full strength. The research team included Marvin Paulsen (Ag Engineer), Barry Jacobsen (Plant Pathologist), Rick Weinzerel (Entomologist), Don Uchtmann (Agricultural Lawyer), and the "labor force" of Todd, Alan, Larry, Terry, Marvin's wife Karen, Lowell, and me. A cameraman and production manager from the Ag Communications Department at the university joined us at most of the functions and were always present during the work at the port.

Tuesday, April 22

Karen and I planned to remain at the hotel, but we were told we were invited to accompany the team to the port for a tour of the plant, and lunch. At the plant all of us were dressed in company white lab coats and hard hats. I had the opportunity to see how well the team had been treated at lunch, despite being in the rough setting of a huge grain unloading complex. Multi colored ceramic dishes were placed on tables arranged in rows. As we sat down we lifted the lid

to reveal a multi layered array of several kinds of oriental food, colorful and attractively arranged. Of course there was the struggle of chop sticks, but the food was delicious — the boys had not been suffering while eating at the plant. Following lunch the company men returned us to the hotel. The men remained at the port for the arrival and docking of the vessel, and the preliminary work required before beginning the sampling work. They were rained out by 5:00. Kenji, Don Uchtmann, Marvin, Lowell, Karen, and I went to a Japanese restaurant for dinner. Most of us chose tempura as one of the “recognizable” choices on the menu.

Wednesday, April 23

It was pouring rain when we went down for breakfast at 7:00, but the men departed for the port at 7:30 via bus. I returned to the room to work on my diary notes. Karen and I sat in the lobby from 10:00 to 11:30 while our rooms were being cleaned.

Karen wanted to go shopping before lunch, but I declined as it was still raining. I had lunch in my room. I spent the afternoon bringing my records up to date and reading.

Lowell and the men were back at 5:30. They had a good afternoon of sampling. The company’s inspection department provided four to six men (in white coats) to work the grain probes under Lowell’s direction. The sun came out, but it was very breezy and cool. Lowell had invited Captain Blesdoe and the chief engineer from the vessel, and three company men to join us for dinner. There were 20 of us in all. We went by taxi to a Japanese restaurant. Lowell and the chief engineer all moaned when they discovered they would be sitting on the floor again. Their legs just don’t fold in that configuration. We were concerned that Captain Blesdoe had not yet arrived, but we could not keep all the others waiting so went ahead with the meal as planned. It was a delightful evening, full of fun, conversation and laughter. It was a Sukiyaki dinner, cooked over burners in the center of the table. Big bowls and baskets of their thinly sliced beef, mushrooms, cabbage, onions, noodles, etc were brought to the low tables. A tiny bowl of onions, a plate of two skewers of grilled chicken and onions were set at each place, along with a bowl in which to break raw eggs in which we would dip our meat and vegetables, after they were cooked in a soy sauce mixture. I’m becoming less squeamish each day! Later in the meal we were served plates of two barbecued chicken wings to eat with our fingers. The wing tips were wrapped in paste-colored napkins. The last course was a small bowl of strawberries and Kiwi fruit. Then cups of hot black tea. It cost 880,000 yen for the 20 of us and that was considered the cheapest meal in town. “Wait till the U of I business office sees that item on the expense account,” I thought to myself.

We were nearly finished with the meal, when Captain Blesdoe arrived. He made his apologies to the group with the excuse that “Something came up with the crew.” When he had an opportunity to talk with Lowell and me privately, he explained that one of the Indonesian crew had tried to commit suicide by slashing his wrists. The captain had spent the evening with him in the hospital. He went on to explain that once a sailor signed on as part of the crew, he

was not allowed to leave until the time charter was complete — usually about a year. This particular crew member had become homesick and kept asking to be released from his contract and sent home. This Captain Blesdoe could not do. In deep depression, he tried to commit suicide. We never knew if he was returned to Indonesia or if he was given medical attention and returned to the ship. Captain Blesdoe said it was a hard life for the captain as well as the crew. He would not see his wife and children for nine to twelve months while taking various cargoes from one part of the world to another. Before returning to his home port in England, he would have delivered many different cargoes to many ports around the world. Once home he could relax on an extended vacation until he was commissioned to take command of another vessel.

This was a sad note to contemplate as we returned to the hotel and into bed a little after 10:00.

Thursday, April 24

We were awake, dressed, and in the coffee shop for breakfast shortly after 6:30. Good news; the sun was shining. I was amused when the American students all chose from the Japanese menu while the Japanese fellows (several company men were staying with us at the hotel as well as Kenji's student, Masa) chose bacon and eggs. Lowell called his secretary, Margaret, at the office to change reservations for everyone. He moved the team's departure to Wednesday and us to the next Saturday. I returned to the room to do laundry and spent the afternoon reading. I had dinner with Lowell in the coffee shop.

Friday, April 25

We received an early call from Margaret, Lowell's secretary, about reservations home. Reservations for the team were confirmed for April 30, ours for departure on May 2. We had breakfast with the team this morning, all of them ready and eager to get out to the port. A man from the American Feed Trade Association also joined us at our table. After the men left for the port, I went for a walk with Karen, and bought five carp windsocks for Alan, as he had asked me if I would. We returned and packed for our departure from Kashima tomorrow.

Dinner that evening was hosted by the port elevator people, starting with a reception on the third floor of the hotel, for everyone involved in the project. Karen and I were invited. It was a standup buffet, with chopsticks (a bit difficult). The food was good and attractively served as well. There were fruit plates, tiny sandwiches, salad, sliced beef and ham, along with smoked salmon and raw fish. They also served a nice custard dessert. We were all given solar powered calculators by the importing company. Thankfully the party was over at 7:30.

Saturday, April 26

After breakfast I finished packing and the entire team departed for Tokyo at 10:30 in a specially arranged bus. We dropped Karen and Marvin at the Narita bus stop, so Marvin could

transfer to the terminal and put Karen on the plane for home. The rest of the team stopped at a restaurant outside Narita for lunch, where we cooked our own food over a gas grill in the center of each table. The food was excellent, with a huge selection and really a lot of fun. Our students were really enjoying the cultural experience.

Professor Horiguchi's student, Masa, who had been sent to help Lowell with sampling and as an interpreter, had been complaining about his room charges ever since we checked out of the hotel. He repeated his complaint again while we were eating lunch. Lowell had specifically told the team he would pay all food and lodging costs related to the project, but if they ordered anything personal for the room, they would need to pay that themselves. Masa had ordered in-room videos for every night, and had run up a considerable personal bill. When Lowell refused to pay for his video entertainment, he became very agitated. He had been less than satisfactory help during the sampling, since he had no "hands on" experience or abilities — some of the students described him as a "klutz." Although he had worked with the team in 1985, he seemed to have learned little from that experience. He was always in the wrong place, and could never master the use of the equipment. They tried to keep him occupied some place on the dock where he could not handle equipment or sample bags. The team was irritated, but amused when he tried to jump in the barge to help, and broke through the boards covering part of the barge.

Following this leisurely lunch break, we continued on to the Tokyo Prince Hotel, arriving a little before 3:00 p.m. We put our things in our room, then with Don, Gene, and Marvin in tow we took the subway to the Ginza to do their shopping. I bought a kimono for my mother for Mother's Day. We had a light supper at a department store, then back to the hotel. The police protection for the up coming Western Summit was really beginning to show. There was even a policeman standing at the subway entrance, and many on guard at all approaches to the nearby Imperial Palace.

Sunday, April 27

Today was Lowell's 56th birthday. We had breakfast and decided on the spur of the moment to take the Fuji tour. It was very expensive, compared to other tours, about \$30.00 each. The bus departed at 8:30. Traffic was very heavy and we were stopped for a long time because of an accident on the highway. The sun came out and we had a beautiful view of Mt. Fuji. Cherry blossoms were in bloom profusely all along the road and in every park. We were driven to the fifth stage of the climb to the snowy peak of Mt. Fuji. Many people, young and old, were climbing to the peak on foot. Four or five shaggy ponies were tied along a railing, offering an opportunity for transportation for a short distance up the mountain, but we decided we had gone high enough. We visited a few of the shops exhibiting many Japanese crafts. The wind was blowing very hard, but it was not as cold as we had expected. The bus returned us back down the mountain to a 1:00 lunch at a pretty hotel on a lake, then on to Lake Hakone. We



Kashima Shrine and park



Gene explains things to Masa



Mt Fuji peak glows above the cherry blossoms



A bright smile from Kyuko, my guide



Waiting for the next rider to Fuji peak

were not so fortunate with the weather here as there was a dense fog and high winds: consequently, the tour guide canceled our boat trip on the lake. They took us to a hotel for coffee and then to the station to take the 6:30 bullet train back to Tokyo. We were bussed back to the hotel. I washed my hair, then had a “birthday supper” for Lowell at our favorite restaurant in the nearby Villa. It seemed we could never make it to bed much before 10:30.

Monday, April 28

We were up at 6:30, had a leisurely breakfast, then back to the room to help Lowell prepare for the 4:00 speeches and presentations to the trade team. We took time out for a luncheon salad in the coffee shop. Lowell was ready to leave at 3:00, but Marvin and Gene were 20 minutes late. Terry and the video team didn’t show until 10 minutes after that. I was a little irritated as none of these had any responsibilities except to be on time, and their tardy arrival put a lot of unnecessary pressure on Lowell.

About 4:00 I received a distressed call from Kyuko, Mr. Gotoh’s secretary, saying they were expecting me at the program. No one had the foresight to mention this to me. She wanted me to come anyway, but I declined as I felt the Japanese men would prefer it otherwise, and I would be the only woman besides Kyuko, in attendance. I was concerned my decision would offend Mr. Gotoh and Kyuko, but I really felt uncomfortable going. What an uncomfortable dilemma. I promised to call Kyuko at her home so that I could arrange a time to meet her on Wednesday for coffee.

Tuesday, April 29

This was the Emperor’s birthday and we were going to be on our own. Some of the group concentrated on finishing last minute shopping; others took in more tourist sights. Three of the fellows climbed the Tokyo Tower. We decided to visit the palace grounds one more time. The gates were open, but there was a long line waiting to enter. We thought it was not worthwhile to wait that long on the rare chance of seeing the Emperor.

Wednesday, April 30

It was another lovely day, with double cherry blossoms and azaleas in bloom everywhere. The curving driveway into the Tokyo Prince was ablaze with color. After seeing Gene and Marvin off to the airport, Lowell and the video team left to do an interview with one of Lowell’s past students at the Honen Oil Company in downtown Tokyo. He had been promoted to President and promised to put his opinions about U.S. grain quality on their video production.

Todd, Terry, and Masa left for Kashima about 4:00 so they would be ready to box the corn samples that had been placed in fumigation by Alan early Monday morning. U.S. and Japanese Customs regulations had given the team some difficult challenges. They finally had agreed a

48-hour fumigation would meet their respective requirements, but all the sample bags had to be opened so the gas could penetrate the corn. This required additional attention and care, because it was imperative the corn from one bag not be mixed with that from another. Always conscientious, Alan volunteered to stay late to open all the bags, and return after 48 hours to re seal them. Lowell had to reject the offers of help from the willing Japanese inspection agency — there could be no opportunity for questions as to the identity and complete integrity of the samples during this opening and closing of the bags.

Kyuko was determined to show me the sights of Tokyo, and arrived at 11:00. We set out by taxi to a small museum near Tokyo University. The driver got lost and it took us an hour to find the place. I never figured out the numbering system for buildings in Tokyo, and apparently neither had the taxi driver. There was a nice exhibit showing the Western influence on Japanese clothing from the late 1800s through the 1950s. Then we walked to a nearby shrine to view the azalea garden in full bloom. Kyuko asked an old man in the garden to take our pictures. What a time they had, deciding the best spot for the best light and flower background. Finally the “photo op” was perfect, but the old man was unable to operate my camera, in spite of our instructions. Kyuko located another passerby and asked for assistance and the photograph was successful in that perfect setting.

With “photo ops” finally completed we caught another taxi, whose driver proceeded to give us the grand tour around the government buildings, palaces, hotels, etc. in the area where the summit for the Western Allies was to be held starting the following Sunday. The place was like an armed camp, with 30,000 police filling the city. Every corner, train station, and subway were patrolled by armed guards wearing riot gear and carrying shields. All of the palace guards appeared very low key and smiled back if I smiled at them, but they were very much on the alert.

We had a lunch of spaghetti then went to an art show in the Suntary building near the Akasaka Prince Hotel. The exhibits covered the time period from the 1300s to the 1800s, and exhibits included Japanese art, silk screens, pottery, kimonos, lacquered boxes, etc.; all ornamented with birds and flowers. Kyuko wanted us to have tea but I told her I needed to get back to the hotel as Lowell was expecting me back by 4:00. I arrived at the Prince a little after four. Lowell still had not returned from the American Embassy, but finally appeared about 4:30. We had a snack in our room for a light supper, and went to bed early.

Thursday, May 1

We had a day to ourselves at last. We took the subway to United Airlines office about 9:30 to be certain everything was in order for our departure. We took one last shopping tour of the Ginza, bought an obi for mother’s kimono, and had lunch at a convenient department store counter. We took the subway to the Noritake store to see if I could find the pattern I had chosen in Nagoya and where it might be sold in the United States. We really found nothing. We walked



about a mile back to the hotel and spent the rest of the afternoon re packing our suitcases. Don Uchtmann invited us to join him for an evening out, but we knew it would be late, so declined. The remainder of the team had already left for the airport to return to the States, but Don was staying on to do some research on issues related to international law. We decided on one last dinner at the Villa and went to bed about 9:30.

Friday, May 2

We were awake early, at 6:15, had breakfast and departed for the airport at 8:00. The early departure was suggested by the hotel. They thought security might be a problem since President Regan was to arrive today. There was little traffic and not as much security at the airport as on previous trips, with the exception of lots of police keeping a close eye on everyone in a rather empty airport. That left us with a long wait since we could not check in until 12:45. After check-in we were able to go through security to the Red Carpet room to wait for plane departure at 2:55. We settled in for a long flight home, but were happy this research project was completed and had gone so well. The video team had recorded the entire process from Illinois farms to the table in a Japanese home. The final edited version was translated into seven languages and distributed around the world, receiving accolades, even from those who had opposed the research from the beginning.

Yugoslavia

September 21 - 30, 1986



Yugoslavia

1986

Sunday, September 21

I was very excited about our first opportunity to visit a country in Eastern Europe, still under control of a Communist dictator — Tito was declared President for life. Yugoslavia was heavily influenced by the USSR, but Tito had maintained a degree of independence and was walking a fine line between capitalism and communism. Depending on the source of the information, Yugoslavia was described as a “Socialist Republic,” an “Enlightened Communist Federation,” a “Communist Dictatorship,” or a combination of central control moving toward private market principles. I was very interested in observing the degree of freedom vs. control during the many contacts and activities planned for the days ahead.

Lowell had been invited to give a paper at a conference at the Maize Research Institute in Yugoslavia. Everyone referred to this as “The Research Institute” or just “Institute.” The Institute included a combination of private firms, universities, and government institutions. The invitation had come as a result of Dragan Misivec’s recommendation. His wife Melina, had worked as Lowell’s research assistant while Dragan was studying plant breeding at the University of Illinois. In addition to the conference, this trip would provide an opportunity for Lowell to compare the U.S. system for marketing grain (especially quality controls) with this “enlightened” socialist system.

Organizing the trip to Yugoslavia was complicated by Lowell having combined it with several other activities. Yugoslavia would be followed by ten days of work with the Food and Agricultural Organization in Rome, followed by a half day panel discussion in Washington, D.C. on our return. The Rome assignment was at the request of Dr. Leroy Quance, who had been a graduate student with Lowell at Michigan State University in 1963. Leroy was already providing an internship with FAO in Rome for Lowell’s graduate student, Karen Bender. We had been asked by Karen’s parents to deliver a camera and other personal items to replace those lost when Karen’s apartment in Paris had been burglarized the night before her departure for Rome. Karen and Jeanne Bailey had spent the summer in Europe on another of Lowell’s projects. All of the travel arrangements and the many appointments in both countries, had required a lot of negotiations in scheduling (giving our travel agent fits) but we were finally ready to depart.

It was a beautiful warm fall morning as we departed for O’Hare in a Hertz rental car. We had a 1:45 United Airlines flight from Chicago, so departed Urbana around 7:45 a.m. The air was warm with only a few clouds floating across the sky. It had become overcast by the time

we reached Chicago, but cleared by the time we finished a light lunch in the airport.

We had scheduled our time well, arriving at our gate 45 minutes before boarding time. United Airlines did not do as well in their scheduling, and we sat in the gate area for two hours before they finally announced boarding. This left us a little worried about connecting with the 6:15 departure from New York's Kennedy, especially since I still had not been issued a boarding pass and seat assignment. Lowell had been authorized to travel business class and I had arranged for an upgrade, but that could be issued only after we arrived at the gate. We had less than half an hour to make all the arrangements between landing and boarding time, and we literally ran from ticket counter to check in at the boarding gate. We might as well have taken our time, because this plane was also two hours late in departing New York. Both O'Hare and Kennedy airports were crowded, with lines at all the gates. I did get my seat in business class, but it was in the second row ahead of Lowell. Lowell made a convincing plea to the passenger in the seat next to him, and he agreed to exchange seats so we could sit together.

Our travel agent had alerted us to the Frequent Flyer perks, which allowed us to order special meals in advance. We anticipated this would provide a little improvement over the typical "rubber chicken" served in coach class. However, only one of the special meals arrived. I guess my last minute upgrade to business class had resulted in cancellation of my request. Between the two of us we managed to share the benefits. The extra space of business class made it a little easier for us to catch a little sleep as we winged our way across the Atlantic.

Monday, September 22

The TWA flight plan included a brief stop in Paris, then on to Zurich where we would change planes for Belgrade. As we approached Paris the captain announced that Paris was "fogged in", so we would continue circling until the fog lifted. After nearly an hour of circling Paris, the captain announced we were running low on fuel and would have to divert to Amsterdam. The voice on the intercom told passengers they must stay on the plane while it was being refueled. Amsterdam was clear. The plane landed smoothly and pulled into one of the gates. Suddenly someone changed the plan. All passengers headed for Zurich were ordered off the plane for a run through the terminal to catch a Swiss Air that was ready for boarding. It was a real rush and hassle with everyone trying to grab their carry-on luggage and run. We were pretty sure there was no way our checked bags would come with us, but at least we were on a plane headed for Zurich.

We had a nice visit during the flight with a fellow who worked with the Caterpillar Company. He was traveling from his home in Peoria, Illinois, to an assignment in Geneva, Switzerland. He was married to a girl from England and we enjoyed his comments on his experiences while stationed in the different countries.

We arrived in Zurich about noon and as expected there was no luggage. We spent the remaining time before the flight boarded for Belgrade, trying to locate luggage and arguing

with officials about how our bags were going to be forwarded to Belgrade when and if they found them. The flight from Paris to Zurich had been canceled, so luggage would have to be transferred to another flight, then make connections on to Belgrade and, they assured us, it would be delivered to our hotel.

Yugoslavia Air departed Zurich on time, and we were served a nice lunch, if you can call a meal at 3:30 lunch. We landed briefly at Zagreb, then back in the air again. We had a picture-perfect view of the Austrian Alps, with the sun reflecting off the peaks and a clear blue sky above. Much to our surprise, the plane landed at a military airport rather than landing in Belgrade. They explained the inconvenience was the result of the international airport at Belgrade undergoing repairs. There were no jet ramps — just down the movable stairs and walk to the waiting bus. We were loaded on airport busses for a 40-minute drive to Belgrade. Although we were tired and frustrated at delays, it was a pleasant drive, with the setting sun creating a kaleidoscope of color on the agricultural landscape as we made our way through the country side. We were happy to see Dragan waiting for us as we passed through customs. He helped us file the lost luggage forms and told them that our names and the name of the hotel were on the tags. “Please deliver them as soon as they arrive.” He deposited us at our hotel Yugoslavia (also called the Slavia Hotel) in downtown Belgrade. We were too tired to even think about eating, so showered and fell into bed.

Tuesday, September 23

The alarm awoke us at 6:30. We slept really hard last night. We discovered a very nice buffet breakfast in the coffee shop, with omelets, ham, various meats, cheese, eggs, rolls, coffee, tea and juice. We had a leisurely breakfast and waited for Dragan. He arrived at 8:30 to drive us to the Institute. The director, Dumonovic, greeted us with coffee and juice in the conference room. He and the assistant Director, Trifunovic, wanted Lowell to help organize a joint research project between the Institute and the University of Illinois. Melina arrived during the discussion, and we were invited to go along on a tour of the research facilities and test plots. It was a picture perfect day with bright sunshine and a cool breeze as we strolled among the corn test plots. At the end of the field, each variety had its own pile of harvested ears arranged for the farmer’s day program October 1. We were also privileged to meet Alexandar Bekric, who would later come to the University of Illinois to work with Lowell first as a visiting researcher, and later as his PhD candidate and marry his fiancé, Violetta, in the Urbana courthouse, with the wedding reception in the 3rd floor of Mumford Hall. We were to encounter them many times during the coming years, but for now they were just casual members of the conference.

We returned to the Institute dining room for lunch. Dragan and Melina drove us back to our hotel at 3:00 and we indulged in a short nap before taking a walk along the picturesque Blue Danube. The banks of the River had been covered with large flat stone blocks, with walk-

ways and steps leading to the edge of the water. The water was clear, reflecting the sky and clouds in its rippling currents. Melina and Dragan arrived promptly at 8:15 to take us to dinner. We were still trying to adjust to the late dining found in so many countries. The Institute had provided a car for Dragan since he had been assigned to serve as the official host for Lowell and me. They had selected a restaurant in a quaint little stucco house for our dinner. The streets we traveled reminded me of some of the villages I had seen in France. Each house was joined to the next. Trees lined both sides of the street. Antique lanterns lighted the heavy wooden doorway to the restaurant. The first room was a homey looking bar area. We entered the dining room and were ushered to a table reserved for us on the balcony. Heavy wooden beams supported the ceiling and the woodwork was like that found in old French and English inns.

It was a really great evening conversing with the students who had become such good friends. The food was so delicious I must try to describe it. The appetizers consisted of breaded deep fat fried sweet red peppers, cheese slices, cold spiced meats, and black olives. This course was followed by a large slab of cheese that had been breaded and fried, a tray of tomatoes, spiced lima beans, and other vegetables. The main course was filet mignon and veal. All of this was topped off with a French flambé — ice cream layers filled with fruit and ice cream in the center and garnished with whipped cream. This was accompanied by walnut finger cookies. It was a heavenly dessert and we expressed our delight. As a result the host brought us additional servings packaged to take with us to the hotel. Although it was late, Dragan and Melina wanted us to walk the dark streets and absorb the flavor of the area. It was 11:30 by the time we returned to our hotel.

Wednesday, September 24

Following breakfast, Dragan picked us up at 8:30 and stopped by their apartment to pick up Melina. Our destination today was the GRANEXPORT elevator in the town of Pancevo, located on the Danube River, south of Belgrade. The manager of the dry mill, Stefanovic Milenko, welcomed us into his office, offering small cups of strong coffee and a brief overview of their milling and exporting operations. Coffee finished, we were given a tour of the dry mill, with full explanations of the process. They were making grits, flour, and corn meal. When Lowell commented about the studies done at the U of I, to identify better quality corn that would increase the yield of grits, they immediately asked for copies of the research. Unfortunately the load of publications Lowell always brings along, were in our suitcases lost somewhere between Amsterdam and Belgrade. We visited all morning with the people in the plant, asking questions and being given very detailed answers. The mill was very similar to those we have toured in the United States, Argentina, and other countries.

As we walked outside the mill, we discovered they were loading a barge with 18,000 tonnes of corn headed for the USSR. I was surprised to learn how much traffic moves on this European river, forming the primary water route for commerce of central Europe, flowing

1,725 miles from its origin in the Black Forest of Germany to its mouth on the Black Sea. The barge loading offered an excellent photo opportunity, not only of the process but of the dust rising from the loading spouts — just like in the U.S.! When Melina asked if we could take photos, the answer was “We will have to check.” I’m not sure what ensued after that, except a man in uniform appeared and asked to see Lowell’s passport. He handed Lowell a sheaf of forms to be completed and Dragan volunteered to fill in the answers since the questions were all in Slavic. The young man disappeared with the forms and we heard nothing more about photos, forms, or permission. There would be no photos of the barge!

The grass was very brown and crunched under our feet. They said they were enduring a long drought and everything was very dry. The misty haze that had been hanging over the river all morning lifted, and we were treated to an enchanting dreamy scene. The famous “Blue Danube” wound its way between the brown banks and green trees until it disappeared in the distance. Insects buzzed around our heads, and the mill mixed its pleasant odor of warm corn with the smells of the land. It was something like an autumn day on the Mississippi River.

With the tour finished, Stefanovic took us into his office where we were served juice and more of the strong black coffee, as we conversed around a conference table. The furniture was made of light wood, designed with simple clean lines. The pure white semi sheer curtains at the open windows stirred softly in a gentle autumn breeze. The discussions with the manager, as well as with all the employees, was very open, with straight forward answers to Lowell’s questions. Melina and Dragan did an excellent job of translating for both of us, sometimes with two conversations going on at once. Everyone had been very warm and friendly, except for the lack of response to our request to photograph the barge. The clean room, white curtains, and warm hospitality were somewhat of a surprise in the midst of what could have been a dust-covered corn milling operation.

Melina and Dragan managed to get us back to the hotel around noon, in time for a sandwich on the hotel terrace overlooking the Danube River — a picturesque spot for lunch on this perfect autumn day. The concierge called a taxi for us, and we departed for our one o’clock appointment at the American Embassy. I was surprised at the appearance of the embassy, after seeing the grandiose ones in cities like Rome and London. It was located in what appeared to be an old tumble-down house. Security was very lax. The Marine guard gave only a cursory glance at our passports, before directing us to the agricultural section. People we passed in the hall were friendly and relaxed. The entire agricultural section consisted of only one room with peeling paint, and worn carpet. The walls were in such bad shape there were props supporting the ceiling.

Lowell had arranged to meet with the Agricultural Counselor, Harlan Dirks, before we left Urbana. However, we were informed he was not available, having “more important things to do” (like helping his wife with some packing we later learned). It was probably just as well, because the substitute was the agricultural attach, Roger Wentzel. Roger was an Agricultural

Economics graduate of Cornell and knew many of the students and faculty who had worked with Lowell. He was very pleasant, originally from Indiana, and understood the agriculture in Yugoslavia as well as agriculture in the Midwest. It was one of those “small world” experiences. He had been hired by Jim Parker, who had assisted us from the embassy in many countries and had become a good friend. Roger had worked with Lowell’s graduate students, Allan Mustard and Ann Anderson. Since he had been in Yugoslavia for only six months, he called in the Yugoslav assistant attaché to provide more detailed information. If Lowell asked a question she could not answer, she knew where to find the information.

With the interview completed, a young Yugoslavian doorman called for a taxi to take us back to the hotel. While we waited, he visited with us and obviously enjoyed demonstrating his command of the English language. We arrived back at the hotel around 4:00 and Lowell called the airlines in Zurich to check on our luggage. We had been checking with the Belgrade airport at every opportunity only to be told our bags had never arrived in Belgrade. Lowell decided to try tracing backward by phone to the previous transfer point. Zurich said they had no record of our bag and since we had flown from the United States on TWA, it was not their responsibility.

Thursday, September 25

Following breakfast, Lowell called TWA in New York to ask them to trace our lost luggage. They insisted their records showed it had been sent to Zurich from Amsterdam, following the aborted landing in Paris, and insisted they could do no more. This was not much help, since Zurich airport officials said they had no record of it arriving, but were sure it would have been sent to Belgrade on the later Yugoslav Airlines flight. Dragan and Lowell had stopped by the airport twice to search through the lost bag collection with no luck. We kept hoping it had not been left on the plane and was making its way back and forth across the ocean!

Dragan arrived a little late to pick us up and drive past his apartment to pick up Melina, who was to accompany us on our day’s excursion into the country. She had been waiting 15 minutes for us and wondered why we were running late. We still managed to arrive at the Association of Cereal Growers and Processors, only a little late for our 9:00 appointment. We were ushered into a conference room and introduced to the manager. For some reason, we were asked to show our passports, which an employee took from us and left the room. We were served juice and coffee, while Lowell discussed agricultural issues with the manager and two women who were also present. The manager explained this was an association representing several other associations and their 50 members included large producers, various institutions, and universities. Two women (Zlatica and Francuska) appeared to be the technical experts and responded to Lowell’s questions about grain marketing and grades. Lowell asked for a copy of their grading standards and received an interesting response: they were not allowed to copy official documents. Melina told Lowell privately that copies were actually easily obtained and she would get a copy and translate them into English so he could take them home — legal or not!

We bade farewell to our hosts thanking them for their assistance and hospitality, and drove to the Maize Research Institute in Zemun Polje with Dragan and Melina. Lowell had prepared an outline of a research project at the request of the Director and proceeded to discuss the details with Melina and Dragan. The objective was a joint project on Grain Marketing within the Socialist limits on cooperatives. The work would be conducted by the University of Illinois, the University of Yugoslavia, and the Maize Research Institute, with funds and personnel coming from the three institutions. Lowell was dubious that the Institute could follow through with funding, but with Dragan's help he had a good program of research ready for the Institute Director.

Dragan had organized a seminar where Lowell would make a presentation and conduct a discussion with the personnel of the Institute. Although most of them were in the fields working, he had an audience of 25 people with intense interest and lots of questions. I am always amazed at the many connections with Illinois we find in every country. Rod Greeter, with a PhD from Illinois, was doing post-graduate work at the Institute. A young woman came forward to tell us she had spent a year as an exchange student in Nebraska. Another "small world" example! A middle aged lady came forward and introduced herself as Kosana Konstantinov. She requested that I convey her best wishes to Dr. Alexander and his wife Betty in the Agronomy Department at the University. They had been personal friends.

The Institute hosted us for an informal lunch in the Institute dining room. Following the seminar we returned to the hotel, where Lowell again tried to call TWA in New York about tracing our lost luggage. They refused to do any more checking, so Lowell called his University office and told his staff to see if they could get any better response by calling various TWA offices in the States. It appeared we would be spending our entire trip living out of our hand luggage. Luckily, I am always prepared for such emergencies so long as we have access to hand washing facilities. I've kept Lowell's drip dry shirts white for all the meetings so far.

Melina arrived to drive us to the old city for a walking tour, shopping and sightseeing. As we passed one of the old shops I saw a pair of corn husk dolls in the window and made a comment about the similarity with ones back home. Melina insisted on buying them as a gift to me and a memento of our visit to their country. We stopped in the Plaza for cake and coffee in a small restaurant opposite the opera house. By the time we returned to the hotel at 9:30, we decided it was too late to worry about dinner and retired for the night.

Friday, September 26

We arose at 6:15 for an early breakfast in the hotel. Melina picked us up in her car, along with the previous director of the Institute, to drive us to the Institute. The director was to retire at the end of September and Dr. Alexander from Illinois had been invited to participate in the retirement ceremony. Dr. Alexander's work in breeding new improved varieties of corn has had major impacts throughout the world and everyone speaks almost reverently of him and his

success.

Dragan met us at the Institute and, accompanied by one of the employees in a second car, we departed for a full day trip north to the town of Becej to visit a seed corn processing plant located on one of their large farms called combinants. Becej was a small town 150 miles north of Belgrade. (Aleks Bekric's father, Vitomir Bekric had been chief agronomist when the co-op was started in 1958, and as I mentioned earlier we continued to have many contacts with them in the years still to come.) The combinants have replaced the state owned farms, although the government is still very much involved in their operations. We were ushered into the office and given a detailed explanation of the operations and organization. The farms were owned by the workers and managed by a committee which hires a large number of managers. This farm had 22,000 hectares of arable land planted in corn, wheat, soybeans, and miscellaneous other crops. Soybeans were a recent addition to their rotation and a processing plant with a capacity of 80,000 metric tons per year was built on this farm six years ago. Soybeans from this and surrounding farms supply the plant. The combinant is completely integrated, from seed production to the baking and distribution of bread and other retail products. They were in the midst of an irrigation experiment on 800 hectares (a pretty big test plot!) and we could see huge canals and miles of irrigation pipes.

We left the office and drove to their grain elevator where corn was being delivered and stored. Lowell noted that much of their equipment such as dryers and moisture meters, were U.S. brands. Near the elevator was a bakery where they were making bread for workers and their families in the combinant. Any surplus was sold into neighboring villages.

They had arranged for us to have lunch at a castle on the farm about a five-mile drive from the offices. The castle had belonged to a Count, but had been taken over by the state and incorporated into the combinant as a hotel and restaurant. It was now 3:00 p.m. and we were really ready for lunch! It was nice but long and tiring as it entailed a 3-hour process of serving, interspersed with discussions. We were seated around a large table with six men from the combinant, a young man from the Institute, Melina, and Dragan. Lunch was quite formal, in a room that had been part of the basement of the castle. The walls were painted white with an attractive arched ceiling. It was a huge meal and included a whole white pepper.

As always there was a plentiful supply of liquor and one of the men from the combinant was soon very drunk. He talked non stop in his native tongue. Melina said "It is just as well you can't understand him because he just repeated the same story over and over, with words not well suited to polite company."

When we finally finished the last course, they asked if we would like to tour the grounds. They had a large stable of thoroughbred race horses, and apologized that the really good ones were currently on tour. We walked a short distance along a rosebush-lined path through a large gate to the chapel and tomb where the former owner (The Count) was buried. Our tour continued across a spacious lawn and past a magnificent swimming pool. The pool was now

empty and apparently unused. We returned to the castle for a tour of the main rooms, many of them beautifully decorated with scattered evidence of a period of grandeur when it was built in 1920. Most of the rooms had now been converted into conference rooms and offices. The elegance created for the Count had been converted to utilitarian by the communists. It was very interesting, but we were sufficiently tired to be glad when Dragan said it was time to take us home. It was a long drive back to Belgrade and our hotel. Although it was late (for us) Lowell called back to his office to enquire again about our bags. There had been no success or progress, with everyone still insisting the computers showed the bags had been delivered, and the Belgrade airport insisting they had not!



The beautiful
Blue Danube



A rainy day
in Sarajevo



A rural scene southeast of Belgrade

Saturday, September 27

We rose at 6:00 this morning to prepare for what promised to be an interesting day. Melina and Dragan had offered to drive us south to Sarajevo, about four hundred kilometers southeast of Belgrade. We packed a light bag, organized for staying overnight to give us a chance to see a different part of this interesting country. They arrived promptly at 7:45 and we headed south out of the city. As we left the city, the roads became narrow and curving with a lot of traffic. The flat topography of the corn belt area we had toured the past few days, quickly turned into rolling hills and upland pastures with corn still being produced in small plots sometimes on steep hillsides. More diversified agriculture became apparent with livestock and some small plots of tobacco.

There was a wide range of technology and modernization. One and two-row corn pickers were harvesting the larger fields, but I also saw many fields of shocked corn. Although I often saw commercial elevators for grain storage as we passed through the villages, Dragan thought these were used by the large combinants, and the small farmers harvesting by hand, were storing ear corn on the farms for feeding their livestock. These small farms would have three or four cows and a few sheep and goats. Hay was stored in the traditional European haycocks with a center pole around which the hay was piled in the form of a cone to shed water.

All modes of transport were moving along the narrow roads. There were small garden tractors pulling wagons, oxen teams, wagons being pulled by one or two horses, even produce being carried on the backs of people walking or riding bicycles. Geese, turkeys and chickens of various colors were running around the farm yards. Many of the dwellings were chalet type with stucco and red tile roofs. The barns were wood or stone. Housewives were scrubbing vegetables and milk pails on tables out of doors. A group of men were butchering a dead hog suspended from a tree. Many of the houses were in various stages of completion. Dragan explained that several neighbors would work together, laying concrete block walls as the owner had time and money to progress. The finished houses were two and three stories high and covered with stucco.

The landscape gradually changed to rolling hills as we approached the mountains visible in the distance. It reminded me of our New England states, with small fields, lots of sheep, and some goats and cattle. Small plots of corn were clinging to the steep hillsides.

As the land became more rugged and mountainous, it took on the appearance of the Swiss Alps. Small farms and buildings were perched precariously on the edge of the mountains. There were small cleared patches of ground surrounded with heavy forests. Some lumber industry was evident as trucks loaded with logs roared along the road. An occasional pile of sawdust suggested the presence of a sawmill turning the logs into lumber. Fog settled in as we moved to higher ground and visibility was nearly zero at times. We were stopped for nearly half an hour when we came upon a truck loaded with gravel, lying on its side in the middle of the road. The

mess was finally cleared enough to allow cars to pass and we continued on our way. We made a very brief stop for coffee at a little café in one of the small villages. As we neared Sarajevo the mountains became much more rugged and I saw very little agricultural activity.

It was 3:00 p.m. when we finally arrived at the Bismark Hotel in Sarejevo. Dragan helped us register and we took the elevator to the 8th floor. Dragan and Melina's room was next to ours. The rooms were rather small but clean and comfortable. After dropping our bags on the floor of the room we descended to the dining room for a long overdue lunch. Other than the brief stop for coffee, we had not eaten since breakfast. Dragan offered to order for all of us, since we could not read the menu and did not recognize many of the items. We were seated next to a window overlooking a terrace where one could eat on a nice day. A chilly fog drifted heavily over the now vacant tables and chairs. We could see only a little way beyond the adjacent building. We were happy to stay inside looking out. Dragan ordered appetizers of a large assortment of cheese, prosciutto, eggs, olives, and tomatoes. Next came a fresh sliced tomato salad, then huge platters of French fried potatoes, grilled tomatoes and two huge fillet mignons for each of us. Although we were stuffed we could not resist the dessert of chocolate tart and ice cream.

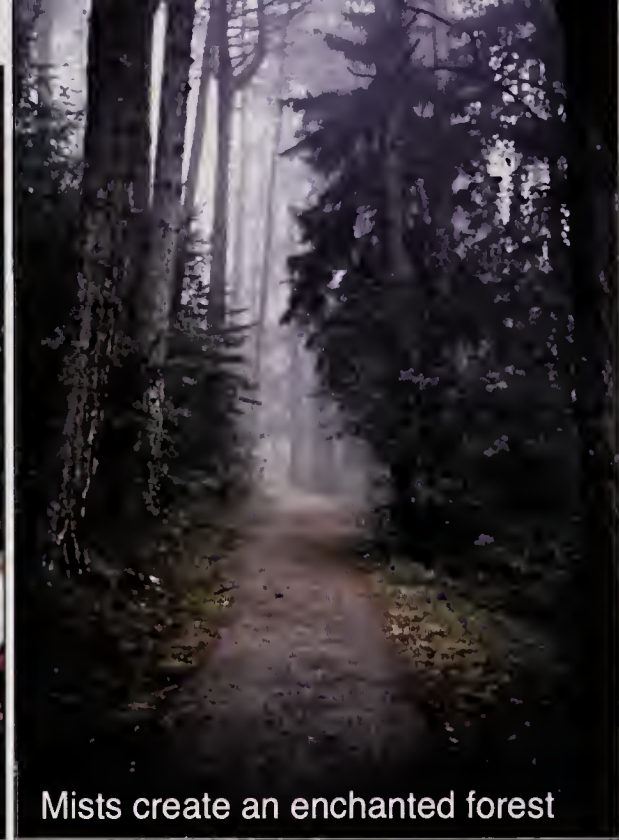
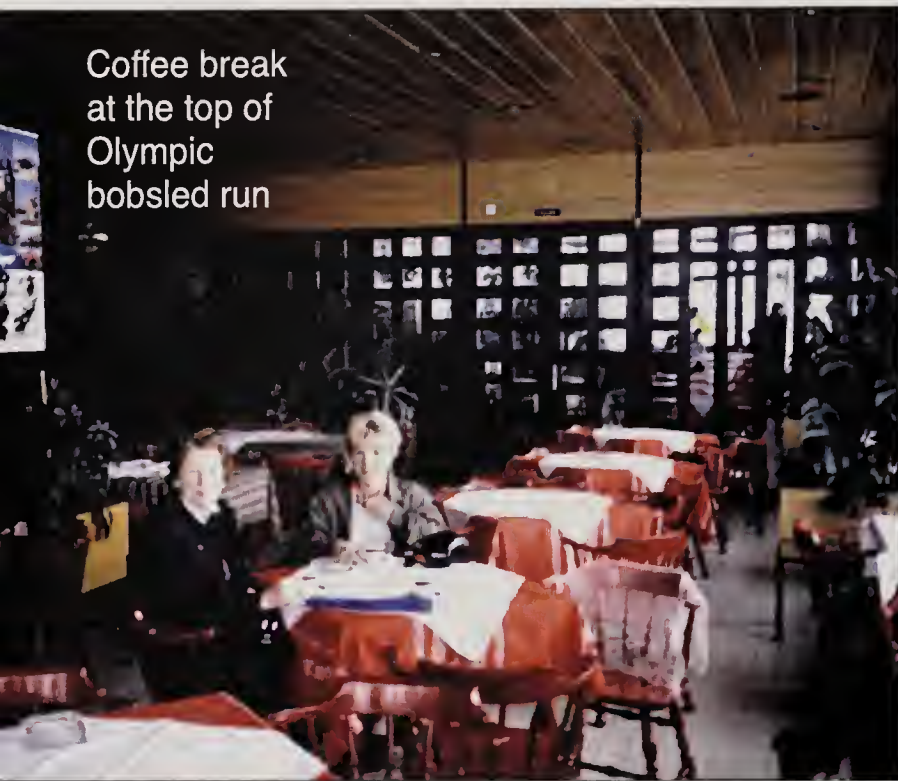
Our hunger well satisfied, Dragan drove us to the "old town" and parked the car. A light cold rain was falling as we strolled the narrow streets. Tiny wooden and brick-fronted stores lined either side of the street. Many shops were closed as it was Saturday afternoon. The Turkish influence was very evident in the covered markets selling clothes, copper and brass ware, and dishes. A minaret of gold and red, pointed toward the sky above the arched facade of the market. The mosques and building facades also showed the Turkish presence. We entered the courtyard of a mosque. Carpets for kneeling for prayer were laid on two raised platforms in front of the sanctuary. To our right, a minaret rose skyward into the mists. I saw nothing I wanted to buy but Melina purchased a small Mickey Mouse pin for her daughter, Vanya. Little did we dream of the destruction and slaughter that would come to these streets a decade later. We did not sense any of the undercurrent of hate and distrust that must have lain dormant just beneath the calm surface.

We walked back to the car and drove to the Olympic Stadium, where a soccer match was in progress. Dragan wanted to show us the bob sled run used in the 1984 Olympics located on top of a small mountain south of town, but when we arrived, the fog obscured the entire forest and facilities so completely that we turned back and drove back to our hotel. It was almost 7:00 p.m. and we were all very tired. Lowell and I read in our room for a little while, then turned out the lights for a good long night's sleep. This was the last day of daylight saving time in the country, so we enjoyed the extra hour of sleep.

Sunday, September 28

We met Melina and Dragan about 8:30 for a typical European breakfast. The hard rolls, jam, and coffee, and a "special treat" of juice and pate would have to sustain us until the next

Coffee break
at the top of
Olympic
bobsled run



Mists create an enchanted forest

meal! We checked out of the hotel and collected our passports which had been demanded of us when we arrived. I was surprised to see that Dragan and Melina also retrieved some kind of small passport document which they had been required to deposit. The shadowy oversight of authority always seems to loom over your shoulder in these autocratic countries, even though this was promoted as an “enlightened” Socialist Federal Republic.

Dragan drove south of Sarejevo back to the hill where the Olympic bob sled run had been held. We had turned back last night because of the fog but hoped for a better view this morning. Alas, the fog was nearly as heavy as the day before. Determined, we parked the car in the parking lot alongside a couple of tour buses and started walking up a path leading to the top. The path wound through a mist-shrouded pine forest. It was a beautiful scene: almost magical with the tops of the dark tree branches suspended in the whirling mists. Shafts of sunlight tried to pierce the mists but were obliterated before they could reach the ground. The scent of pine trees and decaying leaves filled the cool moist air. We passed the chair lift and continued walking up the steep hill. We found a small restaurant at the very top of the run and decided to enjoy a cup of coffee. We could see nothing from the restaurant terrace, except a sea of gray swirling mist. The restaurant was cheerfully decorated with large windows overlooking the mountain, had we been able to see beyond the edge of the terrace. Bright red cloths covered the tables, with red captain chairs. There were tables on the terrace, but no one braved the weather this morning. Pots of green plants on the terrace added to the atmosphere. This was to be the extent of our tour of the bobsled run!

Dragan had discovered that a small road ran from the restaurant to the car park and decided he would walk back and bring the car to the restaurant while we enjoyed our coffee. We were of course oblivious to the future when these forests and hills would be the scene of soldier stalking soldier among these very same trees.

Dragan decided to return to Belgrade by a more southerly route. This area was much more rugged than the route we had followed the day before. The road passed through steep-sided canyons and followed clear, swift flowing streams, not unlike the mountains and streams in the Georgetown, Colorado region. It was about 2:00 p.m. when we stopped at a mountain resort hotel for a welcome lunch break. There were several hotels scattered among the pine trees, with views of a small lake. The table where we were seated had stains and food on it from the previous occupants. There was no effort to clean it, so Melina ordered the waiter to bring us a clean table cloth. She is not hesitant about giving orders! Once again we were treated to a huge lunch of appetizers and two main courses.

Our route home took us through a very rugged mountainous region. The curving road gave us breath-taking views of cliffs, rock ledges, and rushing streams. We were running behind the planned schedule and Dragan was making up time, despite the sharp hairpin curves. He was speeding down the mountain at breakneck speed as though he was driving in the “Grand Prix.” We asked if there were speed limits and he told us not to worry, they were never enforced. We had traveled only a few miles when a flashing light appeared behind us. Dragan pulled onto the shoulder and a uniformed policeman stepped beside the open window. We could not understand the language during the ensuing exchange, but we understood the process of a speeding ticket. Dragan continued with a little more caution, but as darkness settled in, we still wondered aloud if this was a dangerous section of highway. Dragan assured us they were all good drivers and had few accidents. We made no comment, but we had already counted at least six accidents on the trip, including one involving a horse drawn wagon loaded with corn and pumpkins. The wagon was traveling the dark road with no reflectors and we assumed it had been overtaken by a speeding car. It appeared horse and driver were unhurt, but the wagon and its contents were not so fortunate.

We reached our hotel room about 7:30 only to find it occupied by someone’s suitcases. The desk clerk said he thought we had left without checking out, so assigned our room to someone else — even though our belongings were still in the room. This was the same desk clerk who had insisted the day before that we must keep and pay for our room since we would be gone for only one night and had continuing reservations. Very embarrassed, he hurriedly arranged for us to take the room three doors down the hall. We were not too unhappy, since this room had better light and was in better condition than the one we left. Tired, we showered and dropped into bed. We had a hard time falling asleep, as a result of too much coffee, the wild ride down the mountain, the stimulating experiences of the day in Sarejevo, and still wondering if we would ever see out lost suitcase again.

Monday, September 29

We slept late this morning and it was 7:30 before we went for breakfast. All the empty tables were littered with dirty dishes. There were no waiters in sight. I finally cleared a table myself. I piled the dirty dishes on another table and brushed most of the crumbs on the floor. I helped myself to napkins and silverware from the sideboard, while Lowell chased down the fellow with the coffee pot. We were finally able to persuade a waiter to take our order for breakfast and eventually it arrived. Customer service and satisfaction does not seem to be one of their concerns. Tipping was not permitted, so we were even denied the satisfaction of withholding his tip for the poor service.

When we returned to our room, Lowell started calling about our suitcases again. This had become a morning ritual. None of the airlines involved in our travel would admit responsibility for the lost luggage. Lowell tried the Zurich airport this time. The luggage should have been transferred from Swiss Air to Yugoslavia Air in that airport. He was put on a “permanent” hold and finally hung up the phone. Lowell and Dragan had gone to the Belgrade airport several times over the past week and were always told there was no record of it arriving. They were allowed to inspect the “lost luggage” room to verify it was not there. Lowell called the Belgrade airport again this morning and was told it might be there with the tags missing if we cared to come out and look again. This was the first time we had been given any positive response from them. Either Air France or TWA must have applied some pressure following Lowell’s many calls, or the fellow was sick and tired of having us call and complain every morning.

Melina came for us at 10:30 to drive us to the airport. We were ushered into the “lost luggage” room. My heart sank as we walked up and down the rows of bags. Our bag was distinctive with a bright green ribbon on the handle, the denim cover I had hand crafted, including a logo with our initials in red on the side. It was certainly not in the line up.

The door was open to a second room and I could see there were bags inside there as well. Our “guide” said “those are just old unclaimed bags. Yours won’t be in there.” Lowell said he had been given that same response on previous visits. I pretended not to hear him and charged around the corner and through the door. Lo and Behold! There sat our bag in plain sight with green ribbon tie and all its tags, including one designating our hotel. When I yelled “There it is,” everyone rushed in to look. Joy of Joys! I felt as if I had found a lost child that had been calling me from that “secret” room to “please come and get me.”

The airport man pulled a little sheet of paper out of his pocket, knelt down and peered closely to compare numbers (as if our description with all the details wasn’t enough proof). I pointed out that it had our names on the luggage tags and our hotel on the delivery destination. He grudgingly admitted that it was in fact our bag. I estimated there must have been 200 bags in that room stored on shelf after shelf. Their owners will probably never see them again, even

though many of them still had names and addresses attached. I suspect that eventually someone in the airport or government administration is allowed to open and dispose of the contents.

With our bag at last in our hands, we happily drove back to Belgrade to do some shopping at their national stores. I bought a table cloth and several bookmarks which were nice “memory tabs” years later when they showed up in one of our books. Melina insisted on giving me a Yugoslavian doll for my collection. Although made of corn husks, the skirt was colored purple with a green blouse. The doll was using the old-time method of spinning wool into thread, holding the spinner and ball of wool in rolled corn husk hands. Very intricate work!

We continued up the street passing several well stocked stores. I found a pretty glass bowl in one of them. It was time to collect 8-year-old Vanya from her school. We had not seen her since they left Urbana. She was such a darling child, with pretty dark eyes, dark hair and pink dimpled cheeks. She was very “chic” dressed in a pink sweat suit. Vanya informed us that the sweat suits used to be just for exercise, but now they had become fashionable for all occasions. Melina had warned us Vanya was very shy about using her English, even though she was attending the International School once a week where classes were taught in English. However, after a few minutes of encouragement, the English just flowed from her lips enlightening us on her activities and memories. She was only five when they came to Urbana, with no knowledge of the English language, and not yet seven when they returned to Yugoslavia. Her ability now to understand us and express herself in English was nothing short of remarkable.

Melina drove us to a little outdoor restaurant in old town where we enjoyed a leisurely lunch, with Vanya talking non-stop and entertaining us all. The next stop was the large Belgrade Park. The old fortress ruins dating back to Roman times, showed the influence of succeeding invaders. Standing high above the junction of the Sava and Danube Rivers, we had a panoramic view of an uninhabited island (due to spring floods) and New Belgrade spread out before us. In the distance beyond we could just pick out our hotel. It was mid afternoon when Melina returned us to our hotel for a short rest before the evening activities. She said she would pick us up at 6:30 and take us to her sister’s apartment for coffee. We felt honored that her sister would extend a special invitation to “us strangers.” We were ready and waiting in the lobby when Melina arrived.

When we arrived at the apartment building, I was shocked at the appearance. The building was dismal and in terrible condition. The concrete block walls were grey and filthy, with litter everywhere. Paint and plaster (where present) were peeling from the ceilings. We entered a dark hall on the ground floor and took the lift to the fourth floor. The rickety elevator lift was so small we could barely cram the four of us in.

Melina’s sister, her husband, and daughter met us at the door of their apartment. They ushered us into the dining room and seated us at a large round table in the center of the room.

An unusual antique chandelier hung over our heads. A massive old china cupboard lined one wall. Two large pictures dominated the opposite wall. One was of the Last Supper and the other a portrait of a woman. Through a large double door, opening into the living room, I could see various pieces of over stuffed furniture and a massive old grand piano. The floors in both rooms were covered with Persian rugs.

Melina's sister told us their apartment was large compared to most in old Belgrade. It consisted of a kitchen, dining room, living room, and one bedroom — all large and spacious. The couple explained that good housing in Belgrade was extremely difficult to find. People waited for years for an apartment, and young couples often had no choice but to live with their parents while waiting. Companies sometimes bought apartments and allowed their workers to occupy them as part of their benefit package. If they lived there for 10 years they were given ownership, and retained the apartment so long as they and their children were living. Melina, Dragan, and Vanya were still living in her one-room college apartment, but the Maize Research Institute had agreed to provide a larger and newer one for them before November (or as soon as it was built) in New Belgrade. At this point Melina left us as she had to pick up Vanya.

Melina's sister was employed by a bank and her brother-in-law was a forester. Two trays of dainty cookies were on plates on the table. We were asked if we would like Nescafé and we assured them we would like that very much. It was served in glasses with milk provided in a pitcher in case we didn't want our coffee black. They were not as fluent in English as Melina and Dragan, but still very understandable and conversation was easy and relaxed. Their 5-year-old daughter had just started English lessons and could say (with a little encouragement) "My name is Katrina." They were lovely warm people and were eager to visit and extend their friendship.

Melina returned about 1½ hours later and we were served more refreshments. This time the drink was the strong Turkish coffee, accompanied by juice and a big bowl of large dark blue grapes. Melina's brother-in-law entertained us with conversation while showing us some of the sketches he liked to do. He then moved to the bench at the grand piano and played a number of Slavic tunes for us. His diversity of talents surprised us. The piano was badly out of tune and he continually apologized for its bad condition. By now Katrina had forgotten her early shyness and danced about the living room like a small firefly — all the while playing her imaginary violin.

All too soon it was time for us to leave. I gave them a small packet of note papers done by the American artist Gwen Frostic and they presented us with a lovely picture book of plants and flowers of Yugoslavia. We said our goodbyes and departed, still sensing the warm glow of friendship that had bridged the two languages and cultures.

Melina and Vanya returned us to the hotel, with Lowell and Vanya enriching the ride with a wonderful spirited flow of conversation coming from the back seat of the car. We made it to our bed by 10:00.

Tuesday, September 30

We went down for breakfast at 7:00 then returned to our room to finish packing. We stopped by the desk to settle the bill and were surprised to find it came to \$90.00 per night for what we considered a middle class hotel with lower class service! Melina arrived at 10:30, helped us load our luggage into the trunk, and we departed for the Maize Institute. Lowell and Dragan wanted to continue their discussion of the research project on grain marketing, hoping for a closer collaboration between the Institute and U.S. researchers. They also discussed some work Melina would do for Lowell in the coming weeks on the comparison of grain grades between the United States and Yugoslavia. The Institute provided us with a constant supply of coffee and juice.

Dragan took us for one last drive to the cornfields. Lowell wanted to photograph harvest in progress, since they were still using ear corn pickers. However, there were none in action. Fortunately Aleksandar Bekric's father worked in the Institute and several months later, provided Lowell with the photographs he wanted. Our contacts with the family were already expanding. It was a warm slightly windy day, with the sun shining brightly on the gold and brown fields of ripening grain. Our mission completed, we headed for the airport at 12:30 only to discover that the plane would not leave until 3:30 rather than the scheduled 2:15. We asked Melina and Dragan not to wait with us since they had already spent so many hours entertaining us. We said our goodbyes and looked for a bite of lunch. The best we could find was a very dry ham sandwich and bottle of juice.

We sat and waited and waited for the boarding call while they kept announcing further delays. Security was another hassle. We stood for half an hour before we reached the check point. There were no seating assignments and people pushed and shoved for position like a huge herd of buffalo trying to crowd through a narrow hole in the fence. It was a very disturbing and at times almost fearful experience within the crushing crowd. Once on the plane we found two seats across from a minister and his wife from Pennsylvania. They had been visiting their daughter and son-in-law who was a counselor in the U.S. embassy in Belgrade.

It was a 40 minute flight to Dubrovnic and the sun was setting over the Adriatic Sea as we circled for the landing. Sharp cliffs rose in a jagged coast line, with rugged mountains rising behind. The deep blue water below us, the bright blue sky above, and the sun glinting off the cliffs presented an idyllic scene, soon to be replaced by bedlam. Once on the landing strip we were "herded" from the plane down a stairs, across the runway, and back through another security and customs check point. When we emerged back into the hot sun we were shocked to find that all the luggage had been lined up on the tarmac beside the plane. With no organization of the luggage, each person was required to search through the hundreds of pieces of luggage, identify and point at their bags, and wait while the tags were marked for reloading. We searched in vain with rising panic. Our bag with its distinctive blue denim cover containing a red mono-

Corn husk dolls in
native costumes



gram simply was not there. Finally one of the airport employees assured us (with an air of confidence) that ours had been placed on an earlier flight and sent ahead. There were still no seat assignments and everyone was clawing for a chance to be first in line to choose new seats. By now we were far back in the line and all we could do was fight our way back on the plane and hope we would see our bag when we arrived. Looking out the window, we saw one cart of luggage standing some distance from the plane. Lowell thought he caught a glimpse of the blue denim that might have been ours, but we couldn't be sure.

Finally, everyone was back on the plane and we were ready for take-off. This was the most scary part yet. The plane was heavily loaded with passengers and luggage, plus some large crates that had been loaded into the freight section while we sat waiting for take-off. The plane was lumbering down the runway, slowly gaining speed. We were beginning to wonder if we would make lift-off before we reached the end of the runway. At the end of the runway, straight ahead loomed a small mountain and as the plane lifted off the ground, it seemed to be struggling for altitude. Down drafts sucked at the plane as it approached the cliffs. Lowell reached over and took my hand as I drew a deep breath. I didn't know until later he was as uneasy as I, about the difficult lift off. We both drew a sigh of relief as we barely cleared the crest of the mountain, turned into the glowing red and gold and purple sunset on the Adriatic, and headed for Rome, leaving the shores of Yugoslavia, along with many fond memories, behind.

Indonesia

January 15 - February 6, 1987



Indonesia

1987

Thursday, January 15

It was a cold winter day in Illinois and it seemed strange to spend the morning packing a suitcase with our lightest summer clothes, bug repellent, sunscreen and all those small needs for life in a hot climate half-way around the world and across the equator. In a few hours we would depart for a 3-week stay in Indonesia. Lowell had been asked by the Indonesian government to assist with a study of their palm oil industry. Since the study would also add information to his own research on soybeans he agreed to take time from his already overloaded schedule and participate in the study.

We were excited at the opportunity and looked forward to learning more about this interesting part of the world. It was uncharted territory for us. All necessary shots had been brought up to date, malaria pills and recommended medications were safely tucked in my carry-on bag. Lowell returned from his office at 11:00 a.m. with the inevitable arm-load of books, papers, tape recorder, etc. that had to be squeezed into an already full suitcase. One way or another we always accomplish the impossible and close the suitcases.

Time passed quickly as we made all the final checks for closing the house for a month. A friend would water my plants and a young man would fill the bird feeders and clear the drive of snow when needed. We tucked our bags in the car and departed for an overnight stay in Chicago.

Friday, January 16

At 6:30 a.m. we were both wide awake even though we had hoped to sleep longer in anticipation of the long flight ahead. Our plane departed for Seattle promptly at 10:00 a.m., but due to strong headwinds we arrived in Seattle half an hour behind schedule. Since our daughter Rebecca and son-in-law Russ live in Seattle we had hoped to give them a call from the airport before boarding the plane to Hong Kong. Luckily we did manage a five minute call to let them know we were on our way and would spend a few days with them on our return trip.

The flight to Jakarta was a long 14 hours, not to mention plane changes and layovers between planes, etc. This flight was different from other flights we had taken, as the Indonesian government had provided us with business class tickets — a blessing unheard of when flying on the tight budgets of university expense accounts. I often wondered as our Governor slashed university funds, if he traveled coach class on tax payers' money on his numerous trips out of the country "to sell Illinois' products."

For those readers who have yet to experience the misery of being locked into one tiny space for 14 to 18 hours with seat belt strapped tightly across your body, the seat in front of you so close you cannot stretch your legs, and a sleeping person weighing at least 250 pounds blocking your exit to the aisle (and I might add, assuming the shared arm rest belongs solely to him) you cannot fully appreciate the luxury of the extra space afforded by business or first class seats. Perhaps it is better not to know there is more comfort and edible food down the aisle beyond the curtained never-never land.

We arrived in Hong Kong about 7:30 p.m. Saturday. We had lost a day as well as the 14 hours in the air. Since flying on to Jakarta would have required us to wait for a plane to Singapore, then another wait in Singapore before departing for Jakarta, we decided to spend the night in Hong Kong. That allowed a night's rest before catching the Sunday afternoon flight to Jakarta. Hoards of people filled this airport at the crossroads of the world. It was warm and humid; quite a contrast to the cold Illinois we had so recently left behind.

We were delighted to discover our hotel was just across the street from the airport via an overhead walkway. Our good friend and travel agent, Bill Lee, had chosen well when he recommended The Meridian Hotel. Oh! the sheer pleasure of walking into a comfortable room with bed turned down and waiting for you after so many hours without sleep.

Sunday, January 18

A good night's sleep is so refreshing and the previous night was no exception. Since our plane to Jakarta did not leave until 3:30 in the afternoon, we indulged in a leisurely breakfast and spent some time browsing in the hotel gift shops. We were delighted to find the very cloisonne Fu Dog that our son Brent had asked us to bring him. We then took the hotel shuttle bus to the Harbor View shopping center, where we had shopped on our previous trip to Hong Kong in 1986. This is always dangerous, because Hong Kong is a shoppers' paradise and temptations are many. As one travel book states, "Cash will get you everywhere in Hong Kong." I maintained I was "just looking," but the flesh is weak when presented with so many beautiful bargains. When I found the "perfect" ultrasuede suit with a fit as though the tailor had my measurements, I could not resist. With a little urging from Lowell and a lot of urging from the clerk, before you could say, "where will you pack it?" we were on our way back to the hotel with the suit neatly packaged and firmly tucked under my arm.

The shuttle bus delivered us back to our hotel with plenty of time to close suitcases and walk across the overpass to the airport departure lounge to start the final leg of our journey. For the first time visitor to the Hong Kong airport one cannot emphasize enough the need to start through security and immigration early. We spent over an hour as the lines moved at a snail's pace. Every passport number must be carefully found in the voluminous book and the official must complete numerous checks for a purpose never revealed. Boarding had started by the time we completed customs and cleared security. It had been over an hour since we started

the procedure. A bus carried us out on the runway to the Indonesian Garuda Airlines' plane. We learned the Garuda is a mythological bird of paradise and somehow it seemed an appropriate name for a plane that was to carry us to a country that held such a great mystique for us.

We crossed the equator sometime during the four-hour flight and arrived at the Cengkareng International Airport in Jakarta a little after 7:30 p.m. Night had settled on the island of Java, and a recent shower left the air warm and steamy.

We quickly cleared customs and walked outside onto a large covered porch area, trying to decide on the best mode of transportation to the hotel. Crowds of people milled about us. Taxis and busses lined up along the curb — but, which one to choose? That was the question. We could find few people speaking English. As we continued contemplating our alternatives, a young man approached us and asked Lowell if he was Dr. Hill. When Lowell replied he was, the young man motioned us to a waiting van. Dr. Chandra, from the University of Indonesia, had sent him to meet us. His wife and two small children were waiting in the van, having accompanied the driver on his trip and vigil to find us at the airport. None of them appeared to speak or even understand much English. Our young host quickly loaded our bags into the van and started the 19-mile drive into Jakarta.

I'm always sorry if it is dark when we arrive in a new place. You lose a lot of the opportunity to gain first impressions. This evening was no exception, but the trip was exciting none the less. It was warm and sticky and we were wearing our warm winter suits. Lightning flickered in the distant sky. The headlights reflected off shimmering water puddles and the rice paddies along the highway to the city. The air smelled of summer and rain, mixed with spicy food moving along the road in the "cook stoves on bicycles." We caught fleeting glimpses of dimly lit vendor stands lining the streets as we entered the city. Some of the vendors had lanterns or candles; others were using a single bare electric bulb suspended from their umbrella or permanent canopy that served as a roof. Young people darted among the moving traffic attempting to sell all kinds of things whenever traffic slowed or halted. Warm as it was we kept our windows nearly closed to prevent imploring hands from reaching inside the van. Cars, bicycles, motor bikes, pedie-cabs, taxis, and pedestrians all mingled together in a flowing stream surrounding our van, leaving us with the feeling of a floating twig caught in a momentary whirlpool in a spring freshet.

As we stopped at a gas station we were besieged by young boys selling everything — food, candy, cigarettes, etc. We had an opportunity to view a small portion of the masses of humanity swirling in wild profusion about the streets and gas station as our driver negotiated for a tankful of gas and a pack of cigarettes.

We arrived tired, but safe, at the Hotel Indonesia, where the Indonesian Government had arranged for us to stay. It was a large hotel owned by the Government of Indonesia, complete with restaurants, shops, travel agents, and a local music group at the bar. The doorman rushed

to help us with our bags and after we said thank you and goodbye to our driver and his family we entered a lobby packed with laughing, happy people dressed in traditional Indonesian dress — so many in fact that it was difficult to locate the reception desk. The Indonesian Governors and their wives were in town for a convention and were staying in this hotel. We rather numbly signed the register and were ushered to our room on the eighth floor. A large private veranda adjoined our room. Windows stretched across one wall giving us a beautiful view of the city. Since we were still under the influence of jet lag, we closed the shutters and pulled the draperies, showered and fell into bed with great anticipation of the exciting activities that tomorrow might bring.

Monday, January 19

At 4:00 a.m. we were brought bolt upright in bed by a loud wailing chant coming from 9 mosques scattered across the city, calling the faithful Moslems to prayer. The chants I had heard in movies were always melodic — this one certainly was not. The wailing continued for half an hour. With the assistance of a very effective loud speaker system the noise level precluded further sleep. As I lay there, I wondered how many people really responded to the 4:00 a.m. call and crawled from their beds to kneel and pray. It even crossed my mind the modern world of electronic marvels could be providing a recording, timed to come on at 4:00 a.m. every morning while the owner of the voice continued his peaceful rest (with ear plugs).

It is an enjoyable experience to awaken to a new day with unknown adventures ahead. Our room was large by any hotel standards, with a king sized bed, more than ample closet and drawer space, desk, refrigerator, television, and comfortable arm chairs. The veranda was complete with table and chairs, rockers, floor lamps, and potted palms. From the veranda we could look across the city. Below us and to our left was a lovely landscaped pool area belonging to the hotel. To our right was a residential area. Sure enough, beyond a number of tile-roofed houses and hotels stood a mosque with its beautiful, pure white towers and minaret gleaming in the morning sun. From that gleam had come our early morning introduction to Indonesia.

The doorway to our room opened to a louvered hallway leading to the elevators. A warm humid breeze filled the air as we stepped from our room. Hibiscus and bougainvillea bloomed profusely below us. Even the restaurant in a foreign country is a challenge, with the difficulty of communication, strange menus, unusual foods, and different customs. We were anticipating this usual challenge as we entered the coffee shop for breakfast. It was an attractive room with pretty young women dressed in trim fitting traditional Indonesia dresses, and young men dressed in somewhat western style. They made our adjustment very easy, as they proceeded to serve us pleasantly and efficiently. Both Western and Indonesian food graced the menu, and we had no difficulty in adapting to the situation.

When we returned to our room there was a message that Dr. Chandra would not call on Lowell at 10:00 a.m. as planned, but would come at 2:00 p.m. instead. He arrived at 2:30 and

spent half an hour visiting with Lowell in the lobby. Then Lowell brought him to the room to meet me. He stayed only a few minutes. It was already apparent we must slow our pace to meet that of a warmer climate. That is something Lowell finds difficult to do. Chandra provided a general plan for the following week's work schedule including assurances that a car and driver would be placed at our disposal, courtesy of the Minister of Trade who was cooperating in the study.

We were delighted to have Sam and Jane Johnson call on us after dinner. Sam was also a professor of Agricultural Economics at the University of Illinois. They were living in Jakarta for two years while Sam worked on irrigation problems in Indonesia under an AID project. They were leaving on a 10-day business trip to Singapore and Sri Lanka on Wednesday. Over cold drinks we filled them in on the news from Urbana and made plans to spend more time with them when they returned from Sri Lanka.

Tuesday, January 20

The assigned car and driver arrived at 10:30 to take Lowell to the University of Indonesia. He spent the next five hours trying to determine what he was expected to do during the three weeks in Indonesia. It was all very vague except that the AID contract required an outside reviewer to evaluate their research and develop a detailed report on world supply and demand for vegetable oils.

The hotel was still filled with the governors and their spouses from the provinces of Indonesia. The women were always beautifully dressed — sometimes in western style and other times in lovely traditional styles. I was struck by the strong role the women appeared to play in the scenario. It was more open and western style than the rather withdrawn demeaning role women are forced to observe in many developing countries.

Wednesday, January 21

It was clear we were doomed to be awakened and called to prayer at 4:00 a.m. every morning. I continued to question the unmelodic chant — not the poetry I remembered from the movies. The voice was coarse and grating, the tone was accusing and the volume would do any rock concert-goers proud. We gave up any notion of sleep, and had coffee in our room. We went down to breakfast later when the coffee shop opened at 6:30. What had been very good food yesterday was cold and greasy this morning. The conference of governors was over and perhaps the cook had decided to relax his standards.

Since we are early risers at home anyway, Lowell urged his driver to pick him up at 8:00 a.m. Since I knew I would need to entertain myself while Lowell worked, I had brought along plenty of reading and writing materials, needlework, sketch pad, etc.

Each morning our "room boy" (a small man of about 40 years) came to our room to clean. He always asked if there was any laundry and carefully sprayed for mosquitoes, even

though I had seen none. Another young man came to scrub and dust our veranda. Still another person came daily to check the refrigerator bar and replenish drinks and bottled water. The day passed quickly.

I never tired of watching the life of the city below. It is an interesting city — a city of vendors and with modern high rise buildings protruding hit and miss among the vending stalls and stands. The sidewalks were crowded with vendors who arrive each morning, complete with food and cooking equipment, either on bicycles or with baskets and metal boxes balanced on long flexible poles placed across their shoulders and bouncing in rhythm with their short, quick steps. They set up their tiny stands on the sidewalks and are "in business" for the day. The huge city is more like a number of small villages with vendor stands that just kept growing until it spread beyond the horizons.

Pedie-cabs filled the narrow streets back of the hotel. We really wanted to try one, but had no real way of communicating with the driver. A great cluster of them were always waiting for customers on the narrow street that ran between the hotel parking lot and the tree-lined river beyond. We saw young boys often going for a swim in the muddy, garbage-laden river. A large pipe spewed equally dirty contaminated water which emptied into the river near the street intersection. The boys seemed to find this an attractive place to plunge into the river for a cooling dip.

The large 4-lane main street that passed our hotel on the west was always filled with traffic and was not easy to cross; even at the intersection. The sidewalks had so many holes and broken places that we really had to watch where we walked. A stroll down the main thoroughfare was an interesting experience. Cars, trucks, taxis, and buses zoomed menacingly close to the narrow broken sidewalks. The warm humid air was filled with all kinds of interesting smells — spicy odors of all kinds from the vending stands, overlaid with the inevitable results of decaying garbage, yesterday's bananas discarded on the sidewalks, and gas and diesel fumes from the traffic.

From our veranda I could watch children coming and going to school, people with shopping bags walking to and fro, etc. This was a rather nice residential area as there were several foreign embassies near the hotel. I watched servants as they scrubbed floors, hung out the laundry and cared for the grounds and cars every day. Fences surrounded every house and yard. Jane and Sam told us almost everyone with substantial means hires someone to guard their house night and day. It troubles me there is so much dishonesty around the world.

The American Embassy gave us stern warnings about keeping car windows rolled up and locked, watching purses, bags, etc. when out in public. One could say it is caused by the income gap between the "haves" and the "have nots," but I doubt that is a complete answer as I have observed honesty among many of the "have-nots" of this world and dishonesty among many of the "haves."

Thursday, January 22

We awakened quite early this morning. The moist air retained some of the coolness of the night, but warmed rapidly as the sun rose overhead. There was an occasional quick passing tropical shower and then the sun would quickly reappear; the normal sequence of life when living so close to the equator. People moved about in an unconcerned manner during these brief showers, knowing the heat of the sun would soon dry their clothes. Only in a drenching down-pour did they duck for temporary cover.

I quickly learned the need to adapt to my environment. I decided to wash my hair. Alas, alas! My hair dryer would not work, on their 220-volt circuit with my convertor or on their 110 volt receptacle designated for electric razors. It took all day to dry my hair into a rather limp fashion. We had been cautioned to keep bath water from our mouth and eyes — not always an easy task in an unpredictable shower stream. The embassy even warned mothers to bathe babies in water that had been boiled. The admonitions were not too difficult to remember since the water from the faucets ran a rusty red.

Lowell returned late afternoon with an invitation to a reception at the U.S. Agricultural Counselor's home the following Monday evening.

We ate most of our meals in the hotel. The menu was more than ample, but we were so limited in our selections that it became a little boring. Raw foods and dairy products were off limits, in our judgement. Shell fish was also risky, so our actual selections were quite limited despite the number of items listed in English on the menus. Most of the food was quite spicy but we found it well prepared and quite good.

Friday, January 23

We had decided even before we departed from the States we would make every attempt to spend a few days on the famous island of Bali. When Lowell returned in late afternoon, we decided to talk with a travel agent in the hotel. The reservationist presented us with a large number of hotel possibilities. Our first choice was the Nusa Dua where President and Mrs. Reagan stayed when they were in Bali a few weeks before. When told "no vacancy" we enquired about the Hyatt and after some time we were given the same answer. The "no vacancy" continued as we progressed through the list until we came to the Bali Beach Hotel. We discovered later there was a motive behind all of this — the government owned the Bali Beach just as they owned the Hotel Indonesia where we were staying. The cute reservationist had put on a good act, though. After each enquiry she disappeared behind a panel and entered an apparent request into the teletype before returning with the negative answer. Only after arriving on Bali did we discover that all the hotels had vacancies during this fairly slack tourist season. We then realized that the "no vacancy" strategy was used to add to the occupancy rate for the government owned hotels.

Rates, we discovered, were much more reasonable when reservations are made in the country rather than through a travel agent in the United States. We could choose from rooms listed from \$20.00 to \$56.00 per night, compared to Stateside prices of \$50 to \$100 per night for the same class of room.

Saturday, January 24

We had an early breakfast this morning as our driver with the car and a young man from the Institute arrived to take us to the town of Bogor to visit the agricultural university. It was about an hours drive south of Jakarta and provided our first opportunity to view the countryside. Our trip to Bogor was via a modern four-lane toll road. The sun was shining the entire day. A gentle breeze stirred the landscape. The temperature and humidity were more comfortable than Illinois in mid summer. Shimmering rice paddies and cassava fields lined both sides of the highway. An occasional group of simple wooden and thatched houses peeped from a thicket of tropical trees and banana plants. Every stream and canal was in use as women knelt to do their laundry or families bathed and children scampered about, their little nude bodies glistening in the brilliant sunshine.

A ridge of blue volcanic mountains to the south of us grew ever larger as we neared Bogor. Bogor was a pleasant appearing city. It is filled with big shade trees and many tropical flowers. It was also much cleaner than Jakarta due to a city campaign to keep it clean. We were driven to the campus of the agricultural university. Lowell especially wanted to visit with Tjahjadi Sugianto, an Indonesian professor who had received his degree from the Department of Agricultural Economics at the University of Illinois several years ago. He seemed as delighted to see us as we were to see him. He escorted us about the campus, introducing us to colleagues and students. He also took us to visit one of the government research units where several of his students were working. He informed us not all of the campus was located at one place and the Ag. Econ Department was in the process of being moved to a new building. The present one was a low 1-story building arranged around a courtyard with a small fish pond and tropical plants. After a visit in his office discussing mutual interests and concerns he accompanied us to the library located several blocks away. A number of young men that had received degrees in the United States (some from Iowa State University) were waiting for us. After an informal discussion we returned to the original building.

When Tjahjadi discovered I had received my degree in Home Economics, he insisted I meet with the department head and several staff members. We had a pleasant discussion about the work they were doing in Indonesia. It was interesting to note that most of the faculty were men. One of them presented us with his biographical records and asked if we could assist him in gaining admission to the University of Illinois. Their work with the homemaker appeared to be primarily in the area of nutrition. I did not feel they had progressed very far in the areas of household equipment and clothing construction. They gave me several of their latest research

publications to read.

The Indonesian people were warm and friendly everywhere we went. We were always met with a warm and friendly smile. Although we lacked a complete understanding of their customs and culture we were never made to feel embarrassed by our failure to observe them. We had read before coming to Indonesia that the stance of "hands on hips" is considered impolite if not aggressive. When Lowell unconsciously assumed this posture while deeply engrossed in a discussion, I tried to subtly attract his attention with a few gentle nudges. I failed to break into his concentration and before long my efforts caught the attention of our hosts, who paused in their conversation to determine the cause of my activity. The conversation was left dangling on silence for a few moments but Tjahjadi quickly recovered the moment with a smile and a joke.

Tjahjadi then invited us to join him at a local restaurant for lunch. Lunch was served on the second floor of the building. There was no air conditioning, but a comfortable breeze moved through the open windows. The food was served with several dishes to be shared. The food was very good and not as hot and spicy as we had been led to believe it might be. We dined on rice, chicken in soy sauce and chicken in another sauce that I did not recognize, a vegetable dish, and a shrimp and vegetable dish with a batter crust on top and bottom like a pie.

After we finished lunch, Tjahjadi said he would like to spend the afternoon showing us the sights of the area. Since the young man from the Institute who had come with us to Bogor had to return to Jakarta, the driver dropped him off at a bus stop where he could catch a bus back to Jakarta while our driver stayed to take us wherever we wished to go.

The afternoon proved to be an enjoyable one. We were driven to Bogor's botanical garden called Kebun Raya with 15,000 species of native flora, and 5000 kinds of orchids. We were told that the botanical garden is the largest of its kind anywhere in the world. It contained few flowers in bloom but many plants and huge trees. At one point Tjahjadi told the driver to stop the car and urged us to "come with me." He pointed to the tops of some very tall trees with almost no leaves remaining. There high above us were immense clusters of bats hanging upside down, squeaking loudly with high pitched voices. Some were circling high above us; others were flying from branch to branch, apparently searching for a more comfortable spot on which to hang upside down for an afternoon nap. Their size was truly amazing with wing spans of as much as four feet. "They are called the flying fox," explained Tjahjadi, "or sometimes the fruit bat because they eat mostly fruit and flower buds." They are very destructive in fruit orchards, but they are fascinating creatures to watch, to say the least.

We walked down a path that led to a very large, old, palm oil tree. It was the original tree brought from Africa and its descendants form the current palm oil industry in Indonesia — a major competitor of U.S. soybean oil. We were pleased to take a photograph since the palm oil industry had provided the opportunity and justification for our visit to this enchanting country.

The gardens were beautiful with paths leading in many directions. There was a Grecian-style monument to Olivia Raffles (wife of Sir Stamford Raffles) who died in 1814. Sir

Stamford was instrumental in designing the Botanical Gardens, and is also well known for the famous old Raffles Hotel in Singapore. There was a lovely white Presidential Palace located in the garden with a pretty lily pond stretching across one side reflecting its beauty. It was built in 1745 and was frequently used by the late President Sukarno. It was now used primarily for special meetings and a museum.

Our car and driver waited for us at the entrance gate. Vendors of all sorts clustered about the gate. We passed through the crowd, entered our car and left the city driving toward the mountains to the south. Our first destination was Safari Park where you drive through, but do not get out of your car — for good reason since the jungle-type animals were roaming loose in carefully separated areas that resembled their native environment. At one place in the road a group of zebras placed themselves in front of our vehicle and refused to move. One zebra pressed its nose against the side window with every intention of biting any hand that might come within reach of its teeth. After a 10 to 15-minute "stand-off" the zebras tired of their game and moved lazily off the road and allowed us to pass.

We left the Safari park and wound our way up the mountains through the tea plantations — all neatly groomed like well-kept hedges on mountain terraces. The air was delightfully cool and pleasant. Tjahjadi told us that the workers start picking the new leaves each morning at 5:00 a.m. and receive wages of about 80 cents per day.

We stopped at a restaurant near the summit for coffee and bananas baked in a pastry. They were delicious. After refreshments we had time for photographs and an opportunity to enjoy the beautiful view of mountains covered with tea plantations before we returned to Bogor.

Tjahjadi insisted we stop at his home to have a brief visit with his family before we returned to Jakarta. Mrs. Sugianto was a bit shocked to have us descend on her unexpectedly (as I would have been under similar circumstances) and exclaimed about her appearance and the condition of the home. Husbands rarely seem to get the message that a woman prefers to be seen at her best and her house is also a reflection on her. My dear husband is an exception — he calls first. There were apologies and a mad scramble to clear the coffee table of newspapers. Her concern was not necessary as she was attractively dressed and the house equally presentable. At any rate, placed in the same situation, I would have felt as she did. The house was an attractive one-story structure. The front yard was a small enclosed court yard with a small pool, tropical plants and a cage full of birds.

We were invited into a cool airy living room with polished marble type floors. No one took off their shoes, but perhaps it was a concession to American visitors. The family had spent several years in Urbana while he was earning his PhD degree. Both Tjahjadi and his wife had made the trip to New Orleans arranged by Lowell for the students in 1979, and told us again how much that trip had meant to them.

The room was furnished western style with sofa and chairs grouped about a low coffee table. Like most professors Tjahjadi had one wall filled with shelves of books. Mrs. Sugianto

brought us tall glasses of iced litchi juice which is milky colored. I wondered about the ice, but under the circumstances I preferred to take my chances rather than to risk offending our gracious hosts. We found it a delicious cooling drink. In fact, it was so good it was difficult to conform to the Indonesian form of politeness and leave a small amount in the glass.

The oldest Sugianto daughter came into the room to greet us. She was now 18 and had been in the eighth grade when they left Urbana. She was ready to attend the university in Bogor and hoped to attend the University of Illinois for graduate work. The other two daughters were not at home and we were sorry we did not have an opportunity to meet them also. They were 13 and 16 years old. They all speak excellent English and expressed many times how much they had enjoyed living in the United States.

We did not stay long as our driver sat outside the door looking "ancy." However, we did twist his arm into taking a group photo of us, before expressing our thanks and our hopes that we would see them again soon, as we bade them farewell. We were saddened to learn in 1994 that Tjahjadi had died suddenly of a heart attack.

As we drove out of Bogor our driver said, "Return to Jakarta at 7:00. Have to take something to wife. She visits mother in village." Without waiting for an answer from us, he took off in the opposite direction from Jakarta. We had expected to be in Jakarta no later than 5:00 p.m. but instead, we were being hurled down a bumpy, curving, 2-lane highway toward an unknown destination. This was not our plan, but when we tried to question him he held up a map with one hand, grinned, pointed in the direction he was headed at top speed, and continued toward the south side of the island, all the while dodging horrendous traffic. His English was so limited that nothing was clear, and we could not even communicate a desire for a bathroom stop. Since we appeared to have no alternative or control we decided to sit back and go for the ride.

We rode for nearly an hour through tropical vegetation and densely populated countryside. There were tiny houses and busy groups of people everywhere. Housing appeared modest and often poor, but adults and children alike seemed well fed and adequately clothed. Sanitation conditions were miserable. There seemed to be no source of a pure water supply and they had poor garbage disposal. The water seemed to be constantly recycled from river or stream to home, to rice paddy and back again. The rivers and streams were used for bathing, laundry, garbage disposal and drinking — sometimes in that order. All the water appeared muddy as a result of the drainage off the rice paddies.

About 5:40 our driver pulled to the side of the road near a vendor stand and said, "Go in 10 minutes. Want to come to my home? Wife doesn't speak English." We both felt that his sense of hospitality required he ask us to accompany him, but he looked somewhat relieved when we declined. He removed two large speakers from the trunk of the company car and disappeared down a path through the dense tropical growth. He obviously had planned this side trip since he had brought the speakers with him. Adults and children at the vendor stand and at the little open wooden houses across the road showed a curious, but polite, interest in our presence.

Some 15 minutes later our driver reappeared from the dense vegetation. I asked him to show us where we were on the map. He apparently misunderstood the question and took us even further down the road to give us a tour of the next village. People thronged the dusty unpaved streets. Brightly painted, dust-covered buildings with open fronts faced the streets. All types of goods and produce were displayed for the crowds moving slowly through the buildings. Ponies pulling cute little passenger carts moved up and down the streets dodging buses, cars, and pedestrians. It was all so very colorful and reminded us of small villages we had seen in Mexico. The crowds of people appeared to be motivated more by socializing than by shopping.

As we proceeded on through the village we managed to convey to him that we desired to return to Jakarta, not knowing where he intended to take us. He made a quick U-turn in the road and we were once again headed toward Jakarta, flying over bumps, sailing around curves and dodging on-coming vehicles, animals and pedestrians all the way. Traffic into Jakarta was slow and heavy as we approached the city. Lowell remarked it reminded him of returning to Paris on a Sunday evening, recalling one such experience a few years previous, when it required nearly four hours to cover the last 40 miles into Paris. It was 7:30 p.m. when we reached the hotel. It had been a more than interesting day — one neither of us had planned, but one we wouldn't have wanted to miss. We were too tired to do more than "snack" in the room, take our showers and go to bed.

Sunday, January 25

This was to have been a day of sightseeing. We had intended to hire a taxi to take us to the Taman Mini Indonesia Indah (Beautiful Indonesia in Miniature) located a few miles south of Jakarta. This had been a pet project of Mme. Suharto (wife of the current president of Indonesia) and was reported to depict all aspects of Indonesian Culture. It was located on 400 acres of land and was supposed to be an excellent way to spend a full day enjoying the tropical sunshine. But this outing was not destined to be ours. From the moment we arose the sky was heavy and threatening and the humidity was so thick it wrapped us in a warm wet blanket each time we emerged from our air conditioned room. It was obvious this was not just another quick passing tropical shower. We reluctantly developed a new plan of action.

The Central Museum (Gedung Gojah, which means Elephant Building) was less than a mile down the street. We would have walked if the sky had not been so threatening. We decided we had better ask the doorman to hail us a taxi. That was no problem since taxis, such as they are, were a dime a dozen in Jakarta. Readers who live in the United States know the car rental service called "Rent-A-Wreck", but for the uninformed who have not ridden in the Jakarta city taxis (I don't mean the Bluebird specials) the city taxis make "Rent-A-Wreck" look like a limo. The Bluebird taxis are air conditioned and in good condition, and can be ordered if you are willing to wait and pay the much higher fares. In response to our request, the doorman hailed the next taxi in the line. A heap of scrap metal with an engine, pulled up in front of us, looking

for all the world as if it was on its way to the nearest junk yard and hoping it could make it! Springs were non-existent and the back seat rested on the axle. The soiled, shredded upholstery bore no resemblance whatever to an automobile. It was a far cry from the impeccably clean white lace-covered seats of the taxis in Tokyo.

As we crawled into the back seat, trying to make the least possible contact with anything, we noticed that the meter read 400 Rupiahs. As the taxi whipped out of the drive and into the swirling traffic the meter suddenly jumped to 7000. As we pulled into the museum drive, the meter was at 7500. The hotel had already told us the charge for that short distance should be no more than 1000 Rupiahs and that would include a generous tip. As the taxi lumbered to a stop, Lowell handed the driver 2000 Rupiahs (the equivalent of about \$1.50) and got out. The driver looked sheepish, grinned knowingly, and accepted the reduced fare without a word. If you are going to be gouged for money by someone, anyplace in the world, it probably will be by the taxi driver. Even the Chinese were quickly learning the art, even in a tipless society.

A bronze elephant statue graced the front of the museum; a gift of King Chulalongkorn of Thailand during his visit in 1871. This turned out to be a very interesting museum. We spent a long time viewing the various exhibits depicting the history of the many cultures and tribes of Indonesia. The displays were excellent and held our interest, in spite of the fact that none of the information was translated into English. One entire wing was devoted to one of the largest collections of Chinese porcelain I have ever seen anywhere. Some of the information about this collection was given in English. It was interesting to see the collection of really exquisite, rare porcelain and compare it to the collections of cheap ware that was made for the foreign market when foreign sea captains first carried the art around the world. Some years later we learned some of the collection had been stolen.

We had correctly assessed the weather. Lightning flashed and the rain came down in sheets as we prepared to return to our hotel. Our desire to walk was again thwarted and we asked a man at the museum lobby desk if he could call us a taxi. He motioned to a fellow standing on the steps who dashed to the street, umbrella in hand, to hail us a taxi. He returned in a few minutes, followed by another beat-up old taxi. We managed to crawl into the sagging back seat without any cuts or snags from jagged metal, and started off to the hotel. With a series of hand gestures he communicated that the meter was not working and held up ten fingers for 10,000 Rupiahs (approximately \$7.00). I decided this called for a tough stand — rain notwithstanding. I shook my head, held up one finger and said, "1,000." He started to shake his head, but when I added "Hotel said correct fare," he took off down the street without another comment. He looked pleased enough when Lowell gave him 1,500 Rupiahs as we stepped from his taxi.

Later in the afternoon the rain lifted and we walked across the street to the expensive Mandrin Hotel. We bought some very nice rolls in their bakery shop and after looking in the windows of their gift shops, we walked down the street to the President Hotel to look at the

batik shop. Again returning to our hotel, we stepped carefully around the street vendors with their steaming pots of food filling the sidewalks. All smelled strongly of rancid grease, mixed with the odors of yesterday's unsold bananas lying in the gutters and along the sidewalks. Next to the vending stands were the ever present open garbage dumpsters.

In spite of the weather it had been an educational, interesting, enjoyable day.

Monday, January 26

A dense tropical downpour consumed most of the day. I found it had a beauty all of its own as I watched from our room and lanai. Glistening drops of liquid silver washed everything it touched as it fell to the ground below. Cars and pedicabs splashed their way up and down the streets. Umbrella-carrying pedestrians dashed from doorway to doorway. The minaret on the white mosque in the distance gleamed through the silver sheets of rain. I found myself so entranced by my surroundings that it was difficult to leave my view point and return to my reading and writing.

Tuesday, January 27

Lowell returned about 3:00 in the afternoon and said his driver was waiting to drive us to the large department store several blocks down the street. After letting us out at the door he indicated he would wait for us in the parking lot. He seemed surprised when we told him he was through for the day and we would walk back to the hotel.

Most of the store was fairly typical of large department stores everywhere in the world, but one entire floor was devoted to Indonesian handicrafts. We spent a long time looking at Indonesian dolls, wood carvings, batik, baskets, the interesting distinctive shadow puppets so important to Indonesian story telling, delicate silver work and on and on. We decided to wait until we had seen Bali before making most of our purchases, but we did buy a pretty little silver pin for about \$5.00. The clasp was poorly put together, but the pin was lovely.

The walk back to the hotel was something else. No wonder our driver was surprised that we wanted to walk. There were crowds of people everywhere and sidewalks were completely filled with vendors of all kinds occupying most of the walking area. One feels hands reaching out to you from everywhere, imploring you to buy or begging for coins. We were prime targets with our fair complexions and western looks. I had seen a young man thrust a shadow puppet into his jacket and zip it closed while we were in the department store. He caught my eye at the same time and quickly turned away. When I later told Lowell I felt I should have reported him he reminded me it wasn't my country and I couldn't reform the whole world. I wondered now if I also might have received a knife in my ribs for my trouble.

As we walked along the street we met a beggar. The minute he saw us his entire posture changed. He began to limp, humped his back, put a pitiful expression on his face and held out his hands. Fortunately, I had seen him before he saw us and had witnessed the dramatic change

from a healthy young man strolling along to the pitiful cripple cringing before us. When we shook our heads he shrugged his shoulders and walked on down the street — looking for his next victim no doubt.

Auto pollution along the main thoroughfare was terrible and garbage was strewn everywhere. We met an Englishman in the hotel lobby that night. He told us that he was employed by the city of Baltimore as a sanitary engineer, but came to Jakarta to serve as a consultant to the Indonesian government on their sanitary problems. He shook his head in disbelief at the enormity of the problem. Despite the number of modern, high technology garbage trucks provided by several agencies and governments around the world, garbage continued to accumulate. The consultant told us it was not unusual for the truck driver to dump his load of garbage on the roadway rather than to drive all the way to the dump site.

Dozens of the three-wheeled pedicabs were always parked on the side street next to our hotel; each driver eagerly tried to attract our attention every time we passed by. I longed for a spin in one of them, but the language barrier which hampered explanations of where we wanted to go and what we should pay, always put a damper on our enthusiasm.

Wednesday, January 28

Each day in this exciting country took on its own character. This day proved even more unusual. About 7:00 a.m. I became aware something unusual was happening at a house on the street below our lanai. The gate to the compound was open and a yellow flag had been placed on the gate post. A canopy had been erected over the driveway next to the house. People came and went all morning. Women had their heads covered with scarves. A truck brought folding chairs and proceeded to set them in rows under the porch and canopied area. More were placed on the lawn next to the flower beds. Huge sheaves of flowers arrived transported via truck, van, bicycles, pedicabs, etc. I quickly concluded someone must have died during the night and I was witnessing a funeral proceedings.

People came and went all morning, apparently offering their condolences. About 12:30 a large number of people began milling about the house and lawn. A white van arrived at the gate. An aluminum looking stretcher basket was removed from the van and carried into the house. A number of men removed many of the large sheaves of flowers from where they had been placed on the lawn and fastened them to the exterior of the white van and several of the cars parked along the street. The remainder of the sheaves were placed in a pickup. A few minutes later men emerged from the house carrying the cloth and flower draped stretcher, and quickly placed it in the van. The yellow flag was removed from the gate post and placed at the front of the van. Slowly the van moved down the street and out of sight. The crowds of people silently faded into the surrounding streets of the city.

Lowell arrived back at the hotel about the middle of the afternoon carrying a large amount of cash. He had been paid his entire three weeks food and lodging allowance in cash.

What an uncomfortable dilemma. The hotel refused payment until the next day when we were to depart for Bali. We approached the hotel bank teller to ask to have it converted into a bank draft or traveller's checks, but they said that could not be done. They suggested the American Express office located several blocks away. That would have required a taxi ride and several discussions about locations and directions. That also left us uncomfortable, and no one was sure it would be open when we arrived or if we could find a taxi for the return ride if it was closed. Needless to say, we spent a rather uncomfortable night with several hundred thousand Rupiahs tucked under our pillow.

We were reminded that the University of Illinois office is never more than a phone call away when, during the early evening, Lowell's part-time secretary called to say the new secretary hired just before we departed Urbana had quit because she "just couldn't cope with all the work and pressure." The news from home was: there was a foot of snow on the ground and an ice storm was predicted — so much for the good news. It was nice to be warm with a humid tropical breeze coming across our lanai.

Thursday, January 29

We were awake and out of bed by 6:00 a.m. as Lowell wanted to accomplish a full day's work before our 2:30 p.m. departure for Bali. We had intended to fly over on Friday evening, but the faculty at the University of Indonesia had insisted that two days were not nearly enough time to see Bali, and we should leave a day earlier. I spent the morning packing. It would have been nice to have taken only the few things we would need for the weekend, but we decided it was wiser not to leave our things in the hotel storage while we were gone, despite the difficulty of packing and moving everything we had with us.

Lowell returned to the hotel about 2:30. The government had provided him with a car and driver for the time we were in Indonesia. The driver was a friendly fellow with a warm and ready smile. Each day he drove Lowell to the University and waited in the parking lot all day until Lowell was ready for him again. Each day Lowell gave him a small tip and his gratitude knew no bounds. He was more than pleased to drive us to the airport to catch the 3:15 flight. He constantly tried to communicate with his limited English vocabulary and incomprehensible accent. We returned the favor by communicating in our non-existent Indonesian.

The sky appeared threatening as we arrived at the airport. Our driver hopped quickly from the car, signaled for help with our bags and we were whisked inside almost before we could plant our feet on the cement. Few passengers were in the airport as we quickly checked our bags at the Garuda ticket counter. Just as we were ready to pass through passport control, here came our driver waving and calling to us. "What time shall I pick you up on Sunday?" We were never certain he understood our reply, but he waved a cheerful and enthusiastic goodbye and departed from sight. Lowell's 10,000 Rupiah "reward" for his week of attentive chauffeuring was undoubtedly warm within his pocket.

A heavy tropical storm broke just before departure time. Rain gushed down, flooding the cement runway, as we watched from a glass enclosed departure lounge. It was an attractive airport with an open airy look and was surrounded with lush tropical plants. Our delay was short. After about 30 minutes we departed for Bali on a two hour flight on a Garuda DC 10. There was just time for a pleasant dinner on board between take-off and touch-down.

It was dark when we arrived at the airport in Bali. A hotel representative met us to drive us to the hotel. In the dark, young boys scrambled to grab bags in hopes of getting a tip. Ours were snatched from our hands and carried to the hotel van amid our protests. Lowell reached in his pocket for a tip as they stood with outstretched hands. It was so dark he could not determine the amount of coins he gave them, but we were glad we could not understand the language. Verbal abuse and disgust transcend any language barrier. Whatever the amount Lowell gave them they left no doubt that it was not enough. The van door slammed shut and we were off; and just in time I might add.

We had requested a garden cottage. It sounded so cozy and private. That was a bit of a mistake. The surrounding area was a beautiful tropical garden located quite a distance from the hotel. The interior was very worn and not too clean. The place was infested with ants. Sand from the carpet stuck to our bare feet. We decided it would probably look better in the light of day — after all it was a cottage and it was located in a garden lush with tropical growth. We could hear the usual sounds of the tropical night through the closed door. There was adequate space beneath the door for sounds as well as other things to come through.

We chased a few small bugs from the bathroom, took a quick shower and settled into our individual cots for a good night's sleep. About 1:00 a.m. I was awakened by a strange pricking feeling on my arm. Imagine my horror when I grasped a 2-inch beetle crawling up my arm. I screamed and stood up in my bed as I flung the repulsive offender to the floor. Poor Lowell! My piercing scream had awakened him from a sound sleep. He could not imagine what was happening and came out of bed scared half to death. He cautiously retrieved a stunned 2-inch cockroach from beneath my bed and threw it out the door. Knowing that the cockroach could return under the door without even ducking his head, we had little confidence that the episode would not be repeated. We slept very lightly after that interruption.

Friday, January 30

I was up by 6:00 and I couldn't wait to request that the hotel manager move us to a room in the main hotel — hopefully on a floor too high for cockroaches to reach. They switched us to another room without question. By 7:00 a.m. the little hotel shuttle bus was at our door to transport us and our luggage to the high rise, main hotel. We were given a lovely clean room on the fifth floor, overlooking a wide curving blue-green bay edged in yellow sand and lush tropical growth. Misty dark blue volcanic mountains rose to the sky on the land beyond the bay. Colorful outrigger canoes rested at the waters' edge all along the curving beach. We were



Outriggers on the Bali beach



Indonesia's first palm tree



An Indonesian drama



Batik artists on Bali

surrounded by palms and plants swaying in the wind, flowers blooming everywhere. Bougainvillaeas, hibiscus, orchids, and frangipani, made splashes of brilliant color across the landscape.

We had a leisurely breakfast in the restaurant overlooking this paradise. We could hardly wait to find a way to better explore this beautiful island. After checking the various organized and free-lance tours available, we chose to hire a car and driver with a tour guide who spoke English. It turned out to be an excellent choice as the car was comfortable and air conditioned. The guide was a pleasant young man who really made an effort to show us this beautiful island and to help us see the things we wanted to see. He made it clear from the beginning we were free to set our own time schedule and agenda and he would make suggestions at each step of the way.

Our first stop was to see an Indonesian drama production. It was delightful. We stepped through a doorway in a stone wall into an inner courtyard. The setting was in the open air with a simple thatched roof over the open amphitheater. Jungle growth surrounded us on every side. The amphitheater faced steps leading to a stone platform area soon to become center stage. A high stone wall, with an open doorway covered in stone carvings, formed the backdrop. To the right of this stage was another thatched-roofed platform where the orchestra members sat in rows, cross legged, on the floor. All the men were dressed in lavender cotton shirts, green pants and yellow shoes. Their instruments consisted of brass, reed instruments, along with various types of drums, cymbals, etc. The sounds they produced were more exotic than melodic — so very different from western music.

The entire atmosphere was one of an Asian mix with a strong Indian influence — far more than the other Indonesian islands because Bali was settled by people migrating from India. Our guide informed us the religion on the island is primarily Hindu, but with their own distinct interpretations of that religion. Indonesians were basically of Malay heritage and were divided into approximately 300 ethnic groups which speak about 583 languages and many more dialects. Islam was the predominate religion in Indonesia with the exception of the island of Bali. The national language was Bahasa Indonesia. Indonesia had long been a mix of native inhabitants, Malays of Mongoloid stock, Polynesians, Hindus, Arabs and, in more recent times, Portuguese, French and Dutch. Even the Japanese occupied Indonesia during World War II. But here in this setting, the Hindu influence prevailed.

We watched and listened transfixed as beautifully costumed characters told the story of a beautiful maiden being sacrificed to an evil ruler. Despite help from the dragons, good prevailed over evil, with the intercession of a good fairy and the well intentioned, though bumbling, help of the two clowns. The character of the monkey was one of the best portrayals of an animal I have ever seen.

After nearly an hour of this exciting performance we returned to our car and waiting driver where he had parked along the roadside. Tour buses and other cars stretched in a long line on

both sides of the black topped roadway. The day was brilliant, with sunshine and blue skies, as we wound our way through dense tropical growth encroaching to the very edge of the highway. Interspersed among the densely covered hillsides were beautifully terraced rice paddies with water flowing from one level to the next. Rice was in all stages of growth; from new seedlings being planted to golden heads ready for harvest. Elaborately carved temples in all stages of time-induced decay as well as recent restorations, protruded from clearings surrounded by a profusion of greenery. We were told that each compound had its own temple, temple grounds, and priest for worship and we saw them in every village we passed no matter how small or isolated. We stopped to view one of these temples. They were so elaborate in their construction and carvings it was difficult for one uneducated in the religion to grasp the full significance of the many symbols. Little tropical birds sang and flitted from tree to tree and the sweet smell of flowers and vegetation floated on the air mixed with an occasional whiff of incense from inside the temple. A woman dressed in a sarong-type garment, winnowed rice drying on a cement floor inside the temple compound. She smiled warmly when Lowell took my photograph as I knelt to examine the grain and to feel the golden grains flowing through my fingers.

Farther up the road we stopped at a silversmiths. The Balinese were famous for their delicate silver jewelry. This particular shop seemed quite overpriced compared to the silver jewelry we had seen in Jakarta. I did buy a small pin with the justification that I should have something uniquely representing Bali. The scroll design was lovely — but the clasp was poorly constructed.

Our next stop was at a woodcarving establishment. It appeared to be a large home, open and airy in appearance. A stone pathway led to the back of the house and into a lush garden. A grinning carved statue rested on a pedestal beside an open doorway. The nude figure was covered by a carefully designed navy and white fringed cotton sash wound around the waist. A matching parasol perched jauntily over its head. I could not tell if the figure was man or beast or a little of both. Our guide explained that the carvers were trained here and their work was priced according to the skill of the carver and his experience. We bought a small wooden elephant and a water bird from their display shop. The elephant obviously had been created by a more highly skilled artist than the bird and the two pieces were priced accordingly.

We were again back in the car continuing in our northward direction. The scenery kept us spellbound. There were shimmering rice paddies terraced into the hillsides and mountains in the most intricate of patterns. Palm trees waved in the breeze. We often saw geese nibbling grass along the road side or near the paddies. Sometimes someone would be herding a flock of ducks along the road with only a long thin twig to keep them moving in the right direction. People walked along the road, some with unbelievable towering loads perched on their head: pans or baskets of produce, yards and yards of batik material carefully folded, baskets of earth, and all manner of things that required moving from one place to another. Babies were often carried in a cloth scarf tied to the mother's back. People transported many things by a long pole balanced

over their shoulder with a large basket tied to each end. I was fascinated by the large open work baskets used for transporting everything, including live chickens. The baskets measured some three feet in height and diameter and the chickens inside came in an array of colors. Humans, poles and baskets seemed to move in a harmonious rhythm, each in tune with the other; the stride and rhythm matched to the length and bounce of the pole.

As we parked along the roadside again to see a Holy Spring, a thin and rather emaciated man approached us asking if we would buy his wood carving of a bird. Since we had already purchased a similar carving we hardly needed another, but the sincere pleading look in his eyes convinced us we truly could use one more carved bird.

The Holy Spring was located down a steep path on a hillside terrace surrounded by jungle and rice paddies on many levels. Small streams of water poured into a large sunken pool via elaborately carved heads. Next to the pool was a large thatched pavilion for various ceremonies. Just beyond was the entrance to a cave called the elephant cave. The entire hillside entrance was garnished with the most elaborate of stone carvings. We entered its dark dank interior. It was several moments before our eyes adjusted to the low light. Fruit and flowers had been placed as offerings on simple carved stone altars. It is always interesting, as well as puzzling, to see the places and artifacts that inspire divine devotion.

We returned to daylight after a few attempts at photographing the dark interior of the cave and altars. Several little girls lined the path, imploring us to buy cold drinks or fresh coconuts. They were very disappointed when we refused, but brightened considerably when Lowell gave them a few coins in exchange for a photograph. He ran out of coins before he ran out of little hands and was met with looks of displeasure from those at the end of the line. We continued our drive to Mt. Batur which was really a volcano that had last erupted in the 1960s or 1970s. A high altitude lake had been formed as a result of the eruption. This, along with the exposed crater, gave us a beautiful view to enjoy while we had lunch at a restaurant perched on the edge of the mountain. We decided to choose the Indonesian buffet rather than a selection from the menu. The buffet gave us a wide range of choices; most were dishes we did not recognize, but they were fun to try and gave us more control than selecting from the menu. We invited our tour guide to join us but he declined, saying he would wait for us outside. With that farewell he disappeared, we assumed to find his own preferences for lunch. The raw fruits and vegetables were always so tempting, but always a no-no.

After sampling many of the dishes and no more certain of what we had eaten than when we started the meal, we walked outside to find our guide and driver. There were many people crowding around every tourist, attempting to sell postcards, carved heads, clothing etc. It was difficult to make our way through the crowd and several of the women followed us to the car still shouting their wares and prices as we drove away.

Our guide had asked us when we started the trip what kinds of things we most wanted to see. Since arts and crafts were high on our interest scale he suggested we visit, among other

things, some of the textile and painting industries. The afternoon trip was equally as interesting as the morning had been. We wound our way down the mountain through avenues of waving palms and jungle growth to an artist colony. Our first stop was to view several groups of artists producing batik fabrics. "Art" is certainly the correct word for the yard goods, wall hangings and screens which they were creating. The materials were intricate, colorful skilled pieces of workmanship.

I could really appreciate the amount of skill needed to produce these lovely works of art as I had dabbled a little in this art form in years past. The afternoon was warm and the heaters used to melt the wax must have added much to the worker's discomfort. A tracing of the pattern was barely visible on the fabric. Layers of melted wax were carefully overlaid on the pattern drawn on the fabric. The fabric was then dipped in the dye, followed by another layer of wax on another part of the pattern. Waxing and dying were alternated until the pattern was complete. Both young men, and women worked with deep concentration, sitting on low stools or cross-legged on the floor of an outdoor thatched roof area. We were allowed to walk among them and watch their individual skills as long as we wanted. Adjacent to this compound was a large building displaying many, many of these fine works of art and offering them for sale.

We left the batik artists and found a weaver's shop a few miles down the road where we stood and watched their nimble fingers make the shuttles fly as they wove the exquisite fabrics of intricate designs and gorgeous colors. Our next stop included a visit to a beautiful home with elaborate stone carvings. Beautiful inner courtyards with pools and flowers provided an idyllic setting for the house that is now used for an art museum. Many of the works were for sale and artists sitting in the courtyard and on the porch were producing additional paintings for the collections.

It was late in the afternoon before we arrived back at our hotel. Our tour guide encouraged us to make reservations for another tour for the following day. We informed him we were still undecided as to our plans, but would be sure to let him know if we decided on another full day's tour.

The hotel was providing an evening buffet dinner and a performance of the Ballet of Rama and Sita. We decided to attend and were very happy we had made that decision. It was held in the hotel auditorium. We were seated at tables according to the size of the party. There were many Chinese present as it was the Chinese New Year. There were also a number of tour groups of Japanese along with quite a few people from Australia. There were very few Americans. A stage stretched across one end of the room. Tables laden with food were arranged around the perimeter of the room. Each table contained a different arrangement of everything from hors d'oeuvres to dessert. We picked up a plate, filled it with all it would hold from one table, consumed what we wanted of that dish, then back to the buffet table (groaning board would be a better name) to fill the plates again from the next table. We repeated the procedure until we could hold no more. The setting was elegant with soft lights, white linen, crystal, and

flowers gracing every table. The food was quite spicy, but delicious, even though most of the time we didn't know what we were eating.

The ballet that followed was exciting and beautiful. The elaborate costumes were again exquisite in color and detail beyond belief. The story unfolded, keeping the audience entranced. It was over far too soon, leaving us with the feeling we wished we could bottle the sights and sounds to carry home, knowing some of this would quickly fade from our memory. As we departed from the auditorium we were presented with a small bamboo fan garnished with a spray of orchids.

Saturday, January 31

What a lovely morning to relax and enjoy our surroundings. We wandered around the tropical gardens surrounding the hotel, rich with flowers and vines of brilliant colors. We strolled along the wide yellow sandy beach that fronted the hotel property and stretched the full length around a wide bay, backed by misty blue mountains in the distance beyond. Brightly painted outriggers rested all along the beach with many of the owners encouraging us to take a ride. We would have liked to oblige, but there had been showers during the night and the sea was quite rough. The clouds spoke of possible sudden squalls. We decided to postpone the ride and consequently never had another opportunity.

Light rain began to spit from those restless turbulent clouds and we took cover by strolling along the shopping arcade. It was enjoyable to examine the local crafts at our leisure. When I found a white embroidered cotton two-piece dress I enquired as to the price. When the saleslady said "Fifty dollars, American" I said "No thanks." I'm not good at bargaining so I was surprised when the clerk responded with a little lower price. Lowell took the challenge in stride and soon had her price offer down to \$25.00. We quickly said "We'll take two," with our daughter, Rebecca, in mind. We were even more shocked when she rang up two for \$40.00. Even now I look at the dress with something akin to guilt, thinking of how little the dressmaker is paid for the many long hours of work that must have gone into the detail of the embroidery.

Remembering the enjoyment of the previous days' tour, we decided to take an afternoon tour to the monkey forest. This time we selected one of the organized small-group tours. We met at the tour office after lunch to discover our tour companions were one American tour guide from New York, and three tourists from Great Britain — two were a husband and wife now living in Hong Kong, the other a lovely lady from Surrey, England.

It was an excellent tour, very informal with great views of the back roads. Our van stopped at a clearing in the jungle. A row of open thatched-roofed vendor's stands lined the north side of the compound. Monkeys scurried about everywhere; in the trees, on the ground, and on the vendor's stands. Tiny babies clung to their mothers as they scrambled to beg food from the tourists. Each monkey's parent kept an alert eye on any hand they thought might feed them, but also kept one eye on the babies beside them in case any tourist made a wrong move

toward the baby. A few coins purchased our bag of peanuts from the vendor and we joined in the fun of feeding and photographing these alert and interesting animals, always mindful of keeping our fingers from an over-eager set of teeth.

Our guide introduced us to a young woman friend, the proprietor of one of the vending stands, who asked if we would like to see the large bat colony in the nearby jungle. We readily agreed to follow her down a muddy path into the jungle, carefully sidestepping the largest of the puddles. Sure enough, a short distance into the jungle and we could see the huge fruit bats clinging to the trees, flitting from branch to branch, and circling in the sky high above our heads. About that time the drone of mosquitos hummed in my ears and I beat a hasty retreat back up the muddy path through the jungle and into the open clearing. I had seen enough bats for one day and was not looking for a confrontation with mosquitos that sounded nearly as large as the bats! Lowell soon followed me back into the clearing, having stayed for one more photo as the woman guide clapped her hands one more time to drive a cloud of bats skyward. The vending stands had little to offer other than cold drinks and a few native crafts that we had seen elsewhere. Their specialty was clearly the "monkey jungle."

We again boarded our van for a great drive over the back roads of Bali. Like most countries, the back roads bring the true culture into better focus. This was no exception. Rice fields were everywhere and in all stages of development, from preparation of the fields, to planting, to harvesting. In one field a farmer stood ankle deep in the muddy water, bending to insert one plant after another in neat rows in the soil beneath the water. He carried a basket of plants that had been grown in the starting beds in the village under a protective black netting. Only a few minutes drive down the road we came upon a large group of men and women harvesting rice only a short distance from the road. Some were cutting the grain with hand scythes, others were tying the grain into sheaves, one armful at a time. Across the road some of the grain was being threshed by beating it with a long leather strap on the end of a stick. The loose rice was placed in large, flat baskets and winnowed by tossing it in the air, so that the wind would blow away the chaff. The workers' bright cotton garments contrasted with the golden rice field, making a colorful picture that reminded me of the painting "The Gleaners" by Jean Millet. As we stood admiring this pastoral scene, we saw a man come trotting down the road behind us. He had two large baskets of rice balanced on the end of a bamboo pole nearly six feet long, placed at an angle across his shoulder. As he trotted past us, the baskets moved up and down with the flexing pole, in perfect rhythm with the motion of his steady gait. His face gave no sign of acknowledgement as he passed by our van and disappeared down the road.

Water buffalo grazed in quiet contentment in the afternoon sun. We were told these fine animals were too valuable to endanger their health by working them in the heat of the afternoon. They were used to plow the fields during the cool of the morning — only the humans worked in the afternoon sun! How could a farmer with the sun beating on his bent and aching back not sometimes wonder if it might not be better to be a buffalo!

Planting rice in flooded paddy



Threshing and winnowing rice



Sunset on Tanah Lot



Muddy streams flowed like ribbons through the fields, villages, and jungles. Children were swimming nude in streams, jumping from bank to water in childish glee. Women washed clothes along the banks. The same muddy water served all the needs of bathing, washing, irrigation, and village water supply. I was always surprised how clean their clothes appeared.

We were then driven to the western sea coast to view a small temple built high on a rock in the sea, connected to land by a rocky basin. It is called Tanah Lot. As we strolled down the path toward the sea a slightly built boy of about nine years followed, imploring us to buy his postcards. He directed his attention to one lady in our group, the tour director from New York, and doggedly pursued her every step of the way. At the end of the path we found ourselves poised high above the sea. Ocean waves splashed onto the dark rocky basin below us forming tidal pools in the water worn hollows of the rocks. Two naked little boys played in the pools, oblivious to all onlookers, and searching for whatever sea treasures they could find. Directly across the basin and high on a rock stood the beautiful Tanah Lot with its many tiers of thatch rising one above the other to form a cone pointing toward the evening sky. Lush tropical growth surrounded its base, anchoring it to its perch on the rock that lifts the shrine above the surging, foaming sea. A strong sea breeze whipped at our clothes and blew our hair across our faces. The taste of salt water spray formed on our lips.

By now our small salesman no longer followed us, but planted his small self directly in front of us with big imploring eyes and continued his sales pitch "Ten for only 1000 baht, please?" The New York tour director sighed and said "How come you keep trying when I have already said 'no' fifty times?" He only cocked his head to the side and repeated the only English he knew, "Ten for only 1000 baht, please?" and continued to look sadly and directly into her eyes. She burst into laughter and reached for her money saying to the rest of us, "How can you refuse a face like that?" We couldn't and didn't, and several of the group proceeded to buy more postcards than they had friends to send them to. From then on he was our constant companion, not as salesman, but as protector from any and all other young and equally eager little salesmen.

At this point our guide encouraged us to move to a more advantageous point where we might watch the sun set behind the temple. He provided us with lawn chairs strategically placed where we could sit and watch as the sun dropped from the sky into the sea. A breath taking, blazing tapestry of red, orange, yellow, blue, and violet continued to form an ever changing backdrop for the now-silhouetted temple. All too soon the sun plunged into the foaming blue-green sea, dousing the light and color from the day. The Tanah Lot was only a dark shadow against the dark blue sky. We reluctantly left the scene and walked slowly back up the path through the lengthening shadows of the evening, past the tent covered vendors stalls, and returned to our van. It was just after 6:00 p.m. and already completely dark. It was interesting to note that sunset and sunrise varied little during the year when living on the equator. The sun rises about 6:00 and sets about 6:00 year around. We reached our hotel shortly after 7:00. What a perfect day it had been!

Sunday, February 1

This was our last day to spend on this beautiful island. We spent some time just viewing the scenery from our balcony that looked across the blue green bay to the misty dark mountain range beyond. Gentle waves washed against the colorful outriggers that rested on the yellow sand beach. A lone sailor maneuvered his craft in the soft breeze some distance from the shore. A number of surfers rode the breakers off shore. The entire morning was spent strolling about the beach and grounds, just absorbing the flora and fauna of the hotel grounds — memories to be put on call for some future snowy day in Illinois.

We decided it might be wise to go to the airport to see if we could get seats on the 2:30 plane rather than the 5:15. We managed to get seats, but true to what we had been told about Garuda airlines, the 2:30 plane coming from Australia was late. So late, in fact, we didn't leave for Jakarta until 4:00. The airport speaker system was so garbled and the English so difficult to understand we had to keep asking an Indonesian seated near us to translate — which he happily did when he could understand the poorly operating speaker system. It was dark when we arrived at the Jakarta airport. We hailed a Bluebird taxi for the return trip to our hotel. We were tired but glowing with the pleasures of the weekend in Bali — a scenic and cultural experience we would not have wanted to miss.

Monday, February 2

Lowell's car and driver arrived right on schedule this morning and by 8:00 he was off to work again. It was a good time for me to do some laundry and wash my hair. Our room boy always seemed disappointed and unbelieving that I never had any laundry. Since most of our travel clothes are washable, drip-dry I find it much easier to launder them myself and not run the risk of not having them returned when I need them.

We had an evening invitation to the home of the U.S. Agricultural Counselor for a 6:30 reception given for three of the U.S. Soybean Association delegation and their wives who were making a tour of the Far East to review the work of the Association. Once again we were at the mercy of the Jakarta taxi system. We could probably have used the government car and driver, but felt it would be inappropriate to use the Indonesian hospitality for a personal activity. Our doorman cheerfully called for a taxi from the line always waiting nearby, and a dirty heap of metal pulled up in front of us. Free enterprise certainly abounds in the taxi business in Jakarta, as it is apparent that anyone who can steer a vehicle down the street and has a vehicle with approximately four wheels is qualified as a taxi driver. We had further proof of this as we lurched forward into the evening traffic. I gathered my dress carefully about me, tied down my hair, and sat as still as one can in a car void of any springs and little remaining upholstery. A hot and humid breeze sailed through the open windows. I wondered how Lowell could look so cool and collected in that warm-looking dress suit. It was 6:30 and darkness had fallen on Jakarta. It

soon became evident our driver did not have the faintest idea where to find the address we had given him. He repeatedly asked us for the address, then each time he stopped to ask a local along the street for advice. I began to despair we would ever arrive at our destination. After four or five false attempts we turned down a side street and he pulled up in front of a residence with a high wall around it and pointed to the open gate. We crawled out, not at all certain that we had arrived at the right place. A guard at the gate motioned us up the driveway. We rang the doorbell and felt somewhat reassured that this was the place as we could see through the glass doors that a party was in progress. Counselor and Mrs. McConnel greeted us warmly and introduced us to the people from the American Soybean Association and their wives, and to the agricultural attaché, Kent Sisson and his wife Cara. Lowell was already acquainted with the men from the Soybean Association. He also knew Kent Sisson from his visit to the embassy earlier in the week. He also had known Kent as a graduate student at the University of Illinois Agricultural Economics Department.

The house was packed with probably 80 to 100 people, so we did not lack for interesting conversation. There was a generous mix of many nationalities and backgrounds, all socially adept and well versed in diplomacy. There was none of the standoffish isolation one sometimes encounters at a large party of strangers. Everyone entered into informal conversation with us and offered introductions as well as advice on getting around Jakarta. Servants in white jackets moved about the rooms offering drinks and tasty hors d'oeuvres. Sometime later we were served a beautiful buffet supper complete with roast beef, turkey salad, many other many main dishes and a wealth of desserts. One of the guests we met was a very pretty Indonesian woman. She was stunning in her smart white dress and with those lovely dark Indonesian eyes, beautiful coiffed dark hair, and a lovely warm personality to match. I learned later she was the editor of the top women's fashion magazine in Indonesia. Such was the makeup of the very stimulating group of people of varied interests and professions.

As guests began to depart about 9:00 p.m. we thanked our host and hostess and enquired about where to find a taxi. Mr. McConnel walked to the street with us and sent his guard to the main street to find a taxi. He soon returned with one following him down the street. We had no problem finding our way back to the hotel since most drivers do seem to know the locations of the big hotels.

Tuesday, February 3

During the previous evening's party Cara Sisson invited me to meet her at the American Embassy at 7:30 a.m. for a tour of the city. The Embassy had provided a van and driver for Cara to use to take the wives from the American Soybean Association on a tour, including lunch and shopping. I had given her a tentative answer since I wasn't too certain that I could make a taxi driver understand how to get me to the Embassy or if I could convey to the Embassy guard that I was expected. The guards at the gates are often natives of the country and often have

limited command of the English language. Considering all these potential problems, I had left my options open. However, Lowell (dear that he always is) went with me by taxi and accompanied me to the appropriate section of the Embassy. He then returned to our hotel to meet his own driver to take him to work.

I was a little early and since Cara had not yet arrived, the Marine guard, smart in his dress uniform, asked me to wait in the lobby. Cara arrived at 7:35 and called for me to follow her on past the guard, continuing on to her husband's office. "Trust me," she called to the young marine. "I'll take care of her identification card." She promptly did just that. We then proceeded to the Embassy cafeteria and had tea while we waited for the mother of an Embassy employee who was visiting from Georgia. She arrived a few minutes later. Kent Sisson joined us and we proceeded by van to the Hotel Baro to pick up Linda, Rachel, and Judy. Kent was meeting with their husbands. It took a while to get started as the three wives were not ready to begin the day's activities. They were carrying their previous purchases of souvenirs in bags for Cara to send home through the Embassy. At last we were off via air conditioned Bluebird van provided by the Embassy. We threaded our way through heavy traffic out of town south to Bogor. Cara was taking us to a place where the large brass temple gongs are made. We were told it was the last factory of its kind remaining in Indonesia. About an hour and a half later we pulled up in front of the sales shop in Bogor.

Gongs of several sizes hung on elaborately carved wooden stands filling the tiny opening to the street shop. One was huge and we had the fun of trying them for tone. Judy thought they should use one to open the annual meeting of the American Soybean Association. I suggested the soybean logo could be carved in the crossbar and soybean vines carved up the sides of the supports. All heartily agreed. There were many beautiful, richly carved and brightly dressed three-dimensional shadow puppets for sale also. Limited space in the suitcase always seems to thwart one's desires for such romantic purchases. Perhaps it is just as well.

Next door was a shop where several men sat carving the wooden support stands for the gongs. Cara then led us across the street to a big shed behind a shop. It seemed rather dark inside as our eyes adjusted from the bright sunlight to the darkened interior. Two groups of men were hard at work. Each group was working on a single gong. Two long narrow trenches had been dug in the earthen floor. A pile of red hot coals glowed at the far end of each trench. Two men sat on the ground at opposite ends of each trench, pumping bursts of air into the red coals. The air was provided by bellows made of an animal skin that appeared to be a goat skin. They placed the skin under their left arm and pumped away. It was too dark to see how they really accomplished the remarkable feat of turning the brass into the beautiful gong, but accomplish it they did all in rhythmic coordination and coals glowed red hot in response. Two men stirred each fire with long metal pokers. Another man stood ready with tongs with which he lifted the red hot gong to the earthen floor. Four men with large hammers stood around the hot metal and alternated pounding the gong in successive whacks. Each whack flattened the metal a little

more. As the metal cooled and began to lose its red glow and malleability, it was placed back into the coals again for another heating to red or white. The men on the bellows started pumping again and the process was repeated. The sound of the bellows, the pound, pound, pound of the hammers generated a melody of its own. This continued on and on until the gong assumed its intended shape — unique in all the world.

I know not how long the entire process takes because it was time to leave long before they were finished. The heat was intense in that shed and I felt for the men whose bodies glistened with perspiration as they spent much of their working hours at that arduous task. It really brings one up short to realize fate does not dish us out the same deals in life. Some of the ladies wanted to walk a short distance down the street to photograph a river and bridge. Cara cautioned them to watch their purses as purse snatchers abounded.

We reboarded the van to return to Jakarta. It was a pleasant drive as we observed women washing clothes and children bathing in the muddy stream that flowed along the highway. Clothes spread to dry on the grassy banks made bright splashes of color against the green of the rice fields in the background.

As we entered the city, Cara directed the driver to a very slummy section of the city. We stopped in front of an old wooden shack. Refuse was strewn about the shack and similar structures nearby. Since we thought it was about lunch time, Harriet exclaimed in disbelief, "We are not getting out here!" To everyone's amusement Cara explained we had stopped at a "snake shop" on the way to lunch. This was the shop Cara had told us about earlier in the morning. There was a large assortment of purses, shoes, and belts; all of them made of snakeskin and available for sale. Cara told us that if you had a pair of shoes you liked and that fit well, the shop proprietor would have a pair duplicated for you in snakeskin in your choice of color. I purchased a purse for about \$12.00 for our daughter. It was lined and very attractive, but not as carefully constructed as those I had bought in Argentina. After a lot of discussion and quite a number of purchases we departed for lunch at a Japanese restaurant on the grounds of the Hilton Hotel.

Before entering the hotel we removed our shoes and were ushered to a low table at one side of the room. We attempted to kneel and sit on the tatami mats on the floor, Japanese style, but none of us could even approach the grace of Japanese ladies. We feasted on tempura and rice using our chopsticks with varying degrees of efficiency. We were served ice cream for dessert. Cara assured us it was safe and I had to admit that it really did taste good.

Our day was not yet over, for we proceeded to a shopping area most tourists never find. There was a large variety of shops, ranging from antique to curio. Linda purchased a beautiful antique bamboo box decorated with sea shells about 2" x 2" in size. It demonstrated once again if there is a will to get it home there is a way to make it fit in the suitcase. I bought four delightful wood carved monkeys of the same type of carvings displayed in our hotel gift shop, at one-fourth the price.

It was now late afternoon and time for us to return to our hotel. We were all beginning to feel a little weary and I wondered about Cara as she was about five months pregnant with their first child. If we were tired, she must have been exhausted. She had been such a wonderful hostess, carried all the responsibility for the four of us, and provided us with a memorable series of experiences. We all said a happy "goodbye" with sincere hopes of meeting again as they dropped me at my hotel while enroute to the Hotel Baro.

Wednesday, February 4

This was the day to get organized for a Friday departure. I did some hand laundry. Our room boy informed me when he came to clean, Thursday was his day off. Since his English was rather difficult to understand I could not be certain he would be there when we departed on Friday so I gave him some money in an envelope for his kind service to us. He did not look inside, but thanked me and tucked it in his pocket and said shyly, "This will help a lot." He had told me previously he had a family of seven children and I suspect the few dollars I had put in the envelope may have been a significant increase in the weekly salary of a hotel room boy. I continued to sort through all the things we had accumulated in our three-week stay, deciding what to keep and what to discard.

Lowell returned from work about 2:30 and his driver drove us to the department store a few blocks from our hotel, to make our final purchases for family and friends. With some difficulty we persuaded our driver he was not to wait for us since we did not know how long we would be in the store and could easily walk back to the hotel. It was pouring down rain when we prepared to return to the hotel. Hailing a taxi proved to be no problem, however we were again introduced to the Indonesian "rent a wreck" taxi service — no springs, no upholstery, and no meter, but lots of rattles.

We returned none to soon, because Sam Johnson had already sent his driver and car to take us to their house for dinner. We quickly tossed our latest purchases into our room and were soon on our way for nearly an hour's drive in very heavy traffic to the Jakarta suburbs. This was by far the most attractive housing area we had seen. Houses were mostly large, white stucco structures with red tiled roofs, and all enclosed by high walls and fences. Tropical trees, plants and flowers enhanced every residence and street. We were a little concerned we would be too early since our driver had called for us an hour ahead of the original schedule, but Jane was not surprised to see us as she had tried to call us at the hotel. When we did not answer she assumed that we were on our way.

A guard opened the gate and we were driven up the short drive to the house. Jane met us in the drive and ushered us into their lovely home. The rooms were spacious and open with marble floors and beautiful wood doors and trim. The first floor consisted of entry room, living room, kitchen, bedroom, and bath with a focus on a garden room. A large rectangular fish pool was recessed into the floor and surrounded by columns with water spilling from rocks arranged

from the ceiling to the pool. The ceiling over the pool was open to the sky. It was much like the inner gardens of a Roman villa of old. A metal screen covered the sky opening for security. We were told that everyone had a 24-hour guard to protect their property. We can only hope this never becomes a necessity in our own country. The upstairs consisted of an office, two bedrooms, a bath, and a large sitting room.

We visited while we sipped ice tea, then Jane drove us to the International School. Daughter Tamara was practicing her swimming in an olympic sized pool. Sam Sr. and Jr. were near by participating in Little League practice. It was a beautiful open campus, complete with classrooms, theater, pool, tennis courts, athletic field, and gym. Jane told us that fees at the school were \$5000 a year per student. We were introduced to one of the teachers and his wife. Jane told us he had been a finalist in the group of teachers chosen to take the ill fated shuttle into space. He said he was very disappointed at the time because he had not been chosen, but in hindsight it had been good fortune for him.

We returned to the Johnson's home for a most pleasant visit. They would be returning to the University of Illinois in one year, they explained, as we snacked on fried wantons and waited for the two maids to cook dinner. As the time lengthened Jane repeatedly returned to the kitchen to check on progress. What she thought would be a simple meal for them to prepare took nearly two hours. A common problem with local cooks, Jane explained. It was a dinner well worth waiting for. We feasted on Saffron rice, shish kebabs, corn on-the-cob, tossed salad, and a wonderful plate of tropical fruit for the finale. It was the first raw food, with the exception of bananas, we had dared to eat since we had arrived in Indonesia. Time and again we have had unexperienced travelers assure us that such precautions are not necessary, only to discover to their sorrow that precautions are necessary. Trust me, it is important to use care because our bodies have not adapted to unfamiliar bacteria since infancy as the locals have. It is better to be safe than sorry. Given the limited time you have to take advantage of the international experience it is disappointing to spend several days of that experience too ill to enjoy it.

It was late and we asked Sam to call us a taxi rather than to make the long drive back to our hotel. He did insist on driving us to the nearest taxi stand and gave the driver good directions for returning to our hotel by the most efficient route. It had been a lovely way to spend one of our last evenings in Jakarta.

Thursday, February 5

Lowell put in a full day of work at the office while I brought my notes up to date and struggled to dry the last of the laundry. In such a humid climate that is no small task. We spent the entire evening waiting for a visit from a young man from Cornell University. He had called earlier to say he would like to discuss corn quality with Lowell. He was supposed to come at 7:00 p.m. At 8:30 we were still waiting. Finally we decided he was not coming and we might as well take our showers and get ready for bed. No sooner had we turned out the lights than the

phone rang. He was in the lobby. We scrambled to get dressed again and hurried down stairs to meet him. He had gone to the Hyatt Hotel thinking we were there. We were never able to figure out how he had made the mistake since he had called our hotel earlier to make sure of the appointment in the first place. An interesting confusion at any rate.

Friday, February 6

We were up early this morning since Lowell needed to spend part of the morning completing arrangements with the University of Indonesia regarding delivery of the final report. Our room boy returned to work today and I was deeply touched by the way he thanked me in his broken English for the tip I had given him on Wednesday. He told me he had seven children and the money would be a great help to him. It is a very humbling experience to realize how blessed you are and to know how little wealth is bestowed on most of the population of the world. Lowell was so moved when I told him of this conversation that he handed the surprised man a few additional small bills as we departed with our bags. We knew we were not likely to meet him ever again and hoped that in some small way we could lighten his burden.

The man assigned to Lowell as his official driver for the past three weeks was more than happy to drive us to the airport since Lowell had given him a small tip each day and a slightly larger one at the end of each week. He was such a cheerful man, with his rich brown skin and ever-present happy smile, one could not help but like him. He was especially pleased when we took his picture standing by the car and promised to send him a copy. He drove us through the midday traffic to the airport, deposited our bags at the Garuda desk and bade us goodbye. A young woman (a Garuda employee) immediately came to our assistance, helped us check our bags, picked up our boarding passes, quickly ushered us through customs, and led us to a comfortable air conditioned departure lounge where we were served refreshments until time to board our plane. Just prior to departure time she again appeared and directed us to our plane and departure gate. Our plane departed on time, climbing into the brilliant afternoon sky. We were reluctant to say farewell to this magical, mystical land of islands called Indonesia. We had visited only two of Indonesia's many islands that comprise this enchanting culture. Now it was time to return home after a splendid weekend stopover in Singapore. I looked back on the greenery fading into the distance and wished them peace and prosperity as our plane rose ever higher in the sky and turned toward Singapore.

Singapore

February 6 - 9, 1987



Singapore

1987

We were to have the pleasure of visiting Singapore on two occasions. The first was this weekend stopover on our return trip from Indonesia in 1987. Our first impression was, “how clean it is.” There are no tin cans, paper, garbage or any sort of litter on the streets or sidewalks. The second was still to come in 1988.

Friday, February 6

The drive from the airport to our hotel was on a very modern highway that skirted the seashore. Lawns, trees, and flower beds were immaculately groomed. The taxi was clean and air conditioned. Our driver spoke good English, even though Malay is the official language.

The name Singapura comes from the Sanskrit meaning “lion city” though no one seems to know the origin or the reason for the reference to lions. Apparently lions have never lived on the island, only tigers and an abundance of crocodiles in the surrounding swampland. The founding father is considered to be English born Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles who came ashore January 28, 1819. Although he spent a total of only one year here, he claimed it for his country and shaped the future for the present-day Singapore. In that short time his laws banned slavery, cock fighting, brothels, etc. He also made strides in the educational system by establishing Raffles College. He insisted that this island become a free trading port under the protection of England. Since this bit of land was located amid the sea lanes between East and Middle East, in three short years, trade figures were astounding and businesses grew at a rapid rate.

Singapore became a British Crown Colony in 1867 and remained so until 1942, when the government was forced to surrender to the Japanese. After the war, Britain resumed control, but the ground work for independence had been laid. In June 1959, Raffles College and Cambridge-educated Lee Kuan Yew became the first Prime Minister of the independent state of Singapore. Under his direction it became one of the most modern of the Asian nations.

When we arrived in 1987 we were driven to the new Westin Hotel complex. It consists of the Stamford and the Plaza connected by an enclosed shopping mall. The Stamford claims the title of the tallest hotel in the world — 72 floors. Even so, we chose the Plaza’s 30-story luxury hotel for this stay. The entire complex, called Raffles City, is located just across the street from the famous old Raffles Hotel. There are wonderful views of the sea from most of the rooms.

We checked in at reception expecting to be assigned to the broom closet, since our stay was a frequent flyer weekend award from United Airlines. Imagine our surprise when we were

taken to a posh 24th-floor, ocean view room. Tea and cookies were brought to the room a few minutes later. We indulged ourselves and settled in, exploring the remote controlled TV, and lights. Even the drapes were opened and closed at the touch of a button. We were happy to “turn in” early as we both had managed to encounter a “digestive bug” on the last few days in Indonesia. The wonder is it had not occurred sooner.

Saturday, February 7

It was Saturday morning when we awoke and we decided to walk around the area and get acquainted with our environment. We signed up for an afternoon tour of the city since we have found that to be a good way to get a quick overview of the area and an opportunity to decide which areas are good for a more in depth investigation at a later time.

The afternoon tour was a good choice. We were driven past the cricket grounds and government buildings. Sir Raffles’ landing place was pointed out to us. Then we continued on to China town. We disembarked and were given time and directions for strolling about the China town district, investigating the unusual shops at our leisure. Tiny shops (often just stalls) were open to the street and abounded with all sorts of objects from food to souvenirs. It was shortly after mid-day and the hot equatorial sun seemed to concentrate the odors until they overwhelmed the senses. The district was a hubbub of activity. Over 100,000 people occupy one square mile. We were told some scenes have not changed in 100 years. There were many apartments above the stores. Tours are often all too short. One could spend an entire day in China town alone.

We made a brief visit to a temple on Arab Street then were driven to Mt. Faber. It is a 385-foot tree and flower-covered hill with a view of the harbor and city. A cable car operates from the top of the hill to Sentosa Island. After being allowed some time to photograph and enjoy the scenery and browse in the curio shops, we were driven to the lovely Botanical Gardens. We were told this was where the Malaysia rubber industry began. The gardens are now an oasis of orchid pavilions, lily ponds with swans, and 80 acres filled with enticing foot-paths. We wandered the paths, enjoying the flowers and warm sunshine until time to take the bus back to our hotel. We enjoyed a leisurely dinner and the many shops in the plaza.

Sunday, February 8

We awoke Sunday morning to a beautiful, sunny day, and after a leisurely breakfast we arranged with the hotel for a tour to the Jurong Bird Park. It is a beautiful 50-acre park containing 7000 birds from all over the world. Within the park was a 5-acre aviary covered with netting where more than 3000 birds (65 varieties) fly free. The entire park was one of natural beauty with trees, flowers, and ponds forming luxurious environment for so many species of birds. As we entered the park there was a wonderful collection of brilliantly colored Macaws and cockatoos. We wandered down the tree lined path to a pavilion where passengers were

boarding motor trains for a riding tour around the park. Our guide suggested we might like to see the bird show first as it was about to start. We walked a short distance to a natural amphitheater located on the side of a hill. The stage below was backed by a thatched building. Tall trees formed a cooling canopy of shade. The air was quite warm and humid, but not really uncomfortable. We spent the next half hour enthralled as the "bird master" put all kinds of birds through different acts. At one point he waved his hand and a falcon located so far away that we could not see it in the trees, came swooping down and landed on the trainer's hand; demonstrating its remarkable sight. In a cage above and behind our amphitheater seats was a large owl. The cage door was open, but only when the trainer whistled did that beautiful feathered creature spread his wings and swoop so low over my head I could feel the rush of wind from his great wings as he passed and landed on the arm of his caller.

After the program we boarded the little train for a tour of the park. It seemed much the easiest way to see it in a limited amount of time. It was such a lovely park one could have enjoyed a full day of just walking the foot paths and enjoying the exhibits. All too soon, the tour guide informed us it was time to go. We made a short stop at a Ming pottery factory and then returned to the hotel for a late lunch.

It had been an interesting although very short look at Singapore. With hopes of someday returning for a more extensive view, we reluctantly made our final plans for departing. We did a little shopping and our final packing as we had an early departure the next morning.

Monday, February 9

Morning came very soon (5:30 a.m.) and we were off to the airport by 6:00. We boarded our plane on time and with a change of planes in Hong Kong we were winging our way over the Pacific to Seattle for a visit with daughter Rebecca and son-in-law Russ before returning home.

Brazil

March 26 - April 11, 1987



Brazil

1987

Congress had finally recognized the need for a thorough and objective study of the issues surrounding grain quality. They issued a formal request to the Office of Technology Assessment (OTA) the official investigative and research arm of The Congress of the United States, for a one year study of the issues, including a comparison of grading procedures among major grain producing countries competing in U.S. markets.

Mike Phillips, head of OTA, asked Lowell to join a team to evaluate grain quality and the grading systems of the major grain exporting countries. His responsibilities on the project extended far beyond visits to Brazil, Argentina, and France, but this was the part of the assignment where I was involved and it became one of the most interesting. Lowell was asked to help identify the “right people” for the team that would conduct the interviews, starting in Brazil, continuing on to Argentina and later traveling in France.

Selection of the team for Brazil was in itself a challenge. Experts were needed in several areas and these experts had to be sufficiently knowledgeable and aggressive to pursue less-than-accurate, or deliberately misleading, responses to the interviews. Most government agencies and operating grain firms would quickly recognize the objective of these interviews was to gain a competitive advantage in the world markets, and they would frame their answers in ways to conceal their problems and confuse uninformed professors with the complexities of futures markets and export strategies. After many interviews and careful evaluation, the following team was selected for Brazil.

Robert Zortman was an experienced grain inspector and head of the Southern Region of the Federal Grain Inspection Service, with an office in Mobile, Alabama. He knew the details of the U.S. inspection system, and could recognize every quality attribute the Brazilian exporters might be using and the accuracy of the government approved procedures, as well as actions exporters might be using to circumvent those rules.

Tom Weidner had retired from a lifetime of work in the grain industry; most recently as a partner of the Andersons grain company following 15 years as manager of the Andersons’ 10-million bushel elevator in Champaign. He and Lowell were long time “sparring partners” on how to improve U.S. grain quality. He was one of the few people in the grain industry who could disagree about an issue without personal animosity. He knew the futures markets and pricing strategies and was selected by Lowell, knowing that grain handlers and marketing specialists could put nothing over on him, and, with his “strong personality” he would not be hesitant to challenge the Brazilian managers and government officials. Tom asked that his wife,

Gloria, be allowed to accompany him, and Lowell agreed.

Mary Schultz had completed her MS degree under Lowell and had gone on to Michigan State for a PhD. Her family was in the grain business in Illinois and owned land in Brazil. She had lived in Brazil long enough to be fluent in Portuguese, and knew personally many of the people we would be interviewing. Mary was bright, quiet, and very personable. She was always pleasant and ready to do more than her share on every assignment.

Thursday, March 26

There is nothing like starting the trip on a note of panic. We had been waiting for our passports and visas for the past week and they still had not arrived. We picked up the Hertz rental car at 8:30, hoping for the promised visas before we left for Chicago. Bill Lee (our travel agent) called at 9:30 to say the visas and passports had finally arrived in his office. What a way to start the trip! There was plenty of adrenalin to keep us alert on the way to Chicago.

We picked up the passports and visas and departed for O'Hare at noon, arriving about 3:30. We checked in the car, took the shuttle to the terminal and checked our bags through to Rio. We bought some Brazilian Cruzeiros in the airport terminal. We have found this practice to be very useful, rather than trying to make change with a taxi driver and searching for tip money after arriving in the foreign destination. The money changers take a larger commission but it is well worth the cost. Since our plane to Miami did not leave until 6:40 we went to the Red Carpet Room to relax after the tension and stress of the past 24 hours.

We went to the Pan Am gate about 5:00 and were surprised to find Tom and Gloria already there waiting for the same flight. The 6:40 departure time came and went. There were no explanations for the delays, while we were left waiting for nearly an hour. The dinner on the plane was a disaster. The raw chicken they finally served us was inedible. Their explanation was that the ovens were not working so they could not serve hot food. They did not offer any other food and never offered an apology or compensation. We arrived in Miami half an hour late. Mary met us at the check-in desk. Bob's plane coming from Dallas/Ft. Worth, was an hour late. Fortunately, the plane headed for Rio was delayed in take-off or (amazingly) actually waited for the incoming flight from Dallas/Ft. Worth. It was a good flight down.

Friday, March 27

We arrived in Rio at 10:30. It was a beautiful day after a good flight. All our bags arrived except the box of questionnaires. The questionnaires, so essential for all the planned interviews, were not on the plane. Eventually, they arrived on a later flight and we were able to retrieve them. After passing through customs, we stopped at the hotel tourist information desk. They tried to sell us a package of information about the city for \$15.00. They were not hesitant to express their displeasure when we said we didn't need them. It took two taxis to ferry all of us and our luggage to the Hotel Aeroporto Othon located near the domestic airport. The hotel was

pretty drab and a little dirty, but adequate and it fit our budget.

We arrived at the hotel about noon and had lunch in the dining room. Following lunch, Lowell and Mary used the phone in our room to call Sao Paulo for appointments for Monday. Mary's Portuguese skills came in handy in working the phones. All of the contacts were willing to meet with the team, except the representative from the bank. Mary was unable to reach anyone at CACEX (the Brazilian import/export bank) and finally discovered all the banks were on strike. Prices were rising rapidly, changing every hour as the strike continued to create a financial crisis in the country. Tired and hungry by late evening, we went as a group to a restaurant for dinner. It turned out to be terribly expensive. The rate of exchange was no longer in our favor and the price listed on the menu had doubled since the menu had been printed.

Saturday, March 28

Mary departed by plane to Sao Paulo to visit some friends. The rest of us took a pleasant all day sight seeing trip around Rio. We visited the Botanical Gardens, renowned for its 900 species of palm trees, including the Palma Mater, planted by the Brazilian monarch, Dom Joao, in the early 1800's. We gazed in amazement at the large water lilies, with leaves measuring 21 feet in circumference, and solid enough that large frogs were leaping from one to another. Having enjoyed a brief walk through the park we pulled out our guide book and sought out the station at 513 Rua Cosme Velho where we boarded the tiny cogwheel train for the trip to Christ the Redeemer statue, high above the city. It took a long time to travel up the mountain via the railway but it was much more scenic than a taxi or bus. Fog prevented us from seeing the city and bay below, but the lush growth and profusion of blooming flowers created a beautiful kaleidoscope of color as the train clacked along the rails, through the misty forest. As we rounded a curve, the Corcovado statue rose in majestic splendor above the clouds. Clouds and mist surrounded the statue, concealing the lower half, but that only enhanced the beauty and mystical nature of the apparition, standing high above the crowds below.

Lunch time allowed our crew to experience a huge and delicious lunch at a churrascaria. Fried potatoes, rice, potato salad, tomatoes, lettuce and all kinds of meat cooked on huge skewers over an open grill, and sliced on our plates as long as we could eat. All chose Raisin Rum ice cream for dessert, accompanied by strong Brazilian coffee.

The afternoon program was a trip to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain via cable car. The haze had lifted and the view was spectacular. One of the loveliest bays in the world. Curving sand beaches and blue green mountains jutting up all across the bay. We took a taxi drive across a bridge, and through two tunnels snaking through the mountains separating the main sections of the city. The beaches of Botafogo, Copacabana, and Ipanema lived up to their reputation of unsurpassed beauty. We reluctantly started back to the hotel, enjoying the tunnels and city sights. Along one of the boulevards, we encountered a funny, yet somewhat tragic sight. Several "street people" were sleeping in the median, shielded from the heat of the sun with newspapers.

A small group of teenage boys were placing paper between the toes of one sleeper, too far gone to notice. They set fire to the paper and howled with laughter as the poorly clad man leaped to his feet, yelling and chasing the boys. Tom, Gloria, and Bob decided to add the experience of a Rio movie to their day — it was an American movie with sub titles in Portuguese. Lowell and I begged off as we had had enough for one day and turned in early.

Sunday, March 29

Everyone was up for breakfast at 6:45. It was a beautiful morning. The dining room was very pleasant and cheery in spite of the drabness of the rest of the hotel. Breakfasts are bountiful in Brazil and often included in the room price. We found the juice, melon, fruit of all kinds, cheese, ham and assorted rolls and coffee a real treat.

It took a lot of planning to organize the different schedules and to keep everyone on time. Lowell and I departed for the airport at 8:30 by taxi. We often had to split the crew in order to obtain the desired reservations. Our plane to Sao Paulo departed at 10:15: the plane for the rest of the crew at 10:50. The landing field at the Congonhas Airport in Sao Paulo was interesting because of the need to extend the runway to accommodate larger planes after the city was built. The runway was short, and elevated above most of the city on a high bluff. We stopped with full reverse thrusters and brakes. Take-off for large planes required the tail of the plane to be extended over the edge of the bluff, to give them access to the full length of the runway. An interesting update. In 2007 a plane landing on this short runway was unable to stop and crashed, killing all 200 people on board. Fox news reported the runway was considered too short for an airplane of that size.

With different take off times, we waited about 30 minutes for the rest of the crew to arrive at the airport. We organized two taxis to deliver us to the Hotel Metropolitan Plaza, in the heart of Sao Paulo. We were all given small apartments. The rooms were very tiny, but attractive, and much nicer than our hotel in Rio. The guide book listed the Metropolitan Plaza as a 2-star hotel. I rated one in Rio as “no star.” We had lunch at the hotel then all went for a walk, enjoying the view of the city. There was a small, but pleasant city park nearby. Following a light supper at the hotel, the team worked on questionnaires and plans for the next day. Mary had arrived about 8:30. They worked in Tom and Gloria’s apartment, because they had lucked into a room with a little more space. Gloria and I visited in our apartment. Everyone was ready to turn in by 10:00.

Monday, March 30

Breakfast this morning was even more sumptuous than at the last hotel. The crew departed for the American Consulate and the appointments for the remainder of the day. Midmorning I received a call from the American Consulate saying they needed to discuss a conflict of schedules with Lowell. I arranged for him to call them at 7:45 Tuesday. Joe Somers at the consulate was familiar with almost everyone in the grain industry and had been

amazingly helpful and cooperative in organizing appointments with all the right people. This was quite a contrast to the previous counselor in Sao Paulo who had refused to give us any help during our 1981 visit. Now we had the backing of the OTA and congress, which made a big difference in attitudes among the government agencies, although some in the grain industry were still trying to interfere with the research.

Gloria and I spent the morning visiting and doing laundry — always a necessary chore. We had lunch at the hotel, then walked to the park we had seen on our Sunday walk. The area didn't seem too safe, with several policemen in view, so we decided to abandon our plan to explore the rest of the park, and went into a near-by small shopping mall. As we left the shopping mall we were stopped by a young woman speaking rapid Portuguese followed by a TV cameraman. They beat a hasty retreat when they discovered we spoke only English. It left me wondering what purpose or program they might have had in mind. I spent the remainder of the afternoon reading and resting.

The men and Mary did not return until nearly 7:30, after a long taxi ride in a slow moving traffic jam. That delayed our departure for dinner until 8:15. We came back from dinner and the crew worked until 10:30. Most evenings were occupied with the team working on the day's interviews. The strategy was to take simple notes during the interviews so the interviewee would feel less inhibited about speaking their mind, then at the end of each day the team would meet, compare notes, and complete a survey form. Sometimes their notes did not quite agree, resulting in long discussions and debate to reach a consensus. Their assignment from Congress included a written record of every interview. Had they appeared with questionnaires in hand, industry and government would have been reluctant to make frank comments or allow the team to enter direct quotes. The day's work was finally completed at 11:00 and we all were happy to see our beds.

Tuesday, March 31

Lowell and I went to breakfast at 6:45 and were soon joined by the rest of the group. After the team departed for another day of interviews, Gloria and I made reservations for an afternoon city tour. We walked to the corner newsstand to buy an English newspaper, but they had none. The weather was perfect — temperature in the mid 70's as we stepped outside to test the air. Gloria and I returned to my room to visit for a while, then I did some ironing. My little travel iron with assorted electrical adaptors, has traveled many-a-mile!

Gloria and I had lunch in the hotel at noon. Our city tour guide picked us up at 1:45 in a small rather hot van. Only the front windows opened and no air conditioning. He drove us to town center where we picked up a young couple from Argentina. They were very pleasant and both spoke some English. At the next stop a German fellow joined the group.

We passed the Hotel Villa Rica on Cavallo street near Plaza Republica where we had stayed in 1981. We were then driven all around Sao Paulo — to the University of Brazil, the

snake research center (ugg), also, various residences and the largest park in town. The snakes, Gloria and I would have willingly skipped. We sat down at the refreshment stand and a fellow in a lab coat tried to converse with us in Portuguese — communication failed. Our tour guide told us he wanted to show us the lab, but by then it was time for the tour to leave. Our last stop was at a gem exporter. They took us to the cutting room, then to the show room and drove us back to the hotel about 6:00. Precious and semi-precious stones abound in Brazilian shops, and are very beautiful and tempting. I had already yielded to that temptation on a previous trip, but passed them by this time.

The team returned about 6:30 after a very long but successful day of interviews. Continental Grain had been so enthusiastic in complaining about U.S. policy that Mary had had to excuse herself to phone Bunge and delay the next appointment. Following a quick and late lunch they met with Steve Geld in Anderson Clayton. Fortunately, Steve was a close personal friend of the Schultz's and knew Mary very well. Consequently, he provided the most frank and insightful information of any one on the list.

I took a shower and waited for the men to finish their reports. We all had dinner in the hotel about 8:30 and then to bed at 10:00. These were long and arduous days for the team.

Wednesday, April 1

Mary and her friend Christine, joined us for breakfast. As usual, Bob, Tom, and Gloria arrived a little later. Lowell and crew departed for a meeting at 8:30. I finished packing. Gloria and I finished taking our things to the lobby at 10:30 and checked out. The men arrived shortly after and we waited for Mary to return with the money we had asked her to exchange. We departed via two cabs to the airport. We checked in, then went to our respective boarding lounges. Lowell and I were to fly to Brasilia while Mary, Tom, Bob, and Gloria took the plane to Curitiba.

Although Sao Paulo was the center of all the commercial dealings in Brazil, the official seat of government was located in Brasilia — a planned town, created in the middle of a jungle to provide the seat of government closer to the center of the country. It was essential to interview government officials to understand the role of government policies and subsidies for the soybean industry. Lowell also needed to make contact with the Agricultural Attache. That did not require the full team, so all except Lowell and I, flew to Curitiba for additional interviews with industry. The rest of the team were to rent a van and be ready for an early departure for a long trek through the soybean producing regions of Brazil when we joined them Thursday night.

Both planes departed at 1:30. Our lunch on the plane was a typical Brazilian dish of black beans and rice, which I had come to like. As the plane circled for landing we had a quick view of Brasilia and could see the famous “airplane” configuration which was the basis for the design of the planned city. We stepped off the plane into a light shower at 3:00 p.m. and took a taxi to the Hotel St Paul where the American Embassy had made reservations for us. An inter-

preter by the name of Christine Stevens, had been retained by the embassy to serve as driver, guide, and interpreter. (Once again, this was quite a change from our 1981 trip, when the embassy personnel refused to even give us the name of an interpreter we could hire). There was a note at the desk telling us to call Christine when we arrived. A few minutes later, she was greeting us in the lobby. Christine, a professor of English at the University, was Brazilian: her husband was English. She was a delightful person, but a terrible driver, darting up and down the streets through heavy traffic, usually driving in the middle of the road, searching for the location of our first appointment.

Brasilia is a well-organized city, laid out in blocks (or quadrants) although the numbering system leaves something to be desired, and Christine had difficulty finding the correct building number in the correct quadrant. Once we found the building, finding the front door of the building became a challenge. Our first appointment was with Mauro Lopez, an economist for the Ministry of Agriculture. He had a PhD from Purdue, and was acquainted with many of our friends in the Agricultural Economics profession. He was very cooperative in answering my questions as well as Lowell's, and in a letter sent after we returned to the states he signed it, "With my best personal regards to you and your wife, very affectionately, Mauro."

He was very forthcoming with information for Lowell, and included me in a conversation, ranging beyond the technicalities of Lowell's questions. Our interview completed, Christine drove us back to the hotel, telling us about the city as we went. It is built in the shape of an airplane, or perhaps a bird — a body, two wings, a tail, and a nose (or a head, if you prefer the bird symbolism). Not surprisingly, the government buildings form the head. Attractive residences form the wings and body. Many of the buildings were identical rectangular structures, arranged in repeated rows and organized into quadrants. The city does have nice wide streets. We had an excellent buffet dinner in the hotel dining room and then to bed.

Thursday, April 2

Breakfast at the hotel was a super buffet, and we were stuffed when Christine picked us up at 8:30 for another wild drive through traffic for our appointment with Carlos Moras at the Ministry of Agriculture. Daniel Martinez, the Assistant Attache from the American Embassy, met us at the office of the Minister of Agriculture. Daniel was originally from Texas A & M, and knew many of our friends at that university. Carlos spoke excellent English and willingly provided answers to all Lowell's questions. A round of coffee was served, followed by glasses of water. I was thankful for the water, as the Brazilian coffee was so strong and black that I needed to surreptitiously add a little water.

We found it interesting that Daniel made not a single comment during the meeting — no questions and no explanations. In the hall as we departed from the meeting, he said he was amazed to hear Moras speaking English — they had had many conversations, but never a word of English. Martinez then went on to give Lowell a little more information, but in general he

seemed to know very little about the technical issues in agriculture. That was surprising for someone who had worked in the agriculture department in Washington, D.C. before coming to Brasilia. Perhaps that explained his silence in the meeting.

After the meeting, Christine called her sister who worked in the house of Representatives and she arranged for us to visit the Congress in session. We first entered the House then crossed over to the Senate via the underpass. They pointed out important people in the government as we walked from one building to another. An informal session of the Senate was in progress and we stood in the midst and listened to the speeches as the television cameras rolled. We were surprised there was no security what so ever in any of the buildings we visited. One of the most interesting and beautiful structures was a very modern cathedral, shining silver in the sunlight. The upward swing of the silver spikes at the top gave the impression of a crown. There was a silver cross rising from its center. Nearby was a series of bells, hung from a crossbar supported by two poles, high above the ground.

Following a visit with the senator from Christine's home state, we returned to the hotel for a late lunch. We saw a group of Americans also having lunch in the hotel dining room. Lowell recognized Dean Brown, from the American Farm Bureau in the group. We had seen them at breakfast and suspected that it was a group of farmers on tour. Dean came over to talk with us and explain their presence. He said they had just come from a meeting with the Brazilian Secretary of Agriculture. They had arrived in Brazil on Wednesday, would spend today in Brasilia, Friday in Rio and then return home as "experts" on Brazilian agriculture. They had spent about the same amount of time in Argentina.

The hotel served a delicious buffet lunch. Christine drove us to the airport to catch the three o'clock plane to Sao Paulo. At Sao Paulo we had a 2-hour wait for the connecting flight to Curitiba. That flight was half an hour late in leaving, so we did not arrive in Curitiba until 8:00 p.m. We were greeted with a tropical rain storm, but managed to find a taxi for the trip to the hotel Araucaria.

After registering, we discovered none of the rest of our team was registered. We were finally able to communicate our problem to the desk clerk, who spoke very little English. Once he understood our problem, he showed us with sign language and a map that there were two hotels with the same name, and we were probably at the wrong one. He agreed to call the other hotel and informed us that "yes, there are a group of Americanos registered there." We checked out while they called a taxi and were soon registering in the other Hotel Araucaria, named after the tree. The araucaria tree, a member of the family of pines, is almost a national symbol in Brazil. It is very distinctive in shape and I have never seen it in any other country. The branches looked similar to a palm, until we came close and could see the needles. It's distinctive shape (it looks much like an open umbrella) draws attention wherever it grows.

We welcomed the change of hotels, for the first one was a pretty crummy place and the "right" one was a nice apartment. We met up with our slightly worried team and spent the rest of

the evening de-briefing one another on the accomplishments of the past two days. We were glad to turn in after having a glass of orange juice.

Friday, April 3

We awoke to a chilly, rainy morning, checked out of the hotel at 8:00, and started the 2-hour drive to a soybean processing plant located in the town of Ponta Grossa. The plant was owned by Sanbra — the Brazilian arm of the international company of Bunge. The plant manager had been notified by the home office in Sao Paulo that we would be coming and was prepared to host us with gracious answers to all our questions; even providing us with the scale tickets and analysis of individual trucks that had arrived that day. Some of the trucks came from farms located as far as 1500 miles from the plant. The dryers were especially interesting. There were a series of dryers all using wood as fuel. A huge pile of wood was located near by, much of it appeared to be small trees being cleared as new land was brought into production. Another truck load had just arrived and three men were stacking it on what was already a large pile. Two other “helpers” were asleep with their backs against the pile.

Gloria and I sat in on the interviews and accompanied the group to lunch in the company lunch room. Following a tour of the plant, we departed for the long drive to the town of Guarapuava. We were all tired when we arrived at Hotel Atalaia Palace at 6:30. The hotel was very pleasant. We had a room on the corner of the sixth floor. Following a very good chicken dinner, the team met for the usual consultation to generate a common survey form for the interview at Ponta Grossa. That was enough for one day!

Saturday, April 4

We were up at 6:15 for a big breakfast and a ½-hour drive to the little town of Vittoria. It was a Yugoslavian refugee settlement, created after World War II. A beautiful little town and spotlessly clean. The houses were modest, but attractive, and all were surrounded by trees and flowers.

The directions we had been given to our first appointment was to drive straight west from town, until we saw the elevator. We were still a few miles from the town of Vittoria when we were passed by someone in a car. The driver kept signaling for us to pull over. When we finally stopped, we discovered it was the elevator manager we were supposed to meet. He had learned that we had been given the wrong directions to his elevator. His elevator was not on this road, but on another road several miles south of this main highway. Rather than try to contact us by phone and change directions he had decided to wait by the side of the road he knew we would be taking, and intercept us. When he saw what was obviously a van load of strangers, he waved us down and we followed him to his elevator. We were off to an exciting day!!

Gloria and I went with the men to the plant interviews. With the tour of the plant completed, the manager took us to a little restaurant for a delicious lunch. The food at these

small town restaurants was always excellent. After a leisurely lunch, we departed for a long drive to Cascavel. Truck traffic was terrible, with the huge, overloaded trucks barreling for the port with their load of soybeans. Brazil had no railroads or waterways for transporting soybeans from the production regions to the ports, and truckers often drove the 1500 miles with little rest. It was not surprising that we saw several accidents. The scenery was beautiful, and all of our team were in good humor, with Lowell and Tom jesting and debating. The land was quite rugged in places and always very rolling. It was after 7:00 p.m. when we finally arrived in Cascavel. Lowell had made reservations at the Hotel DeVille, where we had stayed in 1981. Everyone was pleased with the accommodations. We had another good meal in the restaurant. I washed my hair and went to bed.

Sunday, April 5

Our team was up at 6:15, and ready for breakfast. Today was to be a break, in our intense schedule, with no business scheduled. We had planned a day of relaxation, and departed at 7:45 for the 2-hour drive to Iguacu Falls. It was a beautiful day. The falls were fantastic with more water flowing than on our last trip. Rainbows danced among the mists, changing locations and intensity as the wind moved the mists. Lowell and I sat on the board walk benches, unchanged from our visit in 1981, while the mists swirled around us. The butterflies were gathered in yellow pools drinking from water collected on the ground. More colorful ones floated around our heads and landed on our arms. There were brilliant colors of red, green, blue, orange, white and black.

Given limited time we decided against traveling to the Argentine side of the falls this time and contented ourselves with the view from below. We walked back to a nearby hotel for a cold drink at noon. Just as we were about to leave, I discovered a Stern's jewelry store which happened to be open. Our crew sat on a grassy knoll overlooking the falls, and sipping cold drinks while Lowell and I had a look at the jewelry. Lowell bought me a beautiful set of tourmaline earrings and a pair of aquamarine earrings. The earrings were for pierced ears, but the manager said if we were there for a day they could change them to clips. We told him we would not be back to the Falls before leaving for Buenos Aires. He said we did not have a problem because Sterns in Buenos Aires would make the change to give me clips at their store. I took the earrings and a note from the manager, to deliver to their Buenos Aires store.

We returned to the van and headed back toward our hotel in Cascavel. We saw a Churrascaria along the side of the road with the parking lot filled with trucks. We decided that was a good sign and stopped for a huge lunch. There was a buffet bar with main dishes and salads. Thin slices of barbequed meat were brought to our tables as long as we could eat. We added ice cream for dessert. We were all hearty eaters! It was about a 2-hour drive back to our hotel. We stopped along the way and bought some tangerines from three little boys along the roadside. Their mesh bags of fruit were hung from a stick, supported in the fork of a strong

limb. The two boys working this improvised stand were wearing bright blue baseball caps, probably donated by a passing tourist. Their joy was immeasurable, as we added a few cruzeiros to their asking price. We were following a bus loaded with junior high age boys — a soccer team we guessed. When we moved alongside their bus, they held up their trophy and were delighted as we cheered them through our open windows.

After returning to our hotel, everyone worked on questionnaires and reports and organized schedules for the visits and travel for next week.

Monday, April 6

Mary and the men left early for the tour of elevators. Gloria and I remained at the hotel. I packed and then went for a walk around the grounds. I spent the rest of the morning sitting on the veranda, just absorbing the beauty of the flowers and the view. The veranda, overlooking two swimming pools, was ablaze with colorful bougainvillea vines hanging everywhere. The air was fragrant with flowering vines, shrubs, and trees. A hedge of gardenias lined the front of the hotel with the largest blossoms I have ever seen. There was a large cage (about eight by ten feet) filled with parakeets near the pool. Colorful butterflies and birds flitted among the foliage and trees, occasionally passing close to me as I relaxed in the chairs around the pools.

The men returned at 11:30. We put bags in the van, had lunch, and left for the elevator. The manager of the elevator where the team had spent the morning, had told them to return after lunch and he would take us to a large farm near Cascavel. We waited at the elevator for an hour and still no one came to meet us. Mary, always taking the initiative to glean more information, used the time to return to the office and interview other employees. Finally the manager joined us and accompanied us on what we thought would be a short drive to the farm. Instead, we drove over ten miles of slow road to a State Research Institute. When we arrived, none of the officials were available and very few of the researchers. With Mary's help, we finally located three geneticists working on grains. Their information was not very useful and the visit certainly not worth the time and effort we had put into the trip. We were now behind schedule for the next stop on our tour and we still had to take the elevator manager back to Cascavel.

With the elevator manager delivered, we departed for the town of Campo Mourao. As we drove along the road we saw a farmer combining soybeans. When Tom and Lowell suggested it would be useful to talk with a real farmer, Mary, always willing to initiate a conversation, drove the van into the drive and waited for the combine to come to the end of the field to unload into the waiting wagon, already half full of soybeans. Her language skills were certainly paying off.

Two little children were standing near the wagon, waiting for their father to enter the yard with the combine. The boy was wearing blue shorts and the little girl with her dog beside her was in a white blouse and bright red skirt. I gave each of them a stick of gum which they shyly accepted and then ran to their house, apparently to ask their mother if it was OK. They returned happily chewing.

The soybeans were to be delivered to the elevator where we had spent the morning and most of the afternoon. The farmer told us he had 30 acres of soybeans yielding about 44 bushels, but was unhappy about the price. He had waited for the price to go up, but instead it had fallen. The beans were covered with red dust from the soil. The soil all through the soybean region was very red. We now understood why the processors in Japan complained about the red dust in cargoes received from Brazil. Bob took a sample from the front of the wagon, and filled another of his plastic bags.

We continued on toward the town of Campo Mourao where we had reservations at Hotel Placentini Palace. The topography changed dramatically during the afternoon drive. We started in fairly flat land, moved into rolling hills, and later were driving through low mountains, with farming in the valleys. Due to our late start, we did not arrive until 7:30. It was dark by the time we located our hotel. The little hotel was very plain, but the rooms were large and comfortable. There were no elevators to the upper floors, but we had no difficulty navigating the stairs with our luggage. We ate a late dinner in the restaurant, and found the food to be very good. Food has been good everywhere, and always such large servings.

Tuesday, April 7

Lowell and I were up before 6:00 and ready for breakfast. Bob joined us a little later. The remainder of the group later still, having to rush a little to pack and check out before leaving for our first appointment at the nearby co-op of Coamo.

Coamo is probably the largest cooperative in Brazil. They were very impressive. We watched them sample and test soybeans, and stopped to visit with one of the farmers leaving the office. His final comment was "Coamo takes good care of the farmer." From there we were taken to their corn testing area some distance away.

We stopped for a ham and cheese sandwich at a little truck stop, then on down the road for a 2-hour drive to a co-op in Maringa. It was a large facility, handling many different products, including rice, corn, soybeans, cotton, silk, silkworm eggs, etc. They encouraged us to stay longer and see the plant. We delayed long enough for a conversation with three of the operations people. We made one stop at a roadside stand for tangerines and oranges. We had another 3-hour drive down the road to Londrina, arriving at the Hotel Nobile at 7:00.

Thanks to a communication gap between Urbana and Londrina, the hotel had no reservations. With Mary interpreting, we argued and begged, to no avail. They insisted they were full and we had no reservations. We produced our itinerary and pleaded that we had no place else to go. They finally relented and said they could find two rooms with 3 beds in each, if we were willing to accept that arrangement: the women in one, the men in the other. The rooms were small and inadequate, both were too small to turn around in, and I got very little sleep. Between Mary and Gloria, the lights were not turned off until after 11:00 and I was awake before 5:00.



Cathedral in Brasilia



Bob Z at the feet of Christ The Redeemer



Girl and her dog



Concentration

Wednesday, April 8

Mary got up about 5:30 to run with Bob. They were both dedicated runners and used every morning and evening opportunity for a run through the town or along the country roads. When Mary departed, I got up and dressed, and met Lowell in the lobby for breakfast.

Mary and the men were picked up by a driver from the Embrapa Research Institute about 9:00. They were to meet with several geneticists, many of whom had been trained at the University of Illinois. They continued on to interview a local seed producer. Gloria and I waited at the hotel until the group returned around noon for a quick lunch in the coffee shop. The young man who served us was terribly nervous. He was afraid he wouldn't do it just right for these foreign visitors. We did our best to reassure him.

After lunch, the men and Mary were picked up by the Embrapa driver for a meeting with a private company producing new soybean varieties. The firm was operated by two brothers of Japanese descent and many of the workers were also Japanese. Clearly Japan was exerting an influence in the production of soybeans in Brazil, many of which would be exported to Japanese processing firms. They were also supposed to meet with a representative of CLASPAR (the Brazilian state grain inspection agency) but he never showed. Rather than waste the trip and the time invested in the visit, they found an employee of the agency who would talk to them about some of the responsibilities. Gloria and I remained at the hotel to read. The team returned and joined us for dinner. Lowell and I finally got a room of our own at 9:30. As "team leader" the group decided we should have the room that had been vacated during the day. Hurrah!! I was too tired to offer another night of "sharing." The others had to continue with the "segregated" rooming arrangement.

Thursday, April 9

We were ready to depart early this morning for the long drive to the port city of Paranaguá. There was a panicky moment at check-out, when the hotel could not find the keys to the van. They had insisted on "valet" parking when we arrived Tuesday night, and now they could not find the keys. After a frantic search and a few words of "encouragement" from us, they found them. We had a long day's drive through beautiful rugged, almost mountainous, country.

About halfway between Londrina and Ponta Grossa we saw a small cooperative elevator called Canorpa. On an impulse Lowell and Tom decided we should stop for an interview. With Mary's skills of persuasion and language, she explained what we were doing in Brazil and we received a warm welcome from the manager. The manager was very pleased we were interested in his operation and was very gracious, given that we were uninvited and unexpected guests. Lowell gave him a University of Illinois calendar and a copy of his publication on U.S. corn marketing (we had taken along a supply of these to hand out as appreciation gifts). I took lots of

photos, including one of a tiny kitten that emerged from the wood pile. As I turned to look down the road I saw a little two wheeled red cart pulled by a tired looking brown mule. A wizened little old man was perched on the wood seat, with a young boy sitting beside him. When he saw me with my camera, he brought his mule to an abrupt halt and turned the cart so they were facing me. After I snapped the picture, he waved to us and with a grin on his face, continued on down the road. We thanked the couple at the elevator for their kindness and hospitality, and returned to the van for the long ride ahead.

With their long years of background in industry, government, and academia, Tom, Bob, and Lowell had very different views about the “solution” to the problems related to grain quality, economic incentives, and changes in grain grades. As a result, they kept up a continual debate during the long hours in the van. It was all good natured banter and kept them well entertained, but it became a little tiresome to Gloria and me. Tom was continually munching on rice cakes, which he managed to keep in large supply. His efforts to convince the rest of us that they were delicious and healthy, never convinced any of us to try the second one.

One of the ongoing debates at every meal was the importance of avoiding foods and water that might be contaminated. Tom was of the persuasion that Montezuma’s Revenge was all psychological, and proceeded to prove it by eating and drinking anything he pleased — no bottled water for him! As we neared Ponta Grossa, we saw a small boy standing beside the road selling apples. Tom decided we should have them. Mary pulled over to the side of the road, negotiated a very low price, and deposited the bag of apples in Tom’s lap. We added several Cruzeiros to the payment (equal to about 50 cents) and brought a very big smile to that small waif’s face. Tom offered all of us an apple, but we said we would wait to wash and peel them. Tom just laughed and proceeded to munch away. In less than an hour he began to complain of stomach ache. Soon he asked Mary to pull over and he made a dash for the bushes. When we realized what was happening, we produced imodeum pills for him, but for the next two hours and on into the next night and day Tom paid dearly for his mistake. At least he agreed the rice cakes were no help!

We stopped about 1:00 at a roadside restaurant for a tough beef sandwich, then continued on through an extremely poor mountainous area. Houses consisted of loosely put together vertical slabs of bark and wood with grass thatched roofs. We stopped at one of these shacks to look at crafts. They displayed lovely woven baskets and other hand crafted articles, but I could think of no way to carry a basket home. Mary bought a primitive hewn wooden bowl, similar to an early American bread bowl.

The road from Curitiba to Paranagua was extremely curvy and steep. We descended from the mountains to sea level in a few short miles. I was happy Mary was so adept at handling the van on these narrow, steep, and curving roads, heavy with car and truck traffic. I was relieved when we reached the flat areas of the town.

We arrived in Paranagua about 6:30 with enough daylight left for a short tour of the town. A group of school children saw us cruising by, and lined up along the fence to wave at us. School children in every town seemed interested in these light complexioned strangers, and always waved gaily. There was a beautiful bay similar to the one in Rio, with a quaint historical water front. After checking into the Hotel Dantas Palace we visited a gift shop, before enjoying a delicious grilled fish dinner at the waterfront restaurant.

Friday, April 10

Following breakfast at the hotel coffee shop, Gloria and I went with the team to the port elevator. They gave us an excellent tour of their lab. Bob was now in his element in the official inspection laboratory of the Brazilian export elevator. He worked side by side with their inspectors, determining exactly where their interpretation of “damage” and “foreign material” differed from his. They gave Bob a portion of the file samples that had been saved from U.S., South African, and Brazilian corn. U.S. samples consistently showed more dust, but all samples had a high proportion of broken kernels. The manager of the Port was cooperative, but guarded, in his answers to questions about the role of government supervision to assure objective results in the inspection and certification process.

The port driver brought us back to the hotel for check-out and to pick up the luggage, then back for lunch at the restaurant we had found the previous night. They served great seafood. We had stuffed crab, several kinds of shrimp, a dish of shrimp in tomato sauce and palm hearts, grilled fish, and fried and boiled shrimp, rice, salads, and french fries. We were clearly in the right location to enjoy all the specialties of the sea!

After lunch we were taken for a grand tour of the port. We climbed up ladders and over a cat walk grating which was open to the view from below, much to the amusement of the truckers lolling around the staging area, waiting their turn to pull into the elevator for unloading. Gloria and I could only wave in response to the whistles and cat calls!

Gloria and I, adorned in our yellow hard hats, went on board the vessel with the others, to watch as the soybeans were being loaded. Red dust filled the air as the huge stream of soybeans cascaded from the end of the spout into a rapidly building cone in the hold of the vessel. The trip to the top of the elevator silos provided a panoramic view of the harbor. In addition the collection of various types of freighters waiting to load or discharge cargo, there was a small dugout canoe with a make shift white sail navigating among the large ocean liners. I wondered what his assignment was among all those large vessels towering above him?

We departed the town about 4:30, retracing our steps through the misty mountain range on the 1½-hour drive back to Curitiba. We had made reservations at the same Araucaria Hotel where we had found good accommodations the previous Thursday. We returned the rental van and discovered that the agency would not accept traveler’s checks after 6:00 p.m. We certainly weren’t carrying enough cash to settle the bill! They finally agreed we could return early the



next morning to make payment. The men spent 2½ hours finalizing all the questionnaires and summarizing what they considered to be the important points from the 2-week experience. I washed clothes and went to bed.

Saturday, April 11

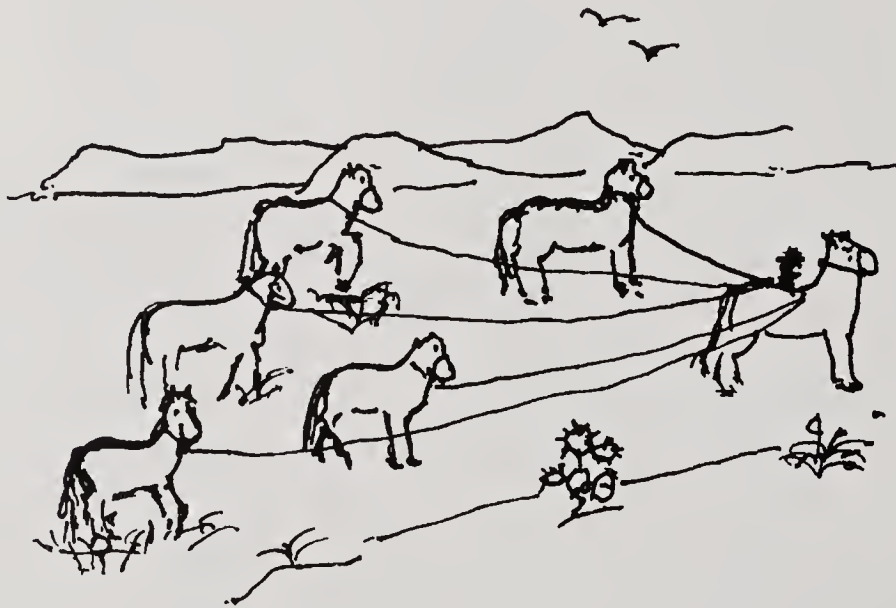
I rose at 6:00 to finish packing. We had a quick breakfast and were checked out by 8:00. We said goodbye to Mary at the hotel, as she was returning to Michigan State on the evening plane. Mary was to turn in the van later in the day, once the manager was ready to accept her traveler's checks. Lowell reimbursed her in the final settlement. Settling accounts for the team was a complicated affair. I kept a running record of who owed who throughout the trip. Whenever someone would run out of Cruzeiros someone else would come to their rescue and I would write an IOU in my record book. Hopefully, we would be able to sort all of these transactions when Lowell returned to the office and received their individual requests for reimbursement.

We had completed 15 days of travel and interviews in Brazil. The project now moved to Argentina, where we would start the process all over again, traveling the grain belt of Argentina by van, with a new interpreter and new driver. I hoped the experience in Brazil would make the work in Argentina go a little smoother. We had formed a fairly congenial relationship within the group and had learned a lot about the personalities and the "hot buttons" of each member of the team.

It required two taxis to carry us and all our luggage (including a number of grain samples collected by Bob) to the airport. The five of us flew to Sao Paulo, only to find there would be a two hour delay because the Pope was arriving in Buenos Aires. It seemed like a long wait at the airport. Typical: the boarding light started flashing half an hour before the plane arrived. I visited with a couple from Denmark on their way to Iguacu Falls. Their plane was also delayed. He was an M.D. hearing specialist. We finally boarded and were on our way to Buenos Aires by way of Iguacu Falls. We lost another hour on the ground at Iguacu Falls, resulting in an arrival at the domestic airport in Buenos Aires nearly four hours behind schedule.

Argentina

April 11 - 25, 1987



Argentina

1987

Saturday, April 11

This was our day to transfer from Brazil to Argentina. Our assignment from the Office of Technology Assessment (OTA) as directed by Congress, required that Lowell conduct the same type of investigation in Argentina as he had completed in Brazil. We were changing languages from Portuguese to Spanish, so Mary Schultz had returned to the States. Lowell had arranged for Roberto Bunge to serve as driver and interpreter. Roberto was the younger brother of Rod who had recently completed his PhD at the University of Illinois. We were also adding two new members to the team: Jim McGrann from Texas A & M, who had worked with us as interpreter and advisor in Argentina in 1983, and Mike Phillips who was the Director of OTA. Bob Zortman and Tom with wife Gloria flew with us from Brazil.

As a result of delays in Sao Paulo and Iguacu Falls, our flight to Buenos Aires arrived nearly four hours late, and to our surprise, landed at the city airport instead of the international airport. That was a big advantage. The drive from the international airport usually took an hour or more. With no interpreter, we had a difficult time organizing transportation, but were finally able to locate two taxis to take us to the hotel. Then the fun began!!

We were in the lead taxi, because we knew where the hotel was located. It was the same one we had used in 1983. We had the address on a card and a map of the city with the location. The taxi driver seemed to be taking a very indirect route. Lowell showed him the map and the address. He shook his head, gave us a long explanation in Spanish, and kept driving. We kept using the map and trying to indicate where he should turn. He would shake his head, say “el Papa, el Papa” and keep going. Suddenly I realized he was saying “the Pope, the Pope” but I had no idea what that had to do with the failure to deliver us to our hotel.

We stopped from time to time to confer with our team in the second taxi. The discussion about what we should do, became a little heated with everyone having a different idea about how to find our hotel. They seemed to have forgotten who was supposed to make the decisions. Lowell insisted we had to search for another hotel. The hour was getting late and we had to have a bed for the night. Finally we saw a sign “Hotel Bauen” and, using one of the few Spanish words we knew, shouted “pare, pare” — Spanish for stop. Lowell went into the hotel and found a desk clerk who spoke a little English. We explained our problem and asked if he would talk to the taxi driver and find out why he would not take us to the Esmeralda. That is when we discovered that because of the Pope’s visit, the center section of

the city (including our hotel) had been sealed off by the police. No one was allowed to enter the area. Our taxi driver had been circling the area trying to find a way to get close enough for us to walk and had done his best to explain that the Pope (el Papa) was the reason he could not reach the hotel.

We had to argue long and hard before the hotel clerk finally agreed he could find space for us, but he made it clear “for one night only.” All the hotels in town were filled to capacity as a result of the Pope’s visit. The Pope was to hold a mass downtown on Sunday. We were glad to have found a place to sleep for the night. I washed my hair and went to bed late.

Sunday, April 12

We had breakfast with Bob at 7:00, then went back to our room to make phone calls. Lowell managed to reach Roberto Bunge and he and Lowell decided they would have to wait until the Pope left town (in late afternoon) before making any more plans, except to agree to meet for dinner. We continued to search for Jim and Mike with no success. We had no idea where they were or if they had made it to Buenos Aires. Lowell had made reservations for them at the Esmeralda just as he had done for us. Roberto called the Esmeralda and they confirmed that Jim and Mike had not checked into their apartments. He assured them we wanted to keep the reservations for our return to Buenos Aires, but had to explain why no one had appeared the night before. Lowell mastered the phone system on his own and made contact with Gabriella Serrano, who had worked for him while she was completing her law degree at the University of Illinois. She agreed to meet for dinner, and to make contacts for us in Bahia Blanca.

Lowell and I had lunch at the hotel and since there was nothing more we could do about the planned program or the missing members, we walked to the Avenida 9 de Julio which had been closed for the Pope’s speech. We arrived in time to join the crowd of thousands to listen to the Pope give a mass for the children. He was seated on a chair placed on a platform beneath a large canopy. People filled the entire avenue, surrounding the canopy and the Pope on all sides. It was a very impressive sight.

We strolled back to the hotel through the warm afternoon air. There still was no word from our missing team members, and all the streets to the Esmeralda were still blocked. We were concerned about a room for the night, since the registration desk clerk had been adamant they could accommodate us for only the one night. Bob, with his extensive experience traveling internationally on government business, suggested we stay put and keep quiet. “If we don’t check out they won’t send someone to remove us by force.” He was right. We continued to act as though we had a permanent lease on our rooms, and no one challenged us.

Gabrielle and Roberto came to our room about 6:00 p.m. to discuss plans for the next two weeks. They had to walk, as the streets were still blocked. Roberto was to be our driver and guide for the next two weeks. We joined Gloria, Tom and Bob for dinner at a restaurant down the street, then returned to the hotel for an early to bed.

Monday, April 13

Bob and Tom joined us for breakfast: Gloria had decided to “sleep in.” It had been a stressful weekend. The men departed at 8:00 for their appointment at the American Embassy, hoping that Mike and Jim might show up at that pre arranged meeting. To their relief Mike, Jim, and Gabrielle were waiting in the Embassy entrance hall. Jim and Mike had had no trouble with their hotel the night before. They had made their own reservations from Washington, D.C. and both had made the same fortuitous mistake of making reservations at Hotel Esmeralda rather than the Edificio Esmeralda!! They had no difficulty with blocked streets since this hotel was outside the cordoned zone, and of course they had been completely baffled as to why we were not registered there.

We had one other contact in Argentina. Alfonso Ruiz, who had been a student of Lowell’s, had returned to Buenos Aires to set up his own business “Illini Commercial,” and was prepared to assist. Alfonso and his wife Christine, had become close friends during our visits to Argentina. Dawson Ahalt, the Agricultural Counselor, had been unable to organize any itinerary in advance. However, he had made contact with a very influential operator in the grain industry (Eduardo Dianda) who was prepared to organize all of the meetings needed. His company had employed Alfonso after he returned to Argentina, until Alfonso set up his own firm — another fortunate set of connections. Gabriella also donated her time and influence in making appointments with all the right people, and the men returned for lunch at the hotel with a full program for the next 12 days — including the Port Authority who had refused us entrance in 1983. It helped to know the right people and have the USDA assisting instead of blocking.

We checked out of the hotel and waited for Roberto to come with the van. He arrived about 2:30 with a nice large Renault — bright red and room for ten. This was very comfortable for our eight team members with plenty of luggage room. We were loaded and on our way by 3:00 for the 4-hour drive to Pergamino. Just west of San Antonio, we spotted a man harvesting corn. Of course Lowell and Bob insisted we stop, climb over the fence, and flag him down. He was very congenial and with two members of the team fluent in Spanish it was easy to persuade him to answer questions about varieties, yields, quality, marketing, and government programs.

Gloria and I remained in the van as the mosquitos were flying very thick. We tried to keep the van as “mosquito free” as possible as they were very large and very hungry. We arrived at our familiar hotel Fenecia shortly after 7:00. The hotel clerk remembered us from our 1983 visit — those crazy Americanos sitting in the lobby, examining corn kernels with a flashlight!! We ate a light dinner in the hotel restaurant and then fell into bed.

Tuesday, April 14

The team had a nine o’clock appointment at a Cargill export elevator at Rosario — a major port 75 miles from the ocean. All of us piled into the van before sun up and headed for

Rosario. Lowell, Roberto, and I were to drop the rest of the team at the Cargill elevator and then go on to Rosario to pick up a second car. With no phone number for the elevator and rather vague directions that the port was south of Rosario, we had no luck finding the location. After an hour of driving and asking everyone we encountered, we discovered, to our dismay, we had not been given proper directions as to the location of the Cargill elevator. It was located an hours' drive north of Rosario — not south. Obviously, we arrived late for the interview and were going to have trouble making the other appointments for the day. We still had to drive back to Rosario for the car. It was 11:00 before Lowell, Roberto and I left for that assignment, leaving the rest of the team to interview the people at Cargill.

By the time we returned to Cargill, the rest of the team were already at the next appointment — the processing plant of Venetia. The manager at Cargill had generously provided them with transportation. We were able to find them in time to join them for lunch at 2:00. The management was waiting for us, ready to serve us a huge barbecue. The table was all set with blue checked cloths, goblets, and china ware. The table groaned under the weight of salads, French bread, sausages, blood sausage, ribs and filets. Food kept coming as long as we could eat. Then they served us ice cream coated with chocolate. All this fancy service and food at a soybean processing plant!!

Gloria, Roberto, Lowell and I left Rosario for Pergamino, arriving about 8:30 while the remainder of the team continued on to other appointments. They did not arrive back at the Pergamino hotel until 10:30 — happy but tired. We were all late, and too tired and too full to want more than a cold drink before going to bed.

When we stopped by the desk to pick up our room key, the receptionist gave Lowell a message that complicated our planned schedule. Dawson Ahalt, at the embassy in Buenos Aires, and his friend Eduardo from the grain industry, had organized a complete itinerary of their own for the team without consulting Lowell, who had already made other appointments for the coming week. The only solution that would avoid offending any of the parties involved, was to split into two teams for Wednesday. Roberto and Mike would accompany Lowell and me to the Continental Seed company in Murphy and then on to the corn milling plant in Chacabuco. Tom, Jim, Bob, and Eduardo (who had “volunteered” to travel with us) were to visit country elevators located south of Pergamino. At the end of the day, we were to meet at the elevator in the little town of Salto, if we could keep to our schedules and find the agreed-upon meeting place.

Wednesday, April 15

Our alarm clock went off at 5:30 and we met Roberto and Mike for breakfast. The four of us departed for Murphy, while the rest of the team (including Eduardo) departed for meetings with the elevator people. It was a 2-hour drive to Murphy. From there we would have a 2½-hour drive to Chacabuco. Then, hopefully, we would locate and join the rest of the team in

Salto. I was a little dubious that it would all go as planned.

At Chacabuco we met our friend, Benito Garcia who had hosted us so graciously in 1981. Lowell finished the interview and plant tour at 4:30 and we headed for Salto. When we arrived, the second team had not yet arrived. Lowell and Mike started the interview, with Roberto translating. Bob, Tom, Jim and Eduardo arrived about half an hour later. Eduardo announced he had to return to Buenos Aires, so Roberto drove us, along with Eduardo, back to the hotel in Pergamino, arriving about 8:00. The rest of the group finished the work in Salto, and showed up at the hotel at 9:00. Lowell called Dawson at his home (we were too late to reach him at the Embassy), but he had made no more appointments for us and had not heard from Gabriella about the contacts she had agreed to make for us in the port cities of Necochea and Bahia Blanca.

Thursday, April 16

We had breakfast this morning with Roberto. He was very conscientious and made it a point to be with us at whatever hour we chose. The rest of the group trickled in during the next hour. Roberto departed at 8:00 to take the rental car back to Rosario and return to Pergamino by bus. The team left to meet with the manager of La Plata Silos, just outside of town. La Plata was the firm that had worked with us so enthusiastically in 1983 to circumvent the opposition from the government agencies. The manager of the elevator had retired, but the new manager (Carlos) had been our “wild” driver during our visit in 1983, and was still enthusiastic about working with Lowell.

Purely by chance on Wednesday, Jim had met the young manager of the large Sol de Mayo ranch where we had spent a most enjoyable day last time, observing corn harvest and cattle operations, and were treated to extraordinary hospitality. The manager invited us to visit the ranch again, but we decided against the trip due to other appointments, rainy weather, and the long drive on dirt roads.

Jim had arranged a luncheon meeting with his friends from the INTA Research Institute, and three of their people joined us for lunch at a sports club. (Something like a country club at home). Pasta was the luncheon speciality. Following lunch we drove to the Institute, located about five miles out of town. The grounds around the Institute were nicely landscaped, with trees, shrubs, and flowers. Lowell and the head of the Institute had a lot in common, (except for language) and several of his publications about the grain industry were similar to research reports Lowell had published. Following nearly two hours of discussion and a visit to their laboratories, we returned to the hotel where the men checked corn kernels for cracks with an improvised light table — much to the amusement of the hotel staff. Roberto joined them in the lobby. He had returned from Rosario by bus after turning in the rental car. Later, Gloria, Tom, Lowell and I walked down town and found a restaurant serving pizza. The remainder of the group joined us just as we finished eating. We returned to the hotel and turned in for the night.

Friday, April 17

We were up early for breakfast in order to check out and prepare for a long days drive to Necochea. With Roberto driving, we traveled south through the towns of Chacabuco and Saladillo, as well as several small towns that looked much like any small Midwestern town, organized around the agricultural interests of the region — fertilizer and implement dealers and grain elevators. The land was very flat and, due to recent heavy rains, the rivers were flooded and water was standing in huge sloughs and pools in the fields. It was a beautiful drive. The sky — a deep October blue — reflected an even deeper shade in each shimmering pool of water. Soft waving green grass, puffy white clouds and fresh autumn air resulted in an almost idyllic setting for our drive. The area was alive with birds. I didn't know the names of most of them, but I recognized hawks, white storks with black wing tips, black necked geese, white geese, egrets, cormorants, black ducks and many kinds I had never seen before. These were mostly migrating birds. Roberto told me most of the water fowl were migrating north toward warmer climates. Sightings of the black necked geese was very unusual.

We stopped at a truckers stop about mid-morning and ended up buying a maté goblet and drinking straw (made of aluminum I think) and lined with another alloy metal. Maté is a popular drink among the gauchos. We even saw them carrying it with them as they drove cattle along the side of the road. It is a fermented tea, and one small taste was more than enough for me!! We chose another truck stop for lunch in order to minimize the time off the road. It was not very clean, service took forever, and we were “treated” to the only poor meal we ever had in Argentina. Since it was Good Friday, the only items on the menu were vegetarian pie, fish, and chicken. The chicken was already gone, so I chose the fish. When it finally came it consisted of a greasy, soggy piece of fish and french fries.

As we continued driving south through the town of Azul, the land became more rolling. Low mountains appeared on the horizon. We reached the town of Tandil in late afternoon and stopped for a snack. The restaurant was clean and the waitress eager to please these “foreigners.” Jim McGrann sparked an amusing and entertaining exchange, as he joked with her in Spanish. Jim had worked at a research station between Tandil and Balcarce, several years ago, and felt he “was in familiar territory.” After coffee, he tried to contact a farmer he knew, but he was not home. As we continued on toward Balcarce and Necochea, the fields of soybeans gave way to corn, sunflowers, potatoes and large herds of Angus and Hereford cattle.

We reached our destination around 7:30, and found the hotel San Martin located only a block from the beach. Necochea was a resort town, but was almost deserted since it was nearing the end of the winter season. Our rooms were small but clean and pleasant. Lowell called Gabriella and discovered she had not made good on her offer to make appointments for us with export elevators in the nearby major port of Bahia Blanca. We now had no arrangements or even contacts in the port city of Bahia Blanca. Lowell suggested “Plan B.” We would spend the



Gaucha in French beret
surveys waterlogged fields . . .



. . . and a migrating water fowl



Sunday stroll on Neccochia Beach

weekend in Necochea enjoying the atmosphere and visit the small elevators near Necochea. There were two elevators — one run by the government and one by the cooperative.

With plans complete, we walked the seven blocks to a restaurant where we had one of the best meals we have had in Argentina. All of us chose the Argentine speciality — bif de lomo with mushroom sauce.

Saturday, April 18

Following breakfast, we decided to drive back toward Tandil for a farm visit. During the evening hours, Jim had contacted the farmer he knew, who offered to talk with the team. We spent about three hours with him in his office. Then his wife and two daughters and grandson came downstairs to meet us. With help from Roberto, I was able to compare our similar backgrounds as a farm wife and the hard work as well as the rewards of farm life.

We had lunch in Tandil, then drove back to Necochea. Lowell had suggested stopping at an elevator on the way back, and Tom groaned “not another.” Some of the team members were losing interest in visiting grain facilities, and Lowell was having a tiring struggle to keep them interested in the work at hand. All they wanted to do was to go back to town and shop and explore the beaches. I said I thought most shops closed at noon. My opinion was confirmed when we reached the hotel — almost everything was closed. The group was undeterred and they bolted in every direction for their own leisure activities. Lowell and I decided to go for a walk. We needed some quiet time to ourselves. We enjoyed a leisurely walk through a lovely park just three blocks from the hotel. Not far away we discovered an historical museum, which was open and spent an hour trying to translate the descriptions written in Spanish. When we returned to the hotel, we found that the rest of the group had given up on their shopping excursion and returned to the hotel. Since so many shops were closed, we agreed to have dinner together at the hotel.

Sunday, April 19

We “slept in” this morning, going to breakfast at 7:30. We were relived to find none of the others were awake to join us. Four weeks with the same people puts a strain on everyone to maintain conversation while avoiding controversial topics. All of the group had rather strong personalities and did not take directions well. Too often they wanted to do it their way and put up a fuss that was exhausting. Lowell knew he was the one responsible to Congress for the success of the project and had to have the final say in who was to be interviewed. I have never spent so much time with so many loud, verbal-wrestling people. Social graces are rather wanting and I was often embarrassed by the attention the group drew by their loud conversation and actions. Tom was especially loud and gregarious. In one restaurant after dinner, he found a piano and proceeded to play and sing, trying to entice the other men into a “barbershop” harmony. With the restaurant crowd looking at us, the rest of the group moved

to another part of the bar and Tom's debut in Argentina was short lived.

Everyone met at 11:15 to go to Easter Services at the Catholic Church next door. The service was rather depressing — the walls were gray, there was no colored glass, the congregation was in drab attire, no instrumental music, no solos or vocal music, mostly chants. The only flowers consisted of a bunch of hydrangeas at the sparsely adorned altar. There were two altar boys assisting a priest wearing a plain white robe. There was nothing festive about the entire service. Consequently, I was unprepared when at the close of the service, everyone turned to the person next to them and delivered a kiss on the cheek of family and strangers alike. This was quite a shock after the cold and impersonal service.

Following the close of the service, we drove to the beach and spent some time walking and looking for shells. We drove our red van right onto the beach and parked near the edge of the surf. The white sand beach was beautiful in the bright sunlight of afternoon. The weather was a bit cool, but it was autumn. We found a nice seafood restaurant overlooking the ocean for a delicious dinner with a memorable view. Following dinner, everyone went their own way until 5:00 when they met in the lobby to work on questionnaires. Lowell and I had another pleasurable walk on the long wide beach for about two hours, before returning to the hotel.

At 7:00 the team had an unexpected interview with a local farmer. Roberto and Bob had met the farmer during the afternoon, while they were looking for a telephone for Bob to call home. They had engaged him in casual conversation and upon learning the purpose of the team, he offered to meet with the group for an interview.

I washed my hair and waited for Lowell to return to our room. The rest went out to dinner, but we settled for a snack from our "supplies." We had had enough for the day.

Monday, April 20

Everyone joined us for breakfast at 7:00, complaining about the lack of sleep. Hard-rock music had played continually throughout the night, until 5:00 a.m. Then the neighborhood rooster took over! I had been wide awake since 4:00. Everyone was irritable (lack of sleep) and rather bossy, trying to direct the day's activities. This was a difficult group to work with. It was a strain on Lowell. I would have liked to kick a few shins myself, to shut up some of the three who kept trying to run the show. Now they wanted to pull out of the planned activities for the day, and head for Buenos Aires. They had shopping and eating on the brain — hang the project.

The men left early for appointments at two of the port elevators. They had arranged a morning appointment with a cooperative and the Junta elevator in the nearby port of Quequen. The manager was reluctant to meet with them until they mentioned their previous discussions with Regunaga (the Secretary of Agriculture in Buenos Aires). The farmer who had volunteered an interview Sunday evening showed up by accident (or intent), and his comments about the team provided additional credibility, and the manager finally agreed to talk.

Gloria and I went for a walk, then came back to our rooms to read, as almost everything was closed. Lowell showed up at 1:00 saying the lunch with the farmer had been cancelled and did I want to go to lunch with them. Tom didn't really want the women along and didn't bother to ask his wife Gloria, so Lowell asked her himself.

Gloria and I walked back from the restaurant, stopping for a stroll through the park, then to the hotel for coffee and tea. During their afternoon interviews the men found a very cooperative manager who hoped they could find him a job in the U.S. grain industry. We had dinner with the "Group" then finished packing while the men worked on their reports.

Lowell made a call to Eduardo Dianda, who had been so helpful with appointments in the Pergamino area, and was able to schedule a meeting with Buck's Seed Company for Tuesday morning.

Tuesday, April 21

We set the alarm for 6:00 so that we could be packed and checked out before breakfast. All the bags were packed in the van and we were ready to depart by 8:00. We were headed for Buck's Seed Company, about an hour's drive from Necochea on our way back to Buenos Aires. We spent two hours learning more about the intricacies of seed production and genetics than I needed to know. Everyone was very helpful. The buildings and research areas were located in pretty park-like surroundings. I saw lots of cats in the buildings, and more running and playing outside. "Rat control" they told us.

With the interview completed, we were on the road again for a long drive back to Buenos Aires. Bob was very pleased at having acquired several ears of corn illustrating the full range of types from the hard flint variety, to the semi-dent, to the soft dent varieties common in the United States. He carefully guarded and tended the ears for the remainder of the trip, only to have them destroyed when he reached Miami customs!

We stopped at a small country restaurant for lunch. The beautiful breaded chicken breast and tossed salad for \$2.50 reminded us the good food found in family owned restaurants back home. We arrived in Buenos Aires and Edificio Esmeralda about 6:30, tired and hungry. We were all at the door of the near by restaurant when it opened for dinner at 8:00. I was almost tired of eating, and settled for a quick simple meal of soup and fruit salad. With the restaurant not opening until 8:00 and the lengthy process of ordering and the slow service, we still did not make it to bed until 11:00, in spite of my "quick and simple" choice of menu.

Wednesday, April 22

Lowell called Dawson Ahalt at the American Embassy and made a nine o'clock appointment for the team. I rested and reorganized after the men left at eight for their appointment.

Gloria and I took my earrings to Sterns in the Sheraton hotel to have the backs changed from pierced ears to clips, then had a sandwich at a near-by shop. We were limited to window

shopping, as we had run out of pesos.

Lowell returned in mid afternoon, reporting that the ag counselor was too busy to help set up appointments, but he did give them a room and phone enabling them to set up appointments for Wednesday and Thursday. Eduardo Dianda again came to their rescue, setting up several important appointments. Gabriella met the team for lunch and a trip to the government inspection laboratory. Hugo Luxardo, the primary contact at the laboratory, continued to be a valuable contact and friend for many years.

Lowell and I decided we had had enough togetherness with the crew, so decided to spend the rest of the afternoon window shopping. We had a hamburger and bought a new alarm clock as the battery had gone dead on our old one. We spent an hour trying to figure out how to set the darn thing and never did get the alarm to work. So much for our selection of clocks in Argentina.

Thursday, April 23

Continuing our preference for a little time alone, we opted for breakfast in our apartment, relying on food purchased from the markets on Florida Avenue. Our apartment included a bedroom, living room, kitchen, and bath. Roberto stopped by to say his mother had invited Gloria and me to tea at their apartment at 4:00. Roberto's family travels from their ranch, located 150 miles northeast of the city, about once a month to see their sons, shop, go to the theater, etc. Sometimes the roads were impassable due to floods or mud and the only way out was by plane. He also helped me call Christine's mother, Betty. She is an American who married an Argentine, and was pleased to make contact with us, knowing Lowell was Alfonso's advisor when he and Christine were students in Urbana. She offered to stop by the hotel at 11:00 to take Gloria and me to coffee on Florida Avenue. We spent a lovely hour with her while she told us about her experiences of 25 years in Argentina — adjustments, terrorism, language, politics, etc. After she departed, Gloria and I went shopping.

At 3:30 we walked to Roberto Bunge's apartment to have tea with his mother, Jillean. She was delightful. She was a tiny blond woman, very pretty, and looked English like Roberto. Roberto's older married brother joined us for tea. He was a very pleasant young man. He had majored in computer science, but was having trouble finding a job. Jillian served sandwiches, croissants, and tea. We spent an enjoyable hour with them, then returned to the hotel to find Lowell waiting in our apartment.

Lowell had scheduled a tour of the Port elevator for the afternoon, but when they arrived, no one was aware of their planned visit. However, by dropping a few names like Regunaga they were immediately given a guide and full tour. Their plans for taking samples during loading had been put on hold, because there had been a fatal accident in the vessel that morning. Lowell left Bob, Mike, and Roberto at the port to wait for resumption of loading to allow sampling from the vessel being loaded with Argentine corn, while he and Tom returned to the hotel.

Since he had no more appointments for the day, Lowell went window shopping with me, then we went to the restaurant near the hotel for dinner at 8:00. We returned to the hotel and were able to fall asleep a little earlier than usual.

Friday, April 24

We slept until 7:00 this morning and enjoyed a leisurely breakfast in our nice little kitchenette. Lowell and the crew departed about 9:00 for another round of appointments. I re-packed the suitcase. Gloria and I had a sandwich and coffee at the corner coffee shop, then tried to finish our shopping. Lowell returned around 5:00 and we walked to the Sheraton Hotel to pick up the earrings I had purchased in Brazil and was unable to wait for them to change the clips. Sterns had changed the clips from pierced ears to clip-on resulting in a really lovely set.

We returned to the hotel to meet the group and guests in the lobby and walked to the Restaurant Estancia for dinner. Andres and Sondra Abramovich, Roberto and his fiancé, and Gabriella had joined us for dinner. It was a joy to see Andres and Sondra again. He was a student at Illinois and had arranged for us to visit his family during our trip to Argentina in 1983. He had graduated, married, and returned to his home country to serve as assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture. He was now a consultant to Congress and seemed very happy with his work. Both of them would like to return to the United States. They have a little girl nine months old and expecting another baby in six months. Sondra taught sociology at a university in Buenos Aires. With such a large contingent of people with connections to the University, it was a fun evening for all, with lots of reminiscing, joking in English and Spanish, laughter, and photos. We returned to the hotel at midnight, and said our goodbyes with warm Argentine kisses and hugs.

Saturday, April 25

We slept until 8:00 this morning — a first on this trip! After breakfast in our room, Lowell and I went for a walk. We stopped to purchase a brown leather belt, then walked in the park of San Martine. We enjoyed watching the children running in the grass and climbing the huge tree near the entrance of the park. We had a sandwich at noon, then came back for a rest until 2:00. We had been able to arrange for late check out, but only for one room, so the men worked in our room until 4:00, when Roberto stopped by to bring his version of maté for us to try. It tasted about like alfalfa tea. It is a national drink, that I could live without. Then we said goodbye and moved down to the lobby, where the men continued to work on their report.

We had pre arranged with a transportation company to have three cars pick us up to take us to the airport at 7:30 p.m. Lowell found this would be cheaper than three taxis. We could specify pickup time and would have direct and personal delivery. At 7:00 the rest of the crew decided they just had to have one more drink before departure, so disappeared to the corner bar. The group remained true to form in their lack of responsibility to the very end!! Someone had

to stay and watch over the luggage and wait for the cars and drivers, so Lowell and I watched them depart with admonitions to hurry back. It was well that we stayed behind, because the cars arrived early — about five minutes after the group departed. I dashed to the corner bar and told them the cars were here. By the time I returned, the luggage was loaded and ready to go.

We made a fast trip to the airport. We had an easy check-in then went to the restaurant on the upper level for something to eat. The plane boarded on time (10:30 p.m.) As we boarded, Bob informed us that Congressman Walter Mondale was on board this flight, returning to Minnesota. Shortly after take-off, Bob brought him back to our seats for a brief visit. He was a true politician — all handshakes and superficial conversation, but he was pleasant.

We arrived in Miami about 6:30 a.m. after having a bad experience. About two and a half hours into the flight, we flew into a violent thunder storm. Lightning flashed and thunder crashed over the roar of the plane's engines. We plunged and rolled wildly for several minutes, and lost altitude in a sickening drop, as people screamed. The alarmed pilot ordered the crew to their seats and passengers to extinguish all smoking material. I was badly frightened and wondered if we were on our way down to the ocean below. It lasted only a few minutes, but it seemed like an eternity. There were occasional rough spots for the next several hours, but nothing like those few minutes.

The food was horrible. They ran out of choices early, and could not even provide tomato juice. On the continuing flight from Miami, there was little improvement in Pan Am service. They reported there would be no coffee for breakfast. "Someone forgot to fill the water tank," they announced — typical of Pan Am service.

We cleared customs quickly and easily in Miami, however, we had a long wait for Bob who was carrying the corn and soybean samples. Despite his government passport, they insisted on opening every package and examining every kernel. They even cut his "prize" ears of corn from Buck's Seed Company that he had guarded so carefully for the past week, into pieces to check for insects. I thought he looked very sad as he reported back to the group. We had coffee with Gloria and Tom in the Miami airport, after saying goodbye to Bob, Mike, and Jim. We boarded the flight with little food service and arrived in Chicago at 11:00. We picked up the rental car and arrived home at 3:15. Our son, Brent, was waiting for us. It felt so good to be home in our familiar surroundings.

China

October 14 - 30, 1987



China

1987

Wednesday, October 14

It was a late October afternoon as our Chinese airplane made a low circle over Dalian, China, a city located on the southern tip of the Liaoning Province, which extends into the Yellow Sea. This was my first view of China; the China I had read about in classrooms so many years ago; the China I had envisioned from books, papers, and television. Now I was about to experience it for myself.

The plane dropped rapidly over a yellow-grey, dusty, treeless landscape. Horse carts and bicyclists scurried along the dusty roads below us. We made a bumpy landing on a deserted-looking landing strip. A strong breeze blew the brown autumn grasses and yellow dust filled the air. Suddenly an official looking car raced along the runway keeping pace with the taxiing plane. A lone guard stood far out on the runway attempting to shield himself from the blowing dust as the plane made a sharp left turn around him and headed for the terminal.

The plane came to a halt several hundred feet from the terminal. Lowell and I, along with Marvin and Karen Paulsen who were traveling with us, gathered up our belongings and disembarked from the plane into a stiff chilly wind. A number of official looking guards watched from a short distance as the passengers walked to the terminal. About a half dozen military planes in camouflage paint were parked in a row on the edge of the tarmac.

The terminal appeared sparse by our standards and certainly unheated. I was struck by the colorless surroundings: grey day, grey building, men and women in baggy blue-grey Mao suits. We stood in a drafty hallway while embarrassed employees hurriedly hunted for someone to unlock the door to the customs' room — an apparent oversight. After some door rattling and motions to people inside, the door was unlocked.

Customs proved simple enough, with a quick check of our landing cards and passports, then on to retrieve our bags which were placed in the middle of the floor with everyone crawling over each other to reclaim their own. With all our bags accounted for, we proceeded to the customs' men who asked no questions and waved us on through the room. No one waiting for arrivals was allowed in the terminal. We were met at the exit to the outside by a bevy of pushing, shouting, arm waving taxi drivers. Since we had been told we would be met at the airport by the people from the Chinese Foreign Affairs Office we struggled to free ourselves from the swirling mob and looked about for our hosts. Fortunately, they spotted us first (not too hard since we were the only Caucasians fitting the description of three blondes

and one red head) and came to our rescue. They snatched up our bags and ushered us into a nearby van.

Our interpreter was a pretty young Chinese girl — probably in her early 20s. Through her, our hosts informed us we were to stay at the Hotel Dalian. We were driven down a broad street into the city center. On either side of the street used by the automobiles, trucks and buses, was an equal sized avenue for bicycles and horse drawn carts. Few autos impeded our progress, but thousands of bicyclists, clad mostly in navy blue pants and jackets, flowed on either side of us like fast flowing dark rivers. Only occasionally did a bright scarf or jacket brighten the landscape, like a maple leaf floating on the river of dark blue. Streets and side walks were swept clean of debris and where a leaf or twig did fall there was someone (mostly women) with a twig broom to remove it.

We passed a fairly new looking hotel; but alas, that was not to be ours. Our van drew up in front of a rather old but solid looking hotel. We were ushered into a small, colorless lobby where we were assigned rooms. Lowell and Marvin changed dollars for Chinese Yuan (clearly marked on the back “for use by foreign visitors”). We were to learn later that visitors were not allowed to use Chinese money and Chinese were not allowed to use tourist money, although some unofficial exchanges were sometimes made. With money exchange completed we took the elevator to the fifth floor. A young girl stood at a desk next to the elevator. We were told to leave our room keys with her whenever we were out of our hotel. She also turned out to be a ready source of refills on the hot water thermos. We were given an hour to unpack and “freshen up” after which our hosts would entertain us with a banquet scheduled for 6:00 p.m.

We hardly knew what to expect when it came to accommodations, however, we found it quite adequate, albeit a little drab. Our room consisted of a bedroom with twin beds covered with a satin comforter encased in a hand embroidered cotton coverlet, which had a large diamond shaped cutout in the center, to expose the comforter beneath. A thermos of very hot water and a television were on the chest of drawers. Our view from the window left something to be desired as it looked out onto another wing of the building and into a pile of garbage and rubbish on the street below. The room and bath were really quite clean, but the carpet was certainly another story — no vacuum sweepers used here!

Dinner was served in a small room down the hall from the public dining room and diners stared openly at us as we walked through the room. A skimpy curtain divided the private austere room where we were to meet our hosts.

A little apprehensive as to what might be expected of us, we waited to be seated at a round table covered with a pink cloth. Two small plates and chopsticks were at each place setting, along with a small wine glass and a drinking glass. A pink napkin had been arranged in each drinking glass. One of the place settings had a napkin folded differently from all the others. It was rolled very thin, folded in the middle, inserted in the glass and the last 1½ inches were bent over like rabbit ears. Our host motioned for me to sit at the right of that place setting

and Lowell to the left. Karen and Marvin were seated opposite. I discovered a number of banquets later, this napkin arrangement always designated where the host would sit. A lazy susan in the center of the table completed the pre-banquet arrangement for a table of eight.

A young man moved quietly about the table and, with the help of our interpreter, enquired what we would like to drink. I was offered a choice of an alcoholic beverage or an orange soft drink and I quickly chose the latter. Our host then stood and gave us a warm welcome. Lowell thanked him and expressed our appreciation for the invitation to China and the welcome. Meanwhile great steaming dishes of food were being placed on the lazy susan. We were treated to delicacies such as huge sweet and sour prawns, scallops in the shell, chicken and pork dishes in a variety of forms, soup with kelp, various fish dishes, and sea cucumber. Sea cucumber was a special treat at every Chinese banquet, but we were never quite able to master it with chopsticks or palate. Lowell described it as somewhere between a caterpillar and a piece of inner tube. One dish everyone enjoyed consisted of apple slices dipped in a caramel glaze. It was served so hot that it had to be dipped in ice water before eating. Unfortunately, several people used the same bowl for dipping their slices.

Unless you have experienced such a banquet you cannot appreciate the challenge. Becoming adept at using chop sticks is no small matter in itself. For the novice the task becomes Herculean. Forget the prescribed manners of good technique, proper finger position and no spearing. The problem remains that you have to remove the food from the plate on the lazy susan across a pale pink cloth to your own 6 inch diameter plate, all the while praying it doesn't fall off, drip on the cloth, or worse yet land in your, or heaven forbid, your neighbor's lap or on the floor. All of this must be accomplished with two thin, polished little sticks, one untrained hand, a plate of food glistening with oil and your hosts observing your every move. There is no way to go except to forge straight ahead spearing the least likely food to drop and assume that by the year 3000 you are going to be a pro. Fortunately, the Chinese are genial hosts. Poor technique and dropped food were met with friendly laughter and many pairs of chop sticks piling your plate to overflowing with food. With a generous sampling of the first 10 dishes you are hoping each new dish will be the last. However, bowls and platters continue to arrive — my best count at this banquet exceeded twenty. Survival depends on your skill at keeping your plate too full for another helping from your host while appearing to continue consuming with relish.

Throughout the meal our hosts repeatedly urged us to join them in toasts, insisting it could only be properly performed by emptying a complete glass of the colorless liquid. "Combe" they would shout and empty the tumbler in one big gulp, looking unhappy and displeased if we did not follow suit. Lowell and I held our ground and with some reluctance they accepted the fact we were not going to be participants in this lethal game. Marvin and Karen did not fare so well. Once it was discovered that under pressure they would weaken for "just a drop" they were badgered continually for one more toast until the banquet was over. One

thing I like about Chinese banquets — when they are over they are over — no long after-dinner speeches. All that was to be said came with the welcome at the beginning of the banquet.

Our hosts said their farewells and we returned to our rooms. It had been a long day. We had arisen early that morning in Hong Kong where Lowell and Marvin had spent three days working with the State of Illinois Department of Agriculture Trade Office people and others involved in U.S. grain trade. After a nearly 4-hour flight from Hong Kong to Dalian, on top of everything else, we were happy to retire shortly after 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, October 15

After a good night's rest we were up and ready for breakfast when the dining room opened at 7:00 a.m. We were delighted to discover we could order canned juice, eggs and toast. Somehow the discussion of how we wished our eggs cooked always got lost in the translation and we resigned ourselves to eating them the way they arrived — usually under cooked for our taste, and swimming in oil. Most of the Chinese guests were eating a thin soup, bowls of rice or steamed bread and an occasional side dish of a pickled vegetable. Besides ourselves and the Chinese, our breakfast companions appeared to be mostly German and Japanese business men.

Our day proved to be a busy and interesting one. Our van arrived promptly at 8:30. Miss Cheng, our 20-year-old interpreter, and an official from the Foreign Affairs office, were there and ready to escort us to the Dalian Port Authority.

The Port Authority building was located just across the street from the large passenger terminal on the left and the loading docks to the front and right. We were ushered down the hall into a very attractive, wood paneled conference room. Sofas and chairs lined the walls. Lace curtains hung at the windows. Large steaming covered cups of tea had been placed on low tables before us. Everything was in readiness for our first interview. We were introduced to the director of the Port, but after a brief discussion he excused himself and left us in the hands of another official, who spoke very good English. Lowell asked if it would be possible to view the loading facilities. They readily agreed and escorted us to the people elevator and up to the terrace on top of the office building for an excellent view of the port and the city street behind us. We looked down on a Russian ship that was being loaded with corn at a berth a short distance from the front of the building. Bags of corn were being delivered to the dock on wagons, hoisted aboard the ship by a sling and deposited on the deck. Stevedores then opened the bags one by one and dumped them into the holds by hand. This scene gave a possible explanation for the complaints by Japanese and European processors about burlap bags in shipments from China. A large passenger ship was anchored in front of the passenger terminal and to the left of the pier. Farther out on the pier a ship was unloading wheat and another vessel was handling commercial products.

I walked to the opposite side of the roof top to view the street below us leading into the city center. It was almost 10:00 a.m. and most people were at work. Only a few automobiles

were moving up and down the street. Quite a number of dark clad bicyclists whizzed along the bicycle paths on either side of the broad avenue. Several women wielding brush brooms, swept the streets clean of any debris scattered about. We were told we could take any photos we wished, which surprised us, knowing about the strict restrictions in many communist countries — especially near port areas.

Meanwhile Lowell pressed the officials for a better look at their loading facilities and their inspection procedures for grain. It quickly became apparent one must have the right person's name and a lot of pre arrangements for every thing you would like to do in China. We were given permission to proceed into the fenced port area and walk about the docks. When Lowell asked to board the ship he was told he wouldn't want to as it was Russian — a polite way of saying "You wouldn't be welcome." Lowell repeated his request to see their grain inspection laboratories, but kept getting evasive answers such as "we must check," or "maybe tomorrow," etc. They cheerfully announced that now we would go to their "Friendship Store" to shop for crafts; politely but firmly terminating the interview for the day. It was one of the largest stores we saw on the entire trip. It consisted of several floors with everything from bookmarks to furniture. We then crossed the street to the Seaman's Club to see the hand crafts for sale on the first floor. We entered through a bar area, then walked into another room displaying some hand crafts, but not nearly the quantity we had found at the Friendship Store.

Lowell continued to apply pressure to see more of their grain inspection facilities, only to be told that they couldn't tell us if that would be possible until tomorrow. We were informed the afternoon activities would consist of a sightseeing trip. I understood the men's feeling of disappointment for they were beginning to fear that this could be the sum total of the trip.

We were driven to a pretty park along the sea. Our host paid the entrance fee and we walked along a winding path nearly 100 feet above sea level. Lovely little pagodas, occasional sculptures and graceful old pine trees were strategically placed to delight the viewer as he looked to the shimmering sea. As we paused to view one particularly lovely spot and to take photos we became aware we were more than a little object of attention. It had been a little disconcerting from the time we started the walk to realize that we were very much the object of curiosity and open stares. Even when we looked back into those curious eyes, no one looked away, but continued their solemn survey. It was then I made a discovery. If I smiled, that solemn, immobile countenance broke and was replaced by a warm friendly smile. I remember one face that touched me deeply was that of a little old man with a placid face. He was not five feet tall, wearing a faded blue gray Mao suit, hands clasped behind his back, strolling slowly toward us. I smiled and shall long remember the warmth of the smiling response on that handsome old oriental face and the acceptance in the nod of his head as we met and passed on the path. Not ideologies, culture or race differences can come between people of a warm heart.

Now a crowd began to gather around us and a young woman asked through our translator if I would have my picture taken with her little girl. When I said, "yes," the entire crowd



Corn in burlap bags
being transferred to
ocean vessel



View 100 feet
above the sea



Mid-morning
traffic



Picture opportunity with a delightful child



Then everyone joined the picture

beamed with pleasure — everyone that is, except that darling little girl who looked terrified, but obedient. With a little encouragement she moved close to me. Then I asked her mother to join us for several more photos. We could not have been more surprised when the photos were developed, and we discovered practically everyone around had lined up behind us to have their pictures taken with us; even a broadly smiling young local policeman. Since we obviously did not have a Polaroid camera, the only motivation for this event appeared to be the opportunity for friendly overtures. Unlike the Japanese, the Chinese rarely had cameras.

We were then driven along the seacoast to a newly developing resort. The coastline was rugged, somewhat like our Maine or Oregon coastlines. The sea was shimmering and calm in the hazy, autumn, afternoon sun. A rather new hotel had been built on a cliff high above the sea. A sculpture of a mermaid perched on the back of a giant crab, depicting a Chinese fable, rested on a rock half way down to the water's edge. We picked our way carefully down a stony path and walked out on a narrow pier extending over water so clear that every pebble could be seen far below. An old man on the pier was fishing with only a string, a bent wire for a hook, and very tiny worms for bait. Like many U.S. fishermen — he appeared to be doing more “fishing” than “catching.” Few guests seemed to be about, but the season was quite late. A glass enclosed pagoda was perched high on a promontory above the sea and a short distance from the hotel. We watched a young woman setting the table in the pagoda, with flowers and pale pink cloth and napkins. The latter were placed in the goblets. At one place setting there was the now familiar “rabbit ears” napkin designating the location of the host. We returned early to our hotel for dinner and a welcome bed, as our hosts had warned us that tomorrow would be a big day visiting farms and farmers.

Friday, October 16

We were up early this morning, as we were to be picked up by van at 8:00 a.m. Miss Chenge and Mr. Sun (assistant director of Dalian Department of Agriculture) arrived with our van and driver promptly at 8:00 as promised. We had gone only a few blocks when our driver decided the van was not working properly. He suggested we wait on the street corner while he drove to the garage nearby to take care of the problem. This was unclear to us since it appeared to be running smoothly. We climbed out of the van and he quickly disappeared around the corner and out of sight, not to be seen or heard from for nearly an hour while we stood on the street corner. I could hardly contain my joy. This was our first opportunity to really stand close to, and observe people as they moved about pursuing their morning tasks. We stood on the corner of a broad tree lined avenue. Motor vehicles, mostly vans, buses and a few official looking cars, moved up and down the two center lanes. Bicycles and horse or donkey drawn carts flowed like an endless dark blue ribbon on either side. The only color to brighten the scene was a bright scarf here and there flying in the wind or a brightly clad child, perched like a small colorful bird on the crossbar of a parent's bicycle. The buildings along the street were a



The mermaid of the fable,
on the Yellow Sea



Setting the table for fancy lunch



Sweet potatoes
roasting on a
charcoal grill



Selling cabbages for winter storage



A child's photo
brought a
father's smile . . .



. . . and request from another proud father

solid line of one and occasionally two story brick and stone structures where people lived. The interiors were dim and unlighted. An old woman moved methodically up and down the street and sidewalk sweeping up leaves, horse droppings and anything else that would mar the clean swept landscape. Two old men with weather lined faces wearing faded Mao suits and the typical flat little hat with a short bill, stopped their conversation to stare at these unusual looking westerners. A blonde and a redhead admittedly stood out in the crowd of jet black hair. Across the street the makings of a street market was underway. Huge piles of Chinese cabbage, onions, cauliflower, sweet potatoes, etc. were piled high on the sidewalk with more horse carts and heavily laden bicycles arriving regularly to add more vegetables to the already huge piles. Passing bicyclists stopped to purchase produce and load unbelievable amounts on their bicycles. Most were purchasing huge quantities of the Chinese cabbages, which we were told could be stored by the household for several months.

One man stood watch over a large funnel shaped container over a charcoal burner. He lifted the lid and removed a cooked sweet potato and laid it on top to keep warm. A passer by stopped, bought it and proceeded to peel back the skin and consume it as he walked on down the street in the slightly chilly morning air. Our curiosity had moved us across the street to observe this interesting market, but if our curiosity was great it did not begin to compare with that of the Chinese. An ever enlarging crowd continued to grow around us. Everyone remained immobile and turned their complete attention on us. With all of these expressionless faces turned to us, Miss Chenge and Mr. Sun began to fidget uncomfortably. One man with a craggy lined face, holding a little boy of about two years, stood aside from the crowd. I could not resist the temptation — I held up my camera and motioned, “May I take the little boy’s picture?” A wide grin, showing broken yellow teeth, crossed his face and he proudly held the little boy, dressed in his bright yellow suit, so that I could see him better. The tension was broken, the crowd stirred, smiles crossed several faces, and people resumed their activity and movement.

Our hosts looked nervously down the street in the direction our driver and van had disappeared. They suggested we move across the street away from the market crowd. All that attention was making them uncomfortable. To no avail. The crowd of curious soon gathered around us again. Another father proudly presented his little boy for our cameras. Mr. Sun decided to search for a telephone and try to discover why the long delay, but before he could return we rejoiced to see our van returning. Mr. Sun soon returned and we were again on our way.

We drove on through the bicycle-crowded streets to the outer perimeter of the city, passing factories and scattered housing. We saw great amounts of construction underway every where we went, but were always struck with the fact that so little mortar was used between the bricks and often saw long stretches of high brick walls which appeared to have none.

The countryside stretched into a broad valley with scattered mountain ranges on either side. A smooth highway carried us past villages and farms. Most of the farms in this area consisted of harvested corn and rice fields; soft yellow brown in color, blending with the pale

autumn sun. A few shocks of ear corn remained in some of the fields, but most had been carted to the village, shucked and the ears stacked to dry, in neat gleaming gold rows on every available roof. Some farm yards contained small circular cribs made of stakes and ropes.

Farm villages were made up of rows of one story brick and stone houses. Usually a stone wall enclosed a small courtyard in front of each house, separating each from the neighbor. Some appeared quite old with smaller windows and darker interiors than the newer models. Here and there a thin wisp of smoke curled slowly upward in the pale blue sky. A row of trees often lined the highway, adding to the rural scenic beauty. At one point, and without explanation, we were asked not to take any photos. We rather guiltily tucked cameras away, thinking our hosts thought we were photographing too many things. Our fears were groundless, however, for a short distance down the road we passed a military installation. Once the military buildings had passed from our view, Mr. Sun turned to us and said, "It is all right to photo again."

After riding for about an hour we arrived at the small village of Mon Jinton. The houses were surrounded by harvested fields of corn and soybeans. Ear corn was spread to dry everywhere. Our van driver parked beside the open gate in a brick and stone wall. As we stepped from the van our farm hosts came smiling shyly towards us with hands outstretched to clasp ours in a warm grasp. Our hostess was dressed in a cream colored pant suit and he in a rather loose fitting business suit. Our interpreter introduced them as Mr. and Mrs. Bu Wujia — first names are not used in these formal occasions in China. They motioned for us to pass through the gate into a small enclosed court yard in front of the farm house. A small brick building used for storage was to our right. The roof was piled high with big golden ears of corn, drying in the sun. To our left was a low brick building forming the west wall of the court yard with three pens in front. The first pen contained two handsome sows. The pen next to it contained 31 multicolored hens which according to our host produced 21 eggs a day. Next to the chickens was a pen containing two young pigs. A small vegetable garden filled most of the rest of the courtyard. Directly in front of us stood the one story brick farm house, elevated about three feet above the ground, with a wide cement platform equally as high across the entire front, with storage space beneath. The window frames and doors were painted bright blue. It was a duplex with Mrs. Bu Wujia's mother living in one half of the house.

We verbally admired the pigs and chickens in the clean and attractive courtyard and then, climbing the few steps to the house, we entered a wide and open hallway. Directly in front of us was the open door to the kitchen. To the right was a curtained door to the family bedroom. We were directed through the open door to the room on our left which stretched the full width of the house from north to south. Large windows with small panes, filled the upper half of the walls on either end of the room. This was the living room. A vinyl upholstered sofa was placed against the long wall. Next to the sofa was an enclosed China cupboard and a chest of drawers. A small refrigerator, a number of chairs, and small tables completed the furnishings. The floors

were made of colored, simulated marble material. Simple white cotton curtains hung at the windows, and potted plants rested on the window sills. It was obviously a new house; two months old we were told. Some of the electrical outlets still had bare wires dangling from the openings in the white cement, plastered walls.

As soon as we were seated, our hostess brought us steaming glasses of green tea. Flat woven baskets on the low narrow tables in front of us held beautiful Jonathan and Delicious apples. Now this presented us with a delicate problem. We knew we had no business eating unpeeled fruit, but in no way did we want to hurt our host's feelings, so we carefully sipped our tea and murmured we had just had breakfast. Pleasant conversation flowed. Lowell and Marvin enquired into their farming practices, such as corn varieties, planting and harvesting practices, storage locations, and marketing alternatives. As I noted before, corn was spread everywhere for drying — on the stalks leaning against houses and fences, in makeshift cribs, in neatly arranged rows on top of every flat building. The quantity produced on each farm is small, but there are many farmers. Eighty percent of China's population lived on farms and China contained nearly 25% of the world's population.

Transportation in this area was almost entirely by horse drawn carts, and in many cases by oxen. We took photographs of two oxen hitched in tandem, as the local farmer piled the shocks on the wagon. Apparently the shocks were being taken to the village where they were stacked, and as time permitted, shucked by hand. The ears were then stacked or cribbed to dry and later shelled by hand or, as in the case of this farmer, shelled by a small motor driven mechanical sheller, owned cooperatively by the commune or by several farmers sharing the use of the equipment. The farmer gave Lowell two of his nicest ears when we returned to the courtyard. Corn ear worms had damaged nearly every ear we examined. Corn, beans, and rice were harvested by hand. The bean vines were cut with a knife or sickle, piled and threshed on the street or in the courtyard with a hand wielded flail, winnowed by hand with shovels or flat woven baskets. The straw was then neatly stacked and used for feed or bedding or in some cases as fuel for heat and cooking in the home.

We felt certain, after viewing this farm and the one later in the afternoon, that these were not just average farmers, but represented some of their best "master farmers," so to speak. After about half an hour of conversation we were given a tour of the kitchen and sleeping room. The kitchen consisted of a large wok set into a brick structure and heated by wood or coal bricks made from coal dust molded into perforated four-inch wheels. A single gas burner, supplied by a small propane tank on the floor, heated the tea kettle. A glass-fronted cupboard contained a few dishes and some bowls of food. This cupboard, along with a wooden stand, filled the far wall. A water faucet protruded from the north wall. A round wooden tub with a lid was placed beneath it. Strangely the sink was at the other end of the room with a black plastic pipe for a drain angling to a hole in the floor. A few dish towels hung on a line above it. The walls were covered with white tiles.



Collecting the harvest



Ear corn dries on the roof



Two handsome pigs



Refreshments with Bu Wujia family



Bu Wujia's kitchen



Boy and his cat

The Bu Wujias had one son, about 11 years old. He was watching television when we entered the sleeping room and shyly tucked his head down when he was introduced. He sat on a high platform that stretched the length of the room and was covered with quilts. Several small openings beneath the platform led me to believe that hot coals could be placed beneath it to keep the room and occupants warm. I hope so, for I could envision a cold, cold room in the depths of winter. Apparently the entire family slept on this platform. The only other piece of furniture was a large chest supporting the television set.

We then went next door to Mrs. Bu Wujia's mother's part of the duplex, which was almost identical to her own. The mother, a tiny woman with a sweet crinkly face, greeted us and motioned for us to come inside. A large tiger striped cat lay sleeping on the bed in the warm sun pouring through the windows. The mother smiled as I patted the purring cat and the previously timid son joined me, scooped the cat in his arms and followed us outside to have pictures taken of one and all.

By this time, the neighbors were hanging over every fence with open curiosity. Scraps and bits of wood were piled about the buildings, giving a rather unkempt appearance to the village, but as China has become rather denuded of trees, I felt certain anything that could be used as fuel was carefully conserved. As we thanked and said goodbye to this most hospitable family they thrust huge plastic bags of beautiful big apples into our hands. Lowell later protested we would never be able to carry them on the train and plane. Apple lover that I am I replied "just watch me!," and carry them I did; giving us a daily fresh treat for nearly two weeks.

We traveled from this farm to an extension service station where they had 11 agents providing advice to about 3,800 farm families in the region. These appeared to be extension specialists collected in one location to provide advice on everything from seed selection to fertilizer, to harvesting, to marketing. They sold seed, contracted with buyers for sale of produce, and then subcontracted with farmers. They did not know what happened to the grain once it was delivered to the government warehouses.

Two of the people from the extension service accompanied us to a seaside restaurant for lunch. A number of other men and a young lady, who was to be our guide for sightseeing after lunch, arrived in a second car. The plain cement block restaurant was located a short distance from the seashore. The women cooks and waitresses watched us with curiosity as we entered and gathered around the table. We were seated at the usual round table with an embroidered cloth, two small plates, a glass and chopsticks at each place. As soon as we were seated, food began arriving in great quantities. Lowell and I had established the reputation, by this time, that we did not drink alcoholic beverages, so we were served an orange drink. Marvin and Karen were not so fortunate. Since our host knew they would eventually capitulate and drink with him, they were pressed relentlessly, with Karen whispering under her breath, "No, Marvin. Say no." The Chinese thought this hilarious and the lunch grew into a lively affair.

Heaping dish after heaping dish of sea food was brought to the table until we lost count. Food was piled onto our plates until they could hold no more. Alas, sauce covered prawn, snail and crab shells slipped from our tiny plates onto the clean table cloth. The huge sweet and sour prawn posed no problem for the Chinese. To our shocked amazement they grasped the sauce covered 6-inch prawn in their chopsticks and popped head, legs, shells, feelers, and all into their mouth. Our method was somewhat less graceful. Those crunchy shells, long spider legs and heads bulging with big black eyes were too much for the four of us to consume “in total.” We tried several methods of attack. The most successful approach I found, was to grasp the sauce coated prawn with my paper napkin in my left hand, hold the tail with a chopstick in the right, and break the head from the body. The next step was to pry the meat from the remainder of the shell — no easy task I can tell you. However, the taste was well worth the trouble. Fervently, I hoped my companions were too busy with their own lunch to observe or care about my method. When a crab shell became too much of a challenge for one of our hosts, he grabbed an empty beer bottle and with a smart blow, cracked the shell on the table, then happily threw the empty shells on the floor beneath the table. At long last we had eaten until we could hold no more. I walked to the kitchen door where the cooks and waitresses stood and thanked them for the delicious lunch. I received warm smiles and nods in return. The language barrier had been broken. More photos were taken of everyone before we departed for the next farm.

This farm family was somewhat similar to the previous one, except the husband worked full time at a plastics plant in town and the wife did the farming. The farm house and buildings were similar to the previous farm, but it seemed that the entire extended family was on hand to greet us — aunts, uncles grandmothers, sisters, brothers etc. We were invited into the family bedroom-living room to visit and have tea with our hostess.

A gentle breeze stirred the white café curtains in the window. The bed this time, was a steel frame bed. A sofa, some folding chairs, and a cupboard almost filled the entire room. They proudly pointed to a new electric fan with its carefully embroidered cover. Family members crowded around the open door, trying not to miss a single translation. Our hostess’ darling little four year old daughter pressed close to her mother and observed us with big solemn black eyes. Her shiny black hair was drawn back in a pony tail and fastened with a plastic headband. She was delighted when Lowell placed the Illinois Corn Growers’ embroidered logo on her sweater, but nearly cried when her family tried to get her to say “thank you” in English. Lowell insisted she did not need to say “thank you” and her tiny face broke into an appreciative smile as she proudly showed the logo to beaming aunts and doting grandmothers. Since only one child per family was the rule in China, children were given much attention and care.

The dress code may be subdued among the Chinese adults, but not their children. We never saw a poorly dressed child in China. Clothes were bright and pretty. Huge colorful bows often graced the heads of little girls and more often than not a little boy would be wearing a snappy looking little military cap. A sad note here; since male children are far more important



Family and friends join the picture



Walking the beach along the Yellow Sea

than female children in China we observed far more little boys than girls in the infancy to seven or eight year range. I think nature doesn't play favorites and the day may come when China will mourn her "lost" daughters.

Our attention turned to our farm hostess as she explained her farm operations and practices through our translator. The use of a translator obviously slows an interview. Not only must the translation be made but, since we were not sharing the same language and cultural background, we tended to envision words in a different manner and many clarifications were needed. Her husband came rushing into the room from his job at the factory about halfway through the interview. He nervously smoothed back his hair and joined the conversation. The wife was comfortably at ease answering questions about the farming operations, since she was confidently in charge of the daily work. Following the formal interview we walked outside, with Karen and I admiring family pictures and the home as we went. Marvin and Lowell were delighted for close-up pictures of the corn storage constructed of "snow fence" pickets.

When we asked if we could take photos of the group, the family and all the relatives (and perhaps some neighbors) lined up with smiles and laughter. Everyone seemed to have an idea for one more pose. We thanked everyone for their many kindnesses and then boarded the van for a drive along the seacoast. The scenery was beautiful. We drove east along a rugged, rocky coast, lined with clean rock and sand beaches dotting the area below. It appeared the area was being developed as a tourist area in anticipation of future growth in tourism. At intervals along the coastal drive a unique sculpture or tiny pagoda stood out on a high promontory. Large clusters of seedling pines covered many of the otherwise treeless hills stretching back from the seashore. We were told the trees had been planted by school children during the Chinese version of arbor day. We got out of the van several times to walk along the beach. Once we scrambled out on a high promontory to view the calm shimmering sea beyond. People fishing from a few small boats moved among the kelp beds below. An occasional freighter glided

dreamily on the far horizon as the sun began to slant to the southwest. We walked down a narrow path to the shore line, dabbled our fingers in the clear sea water, and picked up a few choice stones. I felt hypnotized and would have gladly remained in that serene place for hours if I had not been urged back up the path again, with the reminder it was time to go. I clutched my two small rocks as Lowell looked at me laughing and said, "I think we can find space for two that size." It was a private joke in our family when we were traveling. The children and I often debated if we had enough room in the luggage or car for a particular object, with Lowell standing near reminding us of the limited dimensions of the space remaining in the trunk. At least the two pebbles were a tangible reminder that the view had, in fact, been real. We reluctantly departed that gorgeous setting for an hour's drive back to Dalian. We observed another tourist hotel under construction in the area as we drove away. We also observed a large grain storage facility near the port as we returned to Dalian.

It had been a long but exciting day. We were ready for an early dinner and bed. As we parted company at our hotel, Miss Chenge told us quietly that her employer had not yet been informed, but she would not be with us tomorrow. She had accepted a position as interpreter for the new Holiday Inn hotel — which, by the way, we never saw.

Saturday, October 17

Shortly after our return to the hotel last evening, a Mr. Men, who was editor of a farm machinery magazine from Shenyang, knocked on our door, introduced himself and said he would be our interpreter and would travel with us until he delivered us to the people at the American Embassy in Beijing. He wanted more information on our objectives and was particularly interested in who was funding the project and why they would be willing to spend money to find out how China produces and markets their grain. He seemed satisfied with Lowell's answers and agreed that better understanding was essential in a complex and shrinking world.

We had our usual breakfast of canned juice, eggs (somewhat overwhelmed by oil) toast and coffee. The arrangements for the morning were a meeting at the hotel with several representatives from the various agricultural agencies brought together by Mr. Men. They discovered there was no meeting room available, so they decided to move enough chairs into Marvin and Karen's room for the entire group, and hold the meeting there. It was close quarters, but Karen and I decided to stay throughout most of the meeting. The people present represented a range of interests. A specialist in seed distribution and promotion and a specialist in corn breeding and genetics from the Agricultural Institute were quite active in the discussion. The third man was an expert in production of oil-bearing cash crops from the Agricultural Bureau, and the fourth was from the Commerce Department in charge of inspection at the port.

After the meeting Lowell continued urging them to set up a meeting at the port for the afternoon. The inspector from the Commerce Department had asked Lowell for advice on installation of their new automatic sampler, but even with that request they seemed very

doubtful that a visit could be arranged. At 2:00 p.m. the word came back that they had been unable to obtain permission to visit the port or see any sampling equipment on such short notice. Never mind that we had been pleading for this visit since the first moment we had arrived! It was becoming more obvious to us each day that unless everything is prearranged before you arrive in China or unless you know some key person's name it is very difficult, if not impossible, to rearrange any of the schedule which they have planned.

They offered instead, a visit to one of their famous parks on the seashore. This too was a lovely park. We watched some Junior High aged boys and girls as they collected specimens of small fish, seaweed, and crabs in jars from the tidal pools in the rocks some 20 or 30 feet below us. I photographed a few of them as they gathered around us to show off their "catch." We then proceeded to a department store used by the Chinese people. It was a gray, drab affair of several floors, but did not lack for merchandise. There seemed to be a plentiful supply of clothing and household goods even though the quality sometimes seemed poor. Karen and I each bought a small vegetable grater for a few cents. Mr. Men seemed disappointed he could not persuade us to make a more substantial purchase. We returned to the hotel in time for dinner and to pack for our early morning departure for Shenyang.

Sunday, October 18

We rose early this morning and had breakfast in our room. Since I always carry instant coffee, tea and granola bars with us when we travel, breakfast from the suitcase along with apples was a welcome change. It also took far less time than waiting for the dining room to open at 7:00. We didn't even have time for a restaurant breakfast this morning as our van arrived a few minutes after 7:00 to take us, along with the Paulsens and Mr. Men, to the train station. At last our passports were returned to us. We had been required to surrender them to the people purchasing our tickets the day before. We were asked to do this each time we needed train or plane tickets and, in fact, our hosts managed to keep possession our passports nearly all the time we were in the country except for our time in Beijing. This was very disconcerting, to say the least, and against international law, but they insisted it was the only way we could obtain tickets, hotel accommodations, currency exchange, etc.

We all assembled in the lobby with bags in hand. It was pouring rain outside. We checked out at the reception desk, and made a dash for the van. The train station was about a 15-minute drive from the hotel. The streets around the station were filled with people. The driver pulled close to a side door and helped us inside with our bags.

We were led a short distance down a cold, green, paint-peeled hallway into an equally cold, gloomy waiting room. Worn vinyl covered sofas and chairs lined the outer perimeters of the room. Cold, damp, sooty air sucked through the open door. We sat down and proceeded to wait for our train. This was the waiting room for the "soft seated" cars — no first and second class cars in China, just soft and hard seat classes. At this point I was happy we were destined

for the soft seats; somehow soft seats sounded warmer. A few other passengers came into the room and sat down to wait also. A few were in business suits but most were in military uniform. The military seemed to have some privileges over other travelers. All tried to appear unconcerned about our presence, but to my amusement would steal glances at us from time to time. Almost everyone was carrying a huge bag of apples — including me.

About 20 minutes before the Shenyang train's departure time, a station employee stepped into the room and motioned for everyone to follow him. We clutched our bags including our heavy bags of apples which I had refused to leave behind, and followed him down the hall, up some stairs, across an overpass and down more steps to our platform. Just as we started across the overpass the old black iron monster below us wailed a loud shrill whistle and hissed forth great clouds of steam that enveloped us. The pistons slowly began to turn the wheels and a departing train moved out of the station. Momentarily, I was transported back in time to my childhood and was once again a little girl of four or five, standing on the old weathered platform before the train depot in Webster City, Iowa, shivering with a mixture of terror and anticipated delight, as an old black locomotive huffed into the station, emitting great clouds of steam. That iron monster would carry my mother, sister, and me across the Iowa landscape to my grandparents' home. These memories served to heighten my excitement as I anticipated the coming journey on this coal powered train from another era.

Hordes of people were scurrying along the rain drenched platform. Our car was at the far end. Our bags grew heavier with each step. This was the price we had to pay for "soft seats." The "hard seats" were much closer to the station. We were seated about the middle of the car. Lowell and I faced forward. Karen and Marvin faced us and Mr. Men seated himself across the aisle from Lowell, sharing the space with three jolly, middle aged men in military uniform. Their light hearted conversation, at least, gave Mr. Men a welcome respite from maintaining a constant dialogue in English.

Most of the people in our car were in military uniform. There were only a couple of young women among the car full of men. We settled ourselves comfortably into our seats, after tucking bags wherever we could find space in overhead racks and under our feet. Almost everyone had a huge mesh bag of apples to stow in the overhead racks. The car was an old one; probably built in the early nineteen hundreds. The plush seats had long ago faded into a gray mustard color. Gray velvet draperies were pulled back from the windows with sooty lace curtains tucked up in the rods above so passengers could see out the dust splashed windows.

Everyone was in a conversational and jolly mood as the engineer gave a mighty blast on the whistle. The train lurched forward and moved out of the station and down the track, north toward Shenyang. It was ever so pleasant watching the rain drenched countryside as we chugged down the track.

Harvesting of the fields of corn and soybeans was almost completed, and little country villages kept us entertained with a never ending, but beautiful panorama. Occasionally a farmer

with his horse drawn cart would wait at a crossing for the train to pass. As we came closer to Shenyang, great fields of rice, with harvesting still in process, stretched to the far reaches of the horizon. We were traveling through a broad valley and occasionally a blue hazy mountain range loomed in the distance. Farm families lived in small villages and farmed the land surrounding the village — much like the European agriculture of old.

A stewardess moved through the car, offering tea for sale, or free hot water for those wanting to fill their own thermos or jar. Most of the Chinese chose the latter. Almost everyone carried a thermos or covered glass jar containing green tea leaves. The stewardess moved about filling containers upon request throughout the trip. Soon after the train left the outskirts of the city, most of the passengers pulled out their knives and proceeded to peel and eat apples with their tea. It was apple harvest time in the Dalian region and we were told that the best apples in China were grown in this area — a partial explanation for the large quantities being carried by the passengers. A white enamel tray for garbage, paper, etc. had been placed on each little table which extended from the windows.

We chose to decline the offered tea, but happily joined the others in munching on our peeled apples. Soon another stewardess came through the car taking orders for lunch. With encouragement from Mr. Men we agreed to a reservation for four in the dining car for the 12:00 seating. He asked us if we would like the 10 yuan lunch or the 15 yuan lunch. Since we did not know what lay ahead for us in the dining car we chose caution and selected the 10 yuan (the equivalent of \$2.71). Mr Men said he would stay there and watch our bags as it was not wise to leave them unattended. Alas! to a certain degree thievery is apparently no stranger to their society.

When 12:00 arrived we were directed to the next car which was the dining car. Struggling to keep our balance as the cars lurched from side to side, we entered the dining area. A few Chinese were seated at the far end. We sat at a table a bit out of the draft of the door. Two young women in rather soiled white uniforms stood ready to wait on us. We could not believe our lunch. There must have been 10 or more huge dishes of steaming food and all were delicious. Some of the vegetable dishes were not familiar to us but they were very much to our liking. The rocking train did not make it any easier to eat slippery noodles and vegetables with chopsticks. One sudden jolt upset my glass of orange drink, but by quickly grabbing the oil-cloth table cover we were able to redirect the flow until paper napkins from everyone saved the day and rescued me from a drenching of orange drink.

When we returned to our seats we urged Mr. Men to have his lunch. He declined and I wondered if he had brought his own lunch. I doubted it as he had stayed at the hotel with us. Or did he think the dining car too expensive? I wondered many times on the trip how his expenses were covered as he seemed especially careful to economize. I often felt that he either did without food or found cheaper places to eat as he always declined our invitations to join us for meals.

Throughout the ride we were passing through agricultural lands with large fields of corn, grain sorghum and rice. The roofs of buildings in every village were covered with corn laid out for drying. Nearly all of the corn had been cut and shocked in the field. Since it was raining, little field work was in progress, but a few farmers were loading shocks on their horse or oxen drawn carts. The closer we approached Shenyang the more extensive the rice fields became, with shocks stretching in orderly rows as far as the eye could see. The fields seemed far too extensive to be harvested by hand, but Mr. Men assured us it was all cut by hand sickle, tied in bundles, shocked, left to dry for one month, and then brought to the village for threshing. We later discovered the threshing machine was a motor-driven, rotating cylinder with fingers. The farmer (or farmer's wife in most instances) takes one sheaf at a time and holds the heads on the revolving cylinder which pulls the grain from the straw. We also saw in operation a small threshing machine that fed the straw and grain on a moving belt, one sheaf at a time. The straw was blown into a small pile and the rice heads with a goodly supply of chaff fell into a basket or wheelbarrow for later cleaning. The operation and equipment were much like a diminutive of the threshing machines of my youth. Despite the rain we did see one field where 10 or 15 workers were nearly finished cutting and shocking a very small plot of rice, left standing in the center of a much larger field. They were clearly using sickles to cut the straw. The sheaves of rice were tied into bundles using rice straw for twine.

The long train ride provided the opportunity we needed to ask Mr. Men for an explanation of China's agriculture, production practices, economics and government organization. We learned that about 50% of the arable land in Liaoning Province was plowed and cultivated by mechanical means. About 25% was planted by machine. Less than 10% was sprayed by mechanical methods (hand spraying is the common practice). Less than 1% was harvested by machine. Only 2 or 3% of the rice was planted with tractor drawn equipment. Mr. Men told us that agriculture in the area was organized under three different systems. The cooperative at the village level was a form of the communal system. The villages were involved in many enterprises and individuals could specialize in agricultural work. For example, much of the equipment was owned by the co-op at the township level. The village could also operate as an independent unit with plowing and planting done by a few individuals in the village system, who were paid for their work. Once the large fields are plowed and planted, plots were allocated to individual farmers. The third alternative was one where farmers operated individual plots: usually under contract with the village or central government.

We pulled into the Shenyang train station shortly after 3:00 p.m. The trip of about 150 miles had occupied a little over six most interesting hours. We disembarked from the train, again at the far end of the platform, into pouring rain and a hoard of people rushing in all directions. Mr. Men directed us to wait under an overhang while he looked for the people with a van who were to meet us. The four of us stood huddled together in a cold wet wind, with a sharp eye on our luggage placed at our feet.

Suddenly, we became aware that the huge crowd around us had directed all of their attention toward us. Now, we had been stared at before, but this was different. The crowd had formed a semicircle around us. No one was moving and all eyes were on us. All of us seemed to be frozen into one motionless form. We felt like aliens from outer space. Only if you looked directly into someone's eyes and smiled did the unresponsive face return the smile, then quickly return to placid features again. Marvin was getting nervous as he was not sure how he should interpret our surroundings and queried, "Do you suppose they want our bags?" It was readily obvious they were only interested in the unexpected appearance of four blue eyed Westerners, two of which were women, one with blond hair and one a red head.

Mr. Men, after what seemed to be an interminable wait, rescued us from our dilemma and hurried us to a waiting van. The chief assistant from the Foreign Affairs Office accompanied us to the Hotel Yuan. This was a rather new and very pleasant hotel, and we were greeted by the desk clerk in perfect American English. There was much confusion and noise in the lobby because the making of a television special was in progress. We were surprised to see a sign over the elevator door that said "Illinois Office, Third Floor." This turned out to be the Illinois Department of Agriculture's Shenyang Trade office.

We checked into our rooms on the third floor, next door to the Illinois Trade Office. We were asked to meet our hosts at 6:00 p.m. for a banquet, to be held in our honor in a private dining room at the hotel. We were welcomed at the banquet by an official from the Foreign Affairs Office. Karen and I were presented with jade rings and the men received jade cigarette holders — pretty but not too useful in Lowell and Marvin's case since neither smoke. We were again treated to huge amounts of food — delicious dish after delicious dish — somewhere between 18 and 20 different dishes. The lovely lady from the Liaoning Foreign Affairs office was seated on my left. She constantly reassured herself that I was getting enough to eat by spearing choice portions of food with her chopsticks, from the communal plates on the lazy susan in the center of the table, and piling them on my plate until it overflowed. It did absolutely no good to protest that I had more than I could eat as the food by now was sliding from the heaped 6-inch plate to the tablecloth. Between the excesses of food and the inadequacies of the heat in the room, I was grateful again for the prompt conclusion to the meal. Shortly after the last dish was served and eaten, we all stood, said goodnight, and departed to our rooms. This time it was early to bed for Lowell and myself.

Monday, October 19

This morning we had breakfast in an attractive and sunny dining room. Yesterday's showers had departed and left a clear crisp autumn day in its wake. Again we had the choice of Chinese or western breakfast. I really missed finding fresh fruit on the menu though. There was a mixture of Chinese and westerners in the dining room. The westerners appeared to be business men there to sell products or act as consultants. The van arrived shortly before 8:00.

Accompanied by Mr. Men and Miss Zhang, from the Foreign Affairs Office, we drove directly to the Shenyang Agricultural University. The wide and often tree lined streets were bustling with morning traffic. City buses were packed with people on their way to work. Mostly vans and an occasional car joined the buses in the two center lanes. Masses of horse drawn carts and bicycles filled the two outer lanes. We were told there were over 77 million bicycles in China carrying everything imaginable — people, produce, furniture, a side of beef, etc. It seems that everything in China moves on two wheels.

The University was composed of a large number of brick buildings similar to those found on many campuses in the United States. The grounds around the buildings were filled with lovely old trees and a few late season flowers still bloomed in an occasional flower bed. What might have made an attractive scene was spoiled by the long weedy grass covering the ground. We were taken to a large brick building where several professors were waiting for us. They came down the steps to the van and greeted us with smiles and warm handshakes. We were escorted to a meeting room on the second floor where glasses of steaming hot tea had been placed on low tables even before we were seated. The entire meeting was a bit of a surprise since Lowell had not requested it nor had there been any previous discussion of such a meeting. We were introduced to various faculty members from the Agronomy and Agricultural Engineering departments. Several of these people had spent some time in the United States, either attending conferences or, in one case, a year of study at Iowa State University. Several obviously spoke acceptable English, but invariably deferred to the senior person in the room who required the constant help of our translators.

After the usual formal welcome speech they turned to Lowell and asked what he wanted to see them about. This came as a surprise since he had not requested the meeting, nor asked for consultation with the faculty. With a little quick thinking and a few exploratory questions he found some common ground in the area of plant breeding and conversation flowed easily on the topic of genetic control of quality and the goals of the government in plant improvement. The Chinese provided much useful information and readily answered every question asked.

Following our discussion Lowell and Marvin asked to see the Agricultural Engineering laboratory — in part as a courtesy to Mr. Men. After several minutes of discussion and about 15 minutes of activity outside the room, they returned to say it was not possible because the professors were involved in an accreditation process and were not on campus. We were quickly learning that even though there is no apparent attempt to keep you from seeing something, all things must be preplanned. There seemed to be no room for spontaneous changes in the schedule, no matter how insignificant the request.

We returned to our hotel to have lunch with Kang Ming, the Chinese representative with the Illinois Trade Office. We learned, to our dismay, that no plans had been made for us to visit grain facilities in Shanghai on Wednesday. Kang Ming agreed to call Shanghai and the U.S. embassy in Beijing and was sure it would all be arranged by the time we arrived. Meanwhile,

we discovered that the plane tickets for the trip to Shanghai had not been purchased. This was another learning experience. We discovered it was very difficult for a foreigner to make any travel arrangements on his own in China. In some cases such arrangements were downright impossible. They asked for our money and passports and said someone from the hotel would purchase the tickets for us. No one knew how much the tickets would cost but they came up with a number of yuan that appeared designed to prevent them from running short.

I need not tell anyone who has traveled in foreign countries that relinquishing your passport is a bit disconcerting, especially when the advice is to "Keep your passport with you at all times. Never surrender your passport to anyone." When I asked Dave Schoonover (the agricultural counselor in the American embassy in Beijing) what should we do about such a request he replied that he really didn't know as they did the same thing to him when he needed to purchase a ticket. There was simply no alternative if you wished to proceed on a schedule. This problem is not unique to China and I have encountered it in many countries in which I have traveled.

The afternoon was spent sightseeing. This always makes work-conscientious Lowell a bit uncomfortable because he feels all the time should be spent on "the business at hand." Reluctantly, he did admit it can be extremely informative as to the nature of the people he works with. It was not for lack of enjoyment, but the dedication to get the most information possible from his research dollars. We were treated to a visit to the Imperial Palace dating back to the Ming Dynasty of the 1400-1600 era. It was truly beautiful with bright reds, greens, blues, and golds every where. It was crowded with people which I found surprising on a weekday, although many were large groups of school children.

We were constant objects of observation — much more in Shenyang than in Dalian. We were again taken to a Friendship store and to a factory store where jade necklaces and art objects were made. We also saw some ivory and a green quartz which we were told was more valuable than jade. I bought a necklace that was considerably less costly than those I had seen at our hotel. The factory gift shop seemed to have been opened for our benefit. It was very cold and I wondered how people endured long hours of work in those unheated rooms. We saw no activity in the adjacent building that appeared to be the jade factory and there were no people in the gift shop except our group and two clerks.

Our plane tickets were waiting for us when we returned to the hotel at 5:00. We retired to our rooms and were happy for an evening to ourselves, so we could bring our notes up-to-date.

Tuesday, October 20

We had breakfast early as we were to leave at 8:00 a.m. for the town of Laoyang; a two-hour drive south of Shenyang. It was fortunate we were early as we received a call from the lobby at 7:45 informing us that the van and our hosts from the Grain Bureau were waiting for us. We hastily gathered our note books, cameras, etc. together and dashed down to the lobby to meet Mrs. Luo Chun. Mrs. Luo was an agricultural economist from the Foreign Affairs Office

and proved to be an excellent guide and interpreter. She spoke excellent English and, along with her happy, outgoing personality, was a delightful and informative addition to our group. She was a technician for the Grain Bureau, but also served as our interpreter. I immediately felt drawn to her. With Mrs. Luo was Mr. Song, her director, and Mr. Wang from the technical service department. After a short round of introductions, we packed ourselves into the van and headed out of town to Laoyang to visit grain processing and storage facilities.

It was a clear crisp day and the views of the countryside were perfect. We were traveling through rich rice growing country. Harvest was in full progress and large numbers of farmers, (men, women, and a few children) were in the fields. Some were cutting the very heavy stand of bright golden grain with small hand sickles. Others were tying it into sheaves using twisted strands of rice straw as string and placing the bundles in shocks where they would be left to dry for several weeks. Once they were dry, the shocks were loaded on carts (drawn mostly by donkeys) and transported to a storage or threshing area. The thresher was a mechanical device consisting of a cylinder with spikes powered by an engine or electric motor. Each bundle of grain was held by hand against the cylinder to allow the teeth to pull the heads of grain from the bundle. We had a close-up view of this process about a week later on a farm near Beijing.

The agriculture in this area was impressive. Fields stretched to the horizon with no fences or hedge rows, so that every available foot of ground could be effectively utilized. Only an occasional small village and a few canals reflecting the blue sky above broke the expanse of the landscape. The rows of grain looked as though they had been planted continuously, not in small plots. Apparently, these large fields were plowed and planted with mechanical equipment in a cooperative unit or village organization. Each farmer then assumed responsibility for his section within that field. Anything the farmer produced over the government assigned quota, he was allowed to sell on the free market. Most of the remaining rice was used for home consumption.

Conversation flowed freely as we moved down the highway, and our questions were many. We were fascinated by the horse and donkey-drawn carts moving beside us on either side of the highway. Usually it was a tandem team with the horse behind and mule in front. There were no signs of lines or bridles, but the animals were controlled by the driver guiding them to the left or right with a small stick. Even on this main highway there were people sweeping the roadway.

We asked if we could stop along the way and take pictures of the harvest in process. Permission was readily granted. As Lowell attempted to photograph a family working in the rice fields, they immediately hid behind the shocks. Other workers did not seem so camera shy.

The town of Laoyang seemed fair sized, but very rural in most aspects. The processing plant was quite large with a large amount of storage. Grain was stored in several types of facilities. The type we found most interesting was a round silo made of woven reed mats covered with a thatched roof.

Every inch of the processing plant and storage area was swept clean of debris. As I continued to take photos of each part of the tour I suddenly realized the number of people



Workers cutting rice with hand sickles



Friendly discussion
with plant personnel



Making such slow progress,
we were passed by a donkey



Chun, our skilled interpreter

participating in our tour was growing. By the time we were halfway through, the number had grown from about ten people to over twenty. Everyone was listening intently to the discussions and watching our reaction to each new explanation — clearly hoping we would be pleased and satisfied with the answers.

As we walked about the plant area we noticed quite a number of very nice looking hogs in an enclosed pen. When we asked about them we were told they were raised for consumption by the people who worked at the plant. When Marvin stopped to take a picture of these white hogs he was immediately ushered into the pen for a closer look.

It was now lunch time and we were taken through the dining room where the employees ate, into a smaller room with two tables set for about twenty people. Once again we were treated to an enormous banquet. Their “small lunch” consisted of approximately 20 dishes — most delicious, a few suspicious. I must add here, for a person addicted to a lot of hot soapy

dishwater, I found the glasses and dishes had the appearance of a cold water dip. Even Mrs. Luo wiped her glass and chopsticks with her paper napkin before eating. This left me wondering how we might escape the local germs. Well, we didn't, and it was at this point I believe the cold bug caught up with me and kept me company for the next 10 days. I've heard it said one must have two things before he is allowed to leave China — a valid visa and a cold! The lunch was a pleasant one. The Chinese people are easy to like. They smile and laugh easily and work at making your visit a pleasant one.

The afternoon was spent visiting their laboratory with extensive discussions over tea in their conference room. Tea was served in the large covered mugs to be refilled at frequent intervals. Loose tea leaves were placed in the mug and the hot water poured over them. After a period of time most of the leaves settle and only a few floaters are left to be strained through the teeth, surreptitiously removed with a finger tip, or swallowed. Big platters of apples and bananas graced every table.

In late afternoon we boarded the van for the two hour return trip to Shenyang. About half way there our van began to choke, sputter and stop. Our driver ground away on the starter as we all held our breath. Somehow I could not envision the Chicago Motor Club coming to our rescue, even if there is an AAA in China. Finally the engine caught, sputtered, and started. Once again we were on our way. Our jubilation was short lived. The engine died again and the driver struggled to start it. We went through this procedure several times. Then about the fifth time the engine refused to start. We all piled out and stood alongside the road while the driver crawled underneath the van, pounded on something for awhile, crawled out, and gave it another try. Wonder of wonders — it started. I have no idea what the driver did under the van to revive the engine and doubt that he did either! With everyone loaded into the van we loped down the highway toward Shenyang.

We had only a few minutes at our hotel to change clothes and “freshen up” for we were to be treated to yet another banquet. We were driven to a nearby hotel; “Shenyang’s best” we were told. It was a large building but gray, gloomy and cold as far as I was concerned. It was built during the “Russian Era” and reflected some of their depressing attitudes toward life. Mr. Qi met us on the darkened steps. Night was falling rapidly and there was little light at the entrance. We entered a huge two story lobby ringed with large columns and walked down a very cold corridor to an equally cold private dining room. When Mr. Qi chose to keep his long heavy overcoat on during dinner, I immediately made the same decision. The banquet was sumptuous and Mr. Qi a most pleasant and congenial host. Mr. Qi was the head director of the Grain Bureau for this province. He had visited the University of Illinois in 1984 as part of the “sister province” team, and had listened to Lowell’s presentation on grain marketing. Many toasts were given to future interchanges between the Liaoning province and Illinois. We then returned to our hotel to pack for another early morning departure to Shanghai. There was no longer any doubt in my mind — a miserable head cold was rapidly overtaking me.

Wednesday, October 21

We were up at 5:00 a.m. this morning for a six o'clock departure. My cold, complete with sore throat and runny nose, was in full progress. Fortified with antibiotics and aspirin, which we always carry on foreign trips, I helped Lowell slam the lids on our suitcases, and drag them to the lobby ready for departure. Mr. Men, who was to accompany us all the way to Beijing, Mrs. Luo, Miss Zhang, Mr. Sung, and our driver were already waiting in the lobby. As we parted late the night before, Lowell had mentioned to Mrs. Luo that he would appreciate a copy of the China grain grades booklet so he could have it translated back at Illinois. As soon as we were seated in the van Mrs. Luo brought forth the official grain grades leaflets all translated into English. She must have spent most of the night writing by hand to have them ready for us by 6:00 a.m. She was a delightful host, warm and eager to talk about her family (husband and young son), responding frankly to even sensitive questions which we often asked. She became a dear, life long friend and eventually made her way to the University of Illinois and on to citizenship in Canada, arranging for her husband and son to join her. Our friendship is still close 25 years later. She never misses greetings to both of us on birthdays, and holidays.

The trip to the airport took about 30 minutes. All along the road local citizens were hurrying to work. The airport was as congested as O'Hare with lines of people at every check-in counter. Somehow we moved through the check-in line rather quickly with Mr. Men enforcing foreigner privileges by "jumping" the line. Much to our surprise we were taken to the dining room and treated to a real Chinese breakfast. Unfortunately, my cold rendered me unfit for the adventure. All I really wanted was a big glass of orange juice, coffee, and a hot piece of toast dripping in melted butter. Instead a small plate of pickled vegetables and small sausage squares were placed in front of us. Next came a plate of three steamed rolls for each person. These had a sweetened bean curd center. They were a little larger than a golf ball, light and airy, but lacking in salt. Last a huge bowl of a thin steaming rice soup was brought to the table and ladled into soup bowls. We ate quickly for several reasons. First, it was nearing our 7:35 departure time, and second, we were in another of those unheated dining rooms.

Following a round of good wishes and hopes for more of such exchanges, we said goodbye to our gracious hosts and moved through the security line. We did not have long to wait; our plane had already landed and was being serviced. We watched with amusement as boarding calls were made repeatedly for a plane due to take off just before ours. The final call was made and the ramp moved away when two men seated near us realized it was their plane that was departing. They jumped to their feet, yelling, and raced out the door toward the plane ready to leave. Everyone in the room broke into howls of laughter. To our surprise the plane door opened and the stairs were wheeled back to the plane. The two men scrambled aboard, the door closed again and the plane continued down the runway.

Immediately after this episode our plane was called. We had been told Chinese planes are notorious for late departures, but not this one. We took off on time. Since there is no first class on Chinese planes, everyone is treated to first class. This trip, our “welcome aboard” gifts consisted of a knitted necktie and a bag of candy along with our refreshments. Lowell’s tie was a purple and red stripe; mine was a red and white stripe (wild). I offered to change with him. Smoking is permitted throughout the cabin. The Chinese are heavy smokers, leaving the non-smoker wishing he had packed a gas mask.

We arrived in Shanghai at 10:00 a.m. and were met by an official by the name of Chen Da Ming, from the Shanghai Foreign Affairs Bureau of Agriculture. We were taken to our hotel in downtown Shanghai. From all we could learn, it had been a YMCA in its better days. Mr. Men assured us on the way in from the airport that we would like this hotel. The lobby appeared acceptable, but the rooms were something of a disaster. Lowell and I had a living room, bedroom and bath. Carpets were torn and dirty, tile and towel rods in the bathroom were broken. The beds were clean, although perma-press had yet to reach China. Even the finest of hand embroidered pillow cases and sheets were made of a coarse cotton weave. Each morning we watched as the cleaning people brushed some of the obvious lint from the center of the room into a dust pan — ignoring the outer perimeters.

The standard of food preparation was definitely below par. When Karen suggested we find another place to eat, Mr Men became quite upset and asked what we didn’t like about the food. “I will speak to the kitchen if you like,” he said. We tried to assure him the food was fine and it was not necessary to speak to the cook, but later that night he came carrying a collection of pastries and snacks he had purchased on the street. We thanked him profusely but privately were convinced that his selections had not improved our cuisine.

It quickly became evident no plans had been made for our visit in Shanghai, in contrast to the excellent schedule in the Liaoning province. Mr. Chen, our Shanghai guide, seemed cold and totally disinterested in our plans or requests. Mr. Men was visibly upset that we should receive this kind of reception. Lowell tried repeatedly to call the American Embassy in Beijing but could not make connections. The assurances given us in Shenyang that all our requests would be accommodated, were unfulfilled and we could make no official contacts to change the situation. Lowell, Marvin, and Mr. Men spent the afternoon in discussions, while I brought my notes up to date and helped the men tag and photograph corn samples we had brought with us from the Liaoning province. They managed to spill one bag of corn on the floor, but decided the mess was hardly noticeable amidst the dirt already accumulated in the corners of the room.

I went straight to bed as my sore throat and cold had taken over. Karen, Marvin and Lowell settled for an early dinner and bedtime with the hope that an improved schedule could be achieved tomorrow.

Thursday, October 22

Time, medication, and sleep had made some inroads into my cold and I joined everyone for breakfast. Mr. Chen insisted there were no grain facilities in Shanghai, and we had wasted our trip. Lowell produced a tourist brochure showing a vessel loading wheat from an export elevator on the river, but he continued to recite the official dogma "There are no grain facilities in Shanghai." Lowell was very irritated, but it did no good to press or to become aggressive. Since Mr. Chen had no intention of organizing any contacts with grain officials or facility operators, Lowell told him he might as well return to Beijing, and suggested we try to change plane schedules and find a flight directly to Beijing.

It was clear by now that the Shanghai officials were not going to allow any interviews or even viewing of anything related to agriculture in this area. We spent a frustrating and useless morning at various travel offices and ticket windows. We were unable to make any changes in our flight schedules. For some reason, without our knowledge or agreement, they decided to schedule our departure for Saturday evening despite the fact they had no program planned and we had originally requested only one day in Shanghai. Nothing we could say would persuade the disagreeable Mr. Chen that the flight schedules could be changed, even though we had been previously told that planes departed for Beijing almost every hour throughout the day.

I visited briefly with a young man from the United States, while we waited our turn in line to be told we couldn't buy a ticket. He was traveling on his own as a tourist and was very frustrated in his inability to move about and see the things he would like to see. Karen was deeply disappointed when we could not change the schedule and go immediately to Beijing, since she had commitments back home. She was to return to the United States on Saturday. A day in Beijing would have allowed her time to make a trip to the Great Wall; the one place she most wanted to see. This was not to be.

We returned to the hotel for lunch. It had taken all morning standing in first one line and then another to discover it was impossible to leave Shanghai before Saturday evening. There was nothing we could do but "go with the tide." It did give us an even greater appreciation for our own country where spontaneity and flexibility are a part of our daily lives.

We were picked up by Mr. Chen in the van shortly after lunch and driven to the river boat dock. This was near the Peace Hotel and the location where NBC had televised their program three weeks earlier. We boarded an excursion boat consisting of three decks. Mr. Chen, our Shanghai host, purchased our tickets and disappeared — apparently relieved to turn his "burdens" over to the river cruise for three hours. Mr. Men led us to a glass enclosed forward cabin. A number of people from the United States, part of an AARP tour group, and a German tour group filled the remainder of the cabin.

The sky was overcast and a chilly wind whipped about us each time we stepped onto the deck. We chose a comfortable seat and immediately a hostess proceeded to serve us with tea, a

big bowl of apples, a plastic bag of dried “something” which none our group was brave enough to try, bowls of candy and a packet of souvenir scarves and pins. With a great blast of the whistle, the boat pulled away from the dock and into the main channel of Huangpu River, 17 miles upstream from the mighty Yangtse. The Yangtse links Shanghai to the Pacific Ocean on the east and to many interior cities, such as Nanjing, Wuhan and Chongqing. Boats of all shapes and sizes, steamers, freighters, passenger ferries, and tugs plied the water around us.

Lowell and Marvin were delighted to see a grain elevator at one point along the river bank with a vessel being loaded with wheat. Mr. Chen had emphatically insisted there were no grain elevators in Shanghai. Lowell used the telephoto and got an excellent picture of the vessel and the elevator. His only disappointment was the lack of opportunity to flash the picture in Mr. Chen’s face. It was a pleasant and relaxing three and a half-hour trip to the confluence of the Yangtse and Huangpu Rivers and back. Since there was nothing else we could do, we sat back and enjoyed being tourists, treating the afternoon as an interesting diversion. At least it gave me another opportunity to relax and recover from my cold, which I very much welcomed. We returned to the hotel to have an early dinner and retire.

Friday, October 23

This was to be a day of sightseeing. We made a number of suggestions of things we might like to see; such as exhibitions, museums, etc., which we had seen recommended in our travel books. Mr. Chen met these suggestions with a passive oriental face and a deaf ear. As we threaded our way through the busy Shanghai traffic we were given another opportunity to view this huge metropolis. It is one of the largest cities in the world and China’s most populous. I was somewhat disappointed in this romantic sounding city of my geography books. In spite of the fact that it was an oriental city, it had the look and feel of many western metropolitan areas. The stamp of centuries of foreign invasions and trade were upon it, leaving it with little character of its own. It was a remarkable contrast to the rural feeling of Shenyang — a city of over four million. Even though guide books mention it as a tourist favorite, I found the somewhat more rural charm of Shenyang, the seaport of Dalian and the historical significance of Beijing more to my liking. Streets were somewhat more narrow than in Shenyang. Housing also appeared much more congested. Available hot water for household use seemed either nonexistent or in short supply. I often saw people squatting on the sidewalk, washing clothes in a small pan filled from a cold water tap located on the side of a building. Washing machines were not abundant in China. There must be a need to do daily laundry with so little equipment to help.

The morning was spent at an Arts and Crafts Center. It was excellent. It contained everything from furniture to rugs, linens, jewelry, glass, paintings, furs, etc. All were of the finest quality we had seen anywhere in China. We were amused when Marvin stepped behind the van to take a photo and Mr. Chen gave evidence of nearly having a heart attack when he couldn’t

find him — he feared one of his foreign charges had escaped. We invited Mr. Men and Mr. Chen to be our guests at lunch, at the renowned Peace Hotel. They requested we invite our driver also, to which we quickly agreed. They very happily stashed away a huge lunch. The bowl of noodles alone looked like enough food to feed a family of five. They could scarcely conceal their joy when we insisted they take all the sea cucumbers.

Most of the afternoon was spent viewing Yu Yuan Gardens, more commonly called the Garden of Happiness. It was a garden built in 1577 by a city official as a spot for his aging father. It was hidden behind high carved brick walls decorated with huge stone dragons winding in a serpentine fashion along the top of the walls. A small lake was spanned by a bridge and surrounded by goldfish ponds, hills, rocks, tea houses and pavilions. It was very pretty but packed with people, mostly Chinese. It was so packed with people that at one point a Chinese gentleman stepped on the heel of my shoe and pulled it from my foot. When he realized what he had done, he embarrassedly rushed to retrieve it. As his eyes met mine and he handed me the shoe, we simultaneously broke into laughter and we instantly knew we had bridged across two cultures with a kindredship of humor. We were then driven to yet one more Friendship store. They never missed an opportunity to help bolster the Chinese economy.

We then returned to the hotel to pack our bags. Karen had to depart for the airport early Saturday morning so she could return to the States. All in all the trip to Shanghai had not been as productive as we had hoped, but we had very much enjoyed an overview of Shanghai and the men had a good opportunity to ask Mr. Men many questions about Chinese farming practices and their economy. Mr. Chen had not been the least bit helpful, but we decided he felt we were not his responsibility since he had not been previously contacted and rather resented the intrusion into his own work responsibilities and free time. Mr. Men on the other hand was so distressed about the inability to do some of the things requested he could not keep it from showing in his usually emotionless face.

Saturday, October 24

I heard Karen, accompanied by Mr. Men and Marvin, leave for the airport very early; so early in fact, that Marvin returned in time to join us for breakfast. On Friday, Karen had repeatedly assured Mr. Men he did not need to go with them to the airport. He gave them detailed instructions on taxis, etc. but when morning came, there was Mr. Men determined to accompany them out to be sure no problem would arise. We finished our packing, then spent the remainder of the time bringing our records up to date. In mid morning Mr. Men entered our room with several minutes of casual conversation. Shyly he took out a small package and offered it to us “as a token of our continued friendship.” It contained a beautiful gold medallion designating the year of the rabbit on one side.

Lowell was requested by Mr. Chen to pay for the use of the van and driver for the three days in Shanghai — no hospitable complementary services rendered here! Mr. Men was embar-

rassed at the request. A rather hot argument on the subject had apparently been going on for the last 24 hours. Mr. Men informed us Mr. Chen was asking for too much money. After considerable tension the amount was settled and Lowell willingly paid the bill. It was no more than he had expected to do anyway.

We had a light lunch, then departed for the domestic airport and what a crush of Chinese people. It seemed all of China was flying somewhere. We stood in line for nearly an hour before the check-in line opened, then another hour for check-in and passport control. The last hour was enough to tax the patience of a saint. Since saintliness is not part of my nature, waiting lines in airports seem to bring out the very worst in me. I was raised to abide by the “English Rules of Law and Order” which is that everyone “queues up” and waits his or her turn. Unfortunately, part of my travel education has been that many societies around the world do not, I repeat do not, adhere to that honorable custom. Some elbow their way, others slide quietly into the line, still others command the right by rank. China was a whole new ball game. The intruder comes carrying anything from a boxed TV to a foot locker, chooses his spot to jump the line, and plops his luggage firmly on your toes. As you move backward, wincing in pain, the intruder moves confidently into the line. At this point I am ready to do battle, while the orientals look placidly away as if nothing has happened. I really doubt that any amount of rehabilitation could change my feelings or their actions. I am destined to know fits of fury each time it occurs.

We did get checked in on time and the plane departed on time. As we walked the long distance across the runway to our plane, another plane taxied right through the line of boarding passengers — so much for passenger safety rules! We departed at 3:55 for an hour and a half flight to Beijing. It was a sunny day, but a heavy thick smoggy haze hung across China. The little landscape I was able to see appeared quite rugged for most of the distance we covered. After our slow check-in problems in Shanghai, we were overjoyed to see all bags accounted for in Beijing. Mr. Men quickly found us a taxi and correctly warned us it would be a long, long ride into the city. We entered Beijing just as the sun dropped out of sight and darkness fell over the city like a soft velvet mantle.

The travel office in Hong Kong had arranged for us to stay in the Jinglun hotel (also called Hotel Beijing Toronto). This was quite a cultural shock after the hotels in which we had been staying; top class and comparable to many internationally famous chain hotels, and with prices to match I might add. Prices were \$120.00 per night compared to the \$35.00 range we had been paying.

As we were registering at the desk, a young Chinese man approached us and asked for Dr. Hill. We were surprised to learn he had been contacted by his Chinese friend at the University of Illinois and informed of our arrival date. Since he did not know what time we would arrive, he had spent most of the day in the lobby waiting for us. His name was Yang. He was married, with one small child and attended the university in Beijing. He kindly

offered to help us in any way he could and suggested he would be our sightseeing guide on Sunday. Mr. Men had intended to stay over Sunday and assist us until he could “deliver us to the American Embassy,” as he put it. He appeared very much relieved to be free of the responsibility of chaperoning us. When we assured Mr. Men that this arrangement would be very acceptable to us, he quickly said his goodbye. I know he was terribly tired. Shanghai had been a frustrating experience and he had worked very hard to see that the trip would be useful and enjoyable for us.

We agreed with Yang that we would meet at 7:45 the next morning and would spend the entire day sightseeing. Mr. Men made one last gesture as he departed and asked the concierge to arrange for a day-hire taxi — unnecessary since many were waiting at the door at all hours.

Following dinner in the hotel’s western style coffee shop, we relaxed in our rooms in a luxurious style we had not known for a long time.

Sunday, October 25

We were up early this morning so we could have breakfast in the coffee shop and be ready to meet Yang in the lobby at 7:45. Cameras were loaded and ready with plenty of spare film. Yang was ready and waiting for us when we came down to the lobby a little before 7:45. He spoke to the concierge in Chinese who then gave an affirmative nod and motioned us to the entrance. Mr. Men’s discussion of the previous evening had smoothed the way after all. We found that the travel service tour would have cost the four of us 340 yuan. Hiring a taxi with Yang as our guide would cost only 200 yuan (about \$60.00). We chose the latter which gave us economy as well as great flexibility in the schedule. We would not have the professional description provided by the tour guide, but we could go where we wanted when we wanted and were guaranteed none of those tired “tour guide jokes” we have been subjected to in so many countries.

The doorman motioned to a driver standing some distance from the taxis parked at the curb. He in turn motioned us to his car around the corner. It was a lovely sunny Sunday morning. Temperatures were mild enough that we needed only sweaters. A smokey haze hung lazily across the landscape. Our direction was north and west out of Beijing across a rather flat countryside toward the blue mountains in the distance. The ground cover was mostly golden autumn grasses and harvested fields. Only a few small trees dotted the landscape.

We rode along this pleasant highway for over an hour before making a rather sudden ascent into the mountains. Our first view of the wall was breathtaking as it snaked its way across the bony mountain ridges. It really defies description. We proceeded on to the Badaling Pass. Our driver said he would park the car in one of the lots and wait for us. I couldn’t help but wonder how he would ever find us or we him, as the place was already seething with people. A tiny village clung to the mountain near the gateway to the wall. Steep stone steps led upward to the top of the wall. A few gnarled old pine trees with their dark green needles made a showy

contrast against the stone walls. We chose to climb to the south rather than the north to keep the sun at the best angle for photos. Climb we did for half to three-quarters of a mile, sometimes on a stone paved incline, sometimes on stone steps so high and steep that a hand rail was needed to pull ourselves upward.

The wall in this area was constructed of stone blocks native to these mountains, cut and chipped into smooth rectangular blocks. The average height of the wall was 21.5 feet; width was 21.3 feet at the base and 18 feet at the top. The road along the top of the wall was wide enough to accommodate five horses or ten persons abreast. A parapet about four feet high extended above the road, with its sawtooth effect giving every appearance of a dragon winding its way over the mountains. Slot openings in the wall allowed the guards to watch for the approach of an enemy and to discharge arrows from his protected vantage point. Towers were placed at regular intervals along the wall with various uses. Some provided protection from the elements. Others served as watchtowers. At a little distance from the wall itself and at frequent intervals we could see tall stone platforms which were used as beacon fire sites. The platform provided a place to make a fire to be used as a signal. During daylight, the smoke from these fires was used to warn of approaching enemies; at night the fires could be seen from one platform to the next providing a method for conveying signals along great lengths of the wall. Underneath each platform were the sleeping quarters for soldiers, plus storage for supplies and stables for the horses. Some of the literature we read informed us that wolf dung was the first choice for making the signal smoke because it remained in the sky a very long time. We frequently saw passages in Chinese which translated said, "All over there is wolf dung smoke" which in those days meant that war had spread to many parts of the country.

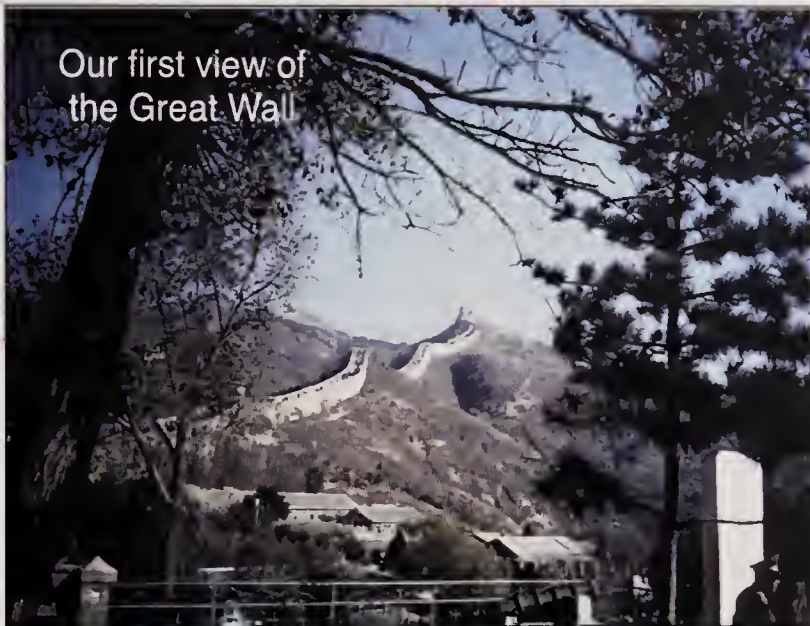
Up, up we went, pausing for breath, photos, and spectacular views in every direction. A school girl's dream fulfilled! I had to pinch myself to believe it was real as I gazed across the deep blue mountains and valleys with the changing leaf cover of reds, greens, and gold glowing in the hazy sunlight. Far more Chinese than foreign tourists clogged the roadway. We did see a group of Germans that appeared to be in the process of filming a documentary. Three teenage girls in uniforms carrying a large red Chinese flag, blowing in the wind, climbed exuberantly behind us, with the enthusiasm typical of teenagers any where in the world. Yang told me they were members of the National Chinese youth organization. There were also many soldiers in uniform enjoying the view on their holiday.

We continued up the mountain for nearly an hour with a desire to "follow the yellow brick road" all the way to the horizon. A shortage of time and energy dictated a turn around point. Reluctantly we retraced our steps to the parking area and located our driver; or I should say he located us. There were a lot of people touring the site when we arrived, but now they were coming in hoards. Cars, buses, and vans were backed up for miles down the mountainside.

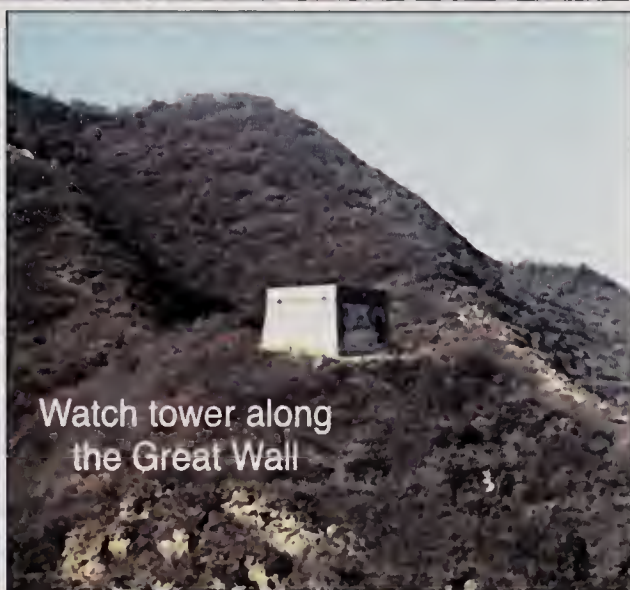
A quick tour through the gift shops and we started back toward Beijing. This time we traveled down the mountain over a different and much less traveled road. En route we came



Our first view of
the Great Wall



A curve in the Great Wall



Watch tower along
the Great Wall



Valley of past emperors' tombs



Donkey and colt will pull the load home

upon two men and a pretty young woman loading corn shocks on a cart. A donkey was hitched between the shafts of the cart with corn fodder towering several feet above the long furry ears. A small colt stood beside the cart. We stopped and asked if we could take photos and with nods of yes and broad smiles they continued their work as we shot photo after photo. It was such a lovely area — roadside trees in autumn colors, golden fields of corn on the rolling mountain slopes, and the Great Wall “snaking” its way across the jagged blue mountains in the distance. A glistening stream was threading its way through the valley below. All of these were creating an indelible print on my mind; memories to be treasured for years to come.

Now we were leaving the Great Wall, an edifice that had existed in some form since 403 B.C. and was the only man-made object recognizable from outer space, according to the astronauts. About three-fourths of the way back to Beijing we turned toward the entrance to the Ming Tombs, the burial place of thirteen of the sixteen emperors who reigned during the Ming Dynasty. This dynasty had lasted 277 years from 1368 to 1644. The tombs were located in a flat valley surrounded by a ridge of mountains. The Chinese say the mountain range is like a dragon protecting the emperors of the past; the jagged peaks form its back and a smaller, round mountain its head. Indeed it does not take much imagination to see the dragon watching over the valley of the tombs.

The road we traversed was once a 4-mile long sacred way, forbidden to all but the emperors’ funeral cortege. We passed the entrance through a five-arched marble gate built in 1540. About a mile farther on stands The Great Red Gate. The road led us around the gate rather than through. The emperor’s body was carried through the central archway and the gate was opened only on these occasions. Just beyond this gate was a most impressive array of stone figures lining the highway, called the “avenue of the animals.” The first figure as we entered the road was a huge tortoise followed by lions, camels, elephants, horses and two sets of mythical beasts alternately standing or kneeling. The figures were all in matched pairs on each side of the road. Beyond the animal figures were a series of twelve human statues; an honor guard for the emperors. Earlier photos of these figures showed tourists sitting or reclining on the stone statues; now a small iron fence encloses each one, keeping tourists out of touching range. We were told most of the thirteen tombs had not yet been excavated. We visited the tomb of Ding Ling (Emperor Wan Li from 1526 to 1620 B.C.) the first imperial tomb to have been excavated in China.

Our time of arrival coincided with lunch time and as we walked into the first courtyard Yang asked us if we would prefer fast food or the regular restaurant. Since we wanted to see as much of the area as possible, and since our time was limited, we replied that the fast food would be sufficient. Apparently that was not the right answer or at least not the one he expected for he gently suggested the restaurant would be better. We entered still another courtyard on our right and were directed to a very busy restaurant. A standard fee provided the standard lunch of bowl after bowl of excellent food. Two German speaking men and their Chinese host were

already seated at our table, but our meals were served and consumed as if the two parties were invisible to one another.

Having completed our lunch and taking advantage of the typical Chinese rest rooms (a long story for another time) we retraced our steps back to the first large courtyard before proceeding to the tomb. Vast tree shaded grounds surrounded the Soul Tower which had been constructed over the underground tomb. Picnic tables and benches dotted the area in the shade of the alder trees. The Soul Tower was a magnificent structure made of stone with carved designs in the eaves and rafters. This had been painted to resemble wooden structures.

A high stone wall with a walkway on top surrounded the picnic area at the back half of the Soul Tower. As we walked the circular route we could look across the valley to other tombs interspersed among the cornfields. There were many trees with large orange fruit still clinging to leafless branches. We later learned they are a type of persimmon and prevalent in all the local farmers' markets during the fall. Here and there people were in the process of knocking the fruit from the trees and placing it in woven baskets. The trick appeared to be to catch the falling fruit in a canvas to avoid the inevitable bruising when it was knocked from the tree.

Our stone path led us to the base of the Soul tower and down many steps: so many in fact that I kept thinking "everything that goes down must go up" and that many steps I could surely not climb again in one day. We descended four stories underground to the burial vault of Emperor Wan Li (buried here in 1620 with two of his wives). The vault was made of a beautiful white marble. Gigantic marble doors — so large that one wonders how they could have been moved to open the chamber — stand at the entrance of three burial chambers. The large inner chamber contained three large wooden boxes, which were the coffins. The largest was for the emperor and the two slightly smaller ones for the two wives. Twenty-six other chests were discovered filled with jewelry and other artifacts. The red painted coffins and chests were now only replicas of the originals, re-creating the appearance of the tomb at the time it had been discovered. During excavation about 3000 artifacts were unearthed at the Ding Ling site. After viewing the vault we climbed another set of stairs that led to the Soul Tower and sunlight. To our relief the tomb had been built on two levels and the four stories we had descended on one side of the tomb turned out to be only one story to ascend to ground level on the opposite side.

We wandered back to the parking lot, admiring the trees and flower beds along the way. A brisk free market was operating in the parking lot. A long row of stalls was filled with people selling their produce of vegetables and fruit. A very enterprising woman tried to sell me some large and delicious looking pears, but the men were striding far ahead of me. I motioned to her that Lowell had the money and was far ahead purchasing a persimmon. She grinned and nodded knowingly — instant communication across two languages and cultures.

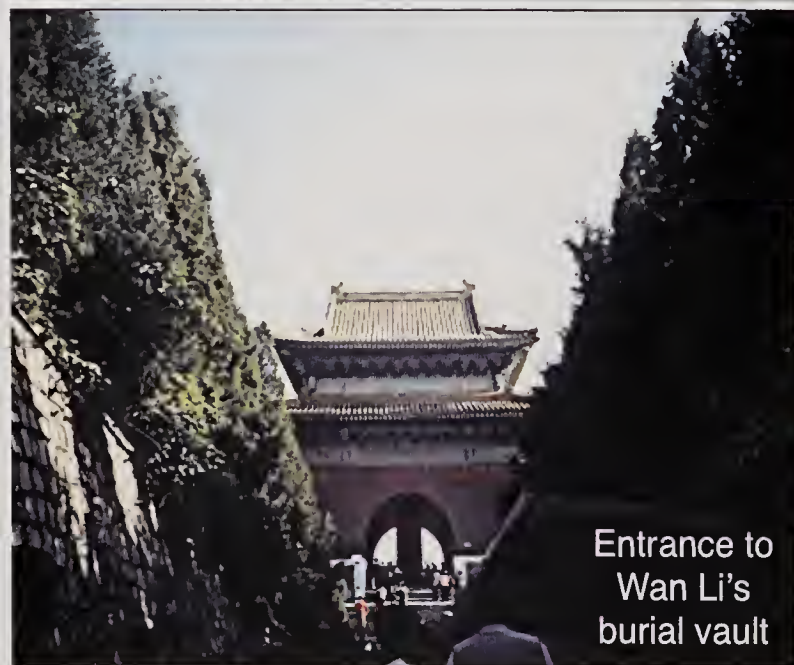
It was now mid afternoon and we had to make a decision. Should we continue to the Forbidden City or return to our hotel. My cold was much improved, but I could see that Lowell



The lion stands guard



Avenue of the animals



Entrance to
Wan Li's
burial vault



Harvesting persimmons



The Forbidden City

and Marvin were losing the battle with their's. When Lowell asked what I would prefer to do, it presented me with a difficult dilemma. I knew they were tired and "dragging in their shoes" but I also knew that when the work started tomorrow there might never be another chance to see the Forbidden City. When I asked "Will we have another chance?" Lowell agreed we had better do it now. After a brief discussion and a few more yuan, our driver agreed he would take us to the Forbidden City. We returned to Beijing and entered the gate of the fabulous Forbidden City. The site of this magnificent Imperial Palace was chosen by the Mongol rulers of the Yuan Dynasty (1279-1368), but the buildings were completely reconstructed by Yong Le (1403-1424) who was the third emperor of the Ming Dynasty. The Manchu armies sacked and looted the site in 1644 during the overthrow of the Ming Dynasty. It was again restored under the Emperor Qian Long (1736-1796) with new additions under the rule of the Empress Dowager Ci Xi (1835-1908). It is located in the heart of Beijing on 250 acres of land, surrounded by a wide moat and a wall 35 feet high with tall towers at each corner. There are six main palaces and many, many smaller buildings, together comprising over 9000 rooms. It was an awe inspiring experience to walk across these stone covered courtyards, where in past years no foreigner or commoner could enter without permission, upon pain of death, until The Peoples Republic of China converted it into a public park in 1949. The history that had passed across those marble steps and courtyards left one feeling very small indeed.

Some of the courtyards were huge with marble carved fences, steps and ramps leading to the various palaces. We walked the full length of the palace grounds trying to absorb as much as possible of first one beautiful building and then another with their magnificent artifacts. The interiors were decorated in rich colors of red, green, and blue and were lavishly trimmed with gold. We walked to the far end of the complex to the Imperial Garden then returned down a side passage, stopping occasionally to view some of the museum exhibits. Physical endurance finally gave out, Lowell and Marvin were exhausted by their colds and my feet were unwilling to tolerate one more cobblestone. It was growing late in the day and we reluctantly returned to our car to find our driver comfortably stretched full length in his reclining driver's seat. I took a long look backwards through the gate with the fervent hope we might some day return to further explore this lovely city — forbidden but not forbidding.

We returned to our hotel and thanked Yang for his most generous hospitality and guide services. After a light supper I indulged in a long hot bubble bath and went to bed.

Monday, October 26

We decided to call our daughter, Rebecca, in Seattle this morning before breakfast. We felt the need to touch base with the family and reassure ourselves "all is well at home." What a joy to be able to pick up that insignificant looking piece of plastic and be able to communicate within minutes with someone on the opposite side of the world. The satellite system results in a 3-second delay, which requires some adaptation to a moment of silence while waiting for the

other person to hear and respond. Marvin had already contacted Karen and knew she had arrived safely home.

Lowell and Marvin had a 9:30 appointment at the American Embassy with Dave Schoonover, the agricultural counselor, and his assistant Robin Tilworth. I decided to join them for the short trip by taxi to the Embassy which was divided into two sections. The agricultural section was located in a small complex of buildings about a block from the main section of the Embassy. It was a pretty area with a higher concentration of trees and shrubbery than most areas of the city I had seen so far. There were quite a number of other embassies located in this same area. I was surprised to note the casualness of the security check. After checking our passports we were pointed toward the proper building and Dave's office. There was no holstered uniformed Marine guard here. In other countries we have been escorted to the proper office by an armed guard. This time we walked alone across the compound and up the stairs of a small brick building. Dave and Robin were waiting for us. A pleasant and helpful discussion followed. Dave was a former graduate of the University of Illinois Ag. Econ. Department. Robin was a recent addition to the attaché circuit and was clearly interested and enthusiastic about assisting us.

Since the scheduled appointments would not start until tomorrow, Dave suggested we do some sightseeing. He recommended the Summer Palace as a place he had found to be delightful. As we retraced our steps to the compound I decided to stop at the ladies room located in an adjacent building. Imagine my surprise when I opened the door to be confronted by a young Chinese woman, standing nude and dripping wet in the center of the steaming room. She was in the process of drying her long black hair and not in the least concerned that I had burst unceremoniously into the room. An old woman was busy mopping the floor. Both motioned for me to enter, as I stood startled and wondering what I should do next. As I later pondered this incident, I came to the conclusion she probably worked at the Embassy and could find no better source for a steaming hot bath. I'm sure our embassies around the world have been used for far less good causes, on many occasions.

We returned to the hotel for lunch and, with the assistance of the hotel people, hired a taxi to take us to the Summer Palace, located in the northwest corner of the city. We discovered a convenient technique for instructing taxi drivers, one we used frequently over the next few days. The hotel clerk prepared instruction and address cards in Chinese with the English version on the reverse side. For example one card said "please drive me to the Summer Palace." A second card said, "please wait for me until I return from the tour (or the store, etc.)" and the most important card of all — "please take me to the Hotel Jinglun."

The temperature was warmer than we had experienced in Shenyang or Dalian. The air hung heavy with haze. We learned much of the haze in this north China Plain was caused by many tiny dust particles borne by prevailing winds from Central Asia. It gave one the feeling of looking through a gray transparency, subtly muting the colors of the city.

After an hour's drive, our driver parked the car in the lot near the Summer Palace and pointed us in the direction of the ticket booth and the entrance. There are two prices for entrance tickets in China — one for the natives and one for the foreigners. The foreign ticket always costs more — ostensibly to cover the cost of translating “admit one” from Chinese into English.

We asked our driver to wait as this is the custom in Beijing. There is no danger he will leave you — he doesn't get paid until you are finished with his services for the day. Taxis are almost impossible to find or hire except at a few special stands and in front of the better hotels. Had we let our's leave we would have had a very difficult, if not impossible, time of finding transportation back to our hotel.

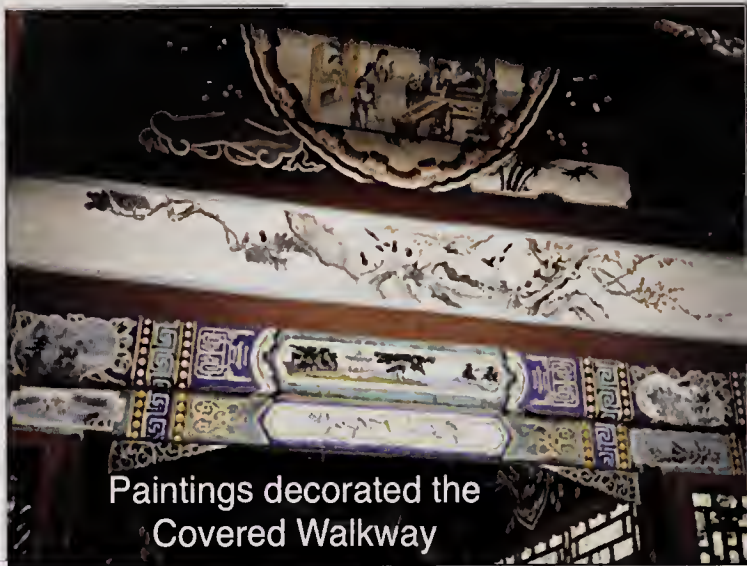
The palace was located in a beautiful park of some 692 acres. Longevity Hill, to the north, projected high above crescent shaped Kunming Lake to the south. Kunming Lake covers nearly three fourths of the park area. It was used for boating and swimming in the summer and skating in the winter. The palace was destroyed by Western troops during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 but was restored by the Empress Dowager Ci Xi in 1903.

We purchased our tickets and entered the walled grounds through a red gate. Again I was surprised to see so many people visiting the park on a weekday. We passed by a number of beautiful buildings, very ornate and colorful with lovely colored roofs. Each building's name appeared more lyrical than the last; such as, “The Hall of Benevolence and Longevity,” “The Hall of Happiness and Longevity,” “The Hall of Jade Bellows,” “The Garden of Virtuous Harmony,” etc. We wandered up a curving path to the top of Longevity Hill — at least the landscape appeared to correspond to the landmarks on the map. Since all notations on the map and those on the small signs on the pathway were in Chinese characters, we had to rely on our instincts to be our guide. The path curved ever upward, among the trees and shrubs. Occasionally we would glimpse the lake below. In the distance was a lovely little island linked to the shore by the graceful Seventeen Arched Bridge and the Jade Belt Bridge. A beautiful stone pagoda was perched on a distant hill. The golden tiled roofs shimmered in the pale sunlight. The entire scene was enveloped in a gray-blue haze, casting a mystical dream-like quality around the spectacle below.

From the top of the hill we could stand beside the “Sea of Wisdom Temple” and look down at the roof of the “Tower for Incense of the Buddha” and below that, the “Hall that Dispels the Clouds.” We descended a steep path that led to the “Covered Promenade.” This beautiful wooden walkway followed the shoreline all the way to the famous Marble Boat. Marvelous scenes and designs were painted in brilliant reds, golds, greens and blues covering the ceiling for the full length of the walkway. The area between the covered wooden promenade was paralleled by a tree lined stone walkway and separated from the lake by a beautiful ornate carved marble fence. We proceeded to the end of the Covered Promenade and there, resting in its own water reflections and framed by weeping willows was the famous Marble Boat which had been built for the Empress Dowager Ci Xi, with funds originally intended for the Imperial



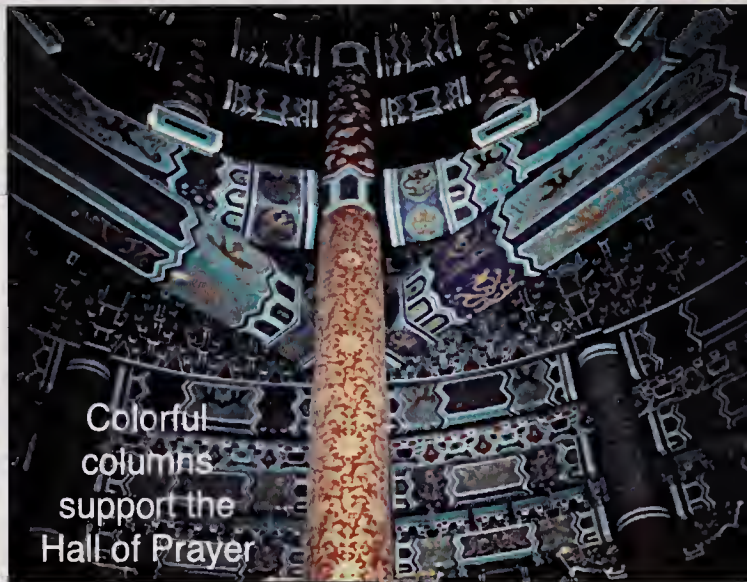
The Marble Boat



Paintings decorated the Covered Walkway



Hall of Prayer for Good Harvests



Colorful columns support the Hall of Prayer

navy. It is said that the Empress sometimes had tea served in this lovely piece of architecture that looked somewhat like a cross between an ancient Egyptian barge and a Mississippi paddle wheeler. Since it was made of solid marble, the Empress certainly did not need to worry about it floating out to sea.

There never seems to be enough time to absorb and investigate these beautiful monuments in the history of mankind, so again we reluctantly made our way back to our patient driver and car. I said a prayer of thanks that the Chinese were preserving and sharing their piece of history with the rest of the world. After a brief stop at the United Airlines office to reconfirm our flight back to the States on Friday we returned to the hotel for the evening.

After dinner we returned to our room to read the Chinese-English newspaper that was delivered to our room each day. This was a contrast to hotels in other cities where we could occasionally find English newspapers three or four days old on a stand in the hallway.

Suddenly, it sounded as though the whole world was exploding outdoors. We rushed to the window hoping we were not going to find ourselves in the middle of a revolution. The streets and sky were lighted by sky rockets, flares and fireworks in every direction. No one had mentioned a holiday to us and it certainly was not yet the Chinese New Year. We continued to watch for nearly an hour as the world exploded in glorious profusion around us. Sequential fire crackers exploded on the street below. Rockets were launched from the windows of apartment buildings across the way. As suddenly as it began, all was quiet.

Unlike most cities around the world, Beijing street sounds drop to the level of slippers feet when darkness settles. City buses stop early and most citizens have returned home for dinner and to fortify themselves with a good night's sleep for the long work day ahead. I was told this was the time the horse and donkey carts were allowed back in the city to transport goods from the country and about town to places of business. I wondered if there were sweepers working in the dimly lighted streets cleaning up after the horses and traffic as we had seen them doing during the day. Cleaning was done mostly by older women in faded shapeless pant and jacket garments with a scarf tied over their hair and a face mask over their nose and mouth to keep out the dust. A twig broom was usually their only tool. Since I am far from a night person I never found the answer to the question of clean-up after dark. With quiet dark around us outside the window, we were left to wonder about the explanation of the fireworks. It was too short lived for a revolution, so we agreed a good night's sleep was the best, if not the only, solution to our curiosity.

Tuesday, October 27

We got up this morning before 6:00 so Lowell could call his office back in Illinois. Lowell and Marvin continued to be very uncomfortable with their colds. I'm recovering. We learned last night's fireworks were in celebration of China winning an international soccer match. Lowell and Marvin departed at 8:45 for all day meetings with various grain trade people, accompanied by Dave Schoonover and Robin. I elected to spend the day at the hotel. This was the first day I had time to bring my notes up-to-date, reorganize the suitcases for the trip home, and do some much needed laundry. I had lunch at the hotel, then later in the afternoon I shopped in the hotel shops. I found just the pair of gold and jade earrings I had hoped to find. They matched a Chinese bracelet Lowell had bought me several years ago, in Hawaii, for an anniversary gift.

Lowell and Marvin returned late in the afternoon. We had invited the student Yang and his wife to join us at the hotel. We wanted to meet his wife and to thank him for his hospitality. He and his pretty, young wife (Wang) arrived in the hotel lobby promptly at 4:00. We asked them to join us for a drink in the bar where we could visit. They accepted happily and when we suggested a Coke, they were obviously pleased. Coke was very expensive in Beijing even by our standards and our favorable exchange rate. They talked about their small son and that

Yang's mother had previously been the manager of this hotel. Communication was a little difficult and we were never able to establish that her job really was "manager" or why she was no longer working at the hotel. As we prepared to say goodbye, Yang and Wang together presented us with an intriguing ceramic figurine. The bright red male figure looked like a masked monster with ears extended on little springs, oscillating from his head. Beside him was a beautiful girl holding a fan in her hand with arm extended protectively in front of him. Yang explained the symbolism to us and fortunately enclosed a written description that read as follows:

The painted clay figurine is one of the types of facial makeup in Beijing operas. Its name is called "Zhong-Kiu and his Sister." According to Chinese customs, people like to keep Zhong-Kiu figurines or pictures in their home, because Zhong-Kiu was one of the honest and upright officials in ancient China. Persons can be treated so much more fair by him. Even the ghosts and monsters have to keep away from the place which the figurine lays on. In short, the figurine shows that everything will be fine.

The gift was to assure us that our life ahead would be "fine." We thanked Yang again for his generous assistance while we were in Beijing. A half year later, our hearts ached when we looked at the terrible loss of young lives in the Tiananmen Square incident. We could only watch and wonder if these two young people might be involved, given their American experiences and western values.

Marvin and Lowell spent the remainder of the day putting their own notes in order. There was never enough time on these trips to do the necessary paper work.

Wednesday, October 28

Lowell asked me to join him for interviews this morning since he would be interviewing people at a grain storage facility in the northwest suburbs of Beijing and wanted me to take care of the photography. Robin and driver in an Embassy van picked us up at our hotel for about an hour's drive to the outskirts of the city. These were very interesting trips that gave me an opportunity to observe people going about their daily lives. Buses packed with people going to work, fast moving vans and some cars filling the center lanes of the street, bicycles loaded with produce; all provided an ever changing panorama. I even saw a sofa, huge chests and sides of beef balanced on bicycles, moving rapidly down the outer lanes. Parents taking children to school or day care centers perched them precariously on the bicycle handle bars or carriers over the back wheel. Rarely did I see a child in a seat. Somehow they always reminded me of small colorful birds, perched delicately on a branch. This was autumn and almost 100% of the adults were clothed in dark slacks and more often than not, a dark jacket. The younger adults were making exceptions to this rule with an occasional colorful jacket, coat or scarf flying in the wind. Heavy knit undergarments were the rule rather than the exception. We often could see bright blue sweat pants peeping out from below the pant cuffs of business suits.

Housing was also interesting: old, one or two level, brick houses were giving way to a multitude of high rise apartments. Most, I'm told, did not have elevators until above the 5th or 6th floor. Zoning codes apparently had not yet reached Beijing, for we often saw chickens and pigeons in coops and cages resting precariously on a balcony railing. Lowell remarked one morning as we watched a 5th floor apartment dweller across the street from our hotel feed his chickens, he sure would hate to be the occupant of the apartment below. The oriental's serene acceptance of things that would drive a westerner mad, is truly baffling.

We were greeted warmly by our hosts at the grain storage and processing plant and given an excellent tour of the facilities. Lowell spent considerable time viewing the facilities and discussing policies and procedures related to storage, distribution, and quality control with those in charge. We were impressed by the straight forward manner in which questions were answered, although the Chinese do seem hesitant to give copies of published research. I followed everyone around listening and photographing anything I felt would be helpful when we returned home.

One conversation we all found amusing was the problem of insects. We were told insects were not a problem in China because the government had issued a proclamation called "the four no's." The "four no's" read as follows: "there will be no insects, no rodents, no molds, and no accidents." Lowell asked repeatedly how the "four no's" were achieved and the answer was always, "there is no problem because the proclamation is enforced." Perhaps this is a case of mind over matter.

Much of my photography here centered around the physical storage facilities. I felt the changing styles of storage bins reflected the history of changing China. Originally 32 Russian style warehouses were built at this location in 1955. During the cultural revolution they added a number of mud and straw structures (adobe brick). These were now being replaced with metal bins. They also used the straw mat structures as temporary storage. They had only recently turned their attention to modern construction, but were clearly moving forward in the area of expansion, modernization and mechanization.

We returned to the hotel for lunch, then were picked up by the driver in the Embassy van and driven to the Beijing Agricultural University located on the northwest outskirts of Beijing. Robin did not accompany us, as she had other obligations for the afternoon.

The air was pleasantly warm and rather still, but a heavy haze hung over everything. We entered the campus through a wide gate and directly facing us was a huge statue of Mao which seemed to dominate the area. Our driver stopped in front of the nearest building. As we stepped from the van Dr. Sung hurried from the building to greet us. Dr. Sung had been a student in the Agronomy Department at the University of Illinois several years ago. Since our driver was to return to the Embassy by 3:00 to pick up David Schoonover and bring him to the University to join us for dinner, we decided to visit the University experimental plots first while we still had the van for transportation. Given our limited time Dr. Sung suggested we

view the corn plots immediately. We drove out the gates, down a tree lined gravel road, and past a very old, almost primitive looking village with one story brick houses, small compounds and narrow streets. There was something so compelling about that tiny village, I longed to stroll down those narrow streets and meet the people who lived in the small quaint houses. Even though we lived in different cultures and worlds apart, I felt certain we would have found many things in common.

We arrived at the plots in time to see a number of young men hand harvesting the corn, putting the ears in piles at the end of the rows and in plastic bags with tags denoting variety, etc. These plots were part of a Pioneer Seed Company (a U.S. based firm with headquarters in Des Moines, Iowa) experiment to compare varieties from around the world on their suitability for Chinese commercial production. Seed had been imported from the Philippines, Japan and the United States, to name a few origins, and planted in small controlled plots alongside native Chinese varieties for comparison on yield, disease resistance and lodging. The Chinese varieties were badly lodged and the weak stalks were in sharp contrast to the tall, thick stalks of the hybrids. There was a close relationship between Pioneer and Beijing Agricultural University (BAU). Pioneer had office space next to Mr. Sung's laboratory in the BAU main research building. When asked how the varieties developed by Pioneer would be sold through the Chinese system we were told this problem had not yet been resolved. At present all seeds were provided to farmers through the official government seed agency or seed corporation.

While we photographed and examined the various varieties of corn we noticed people in an adjacent field threshing rice. We could not contain our curiosity and when we asked Mr. Sung if we might observe it more closely, he readily agreed. We stepped across the irrigation ditch separating the Pioneer plots from the peasant operated field. A range of dark blue mountains rose from the plain behind us. The tiny peasant village lay nestled snugly in a soft yellow gray cluster across the field from us, forming a perfect backdrop for the threshers. An occasional wisp of smoke from a chimney rose slowly skyward in the still autumn air. A crow cawed from the trees along the roadside. The threshing machine hummed softly in the pale afternoon sun. I was enveloped with those harvest time feelings experienced for centuries by farmers around the world.

We asked Dr. Sung if we should ask permission to take photographs. He assured us it was not necessary, but the five women operating the machine looked shy and not entirely happy about our presence and our cameras. I suspect they felt as any woman would in a similar situation — here were foreigners photographing them and they were certainly not at their best, dressed in baggy dusty pant suits, cloths wrapped around their faces and heads, straw hats and heavy gloves to protect them from the harsh straw and dust. One man stood to one side doing nothing except watching — supervising I supposed. Dr. Sung must have read my mind, for I lack the ability of the oriental to keep a placid expressionless face as thoughts and emotions



Feeding the threshing machine



A makeshift
shelter for
tea break

pass through my mind. At any rate, he explained “The women do this work because their husbands can make more money at other jobs in the village.”

The rice had been cut, tied in bundles (using ties made by twisting rice straws together) and shocked. The shocks had then been placed in a stack next to a small motor driven threshing machine. The machine was a rotating cylinder into which the sheaves were fed by hand, one at a time. The straw was blown into a pile. Rice, with a considerable amount of chaff, was caught in baskets and carried by hand to a nearby pile, presumably for later cleaning. The straw was carried to a nearby stack. The other tools were primitive including wooden rakes and shovels.

We returned to the University and our driver departed for the long drive back to the American Embassy to get David Schoonover and return with him, to join us for dinner. We strolled across campus to Dr. Sung’s seed corn storage area discussing the various buildings on the campus as we walked. We then returned to his small, but well-equipped laboratory. Following a brief discussion and demonstration of some of his equipment, we went to the faculty lounge to wait for David to arrive for dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Steve Yen joined us, along with Dr. Sung’s lovely 21-year-old daughter.

The Yens were originally from Taiwan, but were now American citizens, after living in Wisconsin for many years, where Dr. Yen worked for Pioneer Seed Company. They had two sons attending the University of Wisconsin in Madison, which they referred to as “home.” They had come to China only the past August and were a bit homesick. Mrs. Yen remarked to me “It is so good to talk to someone from home.” Dr. Sung’s daughter was working in the Food Science Department at BAU. She was a little shy, but a warm and friendly girl. I liked her immediately. We visited and sipped tea for about an hour until David S. arrived.

We walked through the growing dusk, past Mao's dominating presence, down the street to the University dining room. Dr. Sung commented as we passed the statue of Mao that Mao now had to suffer the indignities of the pigeons as punishment for what he had done to the intellectuals during the revolution. It was a most pleasant evening. The Sung's had arranged a magnificent banquet. Dish after dish of delicious food was brought to the table as the conversation flowed. I was seated between Mrs. Yen and Dr. Sung's daughter. Their friendly hospitality and careful attention to me I shall not forget.

It was dark when we said goodbye and departed in our van. The streets were already growing quiet in the dim light of the street lamps. We said goodbye to David and thanked him for all his help. Tomorrow would be our last day in China and we would not see him again before we departed for the United States. It had been a long day but one we would not change for any tourist agenda.

Thursday, October 29

It was difficult to realize this was our last day in China; the three weeks had gone by so quickly. We used the morning to descend on the Friendship Store one more time and purchase a few needed gifts for friends and family. We decided to use the afternoon for our last fling at sightseeing. We chose the Temple of Heaven as it was one of the big "musts" listed in all the guide books. Again the hotel people were most helpful, writing notes to taxi drivers in Chinese — such as "we want to go to the Temple of Heaven" "Please wait" and "please return us to our hotel." The taxi drivers much preferred this type of trip to short ones around the city. The cost to the passengers for the waiting time was quite low. I suspect the driver's pay was based on a standard daily rate. A 2-hour nap while the meter ran, beat scrounging for fares at the hotel.

The Temple of Heaven was located in a lovely park in the southeastern section of Beijing. It was called a masterpiece of 15th Century architecture, built according to the most advanced principles of mechanics and geometry available at the time. Unfortunately, it was not the greatest day for photography. There was a gray overcast sky with a cold wind blowing down from Mongolia. Our driver said he would wait for us at the outer gate near the ticket office.

Inside the gate were three main structures: the Hall of Prayer for Good Harvests; the Imperial Vault of Heaven; and at the far south end of the park was the Circular Mound Altar of Heaven. Once a year in old China, on the day before the winter solstice, the Son of Heaven (the emperor) came from the Forbidden City. His procession moved through Beijing's quiet streets with much ceremony. Foreigners and commoners remained hidden behind closed windows and doors, being careful to keep silent. The emperor would first meditate in the Imperial Vault and then move to the Hall of Prayer for Good Harvests. On the next morning (the day of the solstice) he would return to the Imperial Vault, then proceed to the Mound Altar to pray for good harvest. Here he performed sacrificial rituals amidst burning of incense and the tinkling of bells. The last ceremony was held here in 1913.

In my opinion, the Hall of Prayer was the most spectacular of the three structures. It was set on a triple tiered round marble terrace. Each tier was surrounded by a beautifully carved white marble balustrade. The round temple had a beautiful cone shaped tile roof made of 50,000 brilliant blue glazed tiles (representing the sky). At the top of the cone was a large gilded sphere. The structure was supported by 28 huge columns hewn from trees. The four support pillars were painted with beautiful designs. The entire interior, including the ceiling, was brilliant with design and color. We turned our backs on the Hall of Prayer, descended the three tiers of marble stairs and walked across an immense courtyard to the Imperial Vault of Heaven which was a simpler version of the Hall of Prayer. The most interesting feature here was the circular echo wall surrounding the hall's outer courtyard. We watched with amusement as many Chinese visitors stood at various points along the wall and attempted to hear a friend speak at an opposite point. I'm not sure they could have heard even if the wall worked, because there were so many voices trying to converse. We then walked down a wide stone pathway, elevated some ten feet above the ground level, to the Circular Mound Altar. It consisted of three marble terraces symbolizing earth, the mortal world and heaven. An ornate carved white marble balustrade encircled the terraces.

The park area about the temple was beautifully landscaped with trees and lawns. Picnic tables were scattered about the area. Several rows of persimmon trees with their brilliant fruit, lined either side of the stone walkway at ground level. We took several photographs of people picking the fruit. One person would climb the tree and reach out with a long stick and shake the fruit from the branch. Another person stood below and attempted to catch the fruit in a basket — they were not always successful.

We were often met with friendly smiles from the Chinese people we encountered. We stopped at the gift store, determined we would only look, but the flesh is weak and we ended up by buying daughter Rebecca a Calligraphy set for her birthday. With a couple of hours remaining in the afternoon we considered visiting a museum near the Tiananmen Square (the largest square in the world, capable of accommodating gatherings of a million or more people). After the long walk back to the taxi we reconsidered and decided our view of the square from the taxi was enough for this trip. We returned to the hotel for dinner and the challenging job of packing all those extra gifts, books and papers we had accumulated in the past three weeks.

Friday, October 30

Today we would gain back the day we lost three weeks ago. We departed for the airport by taxi a little before 8:00 a.m. for a 10:30 departure on United Airlines. Check-in was a breeze this time. We passed through passport control to the waiting room. Much to our surprise our good friend Dale Adams from Ohio State was in the waiting room. We were returning on the same plane as far as Chicago. This was an interesting coincidence since we had unexpectedly encountered him staying at our hotel in Rome just the year before.

United Airlines departed on time, but we had a stop in Shanghai where we again disembarked and passed through passport control. We stood around in a crowded waiting room for about half an hour, as there was no place to sit. Then we boarded our plane for another long wait — at least we could sit down. At one point the exasperated voice of the Captain came over the speaker system grumbling “They can’t seem to get this thing loaded.” At last we departed for Tokyo. Again we had to disembark and stand in line for check-in and seat confirmation. We proceeded to a jam-packed Red Carpet room, and guzzled quantities of fruit juice. When we returned to the boarding area we became aware of infants all around us. We learned they were Korean orphans being taken to the United States for adoption. There were seven or eight of these beautiful children destined for American homes. Five young women with the assistance of the plane crew were caring for them. The hearts of passengers and crew went out to those tiny infants. When we arrived in Seattle there were enough ladies from the travelers’ aid to take an infant in her arms and care for it while the young women transporting them, checked through customs and changed from the international terminal to domestic. They were going all the way to Chicago with us.

We had expected a possible delay in Seattle customs, as we were carrying corn samples and would need clearance by the agricultural agent. Lowell had made arrangements with official USDA personnel in Washington, D.C. before we left the States, but previous experiences had shown us that the proper papers were no guarantee we could receive quick clearance or the attention of the customs people. This time was the exception; they had been contacted by Washington and were expecting us on this flight. They glanced at the papers and the samples and passed us through. Quickly cleared, we were on our way to the domestic terminal. What a joy! daughter Rebecca and son-in-law Russ (who lived in Seattle) had taken time off from work to spend half an hour with us before time to board our plane for Chicago and home.

Those precious babies were already on board as we found our seats and settled down for the last leg of our flight. As we disembarked at O’Hare and passed into the waiting room, several couples sat anxiously watching each passenger come through the door. One man called to me, “Are the babies on the plane?” When I replied “yes,” he said with great excitement, “How do they look?” “Gorgeous,” I replied. A fellow passenger chimed in, “They are great and will be brought off as soon as the plane is unloaded.” A high level of tension and anticipation permeated the room. We could only guess at the emotion of that meeting as we hurried on to pick up our bags, eager to complete our trip home with the National rental car. It had been a long day since we last slept. We had departed from China Friday morning, and arrived home Friday evening, but it was already Saturday night back in Beijing.

Many emotions flooded my mind for days to come. Part of me was still in China, part of me was home, and part of me was still flying over the Pacific, trying to bridge the span of time, space, and culture of two worlds. My **magic carpet of corn** had served me exceedingly well on this trip!

Thailand

September 15 - October 1, 1988



Thailand

1988

Thursday, September 15

We arose this morning before 4:00, filled with anticipation as we were departing this September morning for Thailand and a trip that would carry us around the globe before we would once again see our familiar bed. We had long looked forward to this trip as a number of Lowell's former students were from Thailand. Now they were back in their own country leading highly productive lives in their own universities. We could hardly wait to see them again as their warm winning ways had endeared them to us while they were in our country.

By 5:45 we had arrived at our little university airport. As we checked our suitcase and Lowell's box of publications through to Bangkok we wondered if, or when, we might see them again. They would be subjected to four plane changes before arriving at their destination. Having learned from past experience, we carried the essentials and a change of clothing with us in our two small under seat bags. Our little airport was bustling with activity as there were three other planes due to depart within the hour.

Our trip to Chicago and on to Seattle was uneventful, but from there to Bangkok we experienced one frustration after another regarding our seating arrangements. Our travel agent and good friend, Bill Lee, had retired and now we were at the mercy of an agent who seemed to have little interest in the details of our trip. She appeared to be giving more attention to her forthcoming trip to Thailand than she was to our's. Seating was only one of the problems we encountered. A few days before departure we discovered she had booked Lowell on a different flight and on a different day from my schedule. After correcting that error she scheduled us in different class sections and on and on. We spent most of our layover time in Seattle rearranging seat assignments. The flight from Seattle was a long one as we were slowed by 145 mile per hour head winds. There was some compensation though for it was a spectacularly clear day which gave us many breath taking views of the snow covered Canadian Rockies and the majestic mountains along the Alaskan coast. Rugged snow-white peaks and blue glaciers glowed in the bright sunlight.

The sky was filling with broken clouds as we descended over the coast of Japan; skimming low over the harvested rice fields and horticultural crops in the flat lands surrounding Narita airport. We were late arriving and spent all of our time at Narita getting seat assignments for the next leg of the journey. Tokyo was a repeat of the seating problems, only worse as there were horrendous long lines of people and an unpleasant gate attendant. Finally the boarding call

came and we were able to claim our seats without incident. About four hours and another meal later we were circling Hong Kong — always a breath taking sight. Darkness had settled over the city, and thousands of lights twinkled from the mountain tops and glowed from the hundreds of ships anchored in the bay below. The runway was a narrow landing strip with tall buildings, mountains, and water edging the lighted concrete slab. The open water of the bay meets the end of the runway. It is reputed to be one of the “trickiest” landing spots in the world. Our pilot was clearly an expert as he steadily skimmed the building tops and settled the huge 747 on the runway. The big bird braked quickly to a halt as the water of the bay pressed upon our view — the nose of the plane was uncomfortably close to the open water. I suspect the crash of the Chinese plane as it skidded off the rain slick runway into the bay only a few weeks earlier was in the minds of many passengers as we came to a halt.

We were shuttled off our plane and into a transit waiting area for a 2-hour wait for our plane to Bangkok. Everyone appeared travel weary. There were only a few chairs in the room and most people leaned wearily against the wall or eased their tired bodies to the floor. We were fortunate to find a place to sit as a Thai woman motioned us to an empty seat beside her and removed her bags from a second chair to make room for both of us. The efficiency of the Hong Kong airport left much to be desired. In all fairness it was a heavily traveled crossroads, but we couldn’t believe it when our boarding passes had to be hand carried over from the main terminal, following a long discussion with the attendant at the boarding gate. Following the usual hassle about seat assignments that did not match with our tickets, a runner was sent back to the main terminal to get the boarding passes stamped with the correct seat number.

We boarded at last, and were ready for take-off when a violent thunderstorm broke over head. Lightening flashed and torrents of rain poured over the plane as it shuddered in the wind. We willingly waited, tired as we were, because the recent crash of a Vietnamese plane in Bangkok was still fresh in our memory. The crash occurred only two weeks earlier as the plane tried to land in a rainstorm, similar to the one we were now experiencing, when it overshot the Bangkok landing strip. The storm abated and we lifted off into the night sky. Two hours later we made a safe landing at Bangkok amid light showers and flashes of lightning in the distance.

We were surprised when a representative from our hotel came forward as we cleared customs. We were equally surprised to find that our suitcase and box of publications had survived the four plane changes and arrived safely on the baggage carousel. We were ushered to an air conditioned taxi which sped us down rainy streets into Bangkok at a wild rate of speed. We arrived at the Landmark Hotel at 1:00 a.m. Bangkok time. We had lost track of the number of hours that elapsed since we had last seen a bed — somewhere between 36 and 40 hours. Cargill in Minneapolis had contacted Cargill in Bangkok and asked their assistance in organizing visits to the Thai grain exporters. The representative in Bangkok had thoughtfully arranged our reservations in the lovely new Landmark Hotel, and we fell gratefully into bed at 2:00 a.m.

Saturday, September 17

We awoke at 7:00 a.m. to the realization we had lost a day along the way and it was Saturday. We were surprised to have awakened so early, but decided we might as well have breakfast and become accustomed to our surroundings. The room was lovely and luxurious compared to many places we have stayed, with its king sized bed, comfortable sofas, telephones everywhere, refrigerator bar, and fresh orchid bouquets gracing even the bathroom. Our turned-down bed had fresh orchid corsages on each pillow every night.

The day was warm and overcast. We had arrived the last week of the rainy season. We descended to the lobby. The decor was modern oriental with simple, but beautiful teak wood paneling. It was open and airy looking, with lots of glass and reflecting mirrors. Huge bouquets of orchids were everywhere. The young men and women staff were dressed in soft pink, lavenders and shades of blue-green. Even the bell hops wore suits of soft rose. A young woman hostess moved gracefully about the lobby, dressed in a traditional long slim dress, bordered with silver, with a long, narrow, matching scarf over her shoulder,.

We entered the dining room and were met by the young waiters and waitresses with sweet warm smiles, a bow, and a gracious "Good Morning." They ushered us, with great ceremony, to our table and gave us a choice of ordering from the menu or choosing from the breakfast buffet which was beyond imagination. Five large round tables were piled high with everything from magnificent tropical fruit displays to almost anything you could imagine for breakfast in any part of the world. Here too, massive bouquets of orchids decorated every table. The young people soon learned that fresh pineapple was my favorite choice and heaped my plate with the sweetest pineapple I have ever eaten and garnished it lavishly with orchids. The small pineapples of Thailand were much sweeter than those of the more traditional size from Hawaii.

We returned to our room to do a little unpacking, writing cards home and trying to get our feet on the ground again. After lunch we spent a little time wandering through the gift shops, but exhaustion was so overwhelming that we soon retreated to bed and slept for three hours. We woke in time for an early dinner and then back to bed by 8:00 p.m. We have learned through experience the quickest way to recover from jet lag when you have lost a full day is to "sleep it off" in a 24-hour period. Otherwise you are dragging for days and always off your time schedule. On trips of shorter time periods without sleep (such as United States to Europe) we have a better chance of fast recovery if we stay awake after arrival until bed time by the local clock. Even so, it takes several days to adjust your time patterns and not wake at 3:00 a.m. to start the day.

Sunday, September 18

We awakened to a bright sunshine-filled day, ready for a tour of some of the sights and temples of Bangkok. The only companion on the tour was a man from Portugal. He was on a

business trip for his government and decided to make a weekend stopover in Bangkok. While we were negotiating with the tour desk the evening before, he had volunteered to share a private car and guide with us. Since that made the total cost similar to the bus tour and offered the potential for more personal attention, we agreed to hire a private guide. We found our companion extremely pleasant and enjoyed visiting with him about Portugal and sharing thoughts on the sights of Bangkok. We met in the lobby at 9:00 a.m. and were joined by our tour guide. He ushered us outside to our private air conditioned van and driver.

Getting from “here to there” in Bangkok is not easy under the very best of circumstances. For one thing there are many one way streets that appear to have been designated without any regard for traffic flow or convenience. If one makes a wrong turn onto one of these streets, or needs to change to another direction, you may drive for miles before there is an opportunity to reverse your direction on another one-way street and continue toward your destination. Traffic congestion is horrendous and everyone complains about it — locals as well as foreigners — but it appears little is being done to improve the situation. Some editorials predicted complete gridlock by the year 2000. Cars, big buses, little buses, taxis, vans, jeeps, bicycles, and pedi cabs all vie for the limited space in the streets. Into this melee, our driver edged our van and headed toward the Temple of the Golden Buddha at Wat Trimitr built around 1238. Our driver parked outside the gate. As we walked through the gate, we saw on our right a tall building, which was the crematorium. A few steps farther into the complex and we encountered a funeral service in progress in a tent. One side was open to view. Mourners dressed in white were seated in chairs in front of a curtain. Although we could not see much of the curtained interior, we did have a view of some monks dressed in saffron colored robes. Other monks were walking about the compound, holding fans in front of their faces and appeared to be chanting prayers. A little girl of about ten walked past us dressed in white and tying a white peaked hat over her hair. Our guide told us that this signified she was in mourning for a dead relative.

We then entered the temple housing the Golden Buddha. It was a seated figure, ten feet high made of solid gold, weighing more than five tons and is 700 or 800 years old. It had been discovered by accident by construction workers, when a severe storm had cracked its stucco covering that had concealed the pure gold statue for centuries. It is believed to have been covered with plaster in the 18th century, to prevent its theft by invading Burmese. By the time the country was again free of the Burmese threat, the succeeding generations had long since forgotten the golden image. To the left of the statue were several small stone or stucco images of Buddha, with small bits of gold leaf, quivering in the warm air, that had been pressed to the images in gratitude for favors bestowed.

Across the compound from the building that housed the Golden Buddha, was a beautiful building with ornate carved wooden window shutters and trim — all the more beautiful against the pure white walls — and capped with an equally beautiful roof. We stood at the doorway and watched as people sat on the floor and listened to the teaching of a young monk seated on a

chair and elevated somewhat above his audience. Shoes of the worshippers had been respectfully deposited at the entrance. The interior was rich with color. Flowers and fruit offerings had been placed before an altar. We watched as a small boy presented a seated monk with a lotus blossom (a sacred flower in the Thai religion). He was given a blessing in return. A little girl placed her flower on a table in front of the monk, because no female is allowed to touch a monk or even hand anything directly to one.

Our next stop was at Wat Po, founded in the 16th century when the present capitol was still a village. It is an enormous complex covering almost 20 acres. It is also known as Thailand's first university. As we disembarked from the van and walked along the outside wall to the entrance gate we threaded our way through hawkers selling all sorts of tapestries, prints, etc. Among their many offerings were a number of snake charmers willing to give their performances for a fee. I have a great love for the animal kingdom, but reptiles leave me cold. I cringed and quickened my pace, keeping my eyes straight ahead, fearful that even the slightest eye contact would result in a snake being thrust in my face. As we started through the entrance gate, out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of something gray coiled on the ledge beside my head. I jumped backward and shrieked. Lowell and Antonio (our friend from Portugal) burst into laughter. Only then did I discover my "snake" was only a tiny gray tiger-striped kitten asleep in the sun.

Wat Po consists of a large number of buildings; most of them pure white in color with beautifully trimmed wood latticed windows and topped by gorgeous roofs, with many little curved peaks and spires. Most impressive to me are the beautiful many-tiered monuments, with tall slim spires reaching toward the sky. All are inlaid with thousands of colored ceramic tiles forming intricate designs. It was obvious they were very old as some of the designs were crumbling away and were darkened with age. Fortunately, they are being restored to their original beauty, as evidenced by the great scaffolding surrounding many of them. The builders (and perhaps their gods) must have had a sense of humor. There were many amusing stone statues guarding some of the inner gates. The one I especially enjoyed was a laughing monster standing upright wearing a western man's costume of late 1800 vintage — complete with a top hat.

Here in a covered building resides the huge reclining gilt-covered Buddha; entirely covered with gold leaf. The soles of the huge feet are covered in mother-of-pearl. The statue is nearly 150 feet long and 50 feet high, lying stretched out on a stone slab. It is so large that it was impossible to photograph it with any perspective. We slowly walked around its entirety photographing its head and its feet, trying to record a concept of the immensity of the statue. We stopped at one of the small altars where a woman and little girl knelt in prayer. I photographed the tiny child as she gave her offering of ignited incense. The woman turned with a sweet gentle expression and smiled at us. We walked around to the back of the Buddha figure, to be met by a long line of people dropping small coins in each of many bowls lined around the

base of the reclining figure. Our guide told us that prayers were being offered with each of the coins and the number of bowls and coins coincided with the number of ceramic tiles on the soles of the feet of the Buddha. As we viewed the feet of the Buddha, we noted that on the tile covering the soles of his feet were written many of the sayings of Buddha. The exposure of the soles is interesting because it is impolite to show the soles of your shoes or feet to other people in Thailand, as is also the case in much of the Buddhist world.

We returned to our van for a trip to the Grand Palace and Wat Phra Keo, built in 1782 by King Rama I. The Wat is really a city within a city. It is a fabulous sight to behold, with opulent spires, gateways guarded by monsters, cloisters, banquet halls, and government buildings. The royal compound is located on the bend of the Chao Phya River, which protects it on the west side. A moat protecting the eastern approaches, has now become a lovely green grassway. All of the compound is surrounded by a whitewashed crenelated wall over a mile in length. This lovely white wall with its decorative edging very effectively sets off the beautiful golden and intricate spires and roofs like a cluster of crown jewels.

It was now nearing noon and the hot tropical sun beat down mercilessly upon us. Our guide asked if we would like to stop at the gate entrance for a cold drink. Since we were eager to see everything possible in our limited time we said “no.” We had not gone far when I realized I was dehydrating rapidly. I had had no liquid all morning. My head began to ache and I could feel my heart pounding. My skin felt dry and my knees weak. I explained as tactfully as I could that I had changed my mind (a woman’s prerogative, you know) and I now would like to have that drink. Our guide looked a little surprised at this sudden change of mind, but pointed us to a cold drink stand. Never had a can of orange drink tasted quite so good. I pressed the cold can to my wrists between swallows as we sat on the edge of a roofed cement platform, offering a little protection from the sun. I was shocked at how quickly I had dehydrated and equally surprised the cold drink did not bring a quick response. It was a good lesson to learn. It was some consolation to learn that our friend from Portugal was also suffering from the heat and was relieved we were willing to stop for a brief rest.

Having recovered somewhat, and with umbrella unfurled, we turned our attention to this magnificent palace. It is said that Buddha reached enlightenment on the banks of a river while facing the rising sun. By tradition, the main buildings of all wats must face either the East or a body of water. This was the case in Wat Phra Keo. Gold gleamed everywhere. The Royal Chapel was beautiful beyond description. It was completed in 1784 by Rama I. Everything about the chapel glittered in the sun. Its outer walls were covered with gleaming leaf-shaped gold tiles. The windows were encrusted with gilded angels. The red ceilings were a celestial vault with lotuses rendered in gold. We walked along one side of this beautiful Parthenon-like structure viewing the row of golden Garuda birds that stretched the length of the portico in a long row. The entire building and its supporting columns are encrusted with gold and tiny glass mirrors of many colors and designs, giving the appearance of a richly brocaded tapestry.



Our Portuguese
friend at the Royal
Palace grounds



Temple of the Emerald Buddha



Historical Thai architecture



Golden Mount

We followed along the columned Parthenon, past the series of golden Garuda birds, and continued on around the entire structure until we came to the front entrance. Fierce looking bronze lion statues flanked the steps leading up to the royal chapel. We removed our shoes (slip-ons are much preferable to buckles or shoestrings for these frequent temple visits) and climbed the steps to the front portico. We entered the chapel by a side door — the center door is reserved for the King. Once inside we joined the other visitors and worshipers and sat on the floor before the Emerald Buddha. We were careful not to point the bottoms of our feet in the direction of the statues. The gleaming Emerald Buddha is enshrined on a high, elevated golden altar. Although it is only two feet tall it dominates the room. This was the rainy season, so the figure was dressed in the ceremonial rainy season garments. Thailand has three seasons and at the beginning of each season the King, in a solemn ceremony, mounts the high altar and changes the statue's raiment, attiring it in the clothes appropriate for the coming season.

The room was warm, but not uncomfortable. The fragrance of flowers mixed with incense was wafted through the chapel on the gentle breeze drifting through the open windows. Rich murals decorated the walls. The color of gold trim was everywhere. Time was far too short to absorb everything in the room. We reluctantly retraced our steps to the entrance and again donned our shoes and raised the umbrella.

Directly across the street from the chapel was a small temple-like structure, housing the Lakmuang, or foundation stone of Bangkok, supposedly placed there by Rama I. Thai people, adults and children alike, surrounded the stone, placing their offerings of flowers and smoking incense sticks. The latter was releasing such a heavy aroma as to be overwhelming if you stood down wind in the drift.

We moved about the various buildings and shrines, each so unusual and exotic in its own way. The midday sun bore down on us with unrelenting power as we moved on toward the palace grounds. Unfortunately the palace was not open today, but the buildings were a sight to behold from the outside. At the heart of this complex was the Chakri Palace. It was interesting and the stuff that fairy tales and musicals are made of. It was designed by an English architect in the Italian Renaissance style. King Chulalongkorn had the pink and white palace built as a reminder of his European tour. He added his own touch by insisting on typical Siamese stepped roofs, surmounted by “mondops”. The highest one, which is in the middle, contains an urn filled with the ashes of the Chagri Kings who have reigned to date. The ashes of the royal princes are in the lower two. The result is a European structure topped by a typical Thai decoration. This is often referred to locally as the “farang” which literally translated means a foreigner wearing a Chada (a Chada is the classical head dress worn by Thai dancers). These beautiful, many-tiered spires perched on red and green tiled roofs, lend an aura of magic to the entire compound. At one place in the compound was a small pavilion covering a high square platform. We were told this platform is used by the king for ease of mounting the elephants, which he rides on ceremonial occasions.

It was now long past noon, and heat and hunger had taken their toll on all of us. We were more than willing to return to our van and go in search of a cold drink and lunch. Our driver selected a small Thai restaurant that appeared to be more of a favorite of the locals than of the tourists. We were seated at a table beneath a cooling overhead fan — no air conditioning here! The proprietor rushed about bringing us ice cold cloths to wipe our hands and faces — oh, such a welcome treat. We each chose a dish from a menu written in English and Thai. I chose chicken and vegetable. Lowell and Antonio chose sweet and sour pork. Our guide chose prawn in the shell. All of the dishes were accompanied by a bowl of rice and we followed the local custom of sharing all the dishes family style. A bowl of very hot peppery sauce was brought to the table. We westerners approached it with great caution, but our guide heaped it on all of his dishes.

As we left the restaurant, a man with a long pole over his shoulder and a basket of assorted beans attached to a rope on one end and a basket of peanuts on the other, was standing near the door. He knelt on the sidewalk releasing his load, and started conversing with a small child and several adults who had gathered to look at his produce. When we asked if we could take a picture, he smiled and nodded yes. The child turned toward us as well, pleased by the attention.

We were then driven to the Wat Binchamabrophit, the White Marble Temple built in 1899 with white Carrara marble imported from Italy. Golden Chinese tiles covered the intricately interlaced roof and a pair of huge marble lions guarded the entrance to the wat. It was a small area, but beautifully landscaped with flowering trees, lotus ponds, flower beds, and perfectly manicured green lawns. Here too a monk was preaching (or giving instruction) to a group of people seated on the marble floor. As we returned to our van a little girl of six or seven stood poised under an umbrella on the terrace in front of the temple. She shyly tucked her head as we paused to snap a photo of this sweet child who resembled yet another flower in this picturesque garden.

As something of an after thought, or perhaps a guilty conscience since he had been a very lazy guide, giving us very little information about what we were seeing, our guide asked if we would like to see Vimanmek. Lowell and I were more than willing to take this side trip, since our sightseeing time in Bangkok would be very limited. Antonio was a little concerned about getting back to the hotel in time to catch his evening plane to Germany. When our guide assured him that he would be back in plenty of time he readily agreed to the extended tour.

The sky had become overcast and the air hung heavy with moisture; after all this was the rainy season. We were happy to be back in our air conditioned van again as the driver headed down a broad tree-lined avenue past the King's permanent residence. We could see very little, except the tree shaded grounds around the residence with Holstein cows grazing on the lawns. A short distance beyond we entered a broad expanse of grounds surrounding Vimanmek — the world's largest teak wood mansion. This had been the residence of King Chulalongkorn during the early 1900's, but had been converted to a museum.

Our driver deposited us at the gate house and parked a short distance away. We walked up a path and across a wooden bridge spanning a small waterway. To our left there was a larger canal curving gently through the grounds near the house. Flower bedecked walkways, terraces and steps led from the house to the banks of the canal. Graceful sculpture rested on pedestals in various locations about the velvet green lawns. Tree limbs draped gracefully along the banks of the canal with leaves reaching thirstily for the water below. The air was heavy with moisture and smelled of impending rain; sweet with the scent of many flowers.

The house was unique as it gave the feeling of a gigantic summer cottage. The entire structure was encased in wide verandas with large shuttered windows and doors opening onto them at every level. We removed our shoes and donned soft slippers to tour thirty rooms on polished wooden floors. The thirty rooms were only a portion of the house, as several rooms and the top floor were closed to visitors. Some rooms were furnished; others were not. Many of the displays were of porcelain and other art objects — possessions of the royal family.

A gentle breeze moved through the open doors and windows. The sky darkened even more and rain began to fall. As we completed our tour we realized the gentle rain had become a full scale tropical downpour. We stood for a few minutes on the porch trying to decide if we should wait until it slackened, but as Antonio had a plane to catch and there was no indication the rain was going to slacken, we decided to use our umbrellas and make a dash for the gate and the reception building. Halfway to the gate the sky really opened and water fell straight down in sheets as we stood huddled under our umbrellas. We were stranded on a small rise of ground surrounded by rapidly deepening water, rushing across the lawn and the path. We could not reach the reception building without wading through several inches of water. We were now cut off from retreat by equally deep water. There we stood with the monsoon descending on us. Someone in the reception hall saw our dilemma and motioned for us to go around to the back of the building. Even that approach necessitated wading in water over our shoe tops. Our guide motioned to our driver in the parking lot and communicated to him that he was to come in close to the steps so we might step aboard with a minimum of drenching. Seeing our good fortune, a group of four tourists whose car was back in the parking lot, implored our guide and driver to allow them to squeeze into our van. We were a little concerned our acquiescence might start a stampede of another 30 or so people who were in a similar predicament. Without a firm “yes” the four jumped in anyway, and closed the door before any more could follow. We were pleased to deliver them to their car with a minimum of drenching although they still had to wade in knee deep water to reach their car door.

Water poured from the sky as if from the end of some gigantic rain spout. Streets were flooded and turned into canals instead of streets. Water was so high it touched the bottom of the van. Cars were stalled in every street intersection. People at the bus stops were standing on the benches with water swirling around their feet. Most streets in Bangkok are lower than the river. Consequently, the storm sewer inlets spouted water into the streets instead of

draining them. Pumps were required to move the water over the dikes back into the river. People ducked for whatever shelter they could find or walked along in water up to their knees, oblivious to the downpour. We couldn't help but laugh when we spotted four people crammed into a tiny phone booth. We reached the hotel without mishap and bade a soaking wet Antonio farewell with hopes we might meet again. We were tired and still under the effects of jet lag so we had an early dinner and fell into bed at 6:00 p.m. only to awaken at 3:00 a.m. What else could we expect?

Monday, September 19

This was Monday and time to start work in earnest. Shortly after breakfast we took a taxi to the American Embassy; only a five minute drive from our hotel. It was one of the more attractive ones we have visited over the years. The grounds surrounding the embassy buildings were very pretty. We met Mr. Beasley, the agricultural attaché, and spent the next two hours with him and his assistants. They were very helpful and carefully arranged the meetings Lowell had requested, offering any other assistance we might need such as car, driver, translator, etc. It was still raining as we departed by taxi for Lowell's first appointment, but nothing to compare with yesterday's downpour. Our taxi plowed through flooded streets, dropped Lowell at the Cargill office and then returned me to the hotel.

Lowell returned from a day of successful meetings about 4:00 p.m. Shortly afterward Dr. Chamnien Boonma, the dean of the college of Economics and Business, from Kasetsart University, called to invite us to dinner. He is a former graduate from the University of Illinois and had taken classes from Lowell during his PhD program. He arrived at 6:30 and suggested dinner on a river boat. We drove some distance to the boat landing, all the while bringing our host up to date on the happenings at the University of Illinois. Our drive took us past the now familiar King's residence again and Boonma interspersed his questions about people at Illinois with a description of the landmarks as we passed.

The night air was warm and comfortable as he ushered us up the gang plank and to the upper deck of the cruise boat. He motioned to the waiter to seat us at a good table next to the rail. We were scarcely seated before our orders were taken for soft drinks. Then Dr. Boonma gave orders to the waiter for numerous dishes he thought appropriate for our meal. Very quickly, a large crock was placed on the table filled with a large gray gooey-looking mass. My stomach gave a squeamish turn and I wondered how I could possibly eat this if it was part of the meal. The boat moved slowly away from the dock and we were on our way, churning the water as we moved downstream through the heart of Bangkok. The skyline was like a fairy tale. Pagodas, temples and palaces drifted dreamily by, gleaming under flood lights against the blackness of the night sky.

The gold roofs of the old royal compound looked like jewels in the black velvet sky. All types, shapes, and colors of boats, from sampans to barges to cruise boats, glided up and down

the river, laden with people and cargo of every description. High rise hotels glowed with lights along the river bank. Many open air and terraced restaurants filled with people, lined the waters' edge. Strings of colored lights were draped above the diners' heads, sending shafts of colors dancing across the water.

While we were being treated to this beautiful panorama, our waiter proceeded to bring us dish after dish of Chinese and Thai food. Imagine my relief when he pulled out a match and lit the gray gooey-looking mass in the crock pot. It was cooking fuel, not food, and we used it to cook small skewers of food that had been placed on a platter before us.

We spent three hours cruising up the river and back again, thoroughly enjoying the conversation, the dinner and the exotic view. We returned to our hotel at 11:00 p.m. and fell wearily into bed only to be awakened several times by loud crashes of lightening and thunder. We were awakened at 3:00 a.m. for a second night in a row by our neighbor's radio. Lowell called him on the phone since we knew his room number. The phone rang, the rock music stopped, and Lowell hung up the receiver. The music was immediately turned on again, as loud as before. The phone call sequence was repeated again. Following the third attempt, we decided a subtle hint was not going to do the trick, so Lowell called once more. When the phone was answered in English, Lowell proceeded to inform him that his loud music was disturbing people in the adjacent rooms, and we would continue to call until the music stopped. That brought the desired results, without our having to identify the source of the complaints or risk retaliation.

Tuesday, September 20

I chose to do my own thing today, since Lowell charged off early for a round of appointments at the university, located an hour's taxi ride from our hotel. I spent the day browsing through near-by shops, returning to the room to write to friends and family back home, whenever my feet requested a respite from the walking. People often ask me what I do when Lowell is gone all day with his work. That never has been a problem for me and I'm never bored. There is so much to see and absorb in a new culture and I have always found the people in every land to be extremely friendly. An extra bit of time between our hectic schedules is often welcome, and provides some time to keep up with my notes and laundry. We travel extremely light and have found that keeping up with our own laundry in the room is a far better solution than trying to send it out and hoping it is returned before we are ready to move on.

Wednesday, September 21

We were up at 5:40 this morning because two of the agricultural economics professors from the university were to come for us at 9:00 and drive us to visit grain elevators located some distance northeast of Bangkok. Dr.Kajit Sukhum, recently graduated from Purdue University, arrived at 7:30 driving his new BMW, a surprise graduation gift from his father. He

was a very pleasant young man. He and I had many long and enjoyable discussions about Thailand, the United States and many other places, and about the attitudes of people around the world. Our first stop was at the university to pick up Dr. Somsak. Dean Boonma was there to greet us and wish us a pleasant trip. (It also appeared he was making sure his two junior faculty were on time and properly prepared to accommodate our wishes). We made another brief stop for coffee at the university coffee shop, while the car was being filled with gas. Many students and faculty were apparently having breakfast before starting classes for the day — our guide and translator, Dr. Somsak seemed to know most of them. With the car serviced, we headed north out of town through heavy traffic. The day was sunny and remained so for the entire day. It was the first day without rain since we arrived. A gentle breeze stirred the warm air and it seemed somewhat less humid than previous days. All in all it was a perfect day for traveling through the lowland farming areas of Thailand.

The rural areas north of Bangkok consisted almost entirely of rice paddies. The roadsides were mostly water-filled ditches with beautiful arrays of huge water lilies and lotus. The colors ranged from white to yellow and all shades of pink to an almost red. There were lavenders and one extremely beautiful one which was white with a hot pink edging around the petals. Water buffalo and herds of Brahman cattle grazed in the fields and along the roadsides. It was 11:00 a.m. before we arrived in the small rural town of Saraburi. It had all the atmosphere of most small towns of rural America. We parked in front of an open feed store and were ushered inside, pausing to remove our shoes before entering the office. After a round of greetings and introductions, we were brought hot steaming cups of coffee. Through a large glass window, I could see the family living quarters located adjacent to the office. The men proceeded to ply the owner with questions about the local grain industry: the practices, problems, and successes encountered in producing and growing grain.

As I sipped my coffee, I could see through the glassed window in front of the room, a truck loaded with bags of grain and people stopping in front of the store. When they started to unload the bags, I grabbed my camera, excused myself, slipped into my shoes and went outside for some opportune photography. Kajit apparently found my activity more interesting than the economics discussions and followed me outside. This pattern continued throughout the day. Kajit was not especially interested in the subject of grain marketing while Somsak was the grain marketing specialist, having conducted research with many firms on our itinerary. Somsak took charge of interpreting and explanations about problems of grain marketing, while Kajit enjoyed the socializing and conversation, as well as answering my many questions about Thailand.

Some young people who had arrived with the truck, proceeded to lift several very large burlap bags of corn from the truck. Two teenage-appearing boys slipped a large bamboo pole through a rope tied to each bag, hoisted it on their shoulders and carried it to a small platform scales. A woman carefully recorded the weight, and the bag was carried into the warehouse. This process continued until all of the bags had been unloaded from the truck and weighed.

With the grain delivered, a woman who appeared to be the owner of the grain, stepped to the window of the office and received payment in cash. The boys grinned happily as I took their photos. Several other boys and girls standing around the truck, were dressed in work clothes as though they had been helping with the harvest. The girls had scarves tied over their hair. There were a large number of open bags of grain placed neatly in front of the store. Everyone pitched in to help when I enquired about the various kinds. It often required some discussion before they could reach a consensus about the English names. There were the obvious ones of corn, soybeans, and rice, but there were also many unfamiliar types of beans, peas, and other lentils. All too soon Lowell completed his discussion and joined me outside, bringing my lessons on grain identification to a halt. It was such a pleasant town with such warm and friendly people, I would have liked to explore it a little more, but there was a schedule to keep. We were already behind schedule as our guide and driver had under estimated the driving time.

Before we departed the feed store, we received an explanation of the process that I had recorded on my camera. The farmers pick the corn, usually by hand. Then a sheller is sent to the farm to shell it. It is then bagged. It may be stored on the farm for a period of time before delivery, or it may be stored at the local elevator. Drying is done on large open concrete slabs or using the daily wind and sun, while the corn is still on the cob. The high moisture at harvest plus the high temperatures and humidity during Thailand's fall weather, often results in mold and spoilage. Aflatoxin was a serious problem in Thailand and was a subject of discussion and concern at every point in the market channel. We found that hybrid corn had been introduced to Thai farmers, but it had so far shown little advantage over the open pollinated varieties developed by selection from crosses of varieties brought from the Caribbean and South America in the early 1960s. Even though the hybrids had larger ears and slightly higher yields the high cost of the seed encouraged many farmers to select seed from their own fields, much as my own father did when I was a child. Some fertilizer was being used, but was too expensive for many farmers.

We were then driven to an elevator to view a large cement drying floor with golden corn spread over it in a layer about eight or ten inches deep. A man on a tractor with a blade on it was driving back and forth spreading and stirring the corn in the heat of the sun. Once the corn is dried it is pushed into piles and loaded on trucks with a tractor loader. It then may be moved into storage or delivered to a feed plant or to local farmer feeders. This particular elevator had a dryer heated with fuel oil for artificial drying of corn when weather or volume of wet corn required more capacity than the sun on the drying floor could provide. We observed a lot of corn dust and broken kernels in the piles of corn that had been moved into storage.

Back on the road again, we drove to another smaller elevator operated by the women of the family. The management consisted of the grandmother, the mother, and the daughter with much assistance from the daughter's little four-year-old son. As the discussion progressed, with the interpreter working to expand upon our questions and the answers, we became aware that

the daughter was understanding everything we said before the interpreter translated it. With a little coaxing she admitted she had learned to speak English while visiting her sister in Chicago two years before. We also noted a Dickey-john, battery operated moisture meter which she said she had purchased for their elevator while she was in Chicago.

Her little boy, for some reason, appeared to be fascinated with me. He kept reaching out to touch me and kept trying to tell me something. His mother laughed and said, "He wants to show you 'his' corn." His dark eyes sparkled and the sweetest smile filled his pretty little round face as he reached up to take my hand and lead me out to the drying floor to see a pile of corn. He posed happily for me to take his picture standing in front of the small pile of corn. I really just wanted to pick him up and hug him.

We were now far behind our schedule with the next appointment at the University Research Center several miles away and no opportunity for lunch. We decided the best strategy was to delay the visit to the Research Center by stopping just long enough to re-schedule. We arrived at the gate about 1:00 p.m. and gave a message to the gate man that we would try to return about 3:30. It seemed our young men had their hearts set on having lunch at a well known steak house called the Choke Choi Ranch and this new schedule would bring us near enough to justify stopping by.

The restaurant was located out in the countryside in very pretty surroundings. Large dairy buildings were located just behind and a flower and rock garden with a small pool surrounded the front of the restaurant. Cages of cockatoos, parrots, and a large Bengal tiger were under the shade trees that lined the parking area. We had to pass through the animal exhibits to reach the restaurant, which provided me the opportunity for a short conversation with the beautiful tiger. He did not seem to be in a conversational mood this afternoon, and greeted us with a snarl, so we moved on to the restaurant.

We were seated in a glassed-in air conditioned room, overlooking the flower garden. We feasted on excellent T-bone steaks, french fries, green beans, and garlic bread. Since they were promoting milk, the menu of drinks offered only water, tea or beer in addition to milk. Once again we returned to our car well fed and now far behind schedule. Nevertheless, we still had to take time for a few photos of everyone standing in front of their picturesque artificial waterfall in the courtyard.

The next elevator on our itinerary was a rather large one with a huge cement drying floor. A large number of men were brushing the corn into piles with their brooms, then scooping it up with a tractor with a front end loader. I proceeded to photograph corn, scales, moisture meter, and a few little children playing in a shed nearby. At each of these elevators we had noticed that the family living quarters adjoined the office. This establishment was no different. The view into the family quarters was through a large window occupying nearly the whole wall adjacent to the manager's desk. The women in the family quarters were busy folding laundry, while several children alternated between watching us and watching the television set.



Sacks of grain
are weighed
for sale



"This is my corn, drying in the sun."



"That moisture meter
was made in Illinois."



Roadside
fruit market

Kajit once again joined me outside, where I was taking pictures. About half a dozen men rested from their work at a nearby table. Kajit whispered to me, "I think they would like for you to take their pictures." Sure enough with a slight questioning gesture from me they smiled broadly, brushed the corn dust from their clothes and smoothed their hair back from their eyes. They happily posed for me to snap the photo. Kajit then produced his well-guarded thermos of coffee from the car and said, "I always carry this special blend with me when I travel," and suggested I join him in partaking of a cup of his coffee. He seemed very pleased when I enthusiastically agreed to share and commented on the excellent and unusual blend. The interview seemed to be moving slowly inside the office with Dr. Somsak carrying on a 15-minute intense discussion with the manager, giving Lowell a one sentence translation, and returning to the manager for another long exchange. We had the impression that Somsak had his own agenda for this particular interview and was finding the manager a good source of information. We did not regain any of our lost time schedule here.

Approximately an hour late for our rescheduled appointment at the research center, we sped down the road, gripping the BMW arm rests for our personal stability on the sharp curves and passing every vehicle in sight. We stopped at the entrance gate to clear our presence with the guard and proceeded down a curving drive past the experimental fields containing several different crops. This was a very beautiful setting for an experimental station. Jagged limestone and marble mountains protruded abruptly from the flat land all about us. Corn fields, fruit trees and coconut palms lined both sides of the road. The air was pleasant with a coolness drifting down from the nearby mountains as the afternoon sun dropped low in the sky. The long tree-lined driveway led to the modern rectangular research building. The director came out and greeted us warmly as we stepped from the car. We slipped off our shoes at the top of the staircase and were ushered down the hall to one of the conference rooms. After a brief discussion about the genetic research conducted at the center and an equally brief look at the laboratories (we had obviously arrived after their quitting time and almost everyone but the director had gone for the day) we were driven over a small mountain pass to the cornfields on the other side. These experimental plots were producing corn as tall as any found in the Midwest and from all appearances, equal in yield.

We returned to the main area of the center and were given a quick view of the housing and facilities provided for the workers by the Rockefeller Foundation. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of a quick flash of something white in a tree next to the road as we drove past. When I exclaimed, "What is that?" Kajit stopped the car and slowly backed up. I thought it might have been a monkey, but there scampering around and around the tree trunk were two beautiful fluffy snow white squirrels. A feeding platform was attached to one of the trees, indicating an interest in these beautiful creatures on the part of some of the local people living in the center's compound. Our glimpse was brief as the squirrels quickly hid themselves among the leaves and heavy foliage before Lowell could bring out his telephoto.

It was now late afternoon and time to direct our attention toward returning to Bangkok. We had scarcely started down the highway when Kajit spotted a large open-air fruit market on the left side of the road. He brought the car to a shrieking halt and swung into the parking area to look, to sample, and to buy. What a colorful affair it was with bright colored fruit in neat piles on tables or in woven baskets. Native women in colorful wrapped sarong type dresses moved gracefully among the stands and piles of fruit; some buying, some selling. There were many tropical fruits that neither Lowell nor I recognized.

We were especially interested in the custard fruit, or the grenade fruit as the Thai's laughingly call it, because it does look like a hand grenade with its green pebbly skin. It has a sweet tasting flesh surrounding many black seeds about the size of a bean. Our two hosts enjoyed explaining and helping us sample the more exotic of the selections and then helped us select a kilo of the custard fruit to take back to our room. Kajit decided this was an ideal opportunity to buy some of his mother's favorite fruit but worried if he was really negotiating a good price. After bargaining at several of the stands, he finally purchased a huge bag (about \$10.00 worth) hoping his mother would think he had made a good bargain. He later told us with pride that his mother was very pleased and the price was far below the price in Bangkok.

Traffic had been very heavy all day on the 2-lane highways that we were traveling, but it was now even worse as we returned to the road headed for Bangkok. We often found ourselves open-mouthed, but speechless as we dodged buses hurtling down the highway two abreast or darting in and out among the cars and trucks at breakneck speed. The front and back doors of these busses were open with a young man hanging from each door, wildly swinging their arms, signaling to traffic and bus driver alike their intent to pass and "cut in." The judgement of these young men were obviously based on margins of a few inches and their own lives were in jeopardy, as the oncoming traffic closed on their bodies protruding those few inches into the traffic lane. How they escaped losing arms or heads I'll never know. Kajit told us the life span of that profession was very short. Often two buses raced each other side by side forcing everyone else off the highway and onto the shoulders. At one point two buses were stopped by the highway patrol and Kajit shouted with glee that at least a few of those drivers were getting their "just desserts."

Transportation was definitely a problem around Bangkok. Earlier in the day we had observed a train traveling toward Bangkok, loaded with people going to work. They were packed inside so tightly it was almost impossible to shut the doors. There were four or five people actually clinging to the car on the outside at the rear of the train — including one young woman.

It was dark before we entered the outskirts of Bangkok. Both young men thought we should stop for dinner before going into the city, so we agreed. It was a large Chinese style restaurant, with no air conditioning but with large fans whirring slowly overhead, stirring the air about us.

We dined on barbecued pork ribs, lemon flavored soup, a dish of miniature ears of corn, and two other dishes of unknown origins. I have no idea what they contained, except that one of them contained cubes of tofu. All of this was served with huge amounts of rice and coke-a-cola. All day long our hosts had set tantalizing glasses of cold ice water before us, but since we had no way of knowing if it was safe, we dared not drink it. It was sheer torture I might add, and we rejoiced when they brought us cold bottles of coke, and opened them for us to drink without having it poured over a glassful of ice. We consumed a lot of coke that night!

The city seemed warm and humid after the cooler, dryer air of the mountains and open country. Our hosts returned us to the hotel about 8:30. They had been wonderful hosts and guides, giving their time and themselves to make our trip pleasant, enjoyable and productive. It had been all of that, and more. They had made the day enjoyable as well as educational.

Thursday, September 22

We were up early as Lowell had another full round of appointments and I took this opportunity to catch up with my notes and do a little reading. He returned about 4:00 and we decided to walk down the street and get an overview of the neighborhood. It was not as easy as one might assume as the sidewalks were narrow and so broken you could lose a leg in some of the holes. Traffic noise and pollution were terrible. We found it difficult to move about or even to stop to look at the merchandise at the open stands filling the sidewalks, because people would rush forward, imploring us to buy something before we had time to look. If we stopped to look in a window we were fairly snatched from the street and given their sales pitch on every item in the store despite continued protests that we “are only looking.” There were several pitiful beggars setting on the sidewalks holding out their hands or cups. Many had small children or babies in arms to accent the hopelessness of their plight. All in all it was a rather depressing experience; especially when we then returned to the hotel two blocks away, to dine on a huge buffet dinner, lavishly displayed among bouquets of orchids and melons beautifully carved to look like large flower blossoms. It is sad to know how little some people ever get from this life, and how ineffective are our efforts to alter the inequitable distribution of the necessities of life.

We had been at the hotel so many days by now all of the waiters and waitresses came running to visit with us when we entered the dining room. Even the very dignified head waiter implored us to see and taste all of the specialties of the day. They hovered over us all through our meals seeing to our every want with such happy faces that it made every meal a pleasure.

Friday, September 23

Friday was again a day full of appointments for Lowell. I occupied myself with a few strolls through the hotel shopping area and writing my notes from the long day on Wednesday.

Saturday, September 24

We were up at 5:30 this morning and had breakfast in our room as we were to leave on a full day tour at 6:45. Unfortunately, we were the first ones of the tour group to be picked up. Two vans and two buses later we departed from Bangkok and were driven a distance of some 50 miles out of town through an area not unlike the Mississippi Delta. The land was very flat and very swampy. Since it was the rainy season, water was standing everywhere. They must have very good mosquito control since we saw very few. We had expected mosquitoes at least equal to the hoards we experience under the much less water-logged conditions of Illinois, but were pleasantly surprised.

We were driven through a wide area of salt ponds used for evaporating sea water in shallow ponds to obtain the highly valued salt. Often there were plastic bags of salt for sale stacked along the road side. No sign of rain today and bright sunlight reflected from pond after pond, with picturesque windmills recirculating the sea water as the giant arms turned lazily in the gentle breeze.

Most of the houses in this area were built on stilts because they were constantly surrounded by water or muddy ground during the rainy season. Many were constructed of teak wood and some of the newer ones were very attractive, open and airy structures.

Our first stop was a visit to a typical home located on a canal in the jungle. The family was in the process of making sugar by boiling pans of syrupy juice from the coconut much as we produce maple syrup. The process was located on a board walkway leading to the house and protected from the sun and wind by a thatched roof. This family was obviously a regular stop on the tour bus schedule and was well prepared for tourists. We were offered samples of the sugar but avoided the temptation, given some uncertainty about the sanitation after the boiling process was completed. There were several simple crafts and souvenirs for sale, but the premier attraction was a little girl of about six years and a little boy about ten standing nearby, each with a live python wrapped around their necks and bodies. Around the boy's neck hung a note on a string saying, "20 baht." Around the little girl's neck was a sign saying, "10 baht." We thought this was very enterprising and reminisced briefly about our own two children with their stand in front of our house selling paper cups full of pie cherries when they were about the same ages. We took the photographs, but could not accept the price discrimination against the girl, so paid 20 baht (less than \$1.00) to both.

After photographing and paying the children, we walked on a boardwalk around the back of the buildings to their home elevated on pilings. A wooden canoe-like boat was tied to a tree in a flooded inlet. The thick tropical jungle pressed close around us as we walked to the steps of the house. We slipped off our shoes at the bottom of the six steps leading to a front porch — really more of a covered deck than a porch. Built-in seats around the outer edges provided a pleasant place to sit and view the thick jungle growth or watch small boats moving along the

canal. A small canal called a Klong, flowed beneath the deck. Inside the large room adjacent to the deck, the floors were polished and bare. A stack of mattresses in one corner identified this as sleeping quarters as well as living quarters for a large family. In another corner were two low benches with cushions where a Siamese cat and a little dog were curled up asleep in small round balls. A family altar had been placed against one wall on a slightly elevated platform. The windows were only openings in the walls with wooden doors to close against the elements of nature when needed. A small, simply furnished kitchen was located to the right of the living area and we could see a bathroom just off the kitchen. Huge stone jars were located beneath the house for storing water for drinking and general household use. Rain was collected during the rainy season to be stored for use during the dry season.

We returned to the bus and were driven a few miles down the road to a boat landing. Our guide seated us in the Thai long boats — six or eight people per boat. Long boats describes them well. They were long, and narrow (2-people wide) with a canopy overhead. Cushioned seats with wooden backs placed us low in the bottom of the boat. These unusual looking crafts were powered by every imaginable kind of motor. Any heavy motor (car, truck, airplane) could be adapted to these ingenuous power units. The drive shaft of the motor was simply attached to a propeller by means of a long shaft extending into the yellow water. The propeller shaft could be angled to control direction or lifted out of the water to control speed. The motors revved and we sped down a canal through the jungle undergrowth extending into the edges of the canal. Houses, resting on pilings set into the water of the canal, appeared often on either side of the canal. We were fascinated as we watched families going about their morning work, occasionally stopping to watch us as we passed. Some sat cross-legged on decks preparing food. One mother was bathing her baby of about 18 months of age in the muddy canal. At another house a man was taking a bath with his body submerged to the neck in the deep water. Some women were washing large baskets of clothes in the muddy canal. All of this was occurring in the same yellow muddy water. It was difficult to believe the clothes could emerge looking so clean, but somehow they did. Homes appeared clean and tidy, as did their occupants. If there was a dry patch of ground anywhere we usually saw an overturned wicker basket chicken coop with a hen and her baby chickens in it.

Our boat glided through several intersections of waterways, often vying for turning space with natives in their long boats loaded with produce on their way to the floating market. As we approached the market, boats clogged every inch of the space in the canal. They were loaded with all sorts of things — vegetables, fruit, meat, fish, sweets, hats. Some of the boats had tiny stoves and the owners were cooking food for sale or barter on the spot. Several people had boats loaded with nothing but straw hats. We docked at a large covered deck at the intersection of two major canals, where all sorts of crafts and clothes were being sold at counters or in stalls. Dense jungle surrounded us. It was like a colorful county fair — but what an exotic setting. Table after table was loaded with crafts, paintings, clothing and food. Tourists and natives alike



Snakes around their necks elicit tourist tips



Help boarding the long boat



Silk weaver
throws the shuttle

crowded the area, moving from boats to the stands to buy their choice of goods. One of the boat ladies, selling straw hats from her boat below the bridge, spotted me with my fair skin and tried valiantly to sell me a hat. Since I had my parasol with me and didn't want to have to deal with a large hat the remainder of the trip, I resolutely declined. She accepted my decision with a nod and a warm smile. It is impossible not to like these gentle, smiling people. We had a lot of fun shopping for watercolor pictures of the local landscape, trinkets, etc.

We took numerous photos of the various activities, but one scene stands out from all the rest in my memory. As we walked back toward the bridge that crossed the canal, a little Thai girl of about seven stood bowing to us offering a photo for 10 baht. She was a fragile looking little child, slim as a tiny reed in the wind, with beautiful dark eyes and hair, and a heart-shaped pixie face. Her pale blue gown enhanced her beauty as she bowed and smiled. Who could resist such charm. We were totally enchanted by the lovely child as she pressed the palms of her small hands together in the Thai symbol of thanks and handed us a ribbon-tied bunch of tiny bananas.

I bought a watercolor and a doll. After about 45 minutes of shopping, we boarded the bus for the snake show. Considering my aversion to snakes I cannot wax very enthusiastic about this part of the tour. I climbed into the back row of seats in the outdoor auditorium, fervently hoping no one would come near me with a snake. Thank goodness, when they passed the cobras around for a close view of their fangs, they never found the back row. I watched in fascinated horror as the performers on stage manipulated the fast moving, wriggling creatures about the small circular cement stage which was surrounded by a narrow moat of water. Not much protection to my way of thinking. One young man turned three cobras loose and proceeded to catch one in each hand. With reactions equally as quick as those of the snake, he then captured the third one in his teeth, barely escaping several strikes of the cobra as he maneuvered for position.

With that episode as the finale, we boarded the bus again for another 45-minute ride to the Rose Garden. The grounds consisted of a beautifully landscaped area, spreading along a slow moving river, complete with lodging facilities, convention center, craft village, and an air-conditioned auditorium for cultural shows.

Lunch was served on a covered deck overlooking the river. Beautiful Thai girls in gorgeous native dress greeted us with smiles and bows, with hands clasped beneath their chins. Rose beds, orchids, and bougainvilleas abounded. A young couple from New York joined us at our table where we were served soup, rice, fried chicken legs, Thai omelet, two mixed vegetable dishes and fresh fruit for dessert.

After lunch we proceeded down the walkway toward the auditorium for the cultural show. That is when my mini disaster struck. I was wearing my new prescription bifocals instead of my contacts. I misjudged the distance off the end of the sidewalk and fell hard on one knee onto the gravel below. Blood poured from the gash and I could see the bone. It was clear I was going to need medical attention and stitches. Fortunately the tour guide came upon us and quickly located a nurse's office on the grounds. Lowell helped me hobble along behind the guide — far more embarrassed than hurting.

At the first-aid station, I removed my shoes as custom dictated and a young nurse came quickly forward and ushered me into her office. She deadened the area around the cut and carefully cleaned the dirty gravel from the wound. The dirt and gravel beneath the skin concerned me the most, but fortunately I had had my tetanus booster just before we left home. The nurse was careful to ask about tetanus as she cleaned the wound. She then deftly put in a suture, and said I should see a doctor when I returned to the hotel in Bangkok.

Patched and limping, I returned to join the tour group at the Cultural Center auditorium in plenty of time for the show. The auditorium was air conditioned and comfortable. While we were waiting for the performance to start they brought each person a cold, wet washcloth — welcome indeed. The show was excellent, with native dances, music, kick boxing, and acrobatics. The costumes of the large cast were beautiful. The performers ranged in age from chil-



Floating market



Many things for sale in the long boats



An irresistible
banana vendor

dren to adults. The extravaganza inside was followed by an elephant show outside the auditorium. When they called for volunteers to lie on the ground while the elephants walked over and through them to show their ability to avoid stepping on anyone, I didn't volunteer. I had already had my adventure for the day.

We made one more stop at a temple before returning to Bangkok. It was located on a steep hill with many steps leading to the temple grounds. Despite the sore knee I insisted on participating in the full tour. We took a brief look around, managing to photograph a number of monks moving about clad in their bright saffron colored robes. Some of the monks were no more than children, but these were dressed in white. All willingly posed for photos. We paused at a refreshment stand on the temple grounds for a cold orange drink before returning to the bus.

The return to Bangkok was the most tiring part of the day. We were the first to be picked up in the morning, and the last to be taken to our hotel, contrary to what the guide

promised when I had fallen. Despite our pleas and offers to take a taxi (“just let us off the bus”) there was no accommodation and it was seven o’clock when we finally reached our hotel. The hotel called a doctor for us and he suggested I see him promptly at 9:00 at his clinic the next morning (Sunday). He offered to see me yet tonight if I thought it was an emergency. I was just grateful to order a light supper delivered to the room and fall exhausted into bed. It had been quite a day, but in spite of all the problems it had been one of the most interesting and exciting tours we had ever taken.

Sunday, September 25

Surprisingly I had a fairly good night’s sleep and by 8:30 Lowell and I were in a taxi on our way to the clinic. The clinic and nursing home were located just off a main thoroughfare, and behind a high wall away from the street. The grounds surrounding the clinic were lush with flowers, trees, and grass.

Apparently I was the first patient to arrive. A sweet smiling nurse greeted me at the desk, quickly filled out the proper forms, and asked me to wait as the doctor had not yet arrived. While we waited we had the opportunity to note in detail the interior of the clinic. The interior was as attractive as the exterior. It was cool, light, and clean with pale green and white walls. The highly polished floors gleamed in the early morning light filtering through the windows. A large bouquet of fresh flowers added color to the room. Other patients began to arrive, some old and some young. The nurse informed me she had just talked with the doctor and he would be a few minutes late — sounded just like home and I anticipated a long wait. But to my surprise, when she said it would be a few minutes, it was just that. I learned later that he had been up all night with a patient. A British doctor came striding quickly down the hall followed by a pretty Thai nurse. He and the nurse ushered me into his office. He was very British and very business like and asked in a clipped manner how the accident happened. When I told him I normally wear contact lenses but was wearing my new bifocals and my sight perception was distorted, he said, “I understand perfectly. I have the same problem myself.” After cleaning and redressing the cut and checking to see if I had had my tetanus shot he decided my malaria medication was giving me plenty of antibiotics. He then gave me directions to the pharmacy down the hall for additional dressings and salves.

Our driver was waiting in the hotel taxi — one of the amenities provided by the hotel. The drivers could be hired by the trip, the hour, or the day. We found this arrangement to be very convenient and very reasonably priced. We were whisked back to the hotel just in time for Dr. Pradip Charsumbuti (a former student of Lowell’s) to pick us up and take us to a gem fair. He was accompanied by Somsak, the grain marketing specialist from the university who had been our interpreter on the elevator tours. Sore knee notwithstanding, I was determined not to let anything spoil the trip nor was I going to forego any opportunity for new experiences. For many years I had dreamed of seeing Thailand and I resolved that a sore knee was

not going to deter me now. It was going to be painful no matter what I did, so I took a couple more aspirin and we were on our way. Our bright sunny morning was quickly becoming overcast.

The gem exhibition was a huge one, occupying two long buildings. With some difficulty we found a place to park the car. This was the first day the show was open to the public; the previous week it had been open only to jewelers from around the world who had come to purchase unset gems and new designs for their stores. The place was packed with people and booth after booth of beautiful gems and set stones. It was definitely no bargain basement for shopping, as the guide books had suggested. We spent two hours looking at the many beautiful displays. At Lowell's urging I selected a pair of small sapphire and diamond earrings and matching pendant. When I asked if they would change the clasp on the pendant to fit on a pearl necklace, they readily agreed and said they would deliver it to the hotel on Monday evening before our departure for Chiang Mai on Tuesday. That seemed a little risky but Somsak assured us that it would be delivered on time. I then selected a lovely blue topaz stone to be set at home; Dr. Somsak purchased an unset darker blue topaz for his wife — perhaps to add to the credibility of his confidence in the integrity of the jeweler.

It was now time to return to the exit which was located in the building across the street. While we had been in the gem exhibition the sky had opened and again we were engulfed in a monsoon flood. The water in the street was nearly a foot deep. We stood waiting for the rain to end and the water level to recede, but finally decided our only alternative was to remove our shoes and wade through. Returning to the car we proceeded to a large modern shopping center for a quick lunch and a little shopping. Food booths surrounded the entire center of the mall and it was with some difficulty we finally decided on a selection. This was clearly “fast food” Thai style.

Thai silk flowers are beautiful and I could not resist two lovely bunches of water lilies that looked like the real ones I had seen blooming along the road side. It was late afternoon when we returned to the hotel so we had an early dinner and retired early to bed.

Monday, September 26

We arose at 5:30 this morning since Lowell had an appointment at the American Embassy at 7:00 a.m. I accompanied him to the Embassy, where the driver waited until we finished our visit. The hotel driver took us to the Cargill office, dropped Lowell at the door and took me back to the hotel. Lowell returned to the hotel for lunch. We had been at the hotel so long that all the young hotel help greeted us and visited like old friends. One little girl waiting tables, had a long visit with us during every meal. Today she told us she would be our “Thai daughter.” When we told her this would be our last day in Bangkok she said she would bring a present to our room before we left. The young people seemed to enjoy visiting with us and commented on how we were always smiling. One of the hotel drivers even told Lowell it was nice to have

someone like him who smiled and laughed a lot because “most just sit back and look mean.” Lowell had an appointment with the international inspection agency (SGS) so he departed at 2:00 p.m. but returned about 4:00. We took a short tour of the shops near our hotel and noted a beggar at the steps to the pedestrian overpass. I did not see many beggars in the vicinity of our hotel, but there was evidence of poverty, and several destitute people could be found around the shopping areas.

We had dinner at the hotel again and finished packing suitcases for an early morning departure while we waited for the jeweler who had agreed to deliver my earrings. He arrived at 10:00; we were just about ready to conclude that he would never show, but Thai's are almost always true to their word. There was always a security guard in the hall outside our door — usually leaning against the wall reading a book. This time he knocked and checked to be sure it was alright to admit the jeweler. The earrings were perfectly beautiful and exactly as we had ordered. The guard was still standing outside the door as we let the jeweler out, so we thanked him and said goodnight for it was really time for bed. A few minutes later there was another knock on the door. We opened to find a hotel clerk holding a small package. The little waitress had sent a small present as she had promised.

Tuesday, September 27

We were awake and dressed by 6:30 and ready for breakfast so we could finish packing and depart for the airport by 9:30. We called our son, Brent, in Texas to check on the family — marvelous things those telephones. It is always amazing to have such excellent phone connections on the opposite side of the world, and always reassuring to know that the family at home is only 30 seconds away by phone. After assuring ourselves everyone was in good health at home we departed for the airport by taxi to catch our plane for Chiang Mai. Chiang Mai is located in the northern part of Thailand with mountains bordering the area to the west and north. The agricultural university is located in Chiang Mai. Since several of the professors in the university and the Multiple Cropping Center received their degrees from the University of Illinois, we left strong ties to this city and the university.

We departed at 11:45 into a bright and sunny sky. We looked down on valleys, rivers and mountains while enjoying a light lunch served by stewardesses in their long Thai dresses. At 12:45 our plane settled onto the runway and parked a short distance from the terminal. Inside we received a warm and enthusiastic welcome from Professors Aree W. and Songsook; former students at the U of I who had endeared themselves to us while they were students at the university. Aree deposited in my arms the largest bouquet of beautiful orchids I had ever seen. The exotic blossoms were tied with several pretty ribbons. Aree clearly felt honored by our visit and as they drove us to the hotel she described a full program, already reflecting the famous Thai hospitality. She had reserved our room in a hotel in the center of town where we could enjoy the shopping and activity of the city center.

As soon as we had checked into the hotel, Aree took us to a wood carver's shop and museum. It was a fascinating place. We wandered from room to room each filled with antiques, restorations, and copies of carved wood furniture, statuary, animal figures, signs and symbols. We spent a long time walking through the different rooms and listening to the descriptions given by the woman tour guide. The air was warm, but not nearly as hot as it had been in Bangkok. The effect of the higher altitude on the temperature was quite noticeable. The two-hour tour passed swiftly and it was time to return to the hotel to freshen up before starting the evening's entertainment.

Aree and Songsook picked us up in the university van at 6:30 and drove us to a restaurant. We slipped off our shoes at the entrance to a large carpeted room. Cushioned back-rests were grouped about the room in small circles. A stage stretched all the way across the front of the room. We were ushered to our reserved circle of cushions near the stage. A small round table, about a foot high was placed in front of us, followed by napkins, plates, and silverware. Cold drinks were brought immediately, followed quickly by chicken soup in bowls placed on the floor in front of us. Each guest was given a small covered wicker basket containing sticky rice. We were instructed to roll the rice into small balls and eat it with our fingers. Bowls of food were placed on the small table so each person could help themselves. There was a large bowl of regular rice, fried chicken, curried beef, a salad, rice chips, and fried bananas. The waitress, in traditional Thai dress, kept the bowls filled until we could eat no more.

A Thai orchestra, seated at one end of the stage, played hauntingly beautiful, exotic Thai music all through the dinner hour. As we finished dinner, the beautifully costumed dancers began with the "finger nail" dance, an absolutely beautiful dance depicting silk weaving. A candle dance followed with each dancer holding a lighted candle while the lights were turned low. The group performed many other exotic and mysterious dances, all equally beautiful and exciting. These dances are truly a most exquisite form of art.

After being invited to move outside to a nearby pavilion to watch dancers from the hill tribes of Thailand perform their native dances, we were each presented with a long Thai cigar as we retrieved our shoes outside the restaurant. It was a lovely evening with stars sparkling in a black velvet sky. We walked down a sidewalk lined with booths of handicrafts made by the hill tribes. The occupants of each booth coaxed us to buy, but we hurried on so we would not be late for the beginning of the program. We were told the hill tribe people were descendants of Mongolians from the north who had entered the area many many years ago — and indeed their features resembled those of the Mongolian race. Their skin was much darker than the average delicate features of the Thai people we had seen.

The dancers and singers were accompanied by an orchestra composed of men playing reed flutes, consisting of a number of reeds of varied lengths lashed together with string, various drums and brass cymbals. The dances were similar in many ways to those of American Indians, especially the squaw dances and rain dances of our western tribes. Most of these

dances were very different from the graceful movements of the traditional Thai dances. The costumes were mostly black with bright embroideries and trims. Head pieces often had bright red pom poms attached. Songs were of the chant type — again not unlike those of the American Indian. At one time the lights were turned down and a dancer whirled about in a fast moving dance, juggling flaming torches as he danced. Two of the dances were more like the traditional dances we had seen earlier in the evening, but these dancers did not appear to be from the hill tribes. One dance was performed by a single dancer costumed as a beautiful butterfly. Her wings were controlled by the manipulation of wires attached to her arms. A second dance was clearly a harvest dance performed by girls dressed in close fitting Thai dresses. Each girl carried a flat wicker basket dancing gracefully about in a circle. They paused and knelt and a man filled each basket with rice. They resumed the dance, tossing the rice into the air in the traditional winnowing motions for removing chaff from harvested rice. Every movement was so gracefully done in time with the exotic music; it was poetry in motion.

It was nearly 9:00 before the show ended and it seemed all too soon for I could have watched enchanted, for hours. We walked back down the sidewalk toward our van and again the hill tribe people implored us to buy their crafts. A solemn little girl caught my attention asking me to buy a doll, hand-made and dressed in the black native dress with its bright trim. Since I collect dolls I was a willing customer and added a bright belt to my purchases as well. Then it was surely time to return to the hotel after a long day that still ended far too soon.

Wednesday, September 28

Aree and Songsook were in the midst of final exams and could not accompany us this morning, but sent the van, a driver, and a delightful young woman graduate student to take us to a working elephant show. We drove out of Chiang Mai a rather short distance, then up into the mountains west of the city. Just over the mountain ridge to the west lies Burma and a short distance to the east is Laos. We disembarked from our van and walked down a path to a river.

The air was warm and humid. We were surrounded by dense tropical jungle. Elephants were chained to stakes in a number of clearings, idly swinging their trunks and weaving their huge bodies in a slow motion dance as visitors cautiously reached out to pat their trunks. We watched as the brave and not-so-brave attempted to feed them bananas. As the long trunk reached ever closer to the timid hand, some visitors would panic and drop the entire bunch — to the pleasure of the elephant and amusement of their handler. Some of the tourists simply threw the bananas at the elephant and ran. I found no difficulty in approaching close enough for several friendly pats on the head — the elephant's head of course.

Soon the mahouts released the elephants from their anchors and rode them into the river for their morning baths. This was achieved by ordering them to kneel in the river and directing them to fill their trunks with water to be used for their own personal showers. Their masters also scooped pails of water from the river and tossed it on the animals' backs. Mahout and



Guests of Aree and Songsook
at cultural show



Cultural dancers



Butterfly dance



Hill tribe's harvest dance



Dances by the
Hill tribes

elephant each received the benefits of the cooling water.

Sensing that bath time was nearing the end we walked a short distance up a mountain path to a clearing in the jungle where the elephants were to demonstrate their log moving and stacking skills. We chose to sit on a front row wooden bench, situated beneath a roofed area providing protection from the tropical sun. We were soon joined by other visitors to the show. Then up the path came the big grey elephants, weaving gently from side to side as their mahouts urged them into the clearing. Their ears moved in a constant rhythm like giant fans to cool their huge bodies. The Asian elephant has ears that are much smaller than the African elephant and I think this gives a different expression to their faces. Huge logs were strewn about the clearing, but not for long as the mahouts directed the elephants to lift and roll them into position, then proceed to stack them one on top of the other by working in pairs and using their trunks, heads and feet to lift, hold and roll. In fact they needed little directions from their masters; they knew the technique well. At one point a half-grown elephant in training was brought from the jungle dragging a log by a chain. He squealed and bellowed his protest like a youngster that had been told he had to do the dishes when all he wanted to do was join his friends at play. Trust and love are obviously developed between handler and animal over a period of many years.

We had often wondered what a maharajah felt, riding majestically on the back of an elephant as he ambled across the screen in the movie theater, so we jumped at the opportunity when the MC announced that elephant rides would be given for 20 baht. We walked up wooden steps to a small platform that put us on the same level as the elephant's back. The mahout sat astride the huge animal's neck. A wooden chair wide enough to hold three people was strapped to the animal's back, much like a saddle on a horse — although the girths were a lot longer than any saddle I had ever seen. We were carefully assisted into the chair by an attendant and we were on our way down the mountain side. We rocked in a soft gentle roll as long as we were carried over relatively flat ground, but once we plunged into the jungle and started down a rather steep incline it was a different story. The elephant's feet came down heavily as he negotiated the mountain side, and we gripped the side rails of the chair tightly as we were pitched forward. We concluded this mode of transport was best suited for level ground. It was a short trail and we were soon back at our starting point with the knowledge that travel by elephant wouldn't be all bad and it was certainly an exciting way to go.

As we departed the park, two little girls from one of the hill tribes watched us with solemn faces as we approached a little wooden bridge across a mountain stream. They willingly let us take their pictures but we never succeeded in getting them to smile, even when we gave them a few coins. They looked like small mongolian dolls with their shiny black hair, big round eyes and dressed in long black dresses with bright red, blue, and yellow embroidery.

We stopped at an orchid farm on our return to Chiang Mai where many beautiful new varieties of orchids were being developed. The greenhouse and gardens were a blaze of color,



I volunteer to pet
the elephant



Jungle
transportation



Solemn-faced
girls in
traditional
dress

with every imaginable color, size, and shape of blossom. Inside the show room craftsmen were encasing flowers in gold leaf — beautiful craftsmanship, but even gold could not match the natural beauty of the orchids.

Aree and Songsook met us at the Orchid Hotel for a wonderful Thai buffet lunch. As Aree and Songsook had afternoon exams to give at the university, we continued our program with Aree's graduate student as our guide. Once again we were driven up the mountains to a temple of 200 steps. When given the choice of steps or the small tram funicular rail car, we chose the latter as my wounded knee was still very painful. As we entered the temple compound, a group of monks with shaved heads and saffron robes sat in a row on the floor of an open portico, heads bowed in prayer. Behind them on the wall was a long mural depicting the life of Buddha. We stood quietly for a short time and watched them from across the sun-drenched courtyard. Then a bell tinkled softly and they stood and moved quietly to another part of the temple. We strolled about the temple compound for some time, looking at the different buildings and the intricately painted murals. In the center of the compound stood a magnificent many-tiered shrine, rising gracefully toward the sky. Near the base of this shrine, people were buying cups of water which they attached to a carrier shaped like the mystical Garuda bird, to be carried to the top of the shrine. The cup of water was suspended on a fine wire from the breast of the Garuda bird, which was attached to a light rope connected by a system of pulleys to the top of

the shrine. By pulling on the rope, the cup of water could be hoisted to the very pinnacle of the shrine. As it passed over the pinnacle of the shrine, the bottom of the cup touched the tip of the pinnacle, spilling the water. As the water ran down the side of the temple, the purchaser offered a prayer to the appropriate gods.

We returned to our van and were driven even further up the mountain to the king's winter palace, only to find it was closed for the day. Our alternative for the remainder of the afternoon was a museum back in Chiang Mai. It was an interesting museum, but most of the art revolved around Buddhism.

Songsook and his family had invited us to their home for tea, following our afternoon activities — just one more of the many thoughtful and hospitable kindnesses they extended to us. Their home was lovely and was furnished with beautiful, intricately carved, wooden Thai furniture. Songsook explained that the furniture was second quality because all first quality was reserved for export. He spends some of his time helping the crafts people market their products. Instruction in promotion, advertising, and export techniques is combined with development of new products. We feasted on delicious treats which they had prepared for us, then returned to our hotel to freshen up for an evening barbecue dinner at Aree's home. Songsook arrived at our hotel at 7:30 to drive us to the party. We stopped to pick up his daughter on her way home from school, to take her with us to Aree's party. She had retained the English learned in Urbana schools and engaged us in very animated conversation during the entire ride.

Aree had invited several of the staff families to join us at her home for the evening. We enjoyed cold drinks and lots of animated conversation while Aree cooked skewers of chicken and beef, that had been marinated in a hot sauce, over a grill. When I asked her if this was a typical Thai function she laughed and said, "No; I learned to use a barbecue grill in the States, but the marinade is my own." Eventually we sat down to a delicious dinner of Thai food, some very spicy, and finished with fresh fruits — some completely foreign to us. The barbecue provided a wonderful opportunity to get acquainted with several of the neighbors as well as Aree's family. We had previously met her husband on one of his visits to the United States, while she was in graduate school at the University of Illinois, but had never met her two young children — a little girl and a little boy who had remained in Thailand with their father and grandmother while Aree pursued her PhD. Only beautiful little 8-year-old Kwan, her oldest child, had spent those three years with her in Urbana. Kwan, now a teenager was in Germany as an exchange student and we were disappointed we did not get to see her. We did receive a wonderful letter from her after we returned to the States. We returned to the hotel via the shopping district, but our time there was brief as we were tired and it had started to sprinkle rain.

Thursday, September 29

This morning Aree picked us up in the van with driver to take us to the edge of town to visit the craft centers. Our first stop was at the lacquer shop. We watched the process from

carving the wood, to the application of the lacquer finish, and then the final step of the delicate hand painted designs. We purchased several of the little elephants and a vase made of wood which was coated with minute pieces of crushed egg shell, fashioned into intricate designs. One room contained beautiful quilts and pillow covers made by the hill tribes.

We then proceeded to the silk factory. This is a product for which Thailand is famous, and rightly so, for it is truly beautiful and the colors are rich, yet soft and brilliant. We watched the process from the silk worm to the back-breaking process of spinning and weaving. Women sitting at the hand looms throw the shuttle all day long. Looking across the room at the weavers at work was like looking at a brilliant rainbow. The Thai silk is heavier than Chinese silk and it is much sought after by interior decorators around the world for this valuable quality. The sales room contained a wonderful array of yard goods, pillow covers, bedspreads, etc. I would have loved to spend more time shopping in this store, but our schedule included many more planned stops, each one interesting in its own right. With a longing glance over my shoulder, I left the room and returned to the van.

Our next stop was at an open courtyard located a short distance down the road, where men and women were busy constructing the famous Thai paper and silk parasols. We came away with a much greater appreciation for this craft after watching the complexity of the construction. The first step was soaking the wood bark in a water solution. The softened bark was then pounded to a pulp by a girl with a large wooden mallet. She then placed the pulpy mass into another large tank filled with a water based solution. I assume this may have been a mild chemical solution because the pulp seemed to dissolve. Another girl stirred the mass to a thick milky consistency. A framed screen was dipped into the solution. When it was lifted out it was covered with a thin film of the bark fibers. The screen was placed on a frame to dry in the sun and another frame was dipped. Another group of workers squatted on the ground cutting bamboo pieces for the parasol frame, starting with the handle and continuing through to the smallest rib. The dried parchment from the screens (or in some cases silk cloth) was stretched across the bamboo frames that had been assembled by yet another group of craftsmen. After trimming, the parasols were ready to be painted with beautiful designs by skilled artists. The paper ones then received a coat of lacquer and were allowed to dry before joining stacks of others ready for sale. The array of designs and colors of parasols in various stages of construction were like a gigantic painter's pallet.

Our next stop was at the silver smiths. Again we marveled at the intricate hand work and the amount of labor that was required for completion of each piece. We watched a girl making a chain from a length of silver rod, and were told it took about one hour per inch — a full eight hour day to make the eight inch strand. For all this skill and labor she received the equivalent of about \$3.00. We bought a lovely hand pounded silver bowl with lotus blossoms encircling it. Aree told us that lotus blossoms have a special meaning in Thai culture and religion.

Our last stop for the morning was at the furniture carver's shop. We marveled at the beautifully carved pieces and the intricate handwork. We were told that the skill is passed down through the families from one generation to the next. The work was done with great care as they knelt next to or sat astride the various chests, screens, tables, chairs, and on and on — each article more beautiful than the next. All the work was done with mallet and chisel. There were no power tools here. Most of the artists were working from a pattern traced on the wood, but many of the more highly skilled artists were working “freehand.”

The morning passed far too quickly. Since Aree and Lowell were supposed to spend the afternoon at the University, we stopped for lunch at a little open air noodle shop. I always have mixed emotions when doing this because it is always fun just to be a part of the local scene, but I am always a little uneasy about the safety, considering the “delicate sanitized American digestive system.” In this case (as in 99% of similar situations) it was perfectly safe and provided us the pleasure of participating in local atmosphere with no unpleasant surprises the next day.

I spent the afternoon packing for our Friday departure while Lowell delivered his seminar to the students and faculty of the Multiple Cropping Center at the university. Our evening was a delightful dinner at a Chinese restaurant hosted by the Dean and Assistant Dean, along with several other faculty members from the University of Chaing Mai.

Friday, September 30

Our morning for departure had arrived all too soon. Aree and Songsook picked us up at the hotel for an early lunch and then drove us to the airport for our 1:30 flight to Bangkok. It was difficult to say goodbye to these dear friends who had been so kind to us, especially when we knew it would be a long time, if ever, before seeing them again. The parting emphasized once more how these friendships become a permanent part of your life and cannot be lost regardless of the separation of time and distance. They waved one last farewell as we walked across the tarmac and up the steps to the waiting plane for the 1-hour flight by air bus back to Bangkok.

Saturday, October 1

After a night at a hotel across the street from the airport in Bangkok we checked in for the 2-hour flight to Singapore — our next stop on our trip around the world. An hour later we were eating lunch at 35,000 feet while still savoring the words printed above the airport departure gate — “Remember our Smiles.” I could almost see the fading smile of the Cheshire cat from Alice In Wonderland, as the airport, the enchanting land and the smiles began to fade into the silvery clouds behind us. Yes, we will remember your smiles; and much, much more of beautiful, friendly, exciting Thailand. Now we had to turn our attention to Singapore for a conference where Lowell was to give a paper, and then on to Yugoslavia. This was truly a trip around the world.

Singapore

October 1 - 6, 1988



Singapore

1988

Saturday, October 1

Wishes do come true. We were to have an opportunity to visit Singapore a second time and see some of the sights that had been missed due to the limits of time on the first visit. Lowell had been asked to present a paper at The World Congress on Vegetable Protein Utilization in Human Foods and Animal Feedstuffs in Singapore.

Since we had been able to schedule a 15-day trip to Thailand preceding the Singapore stay, we boarded a Singapore Airline's plane in Bangkok for an easy 2-hour flight to Singapore, arriving at 2:35 p.m. Once again we were to stay in the Westin Hotel (the Stamford instead of the Plaza this time) at Raffles City. We had just come from a very busy two weeks in Thailand and were happy to have a quiet and relaxed afternoon and evening.

We looked around the Raffles City complex and discovered a medical clinic that would be open for two hours on Sunday. I had tripped at the end of a sidewalk in Thailand, eight days earlier, cutting my knee and requiring a suture to close the wound. I now had to find a doctor to remove said suture.

Sunday, October 2

Sunday morning found me in line for the clinic to open. However, since I was not the very first in line, I was surprised to be the first one called into the doctor's office. The doctor was a pleasant young Chinese woman. She quickly and efficiently removed the offending stitch, gave me some additional medication and sent me on my way.

We registered for the conference after lunch and attended a sumptuous reception in the evening. Table after table was laden with all kinds of interesting food — some we recognized and some we didn't, but we managed to enjoy every bite. Cocktail receptions are not one of my favorite things. How is one supposed to balance a plate of food and napkin in one hand, a drink in another, forks or picks on the plate, and shake hands with new acquaintances, while carrying on an intelligent conversation in a room of mostly strangers? This reception did offer one innovation. We were given a plate with a small clip attached where we could fit the stem of our drinking goblet and have one hand free to eat or greet a stranger — take your pick. It was a clever practical idea and left us wondering why good old American ingenuity had not developed the idea before.

It was a pleasant evening involving people from many countries around the world. It is always difficult to understand why there is so much conflict among nations, when individuals find so much to be enjoyed and shared in each culture.

Monday, October 3

Monday was the first full day of the conference. Lowell departed after breakfast to take part in the morning meetings. I spent the morning reading and enjoying a chance to be lazy. The conference included an afternoon program for spouses, so I joined a group of conference ladies in the lobby shortly after lunch. There were quite a few from the United States, but a large number from other countries as well, including Australia, New Zealand, India, France, Malaysia, and Thailand. All were very congenial and a delight to know.

The tour was to be a walking tour, but when tour time arrived it was pouring down rain so a bus was called to provide transport for us. We were driven a few blocks down the street to Sir Raffles' landing site. Our guide was a little fellow who was totally disinterested in being a guide. He suggested we might enjoy the tour more if we walked. After surveying the wet situation, only two people chose to walk. At that point our guide took a more aggressive tack and announced that if we wanted to see anything we would have to get out and walk in the rain. Otherwise, the tour was over. We thought briefly about our alternatives and trooped into the rain. A few of us were lucky enough to have brought umbrellas, unfurling them into the elements as we stepped from the bus. We made a visit to the Supreme Court (notable because the Japanese surrendered here in 1945) but on short notice we could not get permission to visit a session. Then on to City Hall where the Declaration of the Republic was signed in 1965. We walked across the street to the lovely old St. Andrews Cathedral. It was built between 1856 and 1861 by Indian convicts. I read later that its interior walls are coated with a plaster called "Madras Chunam" which is a mixture of shell lime, egg white, and sugar. It is so hard that it is almost impossible to drive a nail into it. I had the opportunity to visit with one of the ladies of the congregation who proudly told me of some of the church's past. As I stood in the cathedral I could well imagine myself standing in a church in England.

Our bus and driver caught up with us at this point and we were taken to the famous old Sir Raffles Hotel. It is a big rambling old English colonial structure with a long history of famous guests and a past mecca for princes, maharajahs, lords and film stars. We were greeted by doormen dressed in white tropical uniforms, complete with white Panama hats and gloves. Then we were ushered into the high ceiling, pillared, un-airconditioned, dining room and seated at white linen bedecked tables. Ancient ceiling fans stirred the tropical air and rustled the air through the potted ferns. We were treated to a British high tea consisting of tea, tiny watercress and cucumber sandwiches, scones and cream puffs. The food was more than ample. To everyone's amusement our guide scooped up all of the remaining goodies and carried them away. After all, he had admonished us that, "we should eat everything because we had paid for

it,” so he felt responsible for “disposing” of the food we had left. He continued a walking tour around the hotel, but my aching knee, with sutures recently removed, persuaded me I’d had enough for one day, so I returned to our hotel across the street.

Tuesday, October 4

Tuesday was another full day. Lowell departed for the meeting room and the opening ceremonies of the World Protein Congress. This was his day to give his paper before the assembly. The sun was shining brightly as I joined the other ladies in the lobby. I had decided not to take my camera, as my knee was still very uncomfortable and I wanted as little to carry as possible. This was a decision I later regretted.

While we waited for our tour bus, several of us discussed the possibility of having the same young man for a tour guide as we had had the day before. We were pleasantly surprised a few minutes later when a young woman stepped briskly forward and announced she would be our guide for the day and “will you please board the bus?” We could see immediately this was going to be a big improvement over yesterday — she proved to be one of the best in her profession.

She led us through the section of the city called “Little India”. It was a colorful area with shops open to the street. Spicy scents filled the morning air. We watched a man making pancakes for patrons seated at small tables. Our guide informed us, this was a typical breakfast. We wandered past a stall filled with brilliantly colored saris hanging from the walls and rafters and stacked in bolts on the tables. The hanging gold and silver trimmed gossamer fabrics stirred in the fragrant morning air, softly whispering, “buy me, buy me,” which some of us did. The spice stall was especially interesting. There were keg after keg of all kinds of spices emitting wonderful odors.

We were then driven some distance to a beautiful Chinese temple complex located on a high hill. Lush green lawns swept upward to a beautiful open white marble temple with brilliant painted dragons topping the crest of the roof. We removed our shoes and stepped onto the spotless cool white marble floor. Directly in the center and to the front of us was an altar where towered a large gold-trimmed white statue of a female figure with many heads. Two other figures were on either side of her. Gifts of fruit and flowers were placed before the altar. Beautifully painted little scenes trimmed in gold formed a colorful border at the top edge of the marble walls. All of this seemed somehow a strange mix of Indian and Chinese.

As I padded about the cool floor in my little shoe liner footlets, I became aware of an old man sitting cross-legged on the floor with his back against a column. He was watching me as I moved from place to place. I was puzzled for a moment as to what he found so amusing, then realized it was my stocking footlets that had caught his attention. I wondered, “Has he never seen ‘the likes’ before?” True, the locals were barefoot, but none the less I found the protection and comfort my footlets afforded was well worth a stranger’s amuse-

ment. He probably chalked it up to “just another crazy foreigner.”

We walked along a sidewalk around to the back of the temple where we had a view of the mausoleum, and then to the nearby roofed pavilion where funerals were held. Rows of chairs were placed before the crematorium furnace. Nearby were long tables with trays coated with a thin layer of grey ashes. This we were told, was where the body ashes were placed three days after the service. Family members then came and scooped up the ashes of their loved one with chopsticks and placed them in an urn. The urn was then placed in the mausoleum. It was a little difficult for some of us from other cultures to deal with. It would take some time to adjust to this manner of burial.

After lunch we were driven some distance out of town to their new zoo. It was reported to be an example of what a good zoo should be and I agree. It was in a beautiful 70-acre wooded setting, complete with a small lake incorporated into the landscape. Over 1300 animals involving at least 140 different species, roam around the open zoo. Here, as in the bird park, it can be viewed from the tram cars or on foot. We chose the tram cars for a quick overview so there would still be time to watch the elephants and seals in the outdoor amphitheater. Following the animal show we retired to the tea house for high tea with an orangutan.

The tea was a lavish affair with all sorts of goodies derived from several cultures. We were each presented with a large spray of orchids. A zoo keeper then brought a young orangutan to the outdoor tea room where many of the guests lined up to have their pictures taken while holding her. I declined as it was a hot day and she was a bit smelly. All of this was taking place amid lush tropical growth.

We still had one more stop to make for the afternoon. This was at the beautiful orchid gardens —ten acres of orchids, each one more lovely than the last. It was truly a feast for the eyes as we wandered among the exotic splendor of flowers and meticulously groomed gardens. The sky had become overcast and the air hung heavy with an oppressive heat above and around us. We were happy to return to our air conditioned bus and back to our hotel.

The evening schedule called for dinner at the Mandrin Hotel. The entire conference group was transported to the hotel by buses for a fabulous buffet dinner of ethnic foods and cultural music and dances. We were entertained at a brief cocktail hour as all of the group congregated. Then we were ushered into a large dining room where people were seated at tables for eight. Our table guests were a delightful young Norwegian couple, an American couple, and two Japanese gentlemen, all very congenial. Two sides of the room were lined with food stalls. The far end of the room supported a gigantic buffet table of food — correctly named a groaning board. At the opposite end and close to our table was the stage. Dinner was an astronomical, gastronomical experience. We filled our plates again and again. Waiters stood at each food stall giving their undivided attention to carefully preparing each dish and filling every plate. Throughout dinner an orchestra, much like the ones we had seen in Indonesia, poured forth the strains of exotic Asian music.

After dinner we were treated to dances depicting Singapore's three Asian cultures. First was the Chinese fan dance, danced by girls with fans and dressed in pink Chinese pajama costumes. Next was a beautiful Indian peacock dance. Two young women with costumes of peacock feathers performed an intricate and graceful dance I had never seen before. Last but not least, three girls and three boys in native Malaysian costumes performed the lovely Malaysian wedding dance. It was truly a night to remember.

Wednesday, October 5

It was early October and we were in this amazing land of perpetual summer. It was difficult to remember it was chilly autumn at home. This was to be our last day in Singapore and I managed to persuade Lowell to join me on the tour to Sentosa Island. I was not alone in this accomplishment as three other wives had persuaded their husbands to abandon the conference lectures in favor of the tour to absorb the culture.

Sentosa is an attractive little island, one fourth mile off shore from Singapore. It has been zoned as a recreational island only. We were bussed to the ferry landing at the World Trade Center, where we boarded the ferry for the short trip to the island. The ferry terminal on Sentosa is a beautiful white colonial structure with broad curving stairs leading to several open pillared levels. A beautiful garden with flowers, fountain, and stage were just beyond. This is where Miss Thailand was named Miss Universe at the 1988 pageant.

We were bussed to a coral museum with indoor and outdoor exhibits. Then we boarded the monorail for a tour around the island. There is a swimming area on the south side of the island, with palm trees and sandy beaches stretching to the calm blue water beyond.

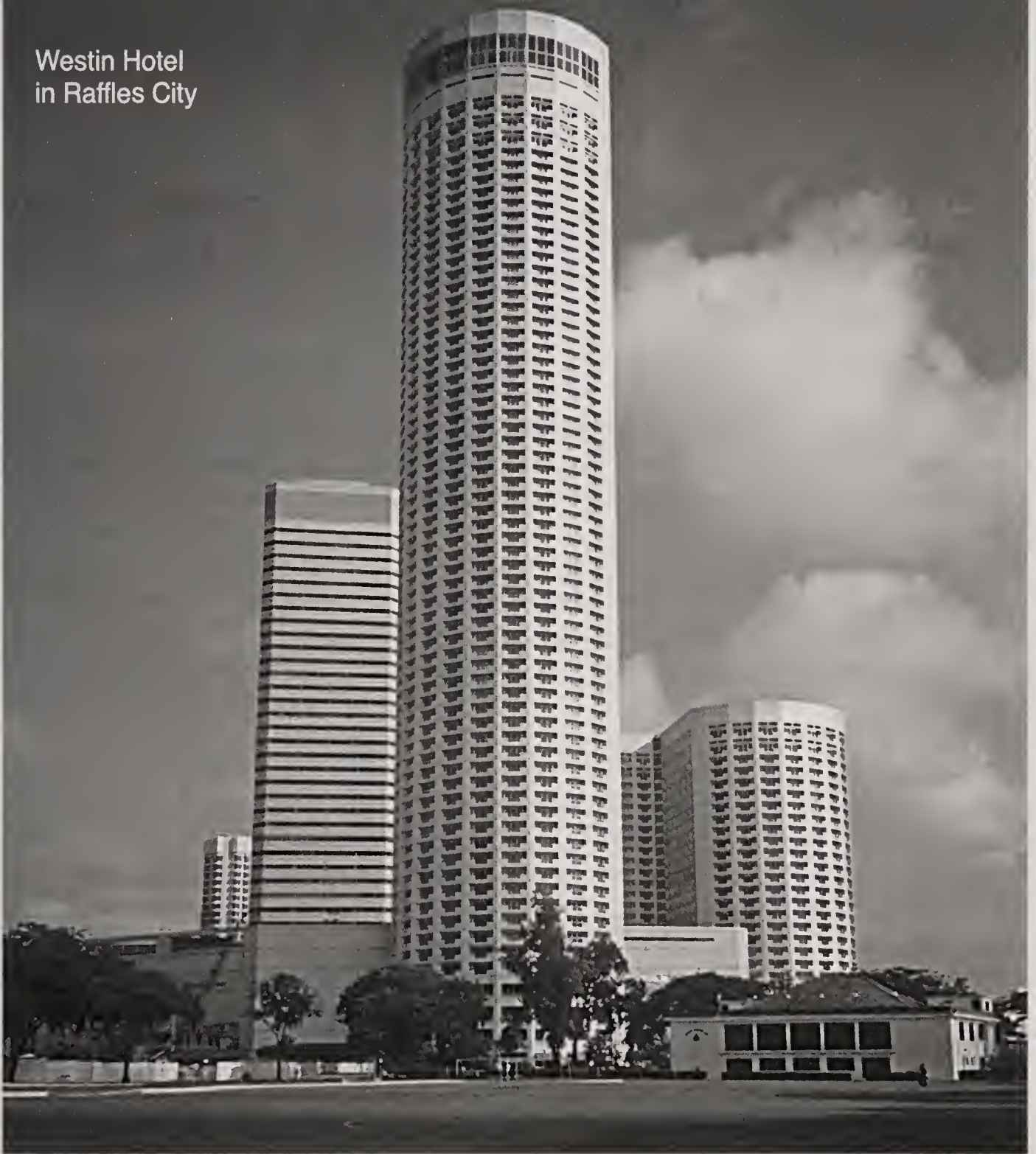
Our last stop was at an historical museum depicting the history of Singapore including an outstanding display covering World War II in the Pacific region. We were allotted only one hour here which was not nearly long enough to satisfy our interests. We were especially intrigued with the wax figures depicting the surrender of the British to the Japanese at the beginning of the war with the Japanese wearing an expression of superior satisfaction and the British very downcast. At the end of the exhibit the expressions were exactly reversed as the Japanese signed the papers of surrender to Lord Mountbatten.

We returned to Singapore via cable car, swinging high above the water as we moved back to the World Trade Center. A couple from Australia shared our cable car. The woman was so terrified, she couldn't look down until Lowell told her we were over trees and land. She drew a deep breath and said, "Well that wasn't so bad. I believe I could do it again." We spent the afternoon packing and trying to rest before another huge reception at 5:30.

Thursday, October 6

Our Yugoslavia Airlines plane was to depart at 11:00 p.m., but true to form it did not leave until midnight. When someone at the conference asked which airline we were taking to

Westin Hotel
in Raffles City



Belgrade, he retorted, “Oh, you mean Yu-go-slo airlines.” Midnight found us once again airborne winging our way into the dark night sky in the direction of Belgrade, with a refueling stop scheduled for the Arab port of Dubai. But that is another story. For now, lovely, enchanting Singapore was already miles behind us, still glowing in our memories.

Yugoslavia

October 6 -12, 1988



Yugoslavia

1988

Thursday, October 6

It had been a long and tiring flight from Singapore, with a refueling stop in Dubai. As we came in for a landing I could see nothing but palm trees, sand and stucco houses. We walked off the plane and filed into a small waiting room. There were no women in the room other than those from the plane, but several men were waiting for another plane. They were all wearing long white flowing robes and continued staring at us (especially the western women) until we were quite uncomfortable. We were happy to hear the boarding announcement and an opportunity to escape the stares.

Yugoslavia would be the third country on our long itinerary of conferences and research. We had completed the research in Thailand and Lowell's speaking engagement at the conference in Singapore. Lowell had also been invited to present a paper at the EuroMaize Conference in Yugoslavia as a result of our 1986 trip to the Maize Research Institute. These back-to-back assignments took their toll.

We were half an hour late arriving in Yugoslavia, and our bags were the last to come off the baggage carousel. We had a few anxious moments, as we watched all the other passengers pick up their bags and depart. We had good reason to be apprehensive after all the problems of lost baggage during our previous trip through the Belgrade Airport.

Dragan Misevic (U of I PhD in Agronomy) was at the exit to meet us and drove us through the early morning traffic to the high rise Hotel Slavia in downtown Belgrade. It was reputed to be one of their best in this communist city, but what a hotel: dirty, dark, and gloomy. People at the reception desk were unsmiling and curt. What a contrast to the sweet smiling people of Thailand and Singapore, we had enjoyed the preceding week.

We had reservations, but our rooms were not to be ready until mid afternoon. With pressure from Dragan, the desk clerk finally agreed to prepare a room for us and we fell into bed for a short nap; then a shower and unpacking. Melina (Dragan's wife and Lowell's research assistant when they were at the U of I) picked us up at noon and drove us to the Institute for lunch. Melina and I listened to one speech and returned to her apartment for coffee and conversation with their daughter Vanya. Lowell stayed to listen to the technical papers and exchange ideas with other conference participants. Melina drove me back to the hotel at 6:00 p.m. but it was nearly 8:00 before Lowell returned for dinner, so we settled for a light snack and went to bed.

Friday, October 7

Up at 6:00, despite yesterday's tiring activities, we ate breakfast in the dining room which was attractive enough, but the table cloth was dirty with coffee stains and food spills. A surly waiter brought us orange juice, a slice of ham, a square of cheese, two hard rolls, and coffee.

Lowell departed around 8:00 with Dragan, for another day at the Institute. I waited in my room for Melina, who was supposed to come at 10:30. She finally came to my room at 11:00. It turned out she had been waiting in the lobby for me all this time, trying to call me. The desk clerk hadn't bothered to tell her our phone was not connected. She was so irritated she gave the desk clerk a real "chewing out." Then she added, "Dr. Hill is a very important person and he must have a phone." The clerk made a note and put it in a box. That was the extent of the response, because we never did get a working phone.

Melina drove to a museum only to discover it was closed for the day. We continued on to another one, only to be told we were not allowed inside because they were expecting a group of visitors from the French Embassy. At this point, Melina gave up on museums and drove to her favorite restaurant. A waiter said it would not be open for another 15 minutes, but we decided to wait. When it opened, Melina told them we would like to have our lunch in the garden. The waiter told her the garden was not open for dining today. We accepted his decree and were seated at a corner table. We were served a nice lunch in spite of all the difficulties. The interior of the restaurant was decorated in Bavarian style with big bouquets of asters on all the tables. I selected chicken kabob, french fries, and a luscious green salad. It was my first fresh greens since leaving home. The waiter brought a basket of fresh home made rolls. I chose a fruit compote with whipped cream for my dessert.

Following lunch Melina drove us back to the Institute for the afternoon lectures. Lowell's paper was the last for the day; usually a bad time for holding audience attention, but it went quite well. A colleague from Purdue told him later, he had heard the fellow behind him comment "that is the first economist I've heard say anything I could understand."

With the conference concluded for the day, we were bussed to a quaint little Bavarian restaurant overlooking the Danube River. Dragan told us this area was Bavarian prior to World War I. We were served an all fish meal, starting with a plate of batter-dipped fish. Next came paprika fish soup with noodles on the side, which were to be added as we pleased. There were three kinds of fish heaped on our plates along with parsley potatoes and cabbage salad as the main course. Baklava was our dessert. Wine and other drinks were offered freely, but our table was made up of water drinkers and we happily consumed eight large bottles.

We finished dinner amid much conversation and laughter, and strolled down the street in the warm autumn air to our waiting bus. The Blue Danube flowed gently, silently beside us as we walked. We were quite an object of interest in this quiet residential neighborhood. People popped their heads out of doorways and children clustered around the busses as we drove

through the dark streets. It was after 10:30 when our bus finally reached the hotel.

Saturday, October 8

The alarm clock went off at 6:00 in order for us to have breakfast before Dragan arrived at 8:15 to take Lowell to the Institute for a full day of papers and discussions. Melina stopped by the hotel at noon to drive us to the Intercontinental Hotel for lunch. In spite of its international reputation, it too lacked luster, but it was much better looking than the Slavia. The austerity associated with communist ideology was evident in all the buildings.

Following lunch, we returned to the downtown business district. Melina purchased some crystal for Rod Greeder of Pioneer Seed Co. in Illinois, to take home to his wife after the conference. Melina also bought some books for his two sons and a pair of Yugoslavian shoes for his new baby daughter. She apparently had agreed to handle his shopping while he was in the conference. Dragan was closely associated with Pioneer, and later accepted a position with the company. Then Melina took me to a high rise hotel overlooking the city for coffee and relaxed conversation. The Slavia Hotel was only a short distance down the street, so I told Melina I would walk and she could return home to take care of daughter Vanya. I waited in our room until after 7:00 p.m. for Lowell to return from the Institute expecting to go to dinner with the group. The rest of the conference group also thought a group dinner had been arranged for the evening. It turned out we were all mistaken — no one showed up to host us, so we all had to fend for ourselves. Lowell and I opted for convenience, and had a big dinner by ourselves at the hotel restaurant.

Sunday, October 9

We were awake early, unable to sleep even though this was the morning when nothing was scheduled and we could have caught up on our rest. After breakfast we walked into the lobby and discovered a group of folk dancers performing. There were two bus-loads of performers, all dressed in native costumes. The men wore loose fitting white trousers with black vests. The women wore white floor-length dresses covered with a dark plaid apron. When the show ended, we went for a walk and a leisurely lunch. We indulged in a nap and another walk around the streets near our hotel. Lowell used some of the idle time to dictate letters related to his research.

Late in the afternoon Dragan picked us up in the lobby of our hotel, along with a professor from Iowa State who we had met at the conference, and drove us to his apartment building. I was shocked when we stepped into the entrance of the building. It was grey and dismal. There was litter on the floor all around us and graffiti on all the cement block walls. It looked as though no one had done any cleaning or maintenance for years. We climbed four flights of stairs to Dragan and Melina's apartment. The apartment was clean and nicely furnished — not lavish, but comfortable. It was obvious that money was tight.

Dragan and Melina had invited several of their friends to come to their apartment for dinner. There was a professor of political science already there when we arrived. He looked the

Folk dancers in the hotel lobby



Monument to the Unknown Hero

stereotype of political scientists — long hair and a bushy beard. Two other couples arrived shortly after we sat down. One couple spoke very good English, having lived in Ottawa, Canada, for several years. She was a translator and he an architect. The other young couple spoke only a little English so we did not learn much about them. I gave Vanya a plastic, inflatable globe and she had great fun blowing it up.

Melina served us a beautiful buffet dinner consisting of steak, fried potatoes (delicious), peas, corn, meat pie, chicken loaf, and salad. Later in the evening she brought out huge platters of ice cream, petit fours, and dainty assorted cookies. Conversation was animated and ever so congenial, in spite of language and cultural differences. Dragan and Melina managed to translate for all of us while still giving attention to all the other guests. It is a pity the whole world can't enjoy such friendly relationships and exchanges. It was after midnight before Dragan returned us to the hotel. We were tired, but over-stimulated from all the interactions of the evening, and had a difficult time falling asleep.

Monday, October 10

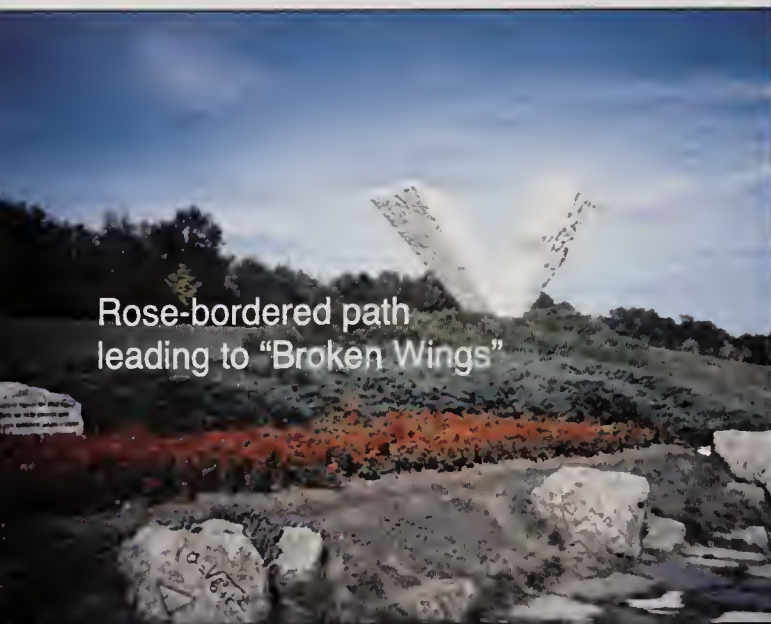
We were awake by 6:30 again this morning and hurried through breakfast, to be ready for an early pick up by someone to take us to the Institute to listen to more presentations at the conference. However, we waited until 9:30 and still no one arrived. Then to our surprise we were met by Aleksandar and Ivana from the Institute, who informed us they were to take us on a day of sight seeing. The head of the Institute saw no reason why Lowell needed to hear all the technical papers from plant breeders, and did not want me to be left on my own, so sent

Aleksandar with a company car. Lowell later arranged for Aleksandar to come to the U of I as a visiting researcher. He returned to Yugoslavia and spent the next two years struggling to overcome the political and financial blocks to returning as a student (see the chapter on Hungary for the extent of their challenges and determination.) Several years later, Aleksandar completed a PhD under Lowell's guidance. We "stood up" with Aleks and his fiancée, Violeta when they were married in the Urbana Courthouse. Following the civil ceremony, we organized the first-ever wedding reception in Mumford Hall. For now, Aleks and Ivana were congenial, wonderful conversationalists, and tried to accommodate our every request and interest and added a few suggestions of their own.

We were soon in the car driving south out of Belgrade through brilliant October sunshine. Our first stop was about 25 miles out of Belgrade at the "Monument to the Unknown Hero". It was situated on top of Mt. Avala in a beautiful dense green forest. The monument was constructed under orders from King Alexander I of Yugoslavia and designed by the Croatian-American sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic, to commemorate the fallen soldiers of World I (1912-1918) and those of the Balkan Wars (1912 and 1913). Iron, open-work gates opened to the north and south. Two Slavic women in national dress stood on either side of the entrance gates. The monument was surrounded by eight caryatides (columns shaped like female figures) each representing a different historical region. Bright red roses bordered the flagstone path leading to a long staircase of white marble. Flowers, shrubs, and grass provided a backdrop as the steps led us to the top, where the statues of two soldiers faced one another. The monument was a stepped pyramid of black marble, topped by the tomb covered in white marble. The panoramic view of the green, rolling valleys below and the city of Belgrade in the distance was spectacular. It was worth the long hike and the many steps to the top, even though my knee (which I had injured in Thailand) hurt at every step.

We retraced our steps down the forested path to the car. The diversity of trees in this protected "green area" added to the beauty. We identified oak, linden, locust, and pine, but there were many others with which we were not familiar. Back in the car, we drove south to the town of Oplenac to visit St George's Church containing the mausoleum for past kings of Yugoslavia. It too was located on the top of a mountain, and required a long trek up a steep forested path. Near the top and on our right was a relatively small house that had been the summer home of the Karadjordjevic Royal family. Following World War II, the communist government confiscated the home along with all the family holdings. However, in 1990 the land and buildings were returned to members of the Royal family.

Directly in front of us and at the crest of the hill was a gleaming white marble Byzantine style church with five gold domes shining in the warm October sun. The interior was a gorgeous display of mosaic murals all over the interior walls and ceiling, all glittering with inlay of 20 karat gold. The sanctuary was constructed in the traditional form of a cross with the long arm leading to the pulpit. A tomb lay in each arm of the cross — containing the original founder of the Karadorde Royal family and King Peter I. The sanctuary was empty except



Rose-bordered path
leading to "Broken Wings"



The bronze chandelier



St George's Church



Helmets and rifles give
pause for reflection



UNESCO World
Heritage Bridge
across the Drina River

for a workman, high on a scaffold doing some restoration, but from where we stood, we could hardly see the need.

A young woman, speaking Slavic, told us about the church and its history while Ivana translated her description into English. “The central dome holds a mosaic icon of St. George. The interior of the sanctuary is covered with mosaics with 725 painted compositions, depicting 1500 figures. It was constructed with 40 million pieces of glass in 15,000 different colors and shades. A massive bronze chandelier weighing 3300 pounds is suspended by eight chains from the center dome. Within the chandelier is a crown, hung upside down to symbolize the lost Serbian Empire during the battle of Kosovo in 1389.”

We then descended to the tombs below. Every inch of the stair’s ceiling and walls were covered in beautiful murals created from mosaic tiles. Some low arched windows allowed sunlight to filter through and supplement the soft electric lighting. Twenty members of the Dynasty and six generations of the Karadordevic family are buried in the church, but a number of tombs remained empty as the monarchy ended with World War II.

We returned to the car and proceeded on south some 80 kilometers from Belgrade to the small town of Kragujevac. Archaeological excavations have established that there were settlements at this location over 40,000 years ago. The town has always had a significance beyond its size because of its location. In the struggles for control there have been many casualties and loss of lives. The worst of them all was during World War II, in October of 1941. In retaliation for a local attempt to resist the advancing Nazis, between 6,000 and 8,000 people were shot over a period of one week. The Nazis set up quotas — 50 people to be shot for every German soldier wounded and 100 for every soldier killed. They would select several prisoners at random each day, line them up in an open field, shoot them, one by one and then bury them in mass graves where they fell. The town had already surrendered, but only after a strong resistance. The entire population was herded into the building and forced to watch. Many of the victims were school boys taken directly from the primary school. The slaughter was intended to instill fear in any other town that might consider resisting the German advance.

A museum south of town now houses their history. In one room a name is inscribed on each brick, naming those who died. The whole atmosphere of the museum and surrounding grounds is one of terror and death, penetrating the very soul of the visitor. The museum was simple and modern in design, but on a wall high above our heads were row upon row of guns with fixed bayonets pointing at visitors standing below. A simple sculpture depicting guns and murdered humans stands in quiet eloquence. One is sobered by the thought of the cruelty and I wished with all my soul it would never be repeated. I was glad to walk out again into the warm sunshine and turn my thoughts to the natural beauty of the rolling green fields. I could see in the distance, beautiful monuments surrounded by beds of flowers and sweeping lawns, marking the places of death and graves. Beyond the open fields, the hills were dotted with trees and walking paths.

We drove among the monuments, stopping at an especially beautiful one for a moment's admiration and contemplation. We left the sadness of the monument for a short drive to a lovely hotel and restaurant in a forest. There we stopped for lunch and were surprised it was already 2:00 p.m. The day had passed so quickly! We chose a table on the terrace. The place was bouncing with two bus loads of school children about 10 or 11 years old. It was after 3:00 before we departed this lovely setting for the drive back to Belgrade. We enjoyed the rolling countryside and villages as we drove. It was already dark when we reached our hotel at 6:00. We were ready for an early bed time.

Tuesday, October 11

We were up at 6:00 and through with breakfast by 7:00. Since we were scheduled to depart tomorrow, we did as much packing as possible. No one had informed us of the plans for the day, so Lowell finally called Dragan at his office. He said Melina would be coming to the hotel at 1:30 to take us for a drive, so we ate a quick lunch at the hotel. Melina arrived on schedule and drove us through a forested area to a place on a hill overlooking Belgrade where we enjoyed Baklava and coffee. The weather was perfect — warm and sunny with leaves starting to change color. We returned to Belgrade to visit a small museum housing furniture from the 1700s and 1800s. The Turkish influence was very evident. Melina dropped us off at our hotel. We ate dinner at the hotel and went early to bed in anticipation of the long journey home.

Wednesday, October 12

We woke at 4:30, took our bags to the lobby and were soon greeted by Dragan who was taking us to the airport. We arrived at 6:30, but had a long wait as the plane was an hour late leaving for New York. Once in the air, we appreciated the opportunity to finally “let down” after adapting to all the different responsibilities, languages, and situations in three countries. There was the usual wait in New York following the transfer to the domestic airport for the flight to Chicago. We were beginning to feel the effects of a long day when the plane landed at O'Hare.

We picked up a rental car in Chicago and headed for Urbana, stopping at the Hen House for coffee and a snack, as we often did, as a sort of re entry into the “real world.” It had been nearly four weeks since we had departed on the 3-country marathon. We were very tired, but the new experiences, the diversity of cultures and geography, old friendships renewed, and the new friendships found, made this a most memorable trip. We never cease to be grateful for the kindnesses shown us by so many people.

Korea

June 23 - July 4, 1989



Korea

1989

Friday, June 23

It was a beautiful mid-western summer morning. The air was warm with a cool haze rising from the earth — a true mid-western “corn country” day on the prairie. We were awake at 4:30 and the sky was already showing signs of light. Our taxi arrived at 5:15 and we were on our way to Willard Airport. We were surprised to see the airport bustling with people. Most appeared to be leaving for vacations. Our plane departed on time for O’Hare, but we were not so lucky with the next leg of our flight to San Francisco. We sat on the plane for an hour before our pilot informed us we were number 60 in line for take-off. We were a little concerned what this meant for our San Francisco connection, since we had only an hour to change planes, but we decided it would probably be alright since it appeared to be a customary connection used by many people headed for Korea or Japan. We had been placed in coach class and when we asked “why” since we had paid business class fare we were told they had to change equipment and there was no business class on this airplane.

We resigned ourselves to our fate and hoped the next leg of our journey would be better. However, we registered a protest when the attendant asked us to pay for our headphone sets. We were told everyone in coach class had to pay for their headphones. We said, “skip it! We are not paying for headphones after already being bumped down from business class. We will register our complaints when we return to the United States.” The flight attendant apologized for having to enforce the regulation and when no one was looking she dropped two headphone sets in Lowell’s lap.

We arrived in San Francisco; late as expected, with no assurances that our Korean flight would wait for us. The distance from the domestic gates to the international terminal was long, poorly marked, and unfamiliar to us. With no assistance from the airline employees, we raced for what we hoped was the appropriate shuttle car gate and hoped we were headed in the right direction. With my intuition for directions and a little luck, we arrived at the correct gate with 10 minutes to spare. Boarding was almost completed when we presented our tickets. Fortunately, they had our business class seats waiting for us this time. The food and personal attention from the attendants were excellent even before take-off, and we happily settled in for the 12-hour flight. With two movies, three meals, a comfortable seat, and no turbulence it was a most enjoyable trip — at least as enjoyable as a 12-hour confinement can be.

Saturday, June 24

We arrived in Seoul about 5:30 p.m., a little ahead of schedule, and cleared customs very rapidly and easily. Contrary to what we were led to believe, they gave us a very casual inspection and asked us to open only one small bag. We were met by Kung Sung Kye, the livestock specialist from the U.S. Feed Grains Council, and whisked by taxi to our hotel. Since the airport is about a 30 minute ride from the southwest corner of the Seoul area we sat back, relaxed and enjoyed the view. Small jagged mountains surrounded the area, jutting above the vegetable gardens and rice paddies. The foothills were often so steep that trees were the only growth possible on the mountain sides. The sun had moved to the hazy western sky and was beginning its slow descent. Our hotel had been changed from the Westin to the Plaza, much to our surprise. We had not been informed of the change until the driver stopped at what we thought was the wrong hotel. We were later informed the change was necessitated because the rates at the Westin exceeded the per diem allowed by the Feed Grains Council. We were under the control of the Council's regulations, since they were paying Lowell's expenses to conduct a survey of the feed grains processors in Korea.

As we checked in, we were handed a message from Kyung and Sook Lee. They had been at the airport to meet us, but had missed us in the crowd as a result of the fast action by the Feed Grains Council's driver, who had whisked us into a waiting car. We were scarcely in our room before Kyung called to say they would meet us at our hotel at 7:00 p.m. Kyung had been one of Lowell's first PhD students and was now the Korean Director for the American Soybean Association. They arrived at our room on the dot of 7:00, laden with a bouquet of roses for each of us and a huge basket of fruit. They insisted we have something to eat with them in the coffee shop, even though we were quite overstuffed from the first class food treatment on the plane trip. We settled for a bowl of corn soup in the hotel coffee shop and an opportunity for a pleasant visit. It was wonderful to see them again, but after an hour of animated conversation, covering as much as possible that had happened in Illinois since they had last visited the Department, and as much as possible that had happened to their family in Korea, jet lag relentlessly seeped through our bodies, numbing our minds as well. They could see we were fading at a rapid rate, so with reluctance to part, we said goodbye until tomorrow and retreated to our room for a night of most welcome sleep.

Just as our heads hit the pillows, the phone rang. Dan Featherston of the Feed Grains Council called requesting that Lowell meet him for breakfast at 7:30.

Sunday, June 25

We were up at 6:30, after a good night's sleep, in order to make our breakfast appointment with Dan Featherston as we had promised. He was already seated in the coffee shop when we arrived. He was a very pleasant young man with sandy hair, a few freckles, and a warm

smile. I liked him immediately, even though our breakfast conversation centered around the problems and challenges that lay ahead in Lowell's assignment.

After a leisurely breakfast Lowell and I went for a walk in the underground shopping mall and then returned to the hotel to wait for Kyung. He had arranged to meet us at 11:00 for lunch, followed by a visit to the Korean Folk Village, about 35 miles from town. Hanna, their youngest daughter, was ill so Sook had remained at home with her. Kyung decided we would have lunch in or near the Folk Village, at a spot to be selected by Kyung.

It was a pleasant drive on a wide toll road. Traffic was heavy. Seoul is an attractive city with many wide streets and tall new buildings. The city is divided by the lovely Han River that winds its way through the city on its journey to join the Yellow Sea at Inchon. There was little commercial traffic on the river, because the outlet to the sea is controlled by North Korea, and the river was very shallow. Most of the old city was destroyed during the Korean war, so the apartments and office buildings were very modern and had attractive architectural designs. With the exception of one area of old town housing, left over from pre-war days, everything looked very clean. "Surface clean, but don't drink the water," warned Kyung.

We stopped at a restaurant near the Folk Village. Kyung was very concerned about finding a place clean enough, so we could eat without danger of getting sick. The place he selected consisted of an unusual collection of buildings, scattered among low growing trees and built into a hillside. A young woman in native dress escorted us up a path on the hillside, to a small private pagoda. After removing our shoes we were seated on cushions at a long low table and were quickly served cold drinks — bottled Pepsi! Lowell tried to organize his long legs under the low table as Kyung and I folded ours beneath us. Kyung ordered beef ribs and the waitress brought a glowing red briquette of coal, much like the ones we had seen in China. The briquette had been formed into a round disk, about four inches in diameter and two inches thick. The disks, which were perforated with holes to encourage combustion, were placed in the base of a cooking grill located in the center of our table. The meal consisted of a large number of raw dishes of unknown content, as well as sea food such as miniature crabs. We decided not to try most of these dishes in the interest of safety. Kyung ate the small crabs, shell and all, in one bite. There was also some raw squid we decided we could skip.

The beef was very good and had been marinated in a sauce of soy, sugar, garlic, sesame seed, etc. I limited myself to the grilled beef and bowls of rice. We were also served a sweetened rice drink in a bowl, and a thin soup with vegetables floating in it. We had already consumed a very spicy soup with vegetables, which was very good, but very peppery. Last, but not least, we concluded our lunch with a slice of watermelon.

We then proceeded to the Korean Folk Village. It consisted of restored houses and buildings from years gone by; not unlike our own Greenfield Village or Williamsburg, with craftsmen at work using age-old methods and equipment for weaving, carving, etc. The village covered a large area with trees and shrubs everywhere. A long pond stretched almost the length



Korean lunch at outdoor pavilion



Band with the horse-hair hats



Ribbon dance in the folk village

of one side, and a beautiful bridge provided a favorite spot for photographs. We saw restored farm buildings made of wood with roofs thatched with straw. The floors were about a foot above ground and covered with tatami mats. A little farther along the path was a school constructed in a similar way. Near the end of the park was a raised platform covered with a thatched roof. Seated on the platform, a brightly costumed band blared forth oriental music. As we neared the city hall we could see models of the city fathers dressed in long flowing robes and very unusual high crowned, black woven, horse hair hats with broad brims.

Special performances were held at different times during the day in various locations in the park. We came upon a group of brightly costumed dancers, with long ribbons streaming from their caps, performing intricate dances. They kept their bodies and heads in constant motion, so the long streamers never touched the ground. Nearby were a number of food stalls and picnic tables where people were having lunch. When we saw a man doing calligraphy. Kyung decided to show us his ability. No sooner had he started, than every passerby joyfully gathered around the craft table to give him advice on how to form each character.

We followed the path along the south side of the pond and met a mock wedding procession in progress. Cymbal and drum pounding male members of the party led the procession, followed by four men carrying a litter in which the bride was sitting. She was swathed in a red and gold garment and veil. We stopped to watch a farmer's band and performing acrobats. The musicians wore the traditional horsehair hats. We spent an entire afternoon in the village and left knowing we had been able to absorb only a small part of the activities and atmosphere — plenty of reason to return again. When I tried to buy a doll in traditional dress, Kyung insisted it was a gift from him and Sook. We returned to the hotel around 6:00, ate a sandwich at the coffee shop, and dropped into bed.

Monday, June 26

We breakfasted with Dan again, as he continued instructions and advice on the project, then he and Lowell departed for the Feed Grain Council's Office. Sook called me at 10:00 and asked me to meet her in the lobby at 10:30. We spent the morning visiting the South Gate shopping area — packed with people and street vendors. South Gate is a large stone structure with an arched gateway in the center. It is all that remains of a wall that surrounded the old city. Most of the wall was destroyed during the Korean war. We went from there to visit an indoor market, frequented mostly by wholesalers buying flowers, clothing, dishes, household linens, etc. All were packed into stalls so tight you could hardly breathe in the very warm air. The aisles were almost too narrow to walk through. I bought a lovely heart-shaped lace pillow and Sook bought a blouse. A Korean woman watched me buy the pillow and immediately bought all the remaining lace pillows. Sook laughed and said the woman probably owned a boutique and my purchase had convinced her that pillows were hot sale items for tourists. We walked some distance back to the Lotte Department Store and had lunch. Sook again would not let me pay.



Kyung demonstrates his skill at calligraphy



The bride arrives



The groom follows on a very thin pony

We took a taxi to the East Gate market, primarily to see the silk market and another clothing center. The air was heavy and humid, with car-fume pollution, under an overcast sky. A little after 2:00, we both had had enough shopping and walking, so we decided to return to the hotel. After several futile attempts, we persuaded a taxi to stop in response to our signal. On the way back to the hotel we passed a raging restaurant fire. Once in my room at the hotel I showered and collapsed for a nap until time to dress for our evening activities. Lowell returned at 5:00, sharing his day's activities of interviews as we dressed for the evening.

Kyung picked us up in his car at 6:30, at the front door of the hotel. Parking was so difficult he usually arranged to drive around and around the block until we appeared at the appointed spot. He stopped by his apartment to pick up Sook, and drove us to the Palace Hotel to have dinner with the Managing Director of the Korean Feed Association and his wife. The Director provided Lowell with many insights into the feed grain industry and the Association. The Association has 47 members who produce 77% of the total feed manufactured in Korea. While they talked about imports, grain quality, and feed processing, his wife shared with me, many insights into Korean life and culture. They were a delightful couple — a little shy about using their English, but their accent was very easy to understand. Dinner was a delicious 5-course affair with an apparent price tag of over \$50.00 a plate (expensive for that time and place). Dinner included hors d'oeuvres, soup, salad, beef, shrimp, trout, Kiwi fruit, and sherbet. It was a pleasant, relaxed evening providing us many insights into business as well as personal life in Korea. We couldn't have found better company anywhere in the world. We expressed our appreciation for their hospitality, said our goodbyes, and Kyung drove us back to our hotel through the brightly-lit streets of Seoul.

Tuesday, June 27

We were awake early this morning and had breakfast with Dan at 7:30. Lowell and Dan departed for a full day of meetings, in Inchon, shortly after breakfast. Sook came to the hotel for me about 10:00. We took a taxi to the Changdokkung Palace, arriving just in time for an English speaking tour. The beautifully landscaped grounds covered over 100 acres. We walked the broad gravel paths, stopping at various buildings for information and views. The overall appearance was much like the Forbidden City in China, but somewhat simplified in structure. The structures were of weathered wood with tile roofs. The colors and trim tended to be soft corals and turquoise, in contrast to the brilliant golds, reds, and blues of China. There was less use of marble steps and fences here, but this place had an air of quiet elegance. One path led off to our right and our guide said it led to the Queen Mother's home. At the far end of the grounds was a place called the "secret garden." It was a lovely garden area with shade trees and little summer houses perched at the edge of various lily ponds, where royalty could enjoy tea, rest, and fish. The ponds were filled with fragrant pink and white water lilies. Swallows darted about, skimming insects from the surface of the pond. Butterflies drifted lazily over the

water lilies, occasionally pausing on a blossom for a sip of nectar. One large building dominated a small hill rising above one of the ponds. It had been a library. Next to it was a school building where scholars had conducted exams for the elite, at prescribed times of the year. We viewed the quarters that housed the men and women scholars. Our guide pointed to the roof of the men's building and showed us it was higher than the roof on the women's building because men held a higher status than women. That philosophy appeared to permeate all walks of Korean life, even at the present. I watched as young men pushed young and old women aside on crowded streets, as if they were nothing to be considered and relished the opportunity to show it. The Korean flag has a divided red and blue sphere on a white background; red above blue to designate heaven above earth. It also indicated the status of men above women, or so we were told.

Sook was always concerned for my health, where food was involved, so we walked a short distance to a hotel that had been leased to the American Government. We had to show our passports to enter (Sook had become an American citizen while in the United States). After a quick sandwich for lunch we took a taxi to an area where there were many small antique and craft shops. We spent the afternoon wandering in and out of the many interesting shops, dodging an occasional rain shower. We each limited our purchases to two handmade brass relish forks.

We returned to our hotel about 3:30. Lowell returned at 5:00. Kyung and Sook called for us at 7:00 and we were driven by taxi to "Korea House" which is a Korean Cultural center. Waiting on the steps, at the entrance to the Cultural Center, were our hosts, a Mr. Ye Kyu Chang (chairman of the Korean Curd Cooperative), and another member of the Soybean Association. They were accompanied by their wives. One of the wives was in western dress, but the other wore the beautiful traditional dress — a long flowing garment with full sleeves. We were greeted by bows and hand shakes, then led up a curving, tree lined, stepping stone path, to a beautiful octagonal glass enclosed pagoda, perched at the crest of the hill. We slipped off our shoes at the entrance and stepped onto a highly polished floor. A large low octagonal table dominated the center of the room. A huge bouquet of roses had been placed in the center of the table. Soft lighted lanterns were located around the outer perimeter of the room. A beautifully painted screen formed a backdrop on one side of the room. The remainder of the walls were unobstructed glass, exposing a captivating outdoor wooded scene. We were quickly seated around the table on bright blue cushions with high backs. Our waitress, in traditional dress, moved gracefully to and from the room, across the polished floor, bearing tray after tray of food. She indicated I need not sit Korean style, but could stretch my legs under the table, as I noticed the other ladies did most of the time. The correct Korean method is to bend one leg underneath the body and extend one leg bent gracefully forward.

A small menu card was at each place. We were asked our preference for drinks. A lacquered divided tray of tidbits was brought for every two people. Two large silver soup

spoons and a pair of silver chopsticks, resting on a holder, were placed to the right of our napkins. The food service went on and on with countless dishes of soups, vegetables, spicy tidbits, beef ribs, lobster, rice, etc. Dessert was dainty slices of watermelon.

The meal had opened with a formal greeting from our host and a reply from Lowell. Sook translated conversations between the other ladies and myself, as they didn't speak English. I became aware I was of great interest to them as to how much Korean etiquette I knew. They seemed quite approving of my use of chopsticks and went so far as to tell Sook I held them "very nicely". They giggled and checked to see if I placed my feet Korean or Western style.

As soon as dinner was finished Lowell expressed our appreciation and we were hurried down the hillside to the main building and into the auditorium where a cultural program of music and dance was already in progress. We slipped into our seats as the wedding dance was being performed. The costumes and dance were beautiful. An oriental orchestra was seated on the floor at one side of the stage. The musicians were dressed in garments of celadon green and all wore the tall, wide brimmed, black, horse hair hats. An older, but very attractive actress, gave an oral rendition of Romeo and Juliet. This was followed by eight beautiful women doing an intricate dance with fans. Next, eight more young women burst on stage carrying hour glass shaped drums. The rhythm was fast and the dance was exciting and beautiful. The program finished about 9:30; much too soon to my way of thinking. As we were leaving the auditorium we met and were introduced to Howard Wetzel who was the American Agriculture Trade Officer. Lowell had been scheduled to meet him earlier in our visit, but he was fully occupied trying to resolve a crisis caused by publicity about the chemical "alar" on grapefruit. The accusation halted imports of Florida grapefruit, but the concern was later proven to have no basis what-so-ever. After a brief visit we thanked our hosts and Sook and Kyung accompanied us back to our hotel.

Wednesday, June 28

We awoke to a very foggy, smoggy morning. Lowell and Dan (now clearly established as our personal guide for business) were to fly to Ulsan at 11:00 a.m. and I began to wonder if they would be able to go, but things cleared by departure time and they did go.

Sook came for me shortly after 11:00 a.m. and we departed by taxi to the Kyongbokkung Palace. We entered by the east gate. A tall stone wall surrounded the grounds. We first visited a building housing an art collection. There was a special exhibit of fans, old and new, all attractively displayed. One grouping was mounted on a folding screen; a novel idea for any home. We then continued around the beautiful grounds. There were quite a number of school children present. Some groups were involved in art classes. One especially charming group of children consisted of 50 or more kindergartners, all in their white school uniforms. Little yellow hats topped each little black head. They were like darling little puppies and kittens as they tumbled about, trying to follow the teacher's directions to line up and stay in place so I could take their

picture. Another group of junior high students were painting with water colors and happily displayed their work for us.

Outside we found a pizza restaurant for lunch. Sook, as always, worried things were not clean enough for me. She ordered a bottle of Pepsi and two paper cups. When the waiter said there were no paper cups, she washed the glasses with a Pepsi cola rinse before filling them for us to drink.

We quickly finished our lunch and proceeded to the National museum and spent several hours covering the three floors. Porcelain and bronze objects dominated the exhibits. The items displayed included a wonderful exhibit of celadon. Most of the pieces dated back to the 1700s and had been part of a cargo on board a ship that had gone down at sea. It was only a few years ago that modern technology provided the equipment to raise the cargo from its deep grave. Unbelievably, hundreds of pieces were in mint condition. We returned to the hotel a little after 5:00. My feet were so swollen I could hardly wear my shoes.

Lowell returned on schedule at 8:00. He too had had a long day.

Thursday, June 29

The air was very smoggy again this morning, but not quite as bad as the day before. Automobile pollution in Seoul, combined with weather conditions, made it much like many other big cities of the world.

Sook called at 10:45 and warned me to take an umbrella as it would be hot in the Olympic Park. She arrived at 11:00 with Hanna, 11 years old, Junie, 14 (going on 18), and friend Jeannie (13) in tow. Hanna had recovered from her sore throat. We took the subway to the other side of the Han river to the new Lotte Shopping Center. The huge 4-story complex was one of the most attractive I have seen anywhere. It was filled with fountains, glass, and greenery. One fountain was a replica of Rome's Trivi Fountain. Another fountain sprayed a fine mist into a pool, while images were projected on the wall behind it. The combination of images and water created unusual impressions, such as a large wolf hound splashing through the water.

We went immediately to the top floor to see an exhibition called, "Lotte's World Folk Village." It was one of the most impressive displays I've seen anywhere. The displays included a combination of miniature and life-size dioramas from the beginning of man, following his physical and housing development in Korea through time. Horses, costumes, tombs, etc. were all replicated in exact miniature. In other areas there were huge table displays of palaces, surrounding grounds, and dolls in costume. We continued through a wonderful maze of tables depicting all walks of Korean life, from the royal households and palaces to village scenes. The displays included farms, markets, palaces, temples, wedding and birthday ceremonies, a 61st birthday celebration, education, and festivals, all with exquisitely dressed little dolls from 8 to 12 inches high, depicting the activities and their station in life. We studied in more detail a huge replica of the throne and buildings of the court of the Kyongbokkung Palace, which we had

seen the previous day. The miniature emperor stood on the steps of the royal pavilion and hundreds of royal courtiers filled the courtyard before him. Men and women dolls were positioned and dressed according to his or her rank. Soldiers with bows and arrows on their backs lined the outer perimeter. The display and the detail were breathtaking!

We next came upon a little theater plaza and watched a humorous, Korean version of Romeo and Juliet. I characterized it as a cross between Romeo and Juliet, and Robin Hood. No one dies, and Romeo and Juliet live happily ever after.

By three o'clock the girls were starving and I was having a few hunger pangs myself. Sook suggested we have lunch on the little Korean floor platforms, but the girls rebelled and said they wanted hamburgers. When Sook tried to insist, Junie informed her, "If I have to eat that stuff I'll be sick." Her Americanized taste and independence were both in evidence. Sook conceded and I did not object to substituting a hamburger for another traditional Korean meal.

We then returned to the cultural center to do a little shopping before Sook put the girls in a taxi and sent them home. Hanna had a piano lesson and needed to return. Sook and I took a taxi to the Olympic Park, site of the 1988 Olympic games. It was a beautiful park, but it was so late we were able to make only a small dent in viewing all it had to offer. Sook returned me to the hotel at 6:00 p.m. Lowell, Dan, and the Feed Grains Council, hosted a dinner in the hotel and I chose not to go as it was all men. I took the opportunity to wash and set my hair. By 10:00 I was ready to turn in for the night.

Friday, June 30

We awoke to still another smoggy morning, but the sky was the clearest that we had yet seen. We could actually see the mountains jutting above the city on the horizon to the northwest. At one point the old wall that surrounded the city in ancient times, was visible on the side of the distant mountains. The city hall was just across the Plaza from our hotel. The Toksugung Palace grounds were across the street to the west and the Westin hotel was on our right and to the east. Much of the downtown area was connected by underground tunnels almost completely occupied by shops and kiosks. Once beneath the ground, it was almost impossible to tell where the stairs or walkways lead. Lowell frequently had to surface several times before he emerged on the side of the street that would coincide with his destination. He said it was like a prairie dog burrow, never knowing from which hole the dogs will pop out.

Sook, the girls, and I spent almost the entire day at the It'ai Wan shopping area — a district well known to visitors from around the world. It is one of those "shop till you drop" places. Both of us were getting tired by now. It had been a full day of non stop activity, and Sook decided not to join us for dinner. Kyung had arranged a dinner for us with the only other Korean agricultural economists to graduate from the University of Illinois. Dr. Tack Jin Kwon was the retired president of the Korea University in Seoul. Dr. Ki Hyuk Pak was a professor at Yonsei University. They both graduated from the University of Illinois in the 1960s and were

active and enthusiastic supporters of the U of I alumni association in Seoul. They had recently met with Chancellor Weir to organize a \$50,000 fund drive in Korea for the U of I Foundation. I was the only woman present, but I had become accustomed to this in Asian countries. Wives are not encouraged to participate in these social events, even though the wife of the visitor is welcome. Women in any social function are an exception to this subtle rule. It was a very pleasant evening. We returned to the hotel after 9:00 p.m.

Saturday, July 1

We were up early this morning as Kyung had arranged for us to join the U.S.O. tour to Panmunjom. He arrived promptly at 7:30 to drive us to the U.S.O. building where the bus was waiting. En route we passed the university, the location of many student demonstrations and much student unrest. This particular day the students were protesting their right to participate in the North Korean Games. Armed police with helmets and shields surrounded the entrance to the university, where a fire bomb lay shattered and smoking in the street as we passed the entrance.

We arrived at the U.S.O. building unscathed and soon boarded the bus for Panmunjom. It was a full bus, and most passengers were military wives or had military connections. All military personnel were required to wear uniforms. No jeans or sneakers were allowed as North Korean soldiers take pictures and tell their people how poor South Koreans are. The drive north took about one and a half hours along a very attractively landscaped four lane highway. Quite frequently we passed through big solid under passes which, we were told, could be detonated, allowing large barriers to drop down to block tanks and troops in case of an invasion from the North. South Korea obviously does not trust the uneasy truce to a war that has never officially ended and with constant reminders of the animosity from the North.

We arrived at Freedom Bridge about 10:30 and waited a few minutes for permission to pass on the one lane bridge across the Imjin River. Parallel to this bridge was the remains of another one that had been destroyed during the Korean conflict. We passed several check points as we crossed the two and one half mile buffer zone. At each stop an M.P. came aboard and checked our visitor passes. At one stop our guide, a U.S. soldier, pointed to an area he said was a mine field, but it was not obvious to the casual observer. There was one village in the buffer zone, called Freedom Village. In order to use this land these people had to give proof of their original occupation of the land before the conflict, and prove they were loyal to South Korea. Only then were they granted large parcels of land (by Korean standards). They were allowed to leave during the day, 200 days of the year, but had to return by 11:00 p.m. Most were quite wealthy, we were told. Rice paddies filled the flat lands, with small mountains jutting here and there from among the paddies. There were many vegetable plots along with patches of ginseng which was sheltered from the sun by thatched roofs. It is very sensitive to hot and cold and grows up to six years before it must be replanted.



Freedom Bridge



Bridge of No Return

We stopped at the military compound which housed the U.S. forces. They comprise the front line of the forces facing the North Korean army. We were ushered first to a building (really a bar with a pool in back) called “The Monastery” to wait until time for a briefing. About 15 minutes later we walked up the sidewalk to the briefing room. We were first given a paper to sign to agree that in case of trouble (war, attack, etc.) the United States or the United Nations’ forces could not be held responsible for our safety nor required to come to our aid. Not a very comforting feeling, but everyone signed.

We were then given a 35-minute briefing about the history and geography of the region. We were told where we could take photos and where photos were prohibited. We were not to gesture, point, or make any unusual motions when we approached (or were within sight of) the North Korean territory. We would be surrounded on three sides by North Korea. We then boarded a military bus. All U.N. vehicles were painted a pale celadon green. North Korean vehicles were painted red (what else?) We were driven slowly along a narrow road to a compound where North meets South. The south side was dominated by a little sunken garden and the tall, snowy white, 3-story Freedom Pagoda, with blue and pastel colored trim.

We were ushered past the pagoda, flanked by military guards, to a long low building. Clearly visible, the North Korean armed guards watched us from their watch towers on either side, some using their binoculars. There was an imposing building centered against the hillside above us on the North Koreans’ side of the fence. There were several guards standing in the doorways and windows of the building. However, if one looked closely you could see that the imposing building was only about three feet in depth. It was a facade which had been built (so we were told) to impress the South Koreans; they apparently did not know how obvious was their hoax.

We were again told under no circumstances were we to point, gesture, or take photos. The explanation was, the North Koreans used every opportunity to turn tourists’ actions to their advantage in their propaganda. A tourist in jeans could be on the front page of a newspaper to show how poor and destitute were the American tourists.



Panmunjom Freedom Pagoda



N Korean fake building



Two flags divide the North from South



Microphones monitor all sounds . . . even hanging from the ceiling

We entered a long low building with windows on both sides. A long table covered with a green cloth was in the center of the room. A United Nations' flag and a North Korean flag stood side by side in holders at one end of the table. The north side of the table and the room were North Korea; the south side was South Korea. A ribbon down the center of the table continued across the floor, out the window, and on down the sidewalk, extending the division as far as the eye could see. A huge cluster of microphones hung from the ceiling at either side of the table. Microphones were lined down the center of the table. We were told North Korea could hear every word or sound in the room. The North and South Korean representatives met in the room every day for continuing discussions. As a humorous comment, our guide pointed to the flags and told us their story. At the beginning of the truce discussions the North Koreans brought a flag a few inches taller than the United Nations' flag. The next day the United Nations soldiers brought a little taller flag. This prompted the North Koreans to bring a still taller flag. This competition continued until they could no longer get the flags through the door to the room. Both sides finally agreed to have small table-size flags the same size. Our guide pointed out that the tip of the North Korean standard was just a tad taller than ours, but we had a tad broader base. For a few minutes we stood on the North Korean side — a somber thought for all present. We returned to the pagoda and climbed to the top level to stare back at the North Koreans posted on the hillside. They were snapping photos and training their binoculars on us while we returned the favor. Again we were warned; "no pointing or gestures."

Behind us lay a pretty little oriental garden where a Russian soldier had sought refuge when he broke through the line to freedom, with North Korean guards pursuing him. A battle ensued with one North Korean killed, a number of injuries, and the Russian escorted to freedom.

We boarded the bus for a short drive down a narrow road to the last two checkpoints. The first was on the side of a hill over looking the valley toward the North Korean village, commonly called "Propaganda Village." Loud speakers blared forth the virtues of North Korean life as apposed to the life in wicked South Korea. "South Korea is a U.S. COLONY" was written in Korean characters along one hillside. We stared hard into that forbidden land and cold shivers ran down my spine as the grasses on the hillside stirred in the warm June breeze. We stood quietly, each with our own thoughts. We were driven to the last check-point where a guard station, guarded "the bridge of no return." Steel posts prevented passage. The last persons to cross that bridge were the men from the captured ship the *Pueblo*.

A monument was located near the roadside. Here, in the 1970s, two U.S. military men accompanied a tree trimming crew to cut down a tree that was obstructing the view of the last guard post. They were viciously attacked by North Koreans. The U.S. officer and the other soldier were killed. Several of the crew were injured before reinforcements could arrive. The tree cutters later returned, with a well armed support group, and finished the job. We returned back to the "Monastery" and to a building housing a dining room and social center. We had

been hosted by a charming American soldier with sandy hair, freckles, and a most winning personality. He was delighted to learn we were from the mid-west as he was from Kansas. "Oh, someone from home," he exclaimed. He had two more months to serve there and one more in the States before discharge, then off to med school. We had been informed earlier all young men at this post had to pass very exacting tests; such as, superior skills, be over six feet tall, at least a black belt in karate etc. He appeared to fit the bill.

After a lunch of sandwiches and Pepsi we returned across the Freedom Bridge to the nearby Freedom Park. It was pretty with flowers and monuments. A large number of riot police were sitting at the side of the road having lunch. There had been word that dissident students might march on the bridge and the South Korean force was prepared to prevent any such demonstration. We were also shown the end of a tunnel that had been dug and a narrow rail line laid by North Korean soldiers determined to find a way to cross the line undetected and create as much military damage as possible. It looked quite small for moving enough troops to do much damage, but the logic of North Korea was often obscure. After a short time of viewing the park we returned to Seoul and our hotel.

Kyung returned to take us to his home at 7:00 p.m. for dinner. The sky opened and rain poured down. Their home was a modern 5-bedroom apartment with two baths, living room, kitchen, dining area, and an enclosed balcony across the front. Sook served us a wonderful dinner of salads, broccoli and cheese, green beans, grilled beef, chicken wings, ice tea, and apple pie. The three girls provided us with plenty of entertainment. Kyung returned us to our hotel about 10:00 p.m. It was still raining and we feared the monsoon season had begun.

Sunday, July 2

We slept a little later this morning as Kyung was not to come for us until 10:00 a.m., which he did with the three girls in tow. Sook had remained at home to prepare for departure to the U.S. with us on July 4. They wanted us to see a little more of Korea before we departed, so he organized a day tour of Kanghwa Island. He told us it had much historical significance for Korea. It was a surprise to see such a beautiful day with a cool breeze blowing. Our first stop was at the visitors' center then on to an old temple, passing through a town with a bustling garlic market in progress. Vendors lined the streets, selling huge strings of garlic. We spent about an hour walking the temple grounds and then made a short visit to a museum. A little after noon Kyung produced a picnic basket with a lunch Sook had packed for us. Kyung rented a ground cloth for us to sit on and we spread it under the trees. After lunch we visited an old fort and fortress overlooking the sea. Craggy old pines whispered softly in the wind as we looked across the blue water to the main land of Korea. Looking in the opposite direction we could barely see the top of a low mountain to which, according to legend, the fire of life was brought in the beginning of time. Reluctantly we returned to the car for the hour and a half drive back to Seoul.

Monday, July 3

Following a leisurely breakfast, Lowell and I walked over to the U.S. Feed Grains Council office to return some questionnaires. A number of dissident students were standing guard outside the building, attempting to intimidate anyone trying to enter the building, by their glares and demeanor. They were protesting Americans in Korea and were considered to be sympathetic to North Korea. They made no attempt to stop our progress except by their glares. I gave them a mother's withering glance, and they dropped their eyes as we passed. A bus load of riot police was parked nearby with shields and batons near at hand. A young woman unlocked the door for us to enter and quickly locked it behind us. We took the elevator to the floor where Dr. Young-in-Park had his office. He greeted us warmly and entered into animated conversation about America as well as a few comments about the work he and Lowell were doing. Before we departed, he insisted on picking us up at our hotel and taking us to lunch — to which we gladly agreed. The restaurant was located on the far side of town. We were treated to a delicious lunch of Chinese food, some 56 stories up in a new building, overlooking the river.

We had a very enjoyable discussion. He told us he had been forced into the North Korean army at 15, but had escaped to South Korea. His oldest brother was a teacher at the time of the invasion of Seoul, but has never been found since then. They still hope he might be alive somewhere in North Korea. Meanwhile, his brother's wife and son are accepted by Dr. Park as his responsibility. He discussed the problem he was having with his 20-year-old (dissident) college son. Like parents everywhere, he tries to talk reason with him, but cannot convince him of the wisdom of the older generations' ideals. He told us of his educational plans to enter him in a U.S. university, at just the right time, to have an effect upon his developing values.

We returned to the hotel and since it was our last day, we took a taxi to It'ai Wan shopping area for a few more items from the shops.

Tuesday, July 4

We finished our packing in preparation for returning home in the afternoon. Sook, Kyung, Hanna, and Junie were to return to the states with us. They were going "home" on a month's home leave. They had intended to return several weeks earlier, but when they learned of our trip, they sent Henry on to Harvard summer school by himself and postponed their trip to be with us. When I protested to Sook she was spending too much of her valuable time with me, she softly said "In Korea, parents come first and teachers second." What a special gift they had given us by sharing their time and respect.

We met the four of them at the airport and boarded the plane to San Francisco together. The Fourth of July! What a wonderful day for us to arrive back home again in the good old USA!! With goodbye hugs in San Francisco we changed planes and continued on to Illinois and home.

Venezuela

February 15 - 26, 1990



Venezuela

1990

Thursday, February 15

The U.S. Feed Grains Council had asked Lowell to conduct surveys of processors in several countries to identify their quality preferences and problems. After several years of trying to block his work overseas, they had finally reversed their position and agreed to provide travel and research funds. They had instructed their local representative in Venezuela to translate and distribute a written questionnaire to all the major importers and processing plants in Venezuela. Our trip to Venezuela was going to be an interesting one, because we were to include Gary McKinny representing the grain industry and Marion Hartman representing the National Corn Growers. As a farmer he was enthusiastic about trying to improve relations with foreign importers, while Gary, with a grain industry bias was questioning whether the trip would create more problems than solutions. Gary had worked for Garnac in Kansas before retiring and joining the Feed Grains Council (USFG). We were already familiar with the challenges we would face once we reached Venezuela; however, the problems started the night before we departed.

It had been raining most of the day and by evening the temperature had dropped below freezing. Ice was forming on power lines and branches as we closed the suitcases. By bed time tree branches were already falling to the ground under the weight of the ice. All night long our uneasy sleep was interrupted by the sound of breaking branches and ice crashing on the roof. At 3:45 I saw a flash of light like a lightning strike, and realized that falling wires had shorted across and we no longer had power. We dozed fitfully for another hour, hoping for the best. When the alarm sounded at 4:30 we hurriedly dressed and tried to assess where we stood as to our departure for the airport. After considerable difficulty Lowell reached the airport by phone, and was told our TWA flight to St. Louis had been cancelled as well as the next three flights, because no planes could land in this storm. They agreed to check on possible connections through Dayton on U.S. Air. That plane was on the ground from the night before and might be able to take off. All of these arrangements required numerous phone calls, squeezed into a 30-minute time slot, with only the light of a candle.

Our pre-arranged taxi showed up 10 minutes early, but we sent him away as we didn't know if we would be flying, and had to stay by the phone waiting for word from the airport. Just as the taxi departed, the phone rang and the airport told us we were booked on a U.S. Air flight that would be loading in 20 minutes. The next few minutes were frantic bordering on

panic!!! Lowell still had to finish dressing, we had to call for the taxi to come back, and gather the suitcases. The street and all the houses were completely dark, so we put a candle outside our door so the taxi driver could find us. We grabbed suitcases and closed and locked the door, turning our backs on what crisis and catastrophe might develop in the house while we were gone.

The streets were clogged with broken branches and downed trees, but we were being plunged into a “crystal palace” world. Every branch and bush reflected the lights of the taxi, as the driver dodged around the litter in the streets, even driving on lawns. All the while he kept assuring us he would get us to the airport in time. To our relief and joy he was true to his word, but with no time to spare. We were the last people to board as they slammed the door on the plane, but we were inside!! Our 6:00 a.m. flight taxied down the runway and a few minutes later we were airborne, leaving the storm behind us and carrying with us all our concerns about the house with no heat, refrigerator, or electricity.

We changed planes in Dayton to catch the flight to Miami. As we stepped off the plane, Lowell whispered that I had forgotten to close the zipper on the back of my dress. I thought I was lucky if that was all we had missed in our hurried dressing and departure. Our flight to Miami arrived on time, leaving us with a three-hour wait in the airport for the 5:30 p.m. departure for Caracas.

We arrived in Caracas a few minutes early and moved quickly through immigration and customs. We were besieged by many taxi drivers trying to recruit passengers. Suspicious of their eagerness to grab our bags, we eluded them and went directly to the transportation office. There we were able to purchase a ticket for 420 bolivars giving us authority to select among the taxis waiting outside. After repeated requests, the driver reluctantly provided a receipt. It required the better part of an hour to make the trip from the airport (located on the flat coast line) over the 3000-foot mountain pass, to the high valley. Caracas is strung like a long ribbon between two mountain ranges — the lower one to the south, the higher one to the north of the city. We found our reservations waiting for us at our Hotel C.C.T. My hotel card shows we checked in at 10:44 p.m. It had indeed been a long day.

Our room was a comfortable 3-room suite, arranged and paid for by the Feed Grains Council, in one of their more generous gestures. As we completed registration we were given a message from a Gunther Faulhaber requesting we call him at home. It required three phone calls to keep the line open long enough to finish a conversation, but the result was an invitation to have a tour of the city tomorrow with his daughter as a guide, and to join him and his wife for dinner Friday night. We took a quick shower and fell into bed, trying not to think about what disasters might be developing in Urbana following the ice storm.

Friday, February 16

We ate breakfast at 8:00 and decided to take a walk through the local streets. We discovered that the Hotel C.C.T. was adjacent to a large 3-story shopping center, and spent

an hour investigating the shops and items on display.

Following lunch at the hotel, we were picked up by Katherine Faulhaber, the daughter of Gunther — the main contact for arranging interviews with many of the processing plants the team was going to visit. He was the equivalent of a general manager of a conglomerate of processing firms in Venezuela owned by a German Company. Gunther had come from Germany 27 years ago, but he and his family were still very much German.

Katherine was a delightful young woman — a blue-eyed blond in her 20s. She gave us a driving tour of Caracas, but warned us not to visit the old city center as it was very dangerous. There had been riots as recently as the day before we arrived, which worried Katherine's mother both for the safety of the family as well as for what it would mean for the town and country. Foreigners were often attacked and cameras, wallets, jewelry taken from them. The victims were often thrown to the ground and injured in the process of relieving them of their valuables. Katherine drove us to a very wealthy residential area in the mountains. The houses and grounds around them were very lavish and beautiful. Katherine also showed us the contrast by driving us through a very poor housing area.

We drove to a quaint little town, high above Caracas. It was very Spanish in appearance and built around a town square, much like those we had seen in Mexico. We had coffee and pastries at a tiny shop, then walked around the square to a craft shop, with a wonderful assortment of pottery, jewelry, woven crafts, furniture, masks, baskets, etc. It was difficult to refrain from purchasing more than I could carry home. It was after five o'clock when we finally returned to the hotel for a brief "freshen" and rest before dinner.

Gunther Faulhaber, his wife, and his daughter called for us at our hotel at 7:00 and drove to a typical Venezuela restaurant. The evening provided an excellent opportunity to obtain information about the company and Gunther's views on the politics and economics of Venezuela. He provided Lowell with information on their plants, explaining they were part of a large conglomerate called POLAR. The government controlled much of the pricing and marketing activities in Venezuela. They were supporting small farmers and to a lesser extent all farmers using protectionist tariffs to keep internal prices high. At the same time they were concerned about food prices for low income families. It appeared that they were moving again toward reducing external tariffs seeking efficiency rather than self sufficiency.

The main dish was beef which had been sliced, grilled, and cooked at the table and served with grilled cheese. This was accompanied by an avocado stuffed with shrimp. We were served many dishes new to us including manioc, fried bananas, and a fried corn flour cake the size of a silver dollar. It was a very pleasant evening, discussing world problems, hopes for the future of our two countries, and building new friendships with a very congenial family. The evening provided a nice mixture of business topics, an introduction to the local culture, and the experiences of this German family adjusting to life in Venezuela.

Saturday, February 17

We spent part of the morning browsing through the shopping center. They have a wide assortment of crafts as well as goods for the local trade. We decided to wait for the purchase of my customary native doll. We were still a little tired after the long plane ride and a whirlwind first day, so spent the remainder of the day in our room. Lowell continued working on a paper for The World Bank, that would be presented the following month. We called Ann Axford to determine the extent of the storm damage. Power was still not restored in our neighborhood, which probably meant that the food in the freezer and refrigerator was deteriorating rapidly!! At least it was warm enough to keep the pipes in the house from freezing.

Sunday, February 18

We anticipated few free days for traditional tourist activities, so decided to take a day tour to the Colonial town of Trovar. It was an old German settlement and the day proved to be a very interesting and enjoyable one. The town was mostly a tourist trap, but the drive through the rugged mountain terrain, with vistas from the 8000-foot passes, was well worth the trip. The driving was very slow, as many people were out with picnic baskets to enjoy the sunny Sunday afternoon. They were parking along the side of the road and spreading their picnic lunches under the trees. Colorful dresses, bright blankets, and running children presented a kaleidoscope of color as we passed. The road wound along the backbone of the mountain ridge, providing us with long sweeping views on both sides of the ridge. The entire area could have been an idyllic place except for the plastic and paper and other garbage lining the roadside — apparently left from earlier picnics. Emaciated stray dogs were running about scavenging for picnic scraps. Vendors along the roadside were selling everything from fruit to nuts. There were mobiles, various crafts, candied peaches on sticks — anything that might entice a tourist to pause, look, and buy.

Progress through the small villages was extremely slow and difficult. Cars and vendors clogged the streets, and traffic control was non-existent. Every intersection had vendors or pony rides or performers. We finally arrived in Trovar and found our restaurant for lunch at 1:00 p.m. We were served a German dinner of smoked pork chops, sauerkraut, boiled potatoes, bread, and a custard dessert. We also had a very tasty strawberry drink made from fresh strawberries.

Following lunch we were given time for shopping in the local shops, and then started our return trip to Caracas. Our companions on the tour were very congenial and cosmopolitan. We identified people from Germany, Switzerland, London, Argentina, Peru, and Trinidad as well as others from the United States. Whenever our bus paused in one of the villages, several would jump off the slow-moving bus, buy several kinds of local food, hop back on the bus, and proceed to share with everyone willing to partake of the sometimes unusual cuisine. It was after 6:00 p.m. when we disembarked in front of our hotel.



Bird's eye view of Caracas



A colorful children's parade



"I need a little help"



"I've done this before"



A produce market



Game of sidewalk chess in old town Valencia

Monday, February 19

We rose early for breakfast and were joined by Marion Hartman as we finished. We were surprised to learn the makeup of the team from Washington had been changed and would include only Marion Hartman (representing the National Corn Growers) and Gary McKinney (representing the U.S. Feed Grains Council). The other members of the team had been withdrawn, in part because of the controversy surrounding Lowell's plans to document the concerns of processors in one of our important importing countries. We checked out of the hotel and took a taxi to the USFG headquarters where we met with Manuel Rodriguez and his staff in the office. Orlando Sanchez was also present for the briefing. Orlando was a professor of Agricultural Economics at the University in Venezuela. His PhD degree was started under Bob Thompson at Purdue and completed after Thompson went to Washington. Rodriguez gave us a brief review of their interest in the project and the responsibilities that had been given to Orlando. Lowell reviewed his plans and his concerns about missing information in the surveys Orlando had said were completed. Orlando reluctantly agreed to go back and recheck.

We were joined by Liliana Pokinsky, the assistant from the Feed Grains Council in Caracas, and were served juice, coffee, and a croissant. Liliana arranged for an extra car to take us and our luggage from Caracas to our first appointment with processors in the town of Tumero. Liliana and Orlando kept up a running line of chatter including a joke they found to be hilarious. Everything, starting with the trucks was "Cargo Largo" — trucks, vendors, overweight women, even Liliana!! The same joke was repeated ad infinitum, until they were the only ones who found it funny. We stopped for lunch at an open air restaurant along the way — actually more of a truck stop. We ordered barbecued chicken which came with a boiled corn meal mush wrapped in corn husks. We found most corn meal dishes had been made with the local white corn rather than yellow. We also had a dish of boiled cassava. It was a large meal — more than we could eat.

A little boy came and stood by our table, pleading with us to buy some of his jellied mango, while looking longingly at all the food placed before us. Liliana turned and handed him the rest of her chicken. All of us had more food than we could eat and eagerly gave him our cornmeal mush. I also handed him the rest of my can of Pepsi. Two more little boys joined him and helped him polish off all that we handed them. It broke my heart to see them so hungry and know that our generosity would probably not often be repeated. The little boy with the jelly thanked us profusely in Spanish and gave us each a container of his jelly. The restaurant owner was not happy with our actions and apparently made it clear to Liliana in Spanish. "Cargo Largo" was not easily intimidated and responded with a few words of her own. She explained to us later restaurant owners do not like customers to encourage the children, because it is bad for business to have them begging at his tables.

Our 2:00 appointment was with Alfonso Rivas, the only corn wet milling plant in

Venezuela. They had not completed a questionnaire and we were kept waiting for nearly 30 minutes before a young man by the name of Jesus Vale arrived to initiate a discussion. Although he was in charge of the wet milling plant, his real interest was in the flour mill next door. His knowledge appeared to be limited and his unwillingness to share that information was evidenced by the indirect responses we received to most of the questions. He was called out of the room at frequent intervals and provided very disjointed responses between numerous telephone interruptions. The team succeeded in getting him to rank the attributes of corn for wet milling, but he could provide no information on the effect of different levels of those factors on his costs, returns, or processes. He did provide us a definition of the grade factors and the distinction between food corn and feed corn.

We spent most of the afternoon at the plant at Marabella, then drove an hour to reach the luxurious Hotel Intercontinental in Valencia at about 8:00 p.m. Our car climbed the steep winding cobblestone drive to the hotel which overlooked green tree covered valleys. We had a late but pleasant dinner on the veranda beside the pool. As the sun dipped below the horizon, a cool breeze wafted up from the valley below. We were late getting to bed, but were relieved to receive a fax saying our house in Urbana had survived intact and the electricity and refrigerator were operating again.

Tuesday, February 20

We were up at 6:00 as the men had an early morning appointment. I decided not to go with them as they had a long drive and a full day of intensive interviews. I spent the day at the hotel reading, watching TV with a good selection of English channels, relaxing by the pool and going for short walks about the grounds. The morning appointment was with the feed manufacturing firm of Alonco in the town of Santa Cruz, located south of Tumero. The afternoon would be spent with Remavenca in Tumero. Remavenca was a subsidiary of the parent company Polar, under the control of Gunther Faulhaber. The men returned to the hotel around 9:30, having stopped for dinner in the town of Maracay. I joined them in the lobby for a cold drink before going to bed. Lowell reported later that the two managers gave excellent responses to his questionnaire — Alonco because the manager had a degree from Louisiana State University; Remavenca was under orders from Faulhaber to cooperate.

Wednesday, February 21

The research team departed about 8:30 for tours of two plants in Valencia. I spent another day enjoying walks around the grounds and the interesting area surrounding the pool. The men returned earlier than expected, having had a very frustrating series of meetings according to Lowell.

The team spent the morning with the manager of Supersweet Feeds in Valencia. He had good knowledge of the plant operations but answered most of their questions with the response

“those decisions are made in the Minneapolis office.”

The afternoon appointment with a firm called Atlantis resulted in the security guard telling them there was no one at the plant who could meet with them. Lowell gave the guard the paper containing the names of the people who had set up the appointment, but was told they were not there and neither was the manager. Lowell instructed Orlando to tell them we would meet with anyone who was there. Through Orlando as interpreter, Lowell continued to insist it was imperative that the team speak with someone since Atlantis was the only dry milling plant in Venezuela that was processing barley. When the guard finally gave permission to enter, Lowell discovered that the manager was, in fact, present, and gave an excellent interview — very open in his answers. The small quantities of pearled barley used by Atlantis comes directly from Canada in bags.

The men returned to the hotel about 5:00, set up a temporary office beside the pool and worked on the interview results of the day, pooling their opinions and interpretations of the day's events. With their work completed for the day, we all departed about 7:00 for a restaurant in Valencia. It was very Spanish style. We had an excellent dinner of shrimp and palm heart salad. With the relaxed atmosphere of Latino restaurant eating and lots of conversation, it was 10:00 before we returned for bed.

Thursday, February 22

I joined the men today for a 2 ½-hour drive to the state of Acarigua for an interview with the firm of Precocidos Portuguesa. Much of the drive was through a relatively flat plain, pretty much surrounded by mountains in the distance. Since this was the dry season everything was quite brown. Scrub growth dotted a lot of the area. We did come to an area called Agua Blanca with irrigated rice paddies — a pleasant green interlude to the long expanse of brown. We also saw some sugar cane. The national tree of Venezuela was in bloom and many were growing along the road sides. It has a lovely yellow blossom, but is leafless at this time of year.

A young man from the plant by the name of Juan Gonzalez invited us to join him for lunch and worked hard to communicate in English. Juan was quality control manager for the plant, and very eager to be helpful. He was learning English, taking courses in Agricultural Engineering, and looking forward to coming to the United States for further study. A tiger cat with a white bib soon joined me and happily shared my lasagna and cheese. Our menu also included casava, prepared like fried potatoes. When we returned to the plant about 2:00 p.m. to continue the discussion, we were joined by the general manager and the team received a very complete set of data about their requirements for purchasing U.S. grains. Following a tour of the processing plant at 5:00, we started what developed into a 3-hour trip back to Valencia.

Darkness soon overtook us and the many brush fires became signal flares as we passed through the countryside. One was especially large and close enough to light up the night sky as it swept up a mountainside. The long brown grasses were tinder dry and were easily started by a

carelessly thrown cigarette — probably the most frequent cause. Truck traffic was very heavy and the two lane part of the highway had many curves. I held my breath as many foolish people tried to pass in the no passing zones on the blind curves. The roadside was dotted with small shrines dedicated to those who had tried to pass and failed. I did not want to contribute another one!

We arrived back at the hotel at 8:00, too tired to go out for dinner as planned. We had a light dinner at the hotel and went to bed. Lowell was very uncomfortable with a sore throat.

Friday, February 23

We were up at 6:00 this morning, to pack the car and check out of the hotel. We had a full schedule of interviews and a long trip back to Caracas. We were a little early for the first interview with Decasa, a dry milling plant, and Protinal, which processes poultry feed. However, the company people were ready for us. This group was really on top of things and well prepared. We were ushered into the manager's office, where he served us delicious glasses of mango juice. The manager gave us a formal welcome from the company and introduced the rest of their group. We were taken to a well equipped lecture room in the main building, where six or seven members of the management team joined us. The managers had organized the program so the team could interview the staff from both firms. They were most cooperative during the 3-hour interviews, and generated a lively discussion among themselves as they strove to give answers to the probing questions about what constituted quality in the grains they used. Lowell requested a tour of their quality control laboratory, which they willingly provided. They kept repeating that they used the official USDA equipment and methods for checking grade factors. Lowell had already made a mental note that their official moisture meter was accompanied by an outdated calibration chart, so he kept pressing to see their official equipment for the other grade factors. The manager of the laboratory finally agreed to show him the official sieves used for checking broken corn and foreign material. They were in fact the official sieves manufactured by Seedburo of Chicago, but had never been removed from the original shipping packing!! So much for using official standards!!

They insisted all of us would be their guests for lunch at a very posh Roman style restaurant. The waiters were even dressed in Togas. The 6-course luncheon was superb and included thin slices of roast beef covered with a lemon-tuna paste with olives: a delicious pasta noodle with an endive-like vegetable and a cream and cheese sauce: a chicken dish with a sauce: mashed potatoes: a slice of pork with a Parmesan cheese sauce. Last, but by no means least, dessert was a layered ice cream cake with strawberry and raspberry sauce. The conversation between the five of us and the six of them kept us an hour past our scheduled appointment for the next plant.

Our late arrival for our meeting with Purina back in Tumero turned out not to be a serious problem except for the fact that the people we were to meet had given up and gone to other

locations in the plant. The office personnel were able to call them back and we enjoyed a very open exchange, especially since Federico Torres was an Iowa State graduate in Food Technology. Although the willing interviewees had limited knowledge of the quality issues, Orlando elicited a promise they would give the written questionnaire more thought and send it to him later.

It was a long 2-hour drive from Tumero to Caracas, but little did we realize how long!! In lieu of a full dinner the night before Marion had ordered a plate of sausages from the hotel and consumed them as we sat beside the pool. Unfortunately, they did not agree with him and he had become increasingly uncomfortable as the day wore on. About an hour into the trip he asked Orlando to pull over to the shoulder. The second time, there was no place to stop. Marion was barely able to roll down the window before he relieved himself of the sausages. Our driver stopped at the next gas station for a car wash!! Marion fared a little better during the rest of the drive, but required several days before he was fully recovered.

We arrived at the hotel a little after 7:00 and Marion retreated to his room. We all felt sorry for him; he looked so miserable and we weren't sure if it was the food or the flu. Lowell, Gary, and Orlando worked on their reports for another two hours before falling into bed. Gary and Marion were to return to the States early the next morning so we did not have an opportunity for proper farewells to what had been a most congenial and productive team, despite the differences in their backgrounds and philosophies.

Saturday, February 24

Lowell and I slept until 7:15 this morning — the most relaxed wake up for many days. We ate breakfast in the hotel and did a little shopping in the morning. Lowell worked on his reports the remainder of the day. We had lunch at the hotel and a Big Mac for dinner. We were glad for an early, light dinner and early to bed.

Sunday, February 25

We had signed up for a jeep mountain tour for this morning, but it was pouring down rain and clouds hung low and heavy over the mountains and valleys when we woke and looked out the window. It continued on through breakfast and a jeep tour did not look that inviting anymore. When the tour guide arrived, he readily agreed to change to a city tour and refunded the difference in fares. We think they were willing to refund because they were over booked on the mountain tour. The city tour was very good because it included a walking tour of two of the oldest churches, the old plaza, and the old government buildings. We found all the historic areas and buildings well maintained. The tour people were constantly on guard to protect us from pick pockets, often positioning a guide in front and a guide at the end of our line of tourists. We had a short ride on a new metro (much like the one in Washington, D.C.) of which they were justifiably proud. We were delivered back to our hotel at 12:45 where we had lunch. We spent the afternoon organizing and packing for tomorrow's departure.

Monday, February 26

We were up early for our 5:45 departure to the airport. It was still dark and the streets empty and a little eerie. The plane departed at 8:30 for Miami via Pan Am. It was a nice day and security was light — only eight checks. We spent two hours in the Miami airport, then on to St. Louis. The flight to St. Louis was less than an hour and the flight on to Champaign was less than 45 minutes. We arrived home at 4:45. All things were in good condition. As I reflected back on the most interesting experiences, I was most appreciative of the team's gracious acceptance of me as a traveling companion.

Brazil

March 15 - 27, 1990



Brazil

1990

Lowell had received funds from the corn and soybean producers' associations to create a video titled "Let's Meet the Competition." The idea was to film an Illinois' farmer traveling through Brazil and Argentina to "size up" the competition. The Ag Communications Department from the University of Illinois would capture on film the entire process from seed to vessel, accompanied with personal interviews. The documentary started with a group of our farmer friends gathered in a coffee shop in the nearby town of Villa Grove. Lowell had arranged with Orion Samuelson (national farm broadcaster) to record an imaginary report of falling grain prices due to competition from big harvests in Brazil and Argentina. After listening to the "radio report" one of the farmers volunteered to travel to Brazil and "discover the truth."

Lowell had contacted Mary Schultz (a former student) to serve as translator and van driver in Brazil. The "traveling farmer" was her husband Jeff — a perk in lieu of payment for their services. Lowell had recruited another participant to appear in the video. Our contacts with Nobel Laureate, Norman Borlaug, resulted in him volunteering to do a tape recording in which he evaluated the strengths and weaknesses of the Argentine economy with respect to grain exports. A team from the University of Illinois Agricultural Communications Department had done such a good job of filming the cargo of corn shipped from New Orleans to Japan in 1986, we had every confidence in their abilities. Unfortunately, the make up of the team was changed to Steve (camera man) and Bill (director and production manager). The reason for the term "unfortunately" will become clear to the reader as you follow the experiences of the next two weeks in Brazil. Lowell had spent hours working with the Brazilian Consulate in Chicago to obtain permission to bring the camera equipment to Brazil and to allow the research team "free rein" to film throughout the country. Finally, he had in hand the necessary papers all with proper signatures and official seals.

Thursday, March 15

It was nice to have an afternoon departure from Champaign, instead of the usual rush for an early departure or a drive to O'Hare. We had arranged for Karen Bender to pick up Steve and Bill, and then stop for us at 1:10 on the way to the airport. We waited anxiously for them to arrive in the van with their equipment. They finally pulled into our drive at 1:40 with no apology for our 30-minute anxious wait — a pattern we were to learn was "par for the course." Steve and Bill were loaded to the teeth with luggage. Our cautions to them to travel as light as

possible obviously had not been heeded. We were pushing our check-in time by the time we arrived at Willard Airport and moved all their photographic equipment and personal luggage into the terminal. It took forever to get checked through. Bill and Steve had so much equipment, we had to put half of it on our tickets to avoid an excess baggage charge. (We were not so lucky in Miami and had to pay for two extra bags).

I commented on the shaky way in which the four boxes containing 40 video film cassettes had been wrapped with just two straps. Obviously they had not seen as many bags thrown on and off the belt as we had. They brushed me aside and said the straps were very secure and adequate. Finally, all was loaded and we departed on time on TWA Express headed for St. Louis. We discovered John and Jean Due were also on the plane to St. Louis, on their way to Tuscon for spring vacation. Would that we had been so lucky!

We arrived in Miami at 9:00 p.m., only to watch in dismay as the two empty straps with the baggage tags attached, rolled by on the baggage carousel — the poorly tied bundles of the precious film cassettes were not on the revolving belt. Bill and Steve were frantic and made desperate calls to stations in Miami in hopes of locating more film, while Lowell and I worked with the airline in an attempt to locate the original film, now floating somewhere between Willard and Miami. We registered a lost luggage claim with TWA, but they had no luck in tracing the baggage number, as Willard was already closed for the night and St. Louis officials said they had not seen either the film or the straps. We could only assume that the cassettes had slipped from the straps during loading at Willard and hoped desperately they would be found tomorrow and sent on to the original destination. Since the baggage tickets were now in Miami, that did not seem too likely either.

Jeff and Mary met us at the departure gate at 11:00 for the midnight departure. Steve and Bill joined us about 15 minutes after 11:00 — both very subdued. They had been unsuccessful in locating any film they could buy for their video camera in Miami and now faced the prospect of arriving in Brazil with no film. The plane departed on time, and our ill fated journey was underway!

Friday, March 16

We arrived in Rio at 10:00 a.m. after a tiring 8-hour flight. “Cattle car” accommodations are exhausting. The service was especially poor on this flight. They seem to get worse every year. It was a clear day, but hazy and very hot. We spent nearly three hours at the Rio airport, trying to clear customs with all the equipment. All to no avail. They would not allow photographic equipment to pass without additional forms. The fact that we had received clearance from the Brazilian consulate in Chicago in advance, and had the papers to prove it made no impression on the Brazilian customs officials. They claimed only Brazilian companies were allowed to do “commercial” filming and would not accept the statement that we were not commercial.

We gave up for the time being and walked to the rental desk to pick up our rental van. The van we had reserved through the travel agent did not pan out either. The company insisted there were no reservations and they had no van that we could rent. We gave up and arranged for two taxis to take us to the Hotel Gloria, deciding we would be back in familiar territory after our two previous trips, where the Gloria had been our home base. We would work out a plan of action to proceed from there.

The hotel was expecting us and quickly ushered us to our rooms. We had lunch together at the hotel, then Lowell, Mary, Bill, and Steve departed for the airport with forms in hand hoping to find the proper agency for release of the impounded video equipment. To their dismay they found all the offices closed until Monday. We contacted the American Consulate for help, but they too were unable to change the decision by the customs officials. Mary went with Bill and Steve back to the airport, to argue again with customs only to receive another negative response. Nothing could be done until Monday. They did return with some good news. According to the airlines, one of the boxes of film cassettes had been found and would be on the 7:00 a.m Varig flight on Saturday.

We had dinner at the hotel, then a very tired and frustrated group struggled off to bed at 9:00 p.m.

Saturday, March 17

We went to breakfast at 7:00 after a good night's sleep, and were joined by the rest of the group. Breakfast was a subdued affair as all were worried about the outcome of the day. I remained at the hotel while the others departed for the airport to make another attempt at retrieving the equipment, and hoping that the lost boxes of film would be on the incoming 7:00 flight. The group returned at noon to pick me up, reporting that once again the trip was unsuccessful. There was no film on the Varig flight, and customs still refused to release the camera equipment. We were trying every possibility, for without the camera and film, the entire project would have to be abandoned and thousands of dollars spent in preparation would be lost.

We decided to contact a television station to see if we could possibly rent equipment and purchase film. We finally made contact with someone at the TV station who thought they might be able to help. Two taxis took the entire team to the address we had been given. We found the office and made our presence known to the receptionist. We waited and waited in their lobby for our contact to appear with more information. No one came. Everyone associated with the station got into the act as they passed through the lobby. They were very free with advice, but offered few workable solutions. We decided there was no point in waiting any longer.

Someone finally suggested we go to a shopping center where a photo equipment dealer might be able to provide supplies. The shop was closed for the weekend. Bill tried desperately to attract attention by pounding on the door. There was no response, but we received more than one suspicious glance from passersby. We found an international telephone and called our travel

agent at home. She agreed to pursue the lost film first thing Monday morning, but could offer no help for the weekend.

We located a Churrascaria for a late lunch (it was now 3:00) and enjoyed the bountiful array of food we always found in these restaurants. Lowell and I returned to the hotel, while the rest of the group did a walking tour of the area to “check out future photo opportunities and locations” (mostly on the beaches with bikini clad sand soccer players). We had seen the area before, so were happy to relax in our room and have an early night to bed.

Sunday, March 18

Lowell and I had breakfast at 7:30 and then asked the rest of the group to meet in our room to discuss alternatives for salvaging the project. Lowell had received a telex from Cheryl at the travel agency in Illinois. She had no news about the film and Hertz was not going to honor the van reservation. Lowell contacted the airport again, only to find that the original contact for Pan Am was no longer there and the person now in charge said there was no record of any claim for lost luggage. A phone call to the St Louis airport elicited an equally frustrating response — “The loss is not our responsibility and, since the claim was registered with the Miami office, we have no knowledge of a claim.” Lowell had been given a phone number to call in Miami, but after eight “no answer” attempts he shifted to TWA Express in Champaign. They said if he would hold they would contact Miami. Ten minutes later (at \$10 per minute) there was no indication that there was anyone on the other end of the line. We gave up for the day.

Jeff, Mary, Steve, and Bill decided they would hire a taxi to take a drive down the coast for the day, leaving about 10:00. Since Lowell and I had seen much of that area during previous trips, we decided not to join them. We walked to the park and enjoyed the summer greenery and quiet atmosphere for about an hour, then returned to the hotel. By now it was getting quite warm.

We decided to call our son, Brent, to see if he could help us trace and locate the missing film. It had to be laying in one of the airport baggage claims — either Champaign or St Louis, and it had to be with TWA. We gave him the Miami number where we had never been able to get an answer. We ate a leisurely lunch at the hotel café and waited for Brent to return our call. He called back about 3:00, disappointed he had not been able to locate the lost film cassettes either. The number for lost luggage was always busy or would not answer when Brent called. He told us he might never get an answer, but they would receive no other calls. He had set his computer to dial the number every 30 seconds for the next 24 hours, completely tying up their phone lines until they answered.

Lowell spent the rest of the afternoon calling other numbers, searching for someone who had information about the film. It was too obvious a set of objects to be overlooked if someone would only walk back to the baggage room. No one was able (or willing) to help. We were both

frustrated. There was nowhere left to turn for help, and we were terribly worried that we would never get the other equipment through Brazilian customs. Neither of us felt like eating dinner, so decided to take a long walk along Flamengo Beach. The Flamengo Beach district had completed a major face-lifting project, including a beautiful park. This was the largest public park in Latin America, and it was built on land reclaimed from the sea. All of the earth had been brought in by truck. The walk through the park was a delightful stroll with opportunity to enjoy the lovely plantings and gardens. The unlvely part was that it was very dangerous, if you were wearing anything that looked as if it had any value. We removed our watches, money, and jewelry before starting the walk. The natural beauty was so spectacular, with wide curving beaches surrounding the bay, mountainous islands jutting out of the water, and steep rugged mountains rising out of the midst of the city buildings and reaching toward the sky behind the city. The sad part was the terrible dumping of garbage everywhere. Carefully spaced garbage cans lined the beach, but remained empty as people threw their refuse on the sand. We returned to the hotel about sunset. The remainder of the group returned shortly before 9:00, apparently pleased and excited with their exploration of Rio. We were ready for a good night's rest.

Monday, March 19

When we arrived for breakfast, Mary and Jeff were already in the dining room. Everyone was apprehensive about today's outcome. If customs would not release the photographic equipment, we could not photograph, the Brazil program would have to be cancelled and we would proceed on to Argentina. Added to the problems, the banks had been closed since last Tuesday. The new president of Brazil had announced on Friday there would be stringent reforms. The value of our currency fell from 80 cruzeiros to the dollar, to 35 or 30. This was a real shock to everyone as Brazil prices had not fallen with the devaluation of the currency and would devastate our budget.

We all departed by taxi to the address we had been given for the government agency in charge of media control for Brazil, to plead with them to sign the form to allow "non commercial filming." Without that, customs would not release our equipment. Mary identified the room number for the agency and all six of us climbed the eight floors to the people in charge of radio, television, and movies. The woman at the desk informed us that the person in charge would be there within half an hour. She looked stern and certainly no "rule bender." In less than five minutes the woman in charge appeared. I immediately liked her warm friendly face, but our hearts sank as her expression changed when Mary explained our problem in Portuguese. I understood only one word of the conversation, but the woman kept repeating "Brasilia" — the capital city — and her body language was telling me "no way." Mary was eloquent and insistent as she discussed our research plan and objectives, and displayed all of our documents. Then suddenly the woman's expression relaxed and I recognized she had said, "yes," even in Portuguese. She requested copies of our documents, only to discover their only copying

machine was broken. Another moment of panic! Again the day was saved as the woman sat down at her typewriter and generously retyped the necessary documents.

Words can hardly express our relief and joy as we left the building. It was decided that Mary and Steve would go to the airport and try to retrieve the equipment using our new documents. Jeff, Bill, Lowell, and I would go to a video store to buy new film — if possible. The film lost during the flight from Champaign still had not been found. The store was in a shopping center and to our dismay it was closed for the day. As we stood there peering in the window and wondering what options were left, a clerk came to the door and enquired what it was we needed. Fortunately, he understood enough English to understand our problem and request. He reported this to the owner in the back room. The owner came out to show us the type of film he had available. It was not the same as our original from the United States but Bill concluded “it would work.” The owner agreed to sell us all the film he had for \$200.00 American money, hard cash. We readily agreed and were happy he wanted dollars, because the banks and money exchanges were all closed and we could never have come up with the equivalent in cruzeiros. Mobs of people were standing in long lines all over the city, waiting for the banks to open. All day they stood, even as dark approached, but there was no progress from the banking community. Lowell slipped two hundred-dollar bills from his money belt and the owner handed over the film.

We returned to the hotel about 11:00 to wait for Mary and Steve. Lowell called his office and told his secretary to go in person to the airport and demand that they look in their baggage room and if the film was not there, she was to stay with them until they resolved the problem between St. Louis and Miami.

When Mary and Steve had not returned by 1:00 p.m. Lowell and I went to the pool area for a sandwich. By 2:30 we were all getting worried, not knowing what trouble or harm they may have encountered. It had been five hours since we watched them depart for the airport. A few minutes later they arrived — jubilant — with the equipment in hand. They had spent nearly four hours at the airport talking, pleading, and wheedling the authorities. They had to go for yet another document to show the authorities, and finally they relented and released the camera equipment. Mary had saved the day, as she did so many times on this trip.

We departed immediately for the beach where the camera crew hoped to take their first sequence of shots. They used their first roll of film on the panorama on the beach, Sugar Loaf Mountain, and Corcovado high on the mountain. Then Bill turned into the “Director” role. Zippers quickly turned his long khaki pants into shorts, so he would look the part of a director. He was determined to include Jeff in the action on the beach. He approached a set of doubles playing sand volleyball and had Mary ask one of the girls if she would invite Jeff to join them. As usual, none of the series of shots suited Bill as he scanned the play back on the camera. He kept asking the scantily clad girls to move to another location, make another serve, stand closer to Jeff, etc. Jeff and Mary were becoming embarrassed at these requests, and the girl in her tank



"Where did I put that microphone?"



Checking equipment



Roll the cameras



Players becoming irritated



"Pack up and get out"

top and mini bikini was becoming less and less enthusiastic about the procedure. Lowell and I kept suggesting perhaps it was time to stop, but Bill continued his “directing”. Finally one of the Brazilian boys made it clear they had had enough and were prepared to enforce their privacy! Bill and Steve quickly put the cameras in the case.

Their next plan was no better. They started walking the beach and the nearby streets, filming people on park benches, couples kissing on the beach, people reading newspapers, children playing in the sand. Some ignored the camera, but many were obviously irritated at having strange Americans pointing video cameras into their private lives! We were embarrassed and irritated, and told Bill none of this was relevant for the documentary on grain. As usual, he turned a deaf ear.

As the sun began to drop toward the horizon, the clouds settled in and shortly after we returned to the hotel, the sky opened up and the tropical downpour continued the better part of the night. Meanwhile, Bill and Steve demanded the concierge allow them to move to the top of the hotel where they could take “night shots” of the lights and traffic to show night life in the city. None of the beach scene, the endless footage of people, the waves, or the neon lights and traffic had anything to do with the program they were hired to film. Lowell and I were thoroughly disgusted at Bill’s lack of sensitivity and failure to follow any of the directions as to the priority for use of scarce time and film.

Tuesday, March 20

The crew was up and ready to start filming by 5:45 a.m. Lowell assisted at the hotel while Bill, Steve, and Jeff went to Corcovado for more scenic shots from above the city. The good news for the day was a telex from Lowell’s office saying that the film had been found. It would have to be shipped to Sao Paulo airport, because we would be leaving Rio before the boxes could be delivered. We hoped there would be enough film to last until we returned to Sao Paulo. Lowell took care of check-out from the hotel, knowing we were on a tight time schedule for getting to the airport. The departure time of 11:00 came and went. Finally the crew returned several minutes after the deadline they had been given and we hurried into the waiting taxi for the drive to the airport. Just as we were closing the taxi door, Bill discovered that he did not have his tickets — they were still in his hotel room. This was only the beginning of Bill’s lack of responsibility. My teenage children kept track of things better than that.

There is always a lot of confusion when one has so much luggage to check through. Our “travel-inexperienced” camera crew added to the complications, with no organization before reaching the counter. They were moving about the terminal, disorganized, and careless with their many, many pieces of baggage — far too much for them to keep track of. Steve had even brought a Sony Walkman and an entire suitcase of audio tapes to listen to on his earphones and his personal computer. In fact, the “official” list of their items for showing to customs included six cases of materials (one with 44 different items listed), a personal computer, two bag carriers,

and nine cameras. Lowell had told them repeatedly before leaving Urbana, they should pack only the essentials and travel light.

Once all this luggage was checked and boarding passes issued, Lowell gave the tickets and passes to Bill and asked that he hold them for everyone while we waited to enter the security line. Lowell looked over at Bill, who was sitting with his computer on his lap, and saw the tickets and boarding passes lying on the floor under his feet. He was completely unaware of the loss and apparently “in another world”. Lowell retrieved them and put me in charge of boarding passes from then on. It was like herding a bunch of small children on a trip.

The plane departed on time, made a stop in Sao Paulo (the video tapes had not yet arrived). We arrived in Curitiba at 4:30. It took some time to be sure all the luggage was accounted for, with all the extra boxes and camera equipment. Bill and Steve could never remember exactly how many pieces they had checked, so never knew when all of it had been unloaded onto the carousel. Lowell and Mary went to the Hertz counter to complete the paper work for the van we had reserved before leaving Champaign. When the Hertz clerk handed them the key, it was obvious that it had been bent and straightened to the point where it was badly cracked. Despite all Mary’s complaints, they would not provide a duplicate key to prevent the catastrophe of having it break off in the ignition somewhere in the middle of nowhere!

Finally, we had all the luggage loaded, but our impractical crew had thrown the bags, boxes, and cameras helter skelter into the van, so there was hardly room for the five of us to squeeze in. Jeff had rented his own car for a quick trip in the opposite direction for a visit to a forestry farm the next day. He had majored in forestry in college and was operating his own forestry farm in Georgia. Lowell had agreed he could be spared from the team long enough to see what forestry operations were like in Brazil.

We were finally on our way to the port city of Paranagua, with Mary driving and Lowell in the front passenger seat. Our first task of the day was to find a place that would make a duplicate ignition key at our expense, — resulting in an interesting development when we returned the van at the end of our journey. We were not about to take off across Brazil’s back roads with a key that could leave us stranded.

We ran into a heavy fog on the curving mountain roads. The fog turned to rain and we peered anxiously ahead in the limited visibility, watching for unexpected curves and oncoming traffic. We finally arrived at the town, but our map was little help in finding our hotel. Mary’s feminine Portuguese came in very handy. When she leaned out the window with a greeting in Portuguese, there were always several young men rushing up to assist and advise this pretty American who spoke such good Portuguese. We drove along the waterfront, busy with commerce and townspeople going about their daily activities. We finally reached the Dantas Palace Hotel at 7:00 p.m. Mr. Roberto Ignacious from SGS (the grain inspection agency at the port) was waiting for us. He was a very pleasant man whom we had met on our previous trip, and he gave us a warm welcome, while we introduced the rest of our crew.

He suggested a short walk to a nearby market, where he proceeded to purchase a bag of tangerines for us take with us in the van. Two little boys ran up to tell us they would watch our car for us while we were shopping — a common practice for small boys to earn a small tip. This small expense is sometimes necessary to avoid minor damages to foreigners' cars. One sweet-faced child ran along beside me, patting my arm and looking up into my face, all the while assuring me he would take good care of my car. I made sure he got a good tip. With our shopping tour completed, we returned to the hotel where Roberto insisted on buying our dinner.

The dollar was falling at an alarming rate. The hotel clerk quoted us a room rate in Cruzeiros that was equivalent to \$300.00 per room per night. This, for a hotel of a quality comparable to Motel 6. We went into shock. When Roberto joined us at the desk, we told him our budget problem and he negotiated the manager down to a rate of \$125.00. It made quite a difference when a local interceded. This was a relief, but still nearly twice what we had budgeted for hotels, based on the exchange rates we were given before leaving the States. The quoted price of \$300.00 would have devastated the budget.

The desk clerk gave us our room key and Lowell and I proceeded up the stairs to our room. Lo and behold! When we opened the door there was a workman asleep on our bed with the TV blaring. He jumped to his feet, gathered his tools and beat a hasty retreat. I went back to the reception desk, reported the incident, and demanded clean sheets for our bed. They responded immediately and sent a girl to our room to make up a clean bed.

Wednesday, March 21

We were up at 6:00 and hurried through breakfast in 20 minutes. We had only this one day for filming at the port and interviewing port authorities. We needed to check out of the hotel before Roberto Ignacious arrived at 8:00 to escort us to the port. The hotel desk clerk/cashier was very unpleasant, insisting that everyone had to be out of their rooms before he would allow us to settle the bill. Then he tried to charge us the first quoted rate of \$300.00 per room. We plopped ourselves on the sofas in the lobby and refused to move until Mr. Ignacious' scheduled arrival at 8:00, so that he could intervene. When he arrived there was some heated exchanges in Portuguese, and the rate was changed back to the negotiated \$125.00. Then the clerk started to quibble over some small charge that amounted to a sum about equal to the price of a cup of coffee. Mr. Ignacious told the clerk he had better "shape up" or he would never send anyone back to this hotel.

We spent the morning filming the port and the SGS offices. We were welcomed with intermittent rain showers as we moved from office to office. It was not a very good day for filming outside, but the crew was able to obtain a flavor of the port activities, and a good series of a vessel loading soybeans. They also filmed while Lowell conducted interviews with Mary acting as interpreter. I sat on the sidelines taking notes and observing the interactions. We were careful not to come off looking like "the ugly Americans."

Mr. Ignacious and several of the other SGS people insisted we were to be their guests at a sumptuous lunch at the Yacht Club overlooking the harbor. They ordered for us to be sure we didn't "scrimp." The meal was delicious! It was a long and late lunch, followed by conversation on many topics of interest. Finally, at 5:30 we reluctantly told our hosts we had to be on the road to Curitiba. There were hand shakes all around, but when Mr. Ignacious came to me, the handshake turned into a big "bear hug." He reminded me of the Italian opera singer Pavarachi, in appearance and mannerisms — a delightful man.

As we made our way back through the mountains, we saw beautiful colorful flowers blooming throughout the lush tropical growth on both sides of the highway. We again ran into heavy fog in the mountain passes, with huge grain trucks roaring up and down the highway, taking soybeans to the port and returning empty to the production areas, located as far away as 1500 miles.

We arrived at the Hotel Nobile in Curitiba at 7:00. Mary contacted the Hotel Aracaria where she was supposed to meet Jeff. The desk clerk reported he was not registered. Repeated calls resulted in the same answer. After dinner Mary and Bill decided to walk the six blocks to see if they could find the hotel and Jeff. Mary was concerned, since he should have arrived earlier in the afternoon. Shortly after they left, Jeff arrived at our hotel. Jeff had received the same negative responses as Mary when he called to ask for her room number at the Aracaria. He had decided to follow the same strategy as Mary and walk from his hotel to hers. Unfortunately they had selected different routes and passed without meeting. We persuaded Jeff to wait for Mary to call or see if she returned to our hotel. When Mary returned they discovered there were two hotels with nearly identical names and Jeff had not ended up at the one Mary had called. They were finally reunited and we had our full crew back together by bedtime.

Thursday, March 22

We had an early breakfast, packed all the equipment in the van and were on the road by 9:30. Packing went much better this time as Mary and Lowell took charge. There was comfortable room for all of us. It was still raining as we headed for the processing plant at Coamo. We stopped at the office and Mary explained our "mission" and asked if we could film their large wood burning grain dryers. Their reluctance was obvious, and rather than make an issue of it, Lowell said "Thanks, but no thanks" and we all piled back into the van. It would have been an interesting shot, since there were five or six of the big dryers and a large stock pile of wood for fuel. In the United States these dryers would have been fueled by propane or natural gas. The company employees seemed a little embarrassed as we drove away — they must have known that we had been given permission from their home office to visit and interview, but they were uncomfortable with the idea of a live video camera.

As we reached the top of the hill, we stopped and focused the camera's telephoto lens back on the plant and the bank of dryers. We had our picture and the company never knew! We

stopped again along the mountain road to photograph the constant stream of trucks traveling up and down the highway.

Brazil was in the height of soybean harvest and the port and processors were a long way from the farmers' fields. There were Indian shanties on either side of the road and we ascertained that these were field workers on a cattle ranch which also grew peanuts. These families were living in little shacks of bark strips and board slabs, which offered little protection to the inhabitants.

Farther down the road we stopped again for more filming of the shacks. A group of small children were standing alongside the road, very interested in our van and the photographic activities. Bill always attracted attention as he unzipped the trouser legs to turn his long pants into "director's shorts". Soon I had a half dozen children standing at my elbow. The children were dressed in ragged and rather dirty clothing. That was not surprising, as the soil was red and dusty with no other place to play. I loved photographing the children with their sweet smiles and giggles. Adults often cover their feelings, but not the children. They come with curiosity and friendship. I photographed the children and then gave each of them a stick of gum. Lowell suggested I give them my discarded film case. That was a mistake, since I had only one and there were half a dozen children. A row immediately broke out, in the struggle to see who would get the one case.

Across the road three children looked down the embankment, from the doorway of a shack, perched on a hill at the edge of the jungle. I started to take a picture with my small camera. Bill and Steve immediately moved their large camera on its tripod right beside me and told me to move back, "You will scare them away," as if my small camera would scare them but his huge movie camera on a tripod was invisible. Bill often became unpleasant when I took the still shots Lowell requested. He would tell me I was in his way, but never seemed to see a photo opportunity until I had selected one, then he moved in to take it over.

We stopped at a truck stop for a sandwich. As we got out of the van a shaggy malnourished little white dog approached me. As I spoke gently to it, it wagged its tail and looked pitifully at me. I could not resist saving a portion of my sandwich to give to the dog as we left the restaurant. It followed me as I walked over to the gas pumps where the attendants were filling the gas tank on the van. A large dog started to follow me as well, but the little one immediately attacked it and drove it away as if to say, "this one is mine". Lowell and I burst into laughter at the sight of the big dog running from that very tiny white package of dynamite.

We arrived in Londrina about 5:00 p.m. The scenery had been beautiful during the entire day's journey. Steep rolling hills and mountains, lush and green, alternated with forested regions, grazing cattle, fields of soybeans, and some cotton. Wild flowers were blooming profusely everywhere. This was much greener than our previous trip in 1987. We checked into the hotel and surveyed the dining room. With a little persuasion and as an accommodation to their foreign visitors, they opened the dining room early just for us. Their usual opening time

was 8:00 or later. We finished eating in time for a walk through the town and were in bed by 9:30.

Friday, March 23

We slept a little later this morning, arriving at the breakfast room at 7:20. Jeff and Mary joined us a few minutes later. We spent the morning waiting, because Embrapa (the government research agency for soybeans) could not see us until 1:15. We had come to Londrina primarily to interview the Embrapa station responsible for the development of new varieties of soybeans. Genetic improvements, the U.S. training of researchers for Brazil, and their government's role in controlling the intrinsic quality of varieties farmers were allowed to plant, were important issues to cover in the documentary comparing U.S. and Brazilian production and marketing.

The head of Embrapa sent the government car for Lowell and myself. The rest of the crew and equipment followed in the van. The station was located some distance north of Londrina on a high point of ground where I could see the beautiful rolling countryside for miles around. Londrina rises like a sphinx from the rolling hills to the south. The knolls and valleys were a kaleidoscope of color. Cattle grazing on the green hills contrasted with the fields of cotton, corn, soybeans, sugarcane and coffee. Flowering trees and shrubs dotted the landscape.

After a brief visit and coffee with the director of the institute, Lowell conducted the filmed interview, standing outside the main building. Bill arranged for "just the right lighting and background view of the town," while Lowell questioned the director and the research scientists.

Mary, Lowell, and I went back to town in the government car to cash travelers checks before the banks closed for the day at 4:00. The hotel would give us only 30 cruzeiros per dollar while the bank rate was 38. Given the demands on our budgets and the falling exchange rate it was imperative we take advantage of every opportunity to up our spending power. What a hassle. They required forms, forms, and more forms, each requiring several official stamps, by several different people. We finally completed the transactions. They could improve their efficiency by 50% if they would cut out 90% of the paper work. It was after 4:00 before we returned to Embrapa, to join the others, who had continued scenic filming around the research station. The sun had come out in mid afternoon, and the brilliance of the sky and panoramic view made for excellent filming. We returned to the hotel for another late dinner.

Saturday, March 24

After several days of rain, the team was stymied in trying to film harvesting and elevators receiving soybeans. The morning started clear, but quickly clouded, and started misting. Lowell decided we should start driving toward the little patch of blue sky, in hopes of finding a location dry enough that there would be some field activity. We loaded the van and were on our way to the northwest by 8:30. By now it was pouring rain. Lowell thought we could at least interview

and film at an elevator, even though they were not receiving grain. The first stop resulted in an adamant refusal to allow any photographs. I recognized his displeasure, even in Portuguese. Continuing on, we stopped at another elevator, where the manager gave Mary a positive response and offered to show us around. There was nothing going on, but he took us to see his grain dryer, which was being fueled by the discarded stalks from sugar cane fields, supplemented with wood. He gave Lowell a good discussion about country elevator operations with the video cameras running. The manager complained about the financial problems in the country and how that had affected his ability to purchase soybeans from the farmer. Bank accounts in amounts over \$1000.00, had been frozen for the past 18 months.

During the interview, a farmer and his young son came into the office and sat on stools watching the proceedings with obvious curiosity. I thought they made an excellent photograph for showing “human interest” very much like I would have seen at home under similar circumstances. Bossy Bill immediately told me to move while he directed Steve to swing the camera on the farmer.

No one on the team knew just what to do next. The fields were all too wet for harvesting and there was only so much landscape one could record on film. We proceeded to a little country town and had lunch, family style, in a family-owned restaurant. Their home was in the back of the building.

We continued driving north and west seeking dryer conditions and were rewarded with a little sunshine. We stopped several times to photograph fields. One terraced soybean field had been harvested, revealing two rows of corn on top of each terrace. The corn had been harvested by hand and put in a pile every few yards. That looked like a good setting for some video showing “low tech” harvesting, but it required climbing over a fence to set up the cameras. Bill stood by the van looking on, while Mary and Lowell unloaded the equipment and lifted it over the fence. Steve managed to carry the big camera. I was beginning to sizzle a little as Bill never offered to carry any of the equipment. I told Mary to leave that big load in the van and just wait until Bill or Steve got up enough ambition to come back and get it. But she didn’t want to cause a fuss, so lugged the heavy box out of the van and over the fence. The sun was out now, with the weather warm and pleasant.

We returned to the hotel a little before 6:00 p.m. and ate dinner at 7:00 in the hotel restaurant. We had been the only occupants in the hotel the past three nights. There was seldom anyone in the restaurant, at least when we were eating. I returned to the room to wash my hair and do some laundry.

Sunday, March 25

We were up early to help Mary and Jeff pack the van with all the baggage and video equipment. There was never a Bill or Steve in sight when it came time to load the van. Jeff and Mary joined us for breakfast, once the van was packed. We saw them off at 7:30 as they

departed to drive the rental van back to the airport at Curitiba. The hotel used their van to transport Bill, Steve, Lowell and me along with remaining baggage to the airport. We waited an hour before someone appeared to check our tickets and baggage. Once they weighed the baggage, we were charged \$200.00 for overweight because of all the personal belongings carried by Bill and Steve.

We departed at noon and arrived at 1:30 at the Sao Paulo city airport, located on the small plateau in the center of the city. We met a nice young man in the baggage claim area (an airport employee) who eagerly exchanged cruzeiros for dollars, as he was planning to go to Montreal and needed dollars.

We sent Bill to the hotel along with the luggage, (big mistake) while Lowell, Steve, and I took the shuttle bus to the international airport in hopes of retrieving the lost video cassettes. Bill had ordered another shipment of new tapes, Lowell's secretary sent a telex telling us that Pan Am had finally located the tapes, had put them in four boxes and would ship them to Sao Paulo. If they were there, we expected there would be trouble with customs, remembering the problems we had with the video equipment in Rio customs.

There was no one at the Pan Am counter, so we found our way to the immigration and customs area. A Pan Am employee checked for us and discovered that customs was indeed holding four boxes of the long lost tapes. They wanted to talk with Lowell about the tapes and what we intended to do with them. We crossed our fingers as he departed with the Pan Am employee to the customs' office. After about a 10-minute wait, Lowell arrived grinning and wheeling the tapes on a baggage cart. He had to do some fast talking to get them released, but customs finally relented. Steve was overjoyed as he had become convinced he would never see the tapes again, and he was fast running out of the supply negotiated from the store in Rio. Lowell's secretary, our travel agent, and our son Brent had all been working on Pan Am for over a week to locate the tapes, and once located have them forwarded to the next airport we would visit — Sao Paulo. We all agreed that Pan Am or TWA owed us big time for the extra expense as a result of the time it took to locate the tapes. They refused any acknowledgment of responsibility at the desk, and we didn't push — we were too happy just to have them back in our possession.

Years later we received a letter from an agency in Kentucky informing us we had unclaimed funds. They had no information as to the source, but the amount was approximately the same as Lowell had requested in a very detailed and strongly worded letter to Pan Am. We assumed they had decided to reimburse us for all the expenses, but for some reason the check had never been delivered to the university.

The three of us took a taxi to the Hotel Metropolitan Plaza and were ushered into a sumptuous apartment, only to discover that the price was \$350.00 per night. Bill had checked all of us in when he arrived at the hotel, and of course asked for the best with no regard for Lowell's budget or the extra costs he had already generated with lost tapes, excess baggage, etc. Lowell

insisted on less expensive accommodations and we proceeded to move all of the gear and luggage to other apartments, only to discover that our phone wouldn't work, so we were moved again.

Jeff and Mary arrived from Curitiba having taken a later plane after turning in the van. They told Lowell they were charged \$4000.00 for the van, instead of the agreed upon rate of \$400.00. Then Hertz refused to pay the \$10.00 spent on the new key we had made after picking up the van and finding the ignition key cracked and bent. So Mary refused to give them the key. Lowell contacted the travel agent at home to force Hertz to refund the overcharge recorded on Lowell's personal credit card. After everyone was "settled in," we walked around to the back of the hotel to a very good restaurant where we had eaten on our previous stay at this hotel. Their great food had kept us going under trying circumstances during a previous visit.

We were in bed by 9:15.

Monday, March 26

Jeff and Mary joined us for an early breakfast this morning. Steve and Bill never made it to breakfast, but managed to show up just in time for the morning filming. We departed in two taxis to Anderson Clayton for an appointment with Steve Geld. He was managing Director and a long time friend of Mary and her family. He was located on the third floor of a very "posh" set of offices. One wall was all glass, overlooking the city.

Our filming crew managed to embarrass us again. Bill, as "director" ordered everyone around with no regard for protocol or sensitivity to the feelings of our hosts. Steve insisted on carrying the tripod over his shoulder, a large pack with equipment on his back, and the large video camera at his side. Lowell offered to carry some of the equipment (Bill certainly would not deign to carry bags), but Steve refused. As he entered the elevator and turned to face the door his back pack nearly hit those already in the elevator, and his tripod had them ducking as he swung around, oblivious to his surroundings. As he strode through the offices, the tripod clipped a few items on nearby desks, again with no notice taken. Lowell followed behind apologizing as he picked up the items Steve had knocked to the floor.

Steve Geld gave us an excellent interview. His grandfather was Louis Bromfield of Ohio, a famous agriculturalist. He sent Steve's mother and father to Brazil to manage land he owned when Steve was only two years old. His mother was a writer and had written several books and continued to write for the Wall Street Journal. Steve offered to take us to lunch but we had other appointments and had to return to the hotel for check-out. Steve ordered the company car to take all of us back to our hotel. I had an omelet for a quick lunch at the hotel, then Mary, Steve, Bill, Lowell, and I departed for an interview at ABIOVE (the soybean processors' trade association). Raul Paulo Costa, the president of the association, met us and introduced us to their public relations person. They were very cooperative in answering questions, "posing" for Bill's video shots, and graciously served us coffee.



Children hide
from camera



Gaúcho at
Incobrasa



Jeff with the family at Incobrasa

Steve, Lowell, and I returned to the hotel to settle the bill while Bill and Mary went to a nearby shopping center to buy bags in which to carry the film. Finally, all of us were assembled in the hotel lobby for departure to the airport at 3:30. We decided to take taxis to the airport, rather than wait for the shuttle bus. It was a good decision because they had cancelled our 6:30 flight to Porto Alegre without telling us, and had put us on the 5:30 flight instead. We barely had time to get to the gate. As we were checking in, we discovered another complication. The bell hop had added two bags that belonged to someone else, to our collection of luggage. We turned the extra bags over to the airport police and called the hotel telling them what we had done, hoping the bags and their owners would somehow be reunited.

We arrived in Porto Alegre so early that Professor Feldon, who was to meet us, had not yet arrived. We called his office and he said to go on the Hotel Everest and he would meet us there. We arrived with all our baggage, checked in without incident and returned to the lobby where Professor Feldon was waiting for us. He suggested we have dinner in the hotel dining room. We waited for over an hour and still no food service. Lowell and I gave up in disgust, excused ourselves, and went to bed.

Tuesday, March 27

We had a wonderful breakfast of fruit, bread, cheese, and cereals. Mary and Jeff joined us. We were picked up by two cars from the firm of Incobrasa. This Brazilian firm had extensive land holdings and processing facilities in Brazil, as well as owning land in Champaign County. Dr. Feldon had arranged the appointments for the day. Lowell and I rode with him and he provided interesting comments and comparisons between United States and Brazil. He had done graduate work at Purdue. One of his interesting comments about “competition” was if the United States entered into a price war, Brazil could underbid because of the low cost of land and wages, and “Brazil will be the one still standing at the end.”

We were driven to a large farm, where we toured the fields and photographed their operations. The landscape was very interesting, with lots of snowy egrets and other aquatic birds. We returned to the compound to look at the machinery and equipment (including their own small airplane). A family consisting of mother and two small children were standing in front of their home, surrounded by a small garden of flowers. A small puppy scampered around their feet. I stopped to take a photograph and Steve immediately jumped in front of me with the video camera. He waited until I selected a good “photo op” then tried to push me aside, all the while yelling “be quiet, you will spoil the shot.” (It was my shot in the first place). We walked down a road to see some fields of soybeans and hoped to film harvest. Harvesting was in progress on rice, instead of soybeans. Lowell asked me to take some shots of the large combine and again Steve insisted I get out of his way. I could barely control my temper.

We returned to Porto Alegre for an appointment with the president of Incobrasa in his office. He had agreed to the interview, but when he saw the video equipment, he informed



Children try
to follow the
conversation



Disappointment at
the failed corn crop

Lowell that no pictures were permitted. He answered questions politely, but with little enthusiasm. It was almost 3:00 before we finally went to lunch at a Churrascaria. It was a very pleasant restaurant, but very few people. We were told that few people had money to spend on eating out. We returned to the hotel and spent the remainder of the afternoon walking around the area until time to leave for the plane. Two taxis picked us up at the hotel and we departed for the airport, to catch the 9:00 flight to Buenos Aires.

Despite many problems and frustrations, the team had completed the Brazilian segment of the documentary, "Let's Meet The Competition." We had found friendly and helpful (for the most part) people throughout Brazil. I was impressed again with the ability to communicate with the Brazilian people in the farming community as well as in offices in big cities. Now we were on our way to Argentina, to continue the interviews. We were looking forward to renewing friendships made during previous visits and to the challenges and adventures we knew would be waiting.

Argentina

March 27 - April 6, 1990



Casa Rosada

Argentina

1990

Tuesday, March 27

Our plane from Brazil left on time (9:00 p.m.) for an uneventful flight to Buenos Aires. We would be spending the next ten days interviewing and filming in Argentina to complete our video documentary of “Let’s Meet The Competition”. Filming and interviewing in Brazil had encountered challenges we hoped not to repeat in the Argentine segment. The problem that almost cancelled the project in Brazil had been the obstinate customs officials, who were determined we would not bring professional-quality video equipment into the country. Determined to avoid repeating that problem, we had contacted Alfonso, our good Argentine friend and U of I graduate, and requested he work with customs at Ezeiza Airport to facilitate the importation of the video equipment. The second problem in Brazil had been that of the “lost” video tape cassettes. Those had been replaced and the boxes lost between Champaign and Rio were recovered at the airport before we departed Sao Paulo. That eliminated one more major crisis encountered in Brazil.

We were happy to find Alfonso waiting for us at the arrival gate at the airport, to help us through customs. He had made arrangements with Argentine customs and filled out additional paper work, but it still required over an hour to clear, just because of the sheer number of items the filming crew had checked through as excess baggage. Alfonso introduced his friend, Silvestre Valverde, who had been recruited to drive our van. We gladly allowed Alfonso to take over the discussions with customs. The van was ready and waiting and Alfonso and Silvestre took charge of loading all the luggage and equipment. It had been a long day for all of the team. The drive from the airport to Edificio Esmeralda required almost an hour, and it was after midnight when we arrived at our (now) familiar lodgings. This was our third stay at this convenient location and we knew our way around. We quickly said “good night” to our gracious hosts and headed for our apartment and a welcome bed.

Wednesday, March 28

Since we had a kitchenette, we ate breakfast in our room. Alfonso and Silvestre arrived early with an ambitious program for the day. Alfonso handed us an itinerary that had us programmed by the hour for the next 10 days. This first day’s itinerary was an indication of the wild schedule to come. It included a filming session with Alfonso in his office, interviews on film with the National Grain Board and the Buenos Aires Futures Market, then lunch at the

Grain Exchange. More filmed interviews on camera were scheduled for the afternoon, including the agricultural counselor from the U.S. Embassy, the manager of the National Association of Grain cooperatives, the grain quality specialist at the Grain Arbitration Chamber, and the manager of AACREA, the Association of Argentine grain farmers. For all of these meetings we had to mobilize the film crew (Steve and Bill), load and unload the video equipment, and conduct an interview, often through a translator. This all but impossible schedule was to be followed by an organized dinner.

I had my doubts we could keep such a schedule, but Alfonso and Sylvestre confidently loaded the van and started off for the Argentine Government Inspection Agency for photos in the laboratory and an interview with Hugo Luxardo — Lowell's friend from previous trips. With the interview completed and the filming equipment stowed back in the van, Silvestre drove us to the BOLSA — the Argentine Board of Trade — where Mary and Jeff were waiting, having taken a side trip in Brazil before joining the team again. The president of the Board met the team and ushered the film crew into the trading area for some good footage of action between buyers and sellers of grains. The president offered us lunch in their private dining room, where they had prepared a very nice plate of all kinds of sandwiches. Conversation flowed amicably on many topics, covering far more than the operation of grain markets.

Following lunch Lowell, Alfonso, and I spent an hour with the agricultural counselor, who had made a special trip from the embassy to visit with Lowell, knowing we would be short on time. I then walked back to the hotel, while Lowell continued interviews with government and grain industry officials, followed by a quick trip to the port. The filming crew were combining footage of the interviews with a number of port and city scenes. Bill and Steve were in their "element" on the city streets. They used two rolls of our precious film, on girls window shopping, pigeons in the Plaza, the "Little Ben" clock tower, people sitting on a bench, a man asleep on the grass, and dozens of scenes that had no value for a documentary on Argentine grain production and marketing. During filming in front of the Casa Rosa (government building) and the famous obelisk, a young woman approached us and introduced herself as a student from the University of Illinois. She was in Argentina on a student exchange program with a small university in the northern part of the country. She had found it very isolated and was so homesick, she had made the long trip to Buenos Aires in hopes of running into someone she knew from Illinois. Bill immediately decided he needed to interview her on camera, although she had nothing to do with our assignment, nor was any of the interview ever used in the edited film.

Lowell arrived back at the hotel at 7:30. Alfonso had arranged an unexpected, but welcome, addition to our planned itinerary. Starting early Thursday, Enrique Morea, who owned the consulting firm Morea-Valverde, had helped organize our itinerary and arranged for us to visit a large soybean farm. Alfonso had worked as a consultant with the company and our itinerary was printed on their letterhead. Morea-Valverde was involved with a company called

Agriex with extensive land holdings in Paraguay. Enrique had arranged for us to visit and film the land clearing and harvesting activities on 40,000 acres of soybeans on the border of Paraguay, Argentina, and Brazil, not far from Iguacu Falls. Alfonso's brother (also named Enrique) would accompany us on the travels since he had also worked with Morea-Valverde.

Alfonso had arranged for his friend, Claudia, to help with some of the activities and she started by taking us to dinner. It was quite late when we finished and returned to the hotel. Very tired, we went to bed, knowing we would have an early start tomorrow.

Thursday, March 29

We were up at 5:00 for an early departure. Silvestre and Alfonso were in the hotel lobby, with the van pulled up on the sidewalk — there was no parking space on the street at the Esmeralda! We departed for the national airport at 6:00 for the 6:50 flight. This was to be the beginning of an interesting and unique experience. We finished a very nice breakfast on the plane just in time to prepare for landing. We could see the mists rising in the distance as the plane pointed its nose towards the landing field at Iguacu Falls. By 8:00 we had organized two taxis to take us through the edge of Brazil and over the border into Paraguay. The jungle growth was thick on both sides of the road into town and I saw a colorful toucan flying among the trees. We arrived at the small Convair Hotel in the town of Ciudad del Este, where Alfonso had made arrangements for rooms for our large crew. Most of the team bolted across the street to a small café, since they had slept through the breakfast they could have had on the plane!!

The ranch was a long way from town and it developed that we were to have an interesting combination of travel. Agriex had sent their private plane to take our crew and equipment to the ranch. Unfortunately, there was room for only five passengers, and we now numbered seven. None of the filming crew volunteered to take the land alternative — they were hyped on filming aerial views from the plane as they flew over the diverse landscape of jungle, rivers, and fields. Lowell and I volunteered to ride in the pickup, expecting a fairly new vehicle and a comfortable ride, given that Agriex owned their own plane. So we were a little surprised when an old red pickup arrived at the hotel. There would be three people (the driver and us) in the front seat, with a floor gear shift for me to dodge as the driver shifted gears over the uneven road. Air conditioning in the jungle heat consisted of open windows with the hot air and red dust swirling in our faces. The rest of the crew left for the airport without a backward look at our antiquated mode of transport!

We left most of our luggage at the hotel, since we planned to be back by bedtime, but our film crew had assumed we would carry all their equipment not needed for filming on the plane, in the back of the pickup. We agreed, but not without a feeling of being “used” since they didn't stay to help load. Our driver was a wizened Spanish-speaking fellow, eager to converse and tell us all about the passing scene. We could follow only a few of his observations by combining our few words of Spanish, his few words of English and a lot of sign language.

It was a long 3-hour trip, over one lane, red dirt roads, but extremely interesting scenery. The rolling land had been a combination of jungle, brush and undergrowth, but had been cleared for pasture and soybeans, except for the deep ravines where the jungle remained — dense and dark. We frequently passed squatters' shacks along the way — small wooden improvised living quarters tucked in among the trees. Enough trees had been cut to allow a small area for their shacks. Some were natives who had been on the land before it was sold and cleared. Others had migrated in from more destitute regions, knowing that the political climate would not allow the ranchers to evict them by force. The government was trying to relocate some of them. Many of the large ranchers had decided it was easier to assist them with a plot of land and more permanent houses, than to track them down and evict them.

We drove up hill and down, around curves and over bridges where the rattling planks indicated loose boards. Much of the road and many bridges were too narrow for two way traffic. The day was hot and the humidity high. Our clothes clung to our wet bodies and the red dust, mixed with our perspiration ran down our faces in red rivulets .

We came upon a truck stalled across the narrow road with no way for us to pass. I wondered how long we might have to stay in this hot little pickup. Luckily, the truck driver closed the hood, returned to his seat, and the engine sputtered and roared to life. We had been delayed only a few minutes. It took another two hours to reach the ranch. Our driver stopped in front of the main house and returned with a young man. It was immediately obvious to us that this was Alfonso's brother, Enrique Ruiz. He invited us in and offered a very welcome cold glass of coke. It was delicious. We were surprised to learn the plane had not arrived, given the time it took us to complete the long trip. We had been visiting for only about 10 minutes, when we heard the plane approaching. The pilot landed on the small airstrip next to the house and taxied up to the front lawn. Our camera crew staggered out, looking very green! They had requested that the pilot give them "good aerial shots" of the falls, jungle, river, and fields, and he gave them that and more. When we saw how air-sick all of them were, we were happy we had chosen the small red pickup!

The main house was very attractive, with a living room, dining area and kitchen. There was a fire place at one end of the living room and red tile floors. A welcome air conditioner hummed at one window, cooling the room to a comfortable temperature, despite the heat outdoors. The long table was set with china and crystal for 11 people. A few moments later a group of five men arrived. Enrique Ruiz introduced them: the manager (Enrique Morea), an interesting consultant from Buenos Aires, the pilot, and two others with responsibilities at the ranch. We were served large slices of well-cooked roast beef, boiled potatoes, carrots, whole tomatoes, peas, palm hearts, and lettuce. Crackers were served with each course, I surmised that this was because bread was difficult to keep fresh in this hot humid climate.

Lunch completed, we departed for the fields over their ranch roads. They told us they had over 300 miles of roads within the ranch. The ones we traveled were in better condition than the

public road on which we rode from town. We passed many fields of soybeans on long gentle slopes. All were planted on the contour to control erosion. Given the long season, we saw almost a full range of stages of growth, from emerging plants being cultivated, to harvesting. Our hosts were searching for the field with the largest number of operating combines, where the crew could set up their cameras. Our entourage of car, station wagon, and pickup stopped at the top of a hill in a large field. Harvesting was in full swing, with large combines scattered over an expanse that seemed to reach to the horizon. Each driver was equipped with a 2-way radio and in contact with Enrique Morea. He instructed the drivers to assemble in a staggered row and drive toward the film crew. Soon six combines were marching toward us in formation, equally spaced in a staggered line, each taking its 12-foot swath. The camera crew was ecstatic, but of course voiced their request that it be repeated several times because “the light must be just right.” The combines circled and lined up again with jungle showing in the background. This was another awkward moment, given the difficulty for the drivers and the harvesting delay this created. Several trucks were lined up behind us, waiting to be filled as each combine hopper reached capacity with the golden beans.

Enrique Ruiz invited us to ride with him and the consultant in the air conditioned station wagon, which I gladly accepted because the tropical sun was bearing down very hot. Clouds were beginning to build, with a promise of rain, but the breeze was still hot and humid.

Bill and Steve were riding in the pickup with Enrique Morea as guide, camera running as they moved among the fields. As the sun dropped, the clouds turned to beautiful purple, red and gold. Each minute provided a more inviting photo opportunity than the one before and the pickup lagged farther and farther behind us until it disappeared from sight. We waited and waited for them to catch up, but they never came. We finally decided to continue without them, and turned off the main road, driving along a path into a deep ravine, still covered with dense jungle growth so thick you would have had to hack your way through if someone had not carved out a small dirt road. We passed a squatters’ compound complete with chickens, pigs and goats running freely with the children. A thin milk cow was tied to a tree, stretching to reach another mouthful of grass. The squatters eyed us with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion as we passed.

Enrique said he had something special to show us and as we approached the river’s edge, a magnificent waterfall came into view. Some 300 feet above us, a torrent of water cascaded over the edge of a cliff, tumbling to the river hundreds of feet below. A cloud of multicolored butterflies of all sizes drifted lazily about us, in and out of the rainbows created by the mists rising from the falls. Long vines like ropes hung from the trees and wildflowers thrust their colorful heads from the grasses at our feet. I had to have a photograph and despite cautionary comments from the men, I climbed into the crotch of a tree overhanging the abyss below to get a better angle of falls, river, and butterflies. Turning to our right, we could see where this private tributary joined the swift moving water of the River Parana — the Paraguayan portion



Plane lands with airsick team



Four combines cut a wide swath



Sunset over Paraguay soybeans



A waterfall hidden
in the jungle

of the river carrying grain from Rosario to Buenos Aires. We had photographed elevators and ocean going vessels all along the river during earlier visits to Argentina

Photographs could not begin to describe my feeling of awe as I stood and absorbed the sights, the smells, the roar of the tumbling water, and the silent movement in the jungle around me. The clouds and setting sun provided a constantly changing panorama of color and there was a feeling of exhilaration that could only be experienced by standing in the spot. Reluctantly we returned to the station wagon as it would soon be dark.

The farm had its own grain storage and drying facilities built on the highest point of land on the ranch, and our driver took us there to watch as the loaded trucks arrived to deposit their bounty of soybeans. There we found our camera crew, who had been so engrossed with more photos of combines and sunsets, they had missed our experience at the waterfalls. Somewhat chagrined, they loaded equipment in the pickup and rushed to follow our directions to the falls. By now the colors had faded from the clouds, and soon after they left, a light rain began to fall. Lowell had tried to keep them with us so he could suggest the scenes he wanted in the film, but they always had their own ideas. By failing to keep with our planned tour, they had missed one of the most photogenic scenes on the ranch.

We returned to the compound just before dark, and ahead of the others. Enrique drove us around the workers' houses, their church, and their school. The houses were neat, little wooden structures with fenced-in yards. Gardens and flowers surrounded each of the houses. They were all equipped with electricity and fresh water. Enrique told us there were 250 employees on the ranch, caring for 40,000 acres of soybeans and a large number of cattle. Cattle and jungle did not mesh well, we were told, because jaguars and other predators killed many cattle. Enrique Morea told us the ranchers had eliminated most of the jaguars in order to protect their cattle. "It is very rare to see a jaguar in this region," he said. "They have been virtually eliminated by the ranchers."

The original plan was for all of us to return to the hotel in town for the night. However, it was now almost dark, and we were beginning to feel a little uneasy about the long trip back. Darkness would soon envelope us and a 3-hour trip in the pickup in the dark did not sound very enticing. When Enrique suggested that we spend the night at the ranch we quickly accepted, trying not to sound too relieved. Also, we thought it would be a unique experience sleeping so close to the jungles of Paraguay.

The light was beginning to fade as we returned to the guest house to shower before supper. The guest house was some distance from the main house, and consisted of a screened wooden structure with shutters built on a cement slab. It had two small rooms with double beds, and a large room with several bunk beds. There was one shower for all, except for our private bedroom that had its own shower.

We had been requested to join the two Enrique's in the main house for supper at eight o'clock. As we started across the lawn, the consultant departed in the company plane. The pilot

taxied the small plane off the lawn and onto the adjacent grass runway. With lights blazing, the craft roared down the runway and disappeared into the night sky.

The stars were beginning to twinkle above us and the night insects had joined together for their evening chorus of sounds, as we made our way across the lawn to the main house for supper. Neither of the Enrique's had arrived. After many glasses of ice cold fruit drink and an hour of conversation, Alfonso suggested we eat without them. Mary and Jeff were too tired to join us, so just Alfonso, Lowell, Bill, Steve, and I sat down to an excellent supper of cold roasted chicken, and a large platter of vegetables. We finished with guava jelly, cheese, and coffee. Lowell and I declined the coffee, knowing the effect it might have on much needed sleep, and returned to the guest house, stepping carefully in the wet grass. I fervently hoped there were no snakes as we walked along trying to find our way in the black of the night with only our little pen light to guide us.

It was nearing midnight when we opened our shutters and went to bed. The cool night air carried in the smell of the land and the jungle, as well as the sounds of the night creatures. An occasional mosquito buzzed us, but we were too tired to care.

Friday, March 30

I awoke about 4:00 a.m. to the sound of crowing roosters in the workers' compound, announcing the beginning of another day. It was still dark, but as the sky began to lighten, the birds commenced chattering in the trees surrounding the guest house. Lowell and I were up shortly after 6:00, no longer able to sleep. We joined Mary, Jeff, and Enrique Ruiz in the main house for a breakfast of juice, ham, cheese, crackers, and hot black coffee. Enrique Morea was trying to determine the best way to get all of us back to the airport at Iguacu, since the company plane was no longer available. He finally decided the only alternative was another pickup. It had the framework for a canvas top, which had been folded and placed on the floor.

The truck was not available until noon for some reason, so we lounged on the porch and sat on the lawn in the shade of a huge banana tree with its large purple blossoms and broad leaves. The cool breeze of the morning was quickly changing to warm and humid. Our clothes began to stick to our skin and insects were finding any exposed limbs. The pickup and driver finally arrived. Lowell and I rode in front with my tote bag tucked tightly between my legs. There was no room to move except to dodge the stick shift as we negotiated the hills and curves. Mary, Jeff, Alfonso, Steve, and Bill were crammed in the back with all the back packs and equipment. We waved goodbye and were off, down that same red dusty road Lowell and I had traveled on our way to the ranch. We knew there was at least a two and a half hour drive of dusty, bumpy road between the ranch and a cool hotel room with showers.

We stopped once to photograph a sequence of land clearing, terracing, and planting. It was an ideal spot to capture the entire process from jungle, to bulldozer, to burning timber, to soybeans under cultivation. This was not the "destruction of the Amazon Rain Forest" so many



Night at the ranch house



Bill dressed for action



Back to del Este



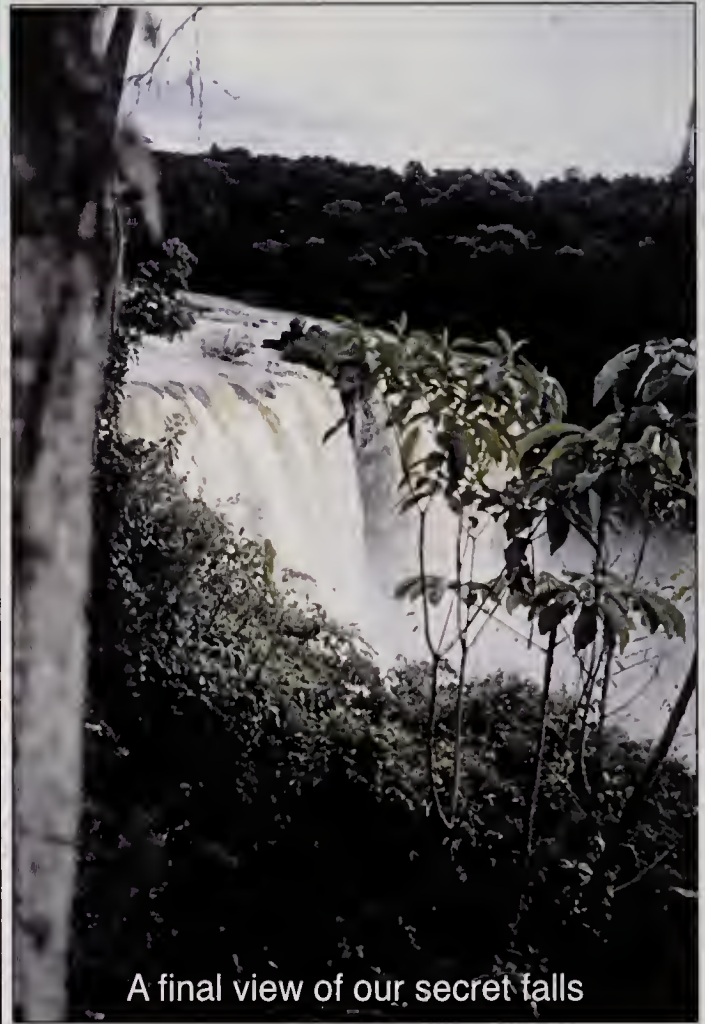
Clearing scrub brush



Steve really wants that shot



Mary waits for the camera crew



A final view of our secret falls

had complained about. However, cultivation was gradually pushing back the natural covering of brush and large trees.

A little farther on we stopped to photograph a family of squatters. They had cleared an opening in the trees and brush, pushing back the dense growth only a few feet from their compound. Cut-off sections of the felled trees were scattered about the compound for seats. The few buildings were constructed of freshly sawn lumber. The children came running, full of curiosity, when we started to set up the camera. Most of the little boys were wearing only shorts or jeans and the little girls were in summer dresses. All of them were barefoot and covered in the red dust. They had no choice as there was red dirt everywhere. A rope had been strung between two trees and a large laundry had been hung out to dry. A three-sided wooden building dominated the compound. It was open on one side and had doors opening into other rooms. There were rough hewn chairs in this structure, and four of the children quickly took up positions in them, all curious and giggling, when they saw our cameras were pointed in their direction. A multi-colored duck waddled slowly across the floor. Pets and animals were free to move in and out of the buildings and the compound wherever they chose. We were told they were

building a school for the children, but we were not sure where. It was clear that this family (or families) had had some professional help in sawing lumber and constructing the buildings — probably from local ranchers.

We all took photos, but Bill never seemed to understand (or didn't care) when people were becoming uncomfortable with his "directing" and it was time to quit. Even the children were losing interest by the time we convinced him to turn off the cameras!

The sun and humidity were intense during the first hour of the trip, and the red dust settled on us and clung to our damp skin and clothes like a red mantle. Even our hair was turning red. Then massive storm clouds began to build. Lowell and I suggested to the team in back that perhaps it was time to put the canvas canopy over the truck bed. Bill assured us no canopy was needed. Less than half a mile down the road, the sky opened up and water came down in torrents. Our driver stopped while Jeff and Alfonso quickly stretched the cover over the frame, getting drenched to the skin. Bill never moved a muscle to help, but sat on the best board seat like a maharaja. When the truck lurched forward Steve lost his balance and fell on his back-pack. Only later did he discover he had mashed a tube of toothpaste that oozed through most of its contents.

During the remainder of the trip, we slid down the greasy road with thick red water engulfing us as we plunged into each puddle. The rain stopped and the sun came out as we entered the small town of Ciudad del Este on the Paraguayan border. We had to stop at the hotel where we had stayed on our way in, to pick up our luggage and explain why we had not shown for our reservation the night before. They wanted to charge us full price for the night we missed, but after some argument they agreed to split the cost. Our driver dropped us at the bus station, where we hired two taxis to drive us to the Brazilian side of the falls for more pictures, before continuing on to the airport for our 8:00 p.m. flight back to Buenos Aires. We were all a sorry sight by this time, covered in red dirt and mud from head to toe.

Just before we reached the falls, a dark shadow emerged from the jungle to our right. We were thrilled as a huge beautiful jaguar emerged from the shadows. It was big and heavy-bodied with a long thick tail, crouched at the edge of the road. With its body low to the ground, it moved silently across the road, looking back over his shoulder at us as it vanished into the jungle. The taxi driver was as excited as we — shouting, "a cat, a cat." Alfonso said he thought at first it was a tired old dog dragging himself across the road. We were told by several people it was a rare sight, since jaguars are seldom seen anymore, especially in the daylight.

We reached the Falls, but Lowell and I felt they were not as spectacular as the last time we had seen them — not nearly as much water. Part of the walkway was closed and the big walkway that extended far out into the spray was entirely closed as part of the guard rails had been washed away. A couple visiting the falls, looked at us in disbelief and asked, "Why are you so dirty?" It was too complicated to try to explain.



Squatter's camp



Iguacu Falls



Azarola's youngest ready for roundup



A little help from big brother

Bill and Steve had no sooner set the camera on the tripod, than a policeman descended on us and asked who had given us permission to film. Mary explained we had been given permission by the government, but he was not convinced and said he would have to check with his superior and went to the phone. We quickly gathered up our equipment and moved to another part of the park before he returned. In the rush to move, Steve dropped the camera and broke the telephoto lens with automatic focus. He had to use a less sophisticated lens and make adjustments by hand, during the rest of the tour in Argentina. It was time to head for the airport before we got into any more trouble!

The trip to the airport turned into another interesting experience. The sky opened again and we were driving through a sheet of water. We checked in at the airport and went to the restaurant for coffee and a hamburger. About plane boarding time, they announced there would be a 1-hour delay. We sat for over an hour before they announced the flight was cancelled, and the plane had to return to Buenos Aires due to the bad storm. Buses would take us to a hotel, serve us dinner and breakfast and return us to the airport for a 9:00 a.m. flight the next morning. They did just that, quickly and efficiently. Dinner was excellent — a large buffet with a choice of fish or spaghetti and our choice from the dessert cart. It was 1:00 a.m. by the time we had eaten, showered, washed hair and clothes and fell into bed. To our surprise, they had put us in a 5-star hotel. So much had happened it was hard to believe it had been less than 18 hours since we were eating breakfast at the ranch.

Saturday, March 31

The hotel served us breakfast at 7:00, and the airline buses arrived to take us back to the airport. Fortunately, I had packed a change of clothes for Lowell and myself, in a small handbag. The other crew members were left with their muddy, rain-soaked clothes they were wearing when we left the ranch. We arrived at the airport in time for our 9:00 a.m. flight back to the domestic airport in Buenos Aires. There were a few sprinkles while we were boarding the plane, but the sky cleared rapidly as we approached Buenos Aires. The front had passed and the air was clean and cool as we disembarked.

We had been a merry bunch of nine travelers, obviously enjoying our experiences and conversations. With red dust and mud clinging to our clothes, people even stopped us and asked us why we were so dirty. The two Enriques had joined us at the Iguacu airport and returned with us to Buenos Aires. Claudia and Silvestre met us with the van. Enrique Morea introduced us to his fiancé who was waiting at the airport to greet him.

We proceeded to the Esmeralda to retrieve the remainder of our bags which we had stored when we left for Paraguay. We said goodbye to Jeff and Mary, who were leaving for a vacation in southern Argentina and Bolivia. When we dropped Alfonso at his home, Christine and their daughter came out to the car to say “hello!” We then drove toward Pergamino with a stop in Arrecifes where we had an appointment with the grain elevator named “Buratovich

Hnos.” (brothers). Jose Antonio Buratovich said the business was started by his grandfather 75 years earlier. He gave Lowell an excellent interview, covering practices, prices, transportation, and government policies. We also obtained good photographs of the operation. Bill and Steve finished filming, and we were on our way to the Valencia Hotel, in Pergamino for the night. Following dinner we fell exhausted into our beds at 9:00.

Sunday, April 1

We awoke to a clear, crisp autumn day. Lowell and I had breakfast alone a little after 7:00. Our first appointment for the day was at Estancia La Lucila, a 7,500-acre ranch owned by the five Lagos Marmol brothers. The buildings were located in an English style park of lawn, trees and flowers. One of the brothers was a professional polo player. We met his 18-year-old son who demonstrated his horsemanship. He was studying agronomy at the university, but his uncle laughingly said he really wanted to be a polo player — much against his father’s wishes. The Estancia had been in the family for 100 years. His great grandfather had fought the Indians for it. They also bred and trained polo ponies which were beautiful. They had over 200 of them.

The brother giving us the filmed interview was manager of the Estancia, but was also a lawyer by profession. He gave us full access to the ranch for taking photos and filming. It was so wet from recent rains that he told us harvesting wouldn’t start until the afternoon, so we arranged for a return visit. While driving past an elevator, we could see that their gas-fired dryer was in full operation. With no introduction, we stopped and asked permission to film the operation, including his procedure for checking the kernels for stress cracks. The manager was most cooperative in answering questions and assisting in filming his operation, especially considering we had arrived unexpectedly with no introduction.

Filming completed, we drove to a nearby small farm for lunch. The Azarola family, consisting of Rodolfo and Mrs. Azarola and their two sons, was waiting to greet us. One boy was about seven and the other about nine. Jose Buratovich (who had hosted us at his elevator at Arrecifes on Saturday), his wife, and their two children were also there to greet us. It turned out the two families were friends and the Azarola family had invited Jose and family to join the Asada. Anna was 18 and in her first year at university, majoring in accounting like her father. Her brother, Adolfo, was a 3rd-year student in Agronomy. Anna had just returned from two months in Massachusetts as an exchange student. Both spoke excellent English. Jose (we later learned) was nearly fluent in English, but preferred to have his conversation translated by one of the children. Mrs. Buratovich also understood much of the conversation.

We were greeted with warm smiles, hand shakes, and Argentine kisses. They said all was ready for us to eat. They ushered us to the barbecue pit to view the sizzling sausages and beef ribs on skewers, then on to a 3-car garage. Rudolpho Azarola threw open the garage door to reveal a beautiful white walled garage with tiled floors — ours should look so good! A long picnic table stretched the length of the garage. We were served cold drinks, sausage, ribs, potato

salad, cabbage, lettuce and tomato salads, along with crusty Italian bread. Dessert was to be fresh fruit, with cake and coffee, but given all the food we had already consumed, we decided to do the outside filming first.

We walked outside to the grassy farmyard, where all the farm implements had been arranged in neat rows. The Azarola boys got on their ponies and drove a herd of black Angus into view for a background shot for the camera crew, while Mr. Azarola did his on-camera interview. Rudolpho was operating this grain and livestock farm owned by his father. Time had gone by so quickly that we decided we would have to skip the coffee and cake, in order to return to the Lagos farm to film the harvesting before dark. The Azarola family stood in the white arched gate waving goodbye as we departed. We made it to the field on the Lagos farm just in time to film them finishing a field.

Bill and Steve filmed every possible view of the harvesting process, placing the camera in a pickup driving alongside the combine, and even from inside the combine cab. Finally satisfied, they allowed us to load their equipment in the van for an uneventful drive to the Libertador Hotel in downtown Rosario. Lowell and I had a sandwich in the bar and retired for the night.

Monday, April 2

Following breakfast at 7:00, we departed for an export elevator in San Martin, north of Rosario. We stood on the bank watching the activity on the river. Barges were being loaded and unloaded as grain was transferred through the elevator. A Greek freighter was anchored at the river's edge. The Parana was a swirling, muddy red, red river, carrying soil from Brazil and Paraguay to the sea. I imagined it had been a much cleaner, prettier river before the forests and grasslands were cleared to make way for corn, soybeans, cotton, and cane.

We returned to the hotel, before going on to the Stock Exchange. We had agreed on a time for meeting in the lobby in order to move to the Exchange for lunch and filming. All the team was there except Bill. We waited nervously as the time for our appointment with the President of the Exchange drew ever nearer. Still no Bill. We called his room. Steve went to the room and checked. Still no Bill. Then Lowell went to the coffee bar on the mezzanine, and there sat Bill, leisurely enjoying another cup of coffee. He made no explanation or apology as Lowell pointed out we were going to be late for a very important interview. Slowly, deliberately he made his way down the steps and into the waiting van.

Our hosts for lunch were three of the top men at the Bolsa (stock exchange). One had been in Washington, D.C. and heard Lowell's address in November at the National Outlook Conference. He was so impressed, he wanted Lowell to give an address to the full membership of the Exchange, but we had to decline as there was no time in our schedule of appointments.

Lunch was a grand affair in their elegant dining room. Filming took most of the afternoon. When the interviews were completed, Lowell and I walked around the pedestrian mall and had an ice cream cone before going to bed.

Tuesday, April 3

Sylvestre joined us for breakfast in the bar as we were finishing. Bill and Steve never seem to get up in time for breakfast with the rest of us. Their manners were so bad we were constantly embarrassed by them. Steve was like a bull in a china shop and Bill was always trying to act like a Hollywood director — pompous and overbearing. Neither of them listened to suggestions or directions given to them.

Our schedule for the morning included an interview at a soybean processing and exporting facility located at the port in Punta Alvear. The plant was located on land formerly owned by a president of Argentina back in the 1920s. It was his summer home. Some summer home!! A lovely pink stucco Spanish style mansion, located on a promontory some 100 feet above the Parana River. Old pine and eucalyptus trees graced the aging, but still magnificent, mansion.

We departed the grounds about 11:45 only to be stopped at the gate to be told that the employees had found some camera equipment after we left. The office had radioed the gate to intercept us. Steve and Bill had left a \$100-battery for their video camera lying on a chair.

We had lunch in Rosario, then started a 2½-hour trip across country to the Estancia La Portena. We saw a number of signs along the road, advertising American seed and equipment companies. Lowell requested these be photographed to demonstrate that the expanding soybean acreage in South America was primarily the result of activity by commercial firms, not because the University was exporting expertise, as often accused.

There were many large trucks loaded with soybeans traveling the road with us. Bill and Steve “just had” to film these trucks, with their camera trained on the rolling wheels. They requested that Sylvestre slow down so they would be side-by-side with the truck for several minutes. Who needs five minutes of semi wheels going “round and round?” It would have been laughable if it had not been so irritating. The truck driver began shaking his fist at us, embarrassing everyone except Bill and Steve. Ignoring Bill’s protests, Lowell told Sylvestre to drive on.

We reached our destination for the night about 5:00. We were not sure what to expect and neither were our hosts, as we were their first paying guests.

The Estancia had existed since 1850, and had been used primarily for training polo ponies. The owners had only recently decided to add guest accommodations. The home and the family were descendants of the famous Argentine writer, Ricardo Guiraldes, often compared to Mark Twain. He wrote several books about gaucho life on the Argentine Pampas including *Shadows on the Pampas*. The buildings were Spanish in style, with stables and quarters for some of the gauchos working with the polo ponies. The gaucho quarters were very clean and attractive. There was a large room where the gauchos could gather and eat and visit in the evenings. At the north end, comfortable upholstered chairs and tables were arranged

about a massive fireplace. We were invited to enjoy a cup of coffee in front of the blazing fire.

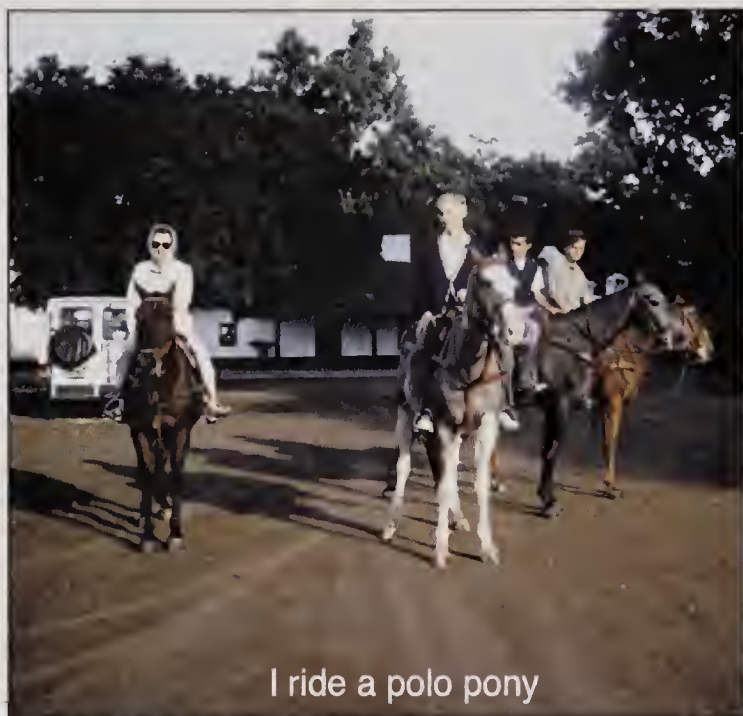
Outside there was a pink stucco well and watering trough, located between the gauchos' quarters and the guest house. The guest house was part of the family's former living quarters, but had been converted to guest bedrooms. A tile-roofed veranda to the south entrance was surrounded by flowers, shrubs, and vines, and shaded by big old trees. Each bedroom had its own large white tiled bath and sitting room. Ours had a tiny fireplace and bay window with colonial shutters looking on to a tiled veranda. All the rooms were beautifully decorated with flowered draperies and antique furniture. There were two bedrooms on one side of the wide center hall, one bedroom and a living room on the other side. A small staircase off the living room led to what was the famous writer's studio above. About 100 feet behind this house was an even larger 2-story house with a formal dining room, kitchen, bedrooms, etc.

This Estancia breeds, raises, and trains polo horses and players. They have a training school, and a large polo playing field. All this was located in a broad spreading English styled park with sweeping lawn, big old pine and eucalyptus trees, and many large shrubs that at first glance appeared to be huge trees. Masses of vines and bougainvillea hung from trellises about the building. Humming birds boldly hovered over flowering plants and a huge flock of green parrots chattered and nested in big old evergreen trees.

We were greeted by Alexandro, a great nephew of the deceased writer and his son Marcos (in his 20s). Both were polo players. We were also greeted by Marcos' cousin who had been an exchange student in the United States and spoke good English, and by Florencia, his aunt. We were shown to our rooms and then came back downstairs to the dining room where we were served an elegant English style tea. They encouraged us to walk about the grounds and photograph or just enjoy the birds and flowers.

I walked far enough to frame a photo of the house through one of the old trees. Steve immediately followed and told me to "move out of the picture." Over the past week he had started following me around, and whenever I found a good photograph, he would move in and claim it as his. I ignored him, took my picture, and returned to the corral where riders were exercising and training horses. There were four horses and riders going round and round in the corral. They were putting them through their paces with turns, reversals, and figure eight patterns. I found a spot at the corner where I could stand on a railing and get some good scenes of the action. Bill and Steve immediately appeared with camera and tried to push their way into the very spot where I was leaning over the fence. This time I had had it with them and I told them so. It was not a pretty scene but they steered clear of me after that, with no attempt to push me around. They commandeered a pickup from the ranch and started filming at a respectable distance from my post.

The riders finished with several sets of four horses and then saddled fresh horses and asked if we wanted to ride. Lowell and Bill readily accepted, but I declined and watched from the shade of the large tree. Bill requested a demonstration of a polo pony in action, with no



I ride a polo pony



A misty trail ride



Spanish dancers



I'm persuaded
to join in



A barbecue under the trees

consideration of whether our host had the time. However, he obliged and outfitted one of the trained horses, took it to the polo field behind the house and gave a demonstration. As usual, Bill requested repeat after repeat of the action until the horse was becoming tired and the rider becoming irritated. After walking around the grounds for a while I retreated to the living room to read, as the mosquitos were descending rapidly. Lowell returned about an hour and a half later.

The dinner was elegantly served in the dining room by a butler. We retired to the gaucho quarters for coffee while sitting before a blazing fire in the living room. We walked back to our quarters through the twilight and enjoyed the view from our window before going to bed.

Wednesday, April 4

Lowell and I had breakfast with Alexandro at 7:30. After a great deal of urging from Lowell and Alexandro, I agreed to join them on a ride on one of the polo ponies. One of the gauchos rode my horse out of the arena in a flurry of hooves and dust. I was having second thoughts about this ride. However, once I was in the saddle, it was a very gentle horse and I must admit I enjoyed it very much. We formed into a line of about six horses and riders on a path that led through trees and bushes, so thick it was almost dark on the grassy path. The sun filtered through the dense tree growth, making rainbows on the morning mists that hung about our heads. We passed a large concrete structure, honey combed with places for nesting birds, and several doves flew out as we rode by. The path ended in an open field from which we could return to the horse corrals.

Florencia and the others joined us for a trip into town to see the museum dedicated to Ricardo Güiraldes and his works. Lowell and I had seen the museum on our previous visit to Argentina, but did not want to disappoint our hosts. Bill and Steve were very subdued through the morning activities. It was not clear if they were disinterested in the morning schedule, or if my words yesterday had dampened their opinionated assertiveness.

When we returned to the Estancia, our hosts had arranged for afternoon entertainment by two dancers and four musicians in gaucho attire, complete with bright red scarves. The woman dancer was quite young and wore a long full skirted, white dress. The older man was wearing gaucho pants, jacket, hat, and boots, all black. He wore a broad ornate silver studded belt with a long dagger protruding from the back of the belt. All of the men appeared to be well along in years, but were quite good on their string instruments and accordion. They entertained us with folk music and dance for nearly an hour. When they asked me to join them, I accepted and surprised myself, as well as the rest of our team, at how easily I could follow the Spanish dance steps.

When the performance was finished we assembled for an Asada, on the lawn under big old pine trees. This was truly a picnic barbecue, Argentine style, with empanadas, potato salad, tossed salad, assorted beef cuts cooked over an open fire, bread, and a fruit cup for dessert.

Hundreds of green parrots squawked and chattered, in the trees above us, and swooped low over our heads. The family thought them a nuisance, but we thought they were colorful and added to the atmosphere of the moment.

By the time we finished dessert and coffee it was getting late and we dashed to change clothes, pack the van, say goodbye to our gracious hosts, and depart for a four o'clock appointment in Buenos Aires with Mr. Regunaga, the National Director of Agricultural Economics. As usual, Bill and Steve were the last to get in the van, dragging various pieces of equipment and luggage, only partly packed. Some 25 miles down the road, I heard a car horn honking as it pulled up beside us. It was Marcus and Alexandro from the Estancia, waving us down. Bill and Steve had done it again!! Our hosts had found a very expensive microphone left lying on the window sill of their room.

We arrived at the Esmeralda and hurriedly checked in. Alfonso was waiting to accompany Lowell and the video team to the government offices and Belgrano University for another series of interviews. I remained in the room as I could tell I was coming down with a cold. Claudia had planned dinner and a show for the evening, but I was too miserable with the cold to go. Lowell and I had a quiet dinner at a pleasant little restaurant on Julio Avenue and went to bed.

Thursday, April 5

A good night's sleep had helped my cold. Lowell and the team left in a rain-storm for their last day of appointments. One of the appointments was with the research scientist in charge of plant breeding for the Argentine government — Marta Gutierrez. This contact later proved to be very useful to Lowell, as she contributed to his conferences and co-authored an article published as a proceedings in the international conference *Uniformity by 2000*. I remained at the hotel to pack.

Lowell returned about noon and we began the process of checking out and packing the van with luggage and equipment, ready for the departure to the airport. Our agenda had been organized to allow two hours for last minute shopping. Bill immediately "commandeered" Claudia for his personal guide and departed for the pedestrian mall on Florida Avenue. Everyone else took off as well, leaving Lowell and I to finish the details at the hotel. The van was packed and the group was ready to depart for lunch, but no Bill! We waited and waited, and finally 20 minutes after the agreed upon time, Bill and Claudia returned from his last minute shopping spree. He still had to pack his personal belongings. Consequently we were about 40 minutes late arriving at the La Costanera restaurant where Claudia had arranged for the farewell luncheon which Lowell had requested. He was hosting the lunch at his expense in appreciation for all the people from Argentina had done to make the project a success.

Christina (Alfonso's wife) had already arrived and had been waiting anxiously during our 40-minute delay caused by Bill. The restaurant was located with a view across the river, and specialized in typical Argentine beef served on skewers. The food was excellent with a wide

range of choices on the menu. Lowell and I were so concerned about the departure time for the airport, we could not really enjoy the food. We had lost nearly a full hour from our tight schedule, by the time everyone was seated. We were to leave for the airport at 3:45 and that was calling it close on an international flight, given the departure time of 5:30. Lunch was finally over, but to our shock, Alfonso announced we had to return to the Hertz office and pay for the rental of the van, before leaving for the airport.

The van finally pulled up at the departure terminal and we were met by a very upset Alexandro from the Portena Estancia. He insisted on giving us back \$100 from the charges during our stay at the Estancia. He made abject apologies and was very embarrassed. I really felt sorry for him as he was so obviously upset. It was not until later we discovered that all this was the result of Bill complaining to Claudia that he thought their charges were far too high for what we received. Everyone else in the group thought we had received great value for the money spent, that our hosts had been very gracious, and had gone to some trouble to return the microphone which Bill had forgotten to pack!! Claudia had phoned the complaint to Alexandro who had driven like a madman from his home to be waiting at the airport when we arrived. Leave it to Bill to put us in such an awkward situation! Lowell later wrote to Alexandro with an explanation and assurances that he believed we had been treated very fairly at La Portena and Bill's complaints did not reflect the feelings of the rest of the group.

The lines at the Pan Am check-in counter were long and all the equipment still had to be cleared with customs. I tried to hold a place in line for us, while the customs' inspections were conducted, but we were still the last to check in. We rushed to the departure gate because the plane had been boarding for some time while we were stuck in line at check-in. Once on board, Lowell and I gladly collapsed in our seats and were overjoyed to discover we had an empty seat beside us and could spread out a little so Lowell could work. We were also relieved that Steve and Bill were several rows ahead of us — Steve because he more than overflowed his seat, and Bill because the last thing we wanted to do was make small talk with him!

We departed on time at 5:30 and relaxed for the 2-hour flight to Rio. We had another 2-hour wait in Rio for our connecting flight. Bill and Steve immediately dumped all their luggage on us since “you two don't have any plans,” and took off for the shops. This time Lowell had had it. He went after them and told them they would have to look after their own bags. They had been given a unique opportunity for travel and filming, and they had caused problems throughout the entire trip.

We were soon back on the plane for the 8-hour flight to Miami. We alternated working, napping, and reading until we arrived in Miami at 5:00 a.m. Friday, April 6.

Friday, April 6

It was so good to be back in the USA. We appreciated the cheerful “welcome home” from the customs officer. What a contrast to the customs agents we had encountered in our travels.

Clearing customs was easy this trip — we had spent a total of \$3.00 on personal items. There had been no time for shopping. To our relief all the video equipment, cameras, and tapes arrived safely in Miami and cleared customs with no problems. We waited some time before the TWA people showed up for check-in, then proceeded to the boarding gate to wait. While we were waiting, luck provided me with a small revenge for all the unpleasant incidents caused by Bill. All during the trip, Bill had made a big deal about the journal he was typing into his computer. While he was playing with it in the waiting lounge, he hit the wrong key and wiped out the entire document.

The plane was on time for our 9:00 departure. We had breakfast on the plane and arrived in St. Louis at 10:30. Lowell and I went to the TWA Ambassadors Club so Lowell could check with TWA about reimbursement for the video tapes lost between Champaign and Rio on our way to Brazil — that seemed such a long time ago!! He was able to file a report, but received little encouragement that they would do anything about it.

Our flight to Willard Airport in Champaign was not due to leave until 1:20. There was an earlier flight, but we decided not to risk loss of luggage and equipment in the process of changing flights. We would gain only about half an hour. When we arrived at the TWA departure gate, we discovered that Bill and Steve had decided on their own to take the earlier flight and leave the luggage and equipment for us to worry about. Lowell and I were really angry by this time as they had taken no responsibility for the equipment, and had given no thought to the inconveniences they caused the rest of the group. In addition Lowell had prearranged for Karen Bender, his research assistant, to bring the University van to the airport to take everyone home, in order to save the cost of taxis.

Steve met us as we arrived at Willard, but Bill was not with him. Bill had called Karen as soon as he was off the plane, and told her to come and get him in her car, without regard for the cost or inconvenience, or their right to “direct” Lowell’s research assistant. After delivering him to his home, she had to pick up the van and return to the airport 30 minutes later to pick up the rest of us and the equipment. All this expense and inconvenience, so Bill could arrive home 30 minutes earlier than scheduled!

This had been one of the most expensive, exasperating, and exhausting trips in our history of travel. The cooperation from the people in Brazil and Argentina had been wonderful and very rewarding, but the team with which we had to work made it a trip we won’t soon forget.

Japan

November 22 - 27, 1990



Japan

1990

Thursday, November 22

The alarm jangled us awake at 4:30 and we quickly closed the suitcases we had packed the night before. Packing by now was a well-known routine and required only the addition of hairbrush and cosmetics on the morning of departure. We had arranged for the taxi to arrive at 5:30 to allow for the usual late arrival of Corky's Limo service. As always unpredictable, Corky arrived at 5:05. A quick scramble and we were on the way with plenty of time to catch the United Express at 6:24. A clear crisp day and an uneventful flight brought us to Chicago's O'Hare two hours ahead of scheduled departure. Since this was Thanksgiving day the Red Carpet Room was closed so we settled for coffee and Danish at one of the quick food restaurants along the concourse. It was a long coffee break — our 747 was half an hour late departing Chicago, adding to the long wait between planes. A Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and trimmings on the flight to San Francisco helped to compensate for our lack of breakfast. Our "non-stop" flight from Chicago to Tokyo required another hour and a half being cleaned in San Francisco.

The flight to Tokyo was a long one; 10 ½ hours with movies that held little interest for us. However, the food in business class was quite a change from our usual airplane fare. A fortuitous combination of frequent flyer bonus and standard allowances of the American Soybean Association put us in business class instead of the university-dictated economy class.

Friday, November 23

Having crossed the international dateline sometime during the night, we arrived at Narita airport about 5:30 p.m. As we circled Narita for a landing, the sun slipped behind Mt. Fuji, turning the peak into a golden glow of welcome as the big 747 touched the ground.

Clearing immigration was a long and tiring process in Narita, despite the efficiency of the Japanese officials. The quick in and out of our first trip through Narita was a dramatic contrast to the mobs of passengers and crews waiting for the immigration station, passport check and that official stamp over our visa. Even then, customs clearance was quick and simple in contrast to the long and uneasy wait for our suitcase to slide down the chute — it always seems to be in the last batch after most passengers have collected their luggage and departed. The inevitable question — When should you listen to that worrisome inner voice that is sure your luggage is on its way to Australia?

Narita airport has excellent transportation to downtown Tokyo, even though it is a 2-hour trip by almost any transport mode. We found that the TCAT bus would drop us at either the Tokyo Prince or the Akasaka Prince. With a little advice from the friendly, English-speaking staff at the transportation desk, we chose the latter and boarded the 6:40 bus, arriving at the Akasaka Prince at 8:30. Traffic was heavy, making it a long trip to the hotel. This was an excellent hotel, even more “up market” than the Prince and definitely more expensive, but it was the location dictated to us by the arrangements with ASA. The all white room was unusually large for a Japanese hotel room. The size of the room was matched by the size of the bill — \$190 per night. It had been many hours since we left the comfort of our beds in Urbana, and we were happy to shower and go to the wonderfully soft beds.

Saturday, November 24

We were awake by 6:00 a.m. well rested with no evidence of jet lag — yet. Lowell wished me a Happy Birthday, and handed me a sweet card and a lovely necklace which he had tucked into his brief case at home. We had coffee in the room and then went down to the coffee shop for breakfast. We walked across the street to the New Otoni Hotel. After a look around the lobby, Lowell left for his meeting with the Nihon Corn Starch people from Nagoya.

Lowell had been invited to make this trip by the American Soybean Association (ASA) to present papers in Tokyo and then continue for a repeat performance in Seoul, Korea. We were to be joined by Jim Guinn (international director for ASA in St. Louis) and Bob and Jan Skinner (he was president of ASA). We had purposely arrived early so Lowell could meet with some of the officers of the Nihon Corn Starch Association. These were the people he had worked with since our first trip to Japan in 1984, in an attempt to find a way to deliver a better quality of corn to the corn wet milling industry in Japan. Two test shipments had been completed, demonstrating the extent and causes of quality deterioration between U.S. origin ports and Japan processing plants. The Association members were eager to hear his recommendations for change and to learn what his next steps would be in trying to appease dissatisfied Japanese customers for U.S. corn.

I remained at the hotel while Lowell met with Mr. Kawakita (the head of research and development for the Japan Corn Starch Company in Nagoya) and two young men from the Marubeni company. This gave me time to do a little unpacking. One entire wall of our room was window and what a view this bright sunny morning!! My view stretched across the high rise buildings of the city to the beautiful snow-capped crest of Mt. Fuji. We had never before experienced a view of Mt. Fuji from Tokyo as it was shrouded in clouds on previous trips.

We could not believe our good fortune to find the late November and early December weather was warm and lovely. It was suit weather and indeed, that was what the majority of Japanese women were wearing as I observed from my window. The Japanese women are beautifully dressed in kimonos or more often, western style dress. The store windows were filled

with beautiful elegant clothing. I loved what I saw because their dress is elegant, but still retains much of the feminine look, where much of the western world is leaning toward the casual sporty wear. Many of the shops featured French designers along with American, Italian and top Japanese designs — all very expensive.

Lowell returned at 12:30 to say that Mr. Kawakita had invited me to join them for lunch in the French restaurant at the top of the hotel. I am always impressed by their courtesy to me, an American woman, as Japanese women are not included in a business man's luncheon. I had met Mr. Kawakita on a number of occasions before. The most recent meeting was in Champaign/Urbana when he attended Lowell's Corn Quality Conference in September. He is slight of build, a gentle person with a kind and ready smile.

Lunch was delicious as well as elegant, consisting of scallops wrapped in lettuce leaves, grilled fish with an excellent sauce, and a green salad. We finished with ice cream on a thin crispy cookie. We learned another lesson in Japanese restaurant customs. They insisted we select the main course. Once that was decided everyone at the table was obligated to order the same. Since our tastes often differ from those of the Japanese hosts, it becomes very tricky to make a selection.

The conversation flowed easily. Lowell remarked later they seemed very pleased and impressed I knew so much about their Royal family. I had no ulterior motive in mind when I brought up the subject. The Emperor had just been enthroned the previous week and I had found the ancient ritual extremely interesting. I was simply interested in discussing the activities surrounding the ceremonies and the men were eager to respond to my questions.

The three men bade us goodbye since they were returning to their homes in Nagoya. Lowell and I spent the afternoon window shopping and walking in the warm sunshine.

Sunday, November 25

Somehow we escaped much of the expected jet lag this trip and were awake early after a long night's sleep. Yesterday's bright sunshine had changed to a haze and smog filtering the sunlight and enveloping Mt. Fuji shortly after sunrise.

Lowell met with some of the people from the Soybean Association in the morning. Our afternoon was free so we decided to take the subway to the Ginza shopping district. Sunday afternoon is a big shopping day in downtown Tokyo and this Sunday was no exception. The streets were thronged with people. We were surprised to see Christmas decorations everywhere. Since this country is primarily Shinto and Buddhist religions, we did not expect to encounter so many beautiful Christmas decorations, many with religious connections. We learned that many people also follow the custom of giving gifts during this period. Our day ended without much actual shopping as prices were "out-of-sight" based on prices in the States, but we were enjoying the sights and "people watching." It was late afternoon before we caught the subway train back to our hotel.

Monday, November 26

After breakfast, Lowell and I walked to the nearby ASA office. This was no small task, even though the distance was not great. We crossed three very busy intersections, maneuvered through an underpass, and searched for the right building. I have never deciphered the numbering system for buildings in Tokyo. Someone once said they were numbered in the order in which they were constructed. We had directions and a good description of the strip mall and the building. Once inside, it is still a challenge to determine the right floor and choice of elevators from the building directory. Luckily the American Soybean Offices were listed in English.

We were ushered in to meet Lars Weiderman, the Country Director of ASA Japan, and were soon joined by Jim Guinn, from the St. Louis office, and Jan and Bob Skinner, farmers from South Dakota. We chatted briefly with Lars and Jim and were then introduced to Miss Ito, one of the office secretaries. She graciously offered to spend the day with Jan and me, an invitation we readily accepted. She was a graduate of the University of Washington in Seattle, and spoke very good English. When she asked what we would like to do, Jan and I placed ourselves completely in her hands. With goodbye to the men, we departed by subway to the Oriental Bazaar, which is a shop selling all kinds of Japanese souvenirs. Prices were quite reasonable in this shop compared to the Ginza. We then walked a couple of blocks to the Meji Park and shrine. This was Jan's first trip to Asia and her first exposure to the Oriental culture.

The Park was a lovely wooded area with many walking paths. The main path to the shrine was a wide roadway, covered with large pebbles, so deep that our shoes slipped among the rocks. This was really hard on shoes and difficult walking. Flats were a must unless you want to risk your neck in a fall. The entrance to the park was through a large oriental gate which consisted of two huge uprights supporting an upward curved cross beam, all brightly painted. Tall pine trees, similar in appearance to our own redwoods, towered above us. The entire atmosphere was one of peace and serenity, and we felt small and awed by the immense surroundings.

It was rather a long walk to the shrine and the accompanying buildings. All were constructed of heavy wooden beams trimmed in brass. Monks were praying in the main shrine as we watched through the open area. We then turned our attention to a smaller path that led some distance to a museum housing ancient Japanese artifacts.

We returned to the subway station for a trip to the Ginza, where we ate lunch at a Chinese restaurant after doing a little window shopping. I was amused by the waiters and waitresses watching us as we were being served our lunch. They were very interested in how we were going to manage our chopsticks. I think they were a little disappointed to find out how well we could manage.

We had planned to meet the men at a downtown office building to listen to their seminar. With Miss Ito leading the way we found the building and the seminar room. Dr. Kenji

Horiguchi, our Japanese professor friend, greeted me at the door and then sat with us for the presentations and discussion. Then Jack Yamashita, a Japanese American and a good friend of Lowell's from many previous exchanges, came over to greet me. I introduced him to Jan. A few minutes later Jim Parker, the Agricultural Counselor from the American Embassy, greeted me warmly with a kiss. Jim had been working with Lowell since they first met in the American embassy in London in 1974, and I had met him many times in many countries over the years. I can't even imagine what all those formal Japanese businessmen thought about these greetings, since their wives would not even have been allowed in the room, let alone the familiarity of a kiss!!! I was also introduced to Laura, the agricultural attaché working under Jim Parker. She knew Jeanne Bailey who was Lowell's former student. Jeanne was currently working with the Foreign Agricultural Service (FAS) but stationed in Washington, D.C.

The formal part of the program began and during the question and answer period the exchange became rather "heated." The usual polite and bowing Japanese became quite loud and vocal about changes being made in the grain standards. Lowell held firm and pointed out how these changes were necessary if there was to be any improvement in the destination quality, and that changes would not come without some cost to the buyers. He made the point that compromises were needed from both sides. A point not too well appreciated by them.

A huge reception and dinner sponsored by the American Embassy followed. These seminars and costs were covered by the American taxpayer and soybean growers as a means to increase the imports of soybeans from the United States to Japan. The results cannot be directly observed and the economic benefits are difficult to measure. However, a significant item in the budgets are allocated to "market development" in the belief that "advertising pays." The meal was quite sumptuous. First came the formal greetings and toasts. This was followed with lots of cocktails, soft drinks, and juices. The buffet dinner that followed included all kinds of excellent dishes of salads, fish pastas, noodles with salmon, salmon in sauce, finger sandwiches, clams, fruit and melon, lemon cheesecake, and on and on. It was a fun evening. The ladies were given bouquets of flowers from the table centerpieces as we departed. It was 9:00 p.m. when we finally returned to the hotel.

Tuesday, November 27

We were up early for breakfast and Lowell departed for meetings with a group assembled by the ASA office. The complaints about quality of soybeans (primarily low oil content and moisture-related molds) were driving some buyers to seek other exporting countries. The ASA director was hoping Lowell could convince them U.S. farmers were concerned about satisfied customers and were funding research to improve destination quality. His efforts were only partially successful, because one of the changes would require the Japanese buyers to specify lower levels of foreign material, lower moisture, and minimum oil and protein contents in their tenders. The processors and importers present knew such changes in their contracts would

result in them paying higher prices. The Japanese buyers continued to hope the U.S. government would just write a new grade definition and legislate better quality, and farmers would voluntarily select varieties with higher oil and protein contents despite the lower yields. They clearly knew no changes would occur without economic incentives at some point in the market channel, but they would not accept that the change should start with the end user.

The weather had continued to remain warm and lovely, although there was a light haze over the city. After re-confirming tomorrow's flight to Seoul, Jan and I walked to the ASA offices. We were beginning to find our way around in an area of the city where I had not been before. When we entered the office we found Miss Ito prepared to spend another day with us. We followed her to the street where she flagged a taxi and we were off to the Hama Rikyu Gardens, located near the Trade Center and on the banks of the Sumida-gawa River. We spent some time strolling through the park, and walked across a little arched bridge to an island and finally to the boat landing dock. A short time later a large double decker sightseeing boat pulled up to the dock where we were waiting. We boarded and quickly selected seats near the windows on the lower level out of the wind. The boat continued to the Hinode Pier near the trade center. Some passengers disembarked and new ones boarded for the next leg of the journey. The boat then made a slow turn in the river and moved northward, toward the Asakusa landing. A loud-speaker system described the various buildings and bridges as we passed. The river was quite broad at this point. Downtown Tokyo was on our left with loading docks for ships and various industries on our right.

After disembarking at the Asakusa dock we walked about a block through an arcade of small shops, stopping to look at anything that interested us, and there were lots of things that did. Emerging from the arcade we stepped onto the pedestrian walk that led to the temple. All kinds of vendor stands lined a block-long walkway, consisting of food, clothing, curios, toys, etc. Lowell and I had been here several years before and had found it to be a fascinating walk. Now as in the previous visit, there were huge crowds of people jamming the area. At the far end we approached the huge Asakusa temple. In front of the temple were small pagodas, one burning incense and the other a fountain of water where the devout could purify themselves by rinsing hands and/or mouths with water, or allowing the smoke to drift across their body before entering the temple. There was a place for worshipers to light a taper and make a prayer before the huge altar attended by monks. Fresh fruit and flowers were placed in front as an offering.

Lunch time came all too soon, so we stopped at a nearby tempura restaurant. This is perhaps my favorite Japanese food: shrimp, scallops, dainty slices and bits of vegetables all dipped in a light batter and fried crisp and golden in hot fat. It was one dish I could be sure would come cooked! We sat in an alcove on tatami mats and our food was placed on a small table in front of us. It was great fun with lots of conversation and laughter. It was 2:00 p.m. before we returned to the hotel.

Lowell returned to the hotel a little before 3:00 with the news we were to have dinner at

the home of Lars Wiederman. This would require we leave the hotel no later than 5:30. We had promised our son Brent we would look for a pearl necklace for Donna, our future daughter-in-law. These two hours would be our only opportunity. We hailed a cab outside our hotel and directed the driver to take us to the Hotel Okura, where we had bought pearls on previous trips. Our friend, Jack Yamashita, had recommended the pearl shop in this hotel when we were in Tokyo in 1986, and told us to tell the clerk Jack had sent us. We found a very pretty strand for Brent to give to Donna as a wedding present, and at the mention of Jack's name were offered a very good price. We had to wait about 30 minutes for the sales person to have them re-strung and attach the clasp. All of this took more time than we had anticipated, but we made it back to our hotel in time to shower, change, and meet Jim, Jan, and Bob in the lobby at 5:30.

With lengthy directions in hand and all of us wondering if we really understood them, we departed on foot for the subway. The directions instructed us to ride to the eighth subway stop on the west bound train. After that the directions were more complicated, walking so many blocks to the left, then turn right at a particular store, then right again down a narrow residential street, with still another left at the end of the street. It was dark by the time we got off the subway and since all street signs were written in Japanese, it wouldn't have made any difference if it had been light enough to read them. Jim kept assuring us "I think I remember and can find the way" since he had been to the house once before and thought there were some familiar landmarks. We four weren't quite so confident as he often stopped under the dim light from a store front or equally dim street lamp, to pore over the directions written on the scrap of paper. We kept going according to our best interpretation of the directions, feeling our way down dark and narrow streets. Suddenly Jim came to a halt and said "I believe this is it!" We knocked cautiously and were rewarded by a door swung wide and a grinning Lars saying, "Come in. Come in." We had been told that Lars was a widower, with two children in the States.

His home was beautiful. It consisted of two Japanese apartments converted into one western style home. We kicked off our shoes to walk on the plush cream colored carpets. The light cream walls made the perfect backdrop for the wonderful art objects and furniture he had collected from all over Asia. One of the chairs in the living room was a chair used for people riding elephants. I was especially attracted to a large beautifully carved wooden garuda, the mythological bird of Indonesia. Lars' office staff and several embassy people were included guests at the reception, providing a very interesting mix of backgrounds and experiences. We were served a sumptuous catered dinner, starting with cocktails accompanied by a huge assortment of both Asian and American appetizers. That alone would have been enough for dinner, but it was only the beginning. Next came a large buffet dinner. Western food filled the dining room table. Asian dishes covered the breakfast table. Conversation was stimulating and interesting as the totality of the experiences of the guests were world wide. As if we were not already overstuffed and would have no thoughts of hunger for a long time to come, Lars brought out the "piece d'resistance" — a wonderful orange mousse that he had made himself,



Bridge into a scenic garden

and a large platter of fruit and a platter of chocolates.

It was after 10:00 before we thanked Lars for his wonderful hospitality and a most enjoyable evening, and started to retrace our steps down the dark, narrow streets to the subway and to make our way back to the hotel. Dark as it was, there was a friendly atmosphere about these streets as there were pleasant family voices drifting through open windows, a few people chatting at their walled garden gates, and the occasional ring of a bike bell as a rider zipped past us in the dark. Subway traffic had lessened and eight stops later we were in sight of our hotel. This was our last day in Japan this trip. We would be flying on to Korea tomorrow for a repeat of the ASA trade seminars. We ended a very relaxed and enjoyable five days, happy in the knowledge that we would return to Japan in March, flying directly to Nagoya instead of Tokyo.

Korea

November 28 - December 2, 1990



Korean national dress

Korea

1990

Wednesday, November 28

A little more than a year had passed since we had been in Korea and once again we were on our way to Seoul. Lowell had been invited by the American Soybean Association (ASA) to give seminars in Japan and Korea on his usual topic of soybean quality.

The Japan phase of the trip was finished and we were winging our way toward Seoul. Our traveling companions, Jan and Bob Sinner, and Jim Guinn from ASA, had departed an hour earlier on another airline. Bob was president of the South Dakota soybean association and was providing the farmer's point of view at the seminars.

The fields were a harvested autumn brown as we landed at Kimpo Airport. Kyung was at the gate as we emerged from the baggage claim area. He made sure he would not miss us this time. Since Kyung is the Korean director for ASA he laid claim to the role of official greeter, and did not have to worry someone else would find us first as they did in our 1989 visit. He grabbed our bags and ushered us to a waiting car with driver to take us to the Westin Chosen Hotel. We were in familiar territory, because it was located just across the plaza from the Plaza Hotel, which had been our home in 1989. It was nice to unpack and be back in Korea again. It had been a relatively short trip from Japan's Narita Airport (compared to the 14 hours from the States in 1989) and we were not really tired. After a nice dinner in the hotel, we were still happy for an early night.

Thursday, November 29

Sook came to the hotel about 10:00 a.m., prepared to spend the day with Jan and me. She had a car and driver, so we decided to go to the Folk Village several miles south of Seoul. Kyung had taken Lowell and me to this village last year, but there were enough interesting things to see, that I did not mind a repeat visit with Sook as my guide. We were able to spend the entire day at the village, seeing it through Sook's interpretation this time. It was a lovely autumn day, as were most days during this trip. Sweet smelling smoke hung in the air at the Folk Village, because many of the roofs were being re thatched and the old thatch was being burned. We watched several performances, including the farm dancers, the ancient marriage ceremony, and the tight rope walkers. A picnic table at one of the outdoor booths, provided a pleasant place for lunch, consisting of Korean pancakes, a noodle dish, soup, fish, and a number of other dishes I did not recognize. I steered clear of anything raw. Sanitation at the Village was

particularly questionable, with outdoor, primitive cooking and utensils. After a cup of coffee and a tour of the gift shop, we returned to our car and driver at the parking lot at 3:00 p.m. It took nearly an hour to return to Seoul as a result of the heavy traffic. Sook invited us to stop at her apartment for a cup of tea and dismissed the driver as we alighted. We stayed in the apartment visiting until 4:00 p.m. when Kyung arrived to drive us back to the hotel. Kyung and Sook had moved since we had visited them in 1989.

There was just enough time to shower and change before Kyung arrived to escort us to a Korean dinner at the Lotte Hotel next door to the Chosen. Jim Guinn had become ill (something he had eaten for lunch, he thought) and could not join us. Kyung, Lowell, and I, along with Jan and Bob, were hosted by Mr. Chang, the president of the Korean soybean processors' association. He had reserved a large private room for dinner and after-dinner entertainment. Dinner was fabulous. We were seated at low tables with cushions and back rests. Fortunately we could extend our legs into a pit beneath the table. Unfortunately, our chopsticks were thin, highly polished silver ones (tricky little rascals, with oily food). We were each brought six dishes of different kinds of food, for the first round, and they kept coming until I lost count. One interesting dish had flames coming from a tube in the center of the dish. The flame kept a soup-like concoction simmering hot. We finished with a sweet rice soup, rice and bean paste half moons (similar to a cookie), and a plate of fresh fruit. We were then entertained by Korean Folk dancers in lovely costumes and entrancing dance routines. They performed the nun dance, a fan dance, a farmers' dance, and a number of others. Jan had admired the rice wine bottles served during dinner and they brought both of us an empty one as we departed, each one carefully packaged in a little bag for us to carry back to our hotel.

Friday, November 30

Mindful that Christmas was approaching and since the Sinners came from a large family, Jan was eager to do some serious shopping. I had a much smaller list to fill, but felt this was a good opportunity to complete my purchases. Jan and I departed by taxi for the It'ai Wan shopping experience. We had a lot of fun as we browsed through the shops. Clerks kept a sharp eye for a possible customer and often followed us down the street urging us to buy something from their shop. If we showed the slightest interest in anything, we were immediately surrounded with offers of bargains.

Sook joined us at 1:00 p.m. and took us to Gate 19, still another shopping area, consisting of a lot of little shops and nooks piled high to the ceiling, and I mean literally to the ceiling. One could barely get through the door in many of the shops, because the tables, racks, and even the floor were stacked with clothes. Most of it was in questionable condition, yet scattered here and there were garments carrying expensive name brands. It was truly a shop till you drop day! We were expected to join our husbands at the Lotte Hotel for dinner. It was just as well because we scarcely had enough energy to drag ourselves back to the hotel.

Saturday, December 1

This was the day for finishing everything that we had not had the time to do. Lowell joined me for some last minute purchases and a visit to an afternoon flower show. We spent the evening with Sook, Kyung, and daughters in their apartment. Sook had prepared a wonderful dinner for us. June and Hanna were a delight to see again. Henry was back in the States attending Brown University.

We spent the evening enjoying their company as they shared with us some of the hardships they had experienced during their growing up years and after the war. During the war Sook's sister (who at that time was about 12 years old) was attending school in Seoul across the river from her family. The North Korean army overran Seoul so rapidly that Sook's mother and their neighbors barely escaped with their lives. Sook's mother, who was expecting a baby, had to be transported in a push cart to a safe area many miles south of Seoul. Sook's sister was left behind. Her father was across the river also, and was not reunited with any of the family until many months later. Months later, Sook's sister learned that her family had fled to the south. She met a man who was also trying to reach the south. He offered to let her walk part way with him. After he left her, she continued the walk by herself, living on cucumbers and other vegetables gleaned from abandoned gardens. After walking for several weeks she did find her family. When eventually they were able to return to their home in Seoul, they found the house ransacked and all their belongings stolen or destroyed. We seldom realize the extent of the suffering and the courage found among the youth in war-torn countries. Even though we are troubled by these events when we read about them in the newspapers, we feel it more keenly when it is personalized.

Sunday, December 2

Sunday morning found us packed and ready to depart for home. We met the Sinners and Jim in the lobby and could not believe the amount of luggage Jan and Bob had accumulated in such a few days. Kyung and Mr. Kim brought two cars to drive us to the airport. It took both cars, filled to the brim to hold all the luggage. We are firm believers in the principle "travel light, you might have to carry it," and were delighted that we were still able to put everything in one suitcase and an underseat bag. We had traveled for three weeks through two countries, carrying Lowell's books, papers, and slides, and still had room to close the suitcase on all I had purchased.

We surmounted few difficulties at the airport and were happy to lean back in the airplane seats with a tired sigh, as the 747 reached its takeoff speed and slowly lifted its great bulk into the sky, headed for home.

Poland

February 8 - 23, 1991



Poland

1991

When Poland declared martial law in 1981, Lowell and I had a special interest in the consequences. We had become well acquainted with Wojciech Florkowski, a graduate student from a town near Poznan in western Poland, who had just started working on his MS degree at the University of Illinois. He had made many sacrifices to reach for the opportunities offered by an advanced degree in the United States, including leaving his bride of a few months in Poland so she could complete her undergraduate degree before joining him in Illinois. Before she could join him, martial law closed Poland's doors to the outside world, and he spent the next three years trying to win her release. She made weekly trips to the local authorities to obtain a passport and permission to leave the country, only to be turned down each time. Lowell offered to seek help from a U.S. senator from Illinois, but Wojciech was afraid that any efforts through official channels would only alert the authorities in Poland. He learned that his high school friend was working in the Polish embassy in Washington, D.C. but with the current political climate he was not sure if he dared ask for a favor. He finally did call the embassy and discussed his problem, without asking for any help. The next week when Wojciech's wife made her trip to the officials, her papers were ready. She rushed home, packed and was on a train for the border within 24 hours, escaping only a few hours before the authorities arrived at her home to retrieve the visa. Coming by way of England and with the help of her aunt, she was finally able to join Wojciech here at the U of I. After receiving his doctorate he accepted a position at the University of Georgia and both applied for American citizenship.

We had organized the trip to Poland with special anticipation, knowing their background, and their struggle, the rapid change from martial law to democracy, and having these special friends as guides, for Malgorzata and Wojciech (or Malgosia and Wojtek as they preferred to be called) were to fly from their home in Georgia and join us in Warsaw. For a change, this was not another program on grain quality, but had a much broader scope of developing free markets in Poland and exchanges between universities. We had arranged for our Department Head, Dr. David Chicoine, to work with us and help organize the program of contacts with universities and government officials.

Friday, February 8

The day started right and ended equally so, but it was not without many traumas along the way. Our plane was to depart from Willard airport at 11:05 a.m., but we decided, since we needed to purchase tickets for a future trip to Boston, we would go to the airport at 8:45.

Weather conditions appeared favorable. There was a little fog, but nothing serious. Oh! little did we know. As the taxi delivered us to the airport a heavy mantle of fog settled over Champaign County. We discovered, to our dismay, the early flight to Chicago was circling overhead and could not land. We were informed that all morning flights had been canceled and, worse yet, our 5:00 p.m. flight from Chicago to Warsaw had also been canceled. U.S. troops were in the midst of heavy fighting in the Gulf War between Iraq and Kuwait; consequently, few people were flying to Europe. All United Airlines' flights to Frankfurt had been consolidated into the flight from Washington, D.C. We were informed they could put us on a connecting flight leaving Chicago at 1:40. The problem was how could we get to Chicago in time for a 1:40 departure. We were promised a van to take us, along with several others, to O'Hare. We doubted we could make it in time, but we had no alternative. David Chicoine was to accompany us on the UA flight to Warsaw. He had been in Chicago since the previous day attending another meeting and did not know of the plane changes. We retrieved our suitcase and Lowell dashed to a telephone, called his office and asked his secretary to try to locate and inform Dave of the changes. Then we waited, and waited, and waited, while eight other passengers were rebooked. It seemed like an eternity. At last at 10:00 we were in the van and on our way to Chicago. I think every one on that van had their feet pressed to the floor. We arrived in Chicago at 12:45 and what a relief. The United Airline agent that checked us through said, "We have been waiting for you." How she knew we would come through her gate I'll never know. Truly, our guardian angels were with us.

We were as happy to see Dave waiting for us as I think he was to see us. His secretary had been able to contact him with the information and he had abandoned his meeting to rush to O'Hare. Since we had a few minutes before departure, we went to the Red Carpet Club for a cup of coffee. It had been a long time since breakfast. Security was tight everywhere, due to the Gulf situation. Our plane departed on time and arrived at Dulles with just enough time to change to the plane bound for Frankfurt. Everyone had already boarded the plane with the exception of the few of us that had come from Chicago. The plane was so full of noisy passengers there was no chance to sleep.

The sky was clear as we flew across Europe. Belgium was clearly marked by its lighted highways, but thick clouds covered Germany. We arrived in Frankfurt confronted by a cold white landscape, with about five inches of snow scudding across the airfield and swirling about the terminal. We hurriedly put on our coats and climbed down an icy ramp to waiting buses, which transported us to the terminal. It was then the wait began. We had arrived at 7:30 Saturday morning having flown through most of Friday night. We were all so tired we were numb. The tension of the previous hours had taken its toll. Our plane for Warsaw was to leave at 10:30 a.m. but when we reached our gate we were told our plane would be 20 minutes late. We should have been so lucky! The time stretched into two hours, as we slumped into hard chairs. At last, two hours late, we were taken by bus to our plane. A Lufthansa airbus waited for

us at the far end of the field, surrounded by swirling snow. We scrambled through the snow and up the icy ramp. The plane roared down the runway, and we were finally on our way to Warsaw. A weak sun had begun to spread itself across the wintry landscape below us. As if it were not cold enough, we were served a cold lunch of potato salad and sausage.

Saturday, February 9

The sky was again overcast as we landed in Warsaw and stepped off the plane into a foot of snow. Buses were waiting to take us to the terminal. The terminal was sparse; more like a large cold airplane hanger. Customs, much to our surprise, was simple — stamp, stamp, and we were through. The three of us were happy to see that our suitcases had arrived with us. It was growing dark outside and as we looked out the window Lowell could see Marian Zareba, a former Polish student at Illinois, and a friend of Wojciech's, waving to us outside the terminal. They were not allowed inside the terminal so had waited in the snow and cold for more than two hours. Marian stayed at the airport to meet Malgorzata and Wojciech who were to arrive on KLM two hours later, while Wojciech's friend retrieved the car and drove us to our hotel.

Our first glimpse of Poland was a landscape white with snow and more big flakes falling. Snow was deep in the streets and there was no sign of any attempt to remove it. I was struck by the gray appearance of the buildings, but the many parks and the white snow provided some relief. I am sure summer greenery and flowers brought more.

Our hotel, the Europejski, was pleasant enough in an old European style, but a little drab, such as we have seen in other communist countries. There always seems to be a lot of disrepair.

We checked into our rooms, then returned to the lobby to await for Malgorzata and Wojciech's arrival. At last their car emerged from the shadows of the evening and the thick falling snow, and pulled up in front of the hotel. It was a joyous meeting for all of us. Wojciech was so overwhelmed by returning home for the first time in nine and a half years he could not hold back the tears. He had departed his country, not knowing if he could ever return. He was so excited he wanted to show us all of Warsaw, on foot, the first night.

It was now Saturday evening and over a cup of tea we did our best to convince him that an early dinner and bed was what we needed; nevertheless, at 6:30 we were pulling on our boots, coats, hats and mittens to brave the deep snow and biting winds to walk to the old city square for dinner at the Alligator restaurant. This was our first Polish meal and our first hot one in many hours. We had thought, due to the food shortage, the servings might be small. It proved not to be true. The portions were large and the food was very good. Everyone was very tired and as soon as we finished eating we walked quickly back to the hotel with the wind tugging at our coats and whipping at our heels. Soft light from the street lamps made a warm glow in the snow, as we walked past lovely buildings that would bear closer scrutiny in the day light. We were in bed by 9:11 and by 9:12 we were asleep.

Sunday, February 10

We were awake at 7:00 as Wojciech suggested we have breakfast at 7:30. Dave was already in the lobby when we arrived. We waited awhile for Malgorzata and Wojciech, but when they didn't appear we decided to have our breakfast. Breakfast was served buffet style and to see it one never would have guessed there was a food shortage. Breakfast consisted of bacon, eggs, sausage, cheese, yogurt, juices, fruit, cereal, bread, etc. etc. Malgorzata and Wojciech had overslept and joined us a half hour later. The men spent the morning making plans for the next two weeks. I used the time to unpack a few things and enjoy the scenery from my window. The room didn't have much to offer. It was rather colorless and dingy. The bathroom had even less to offer, with broken tiles and ancient fixtures. The line-dried towels were worn and mis-matched. The window view had much more to offer. Directly in front of me was a large open plaza and across from the plaza was a lovely park. Clearly visible was the memorial to the unknown soldier, with uniformed honor guards standing at motionless attention, or exchanging posts on some silent cue. Deep snow blanketed everything.

When the men finished their plans, about noon, we decided to walk to "Old Town" and do some sight seeing. It really is not an old town as the name implies. The city was destroyed by the Germans (during World War II) as the Russians advanced on Poland. It was painstakingly restored after the war. As we walked along a broad avenue we watched a formation of soldiers marching toward us with heads held high and the Polish flag waving in the cold winter breeze. There were many happy smiles as they watched us from the corners of their eyes. We photographed them as they marched down the street. They were part of the soldier honor guard that had come from the changing of the guard at the tomb of the unknown soldier.

Our afternoon tour started with a visit to the museum in the restored castle. Many of the valuable old artifacts had been stolen by invading armies. One of the most moving displays I saw was a case containing two be-ribboned medals of honor that had been handed down from one Polish president to the next. When the communists took over the country, the president fled to England. When one president died a new one was elected, in exile. Malgorzata stood quietly next to me. Her voice was soft and thoughtful as she told me, her uncle was one of those presidents. I sensed her deep emotions as she remembered her uncle who was now dead. When democracy was restored in Poland these medals were returned to the presidency of Lech Walesa.

We looked around the museum until almost 3:00 p.m. I purchased two small water colors, framed in black wood frames. The young woman who sold them to me looked more than a little surprised anyone would spend five dollars on such a luxury. I could see by this time Dave had reached the saturation point, and was becoming bored with museums. When I asked him about it, he replied, "When you have seen one you have seen them all." I did not agree with him, but Malgosia and I exchanged amused glances, laughed and decided it was time to continue our tour of the city. As we walked out of the museum a guard smiled and said, "Have a nice day."

Wojciech gasped in disbelief and said, "They never used to say that, let alone smile."

We then spent some time walking about and admiring the historic buildings in the square. We had seen very few tourists in the city, but some enterprising men had organized horse drawn carriage rides, and were finding a little business, even on such a cold day. As we looked at some of the statues in various places, Malgosia was reminded of an incident in her childhood. There was a statue of a king wearing a crown in the park near her home. During the Russian occupation the soldiers knocked the crown from the head. Each night the children would place a crown of stones on the head and each morning the soldiers would remove them. This continued as long as she could remember.

Some time later we hailed two taxis to take us to the outskirts of the city to see Wilanow, the Summer Palace. We arrived ten minutes too late for the last tour of the day, so used the time to walk about the snowy grounds. The design is based on a miniature Versailles. The Palace is located in a park area surrounded by trees and stone sculptures resting in the snow covered dormant gardens. Below the gardens and to the north stretched a frozen long pond. Just inside the gate was a small shop and on the shelves were some dolls dressed in Polish national costumes. When I decided to purchase one for ten dollars, the two lady clerks were taken completely by surprise, as though no one had purchased one in a long time. They hastily scurried about to find a box for the doll to make it easy for me to carry. Not many people were visiting Poland yet in 1991.

There was a small ceramic museum on the grounds and we made a tour of it before looking for two taxis to take us back to the city. We could locate only one taxi so Wojciech suggested Malgorzata take it with Lowell and myself and he and Dave would join us in Old Town as soon as they could get another one. One hour later they joined us, arriving by bus. They never did find a taxi. We had used our waiting time constructively by looking in several shops, including a small food store. We were constantly looking for bottled water which was in short supply or in more cases than not, non-existent. They did have wonderful bottled black currant juice and I drank great quantities of it. Malgorzata bought some rings of Polish sausage. There really was not much on the shelves to buy.

We regrouped for dinner at the Alligator Restaurant, so named because of the huge green stuffed alligator propped on his hind legs and tail just inside the restaurant door. Darkness came early on these snowy winter nights and the street lamps threw warm pools of light on the deep ruts in the snow covered streets as we walked back to our hotel for the night.

Monday, February 11

This was the first day of work for the men. Malgorzata departed by train for Gdansk for a few days visit with her family. I chose to accompany the men to their meetings, as I find these discussions very informative. We first called at the American Embassy and were surprised there were no security checks. Judy Phillips, the assistant agricultural attaché was very eager to talk

with us and among other information we found out that her father was helping organize the first Rotary Club in Poland. After a brief visit with John Harrison, the agricultural attaché, we went to our meeting with Anna Potok, Deputy Minister of Education. There was an animated discussion with her and her assistant. They were enthusiastic and anxious to find ways to accomplish reforms. After a brief visit we stopped at a nearby hotel for lunch.

The next stop on our schedule was the Warsaw Agricultural University. We entered the main building and were introduced to the chancellor and several other administrators. We were ushered into an elegant room where we were seated at a large round conference table and served coffee and tea. Conversation centered around the programs at the university and some future plans for exchanges of students and researchers between the two countries. We then took a short walk to the Agricultural Economics building, where Marian Zareba and most of the staff were waiting for us. We were served more coffee, tea and cookies. Much of the conversation centered around their lack of educational materials; such as, books or journals pertaining to the free market system. The younger staff members were especially concerned about this lack of information.

It suddenly occurred to me there had to be a lot of unused economics books and journals floating around the colleges in the United States, and I decided to bring up the subject with Lowell as soon as we were alone, which I did. He also thought it a good idea. Consequently, when we returned to the States he sent out a call to fellow economists and publishers and acquired a number of books (some new from the publisher) and several sets of journals. The big problem was the cost of sending them to Poland. When he contacted the Polish consulate in Chicago for suggestions they said they could send packages at various times, with their embassy people traveling to Poland. We delivered the boxes of books to the consulate and later learned, true to their word, they had delivered the books a few at a time whenever someone was traveling to Warsaw.

The discussions revolved cautiously around the current organization of the Polish universities which does not encourage young faculty to search for new information about free markets. The pressure from older staff had proven to be a handicap in generating new information. It was nearly 5:00 p.m. before they finished their discussions. All were tired enough to settle for dinner at the hotel restaurant. Lowell and I went to bed at 8:00 and slept until 7:00 a.m. It was the first full night's sleep we had had since the previous Thursday at home.

Tuesday, February 12

We had another big breakfast at the hotel before the men departed for their scheduled meetings. Their first meeting was with Josef Slisz, Deputy Marshal of the senate, representing a small peasant party from southern Poland. He was concerned about the lack of political support for the small farmer in Poland. The last meeting of the day was with Maciej Cybulski, the Manager of the Illinois Trade Office in Poland, who helped us with contacts in the south of Poland and provided background information about a United States-Poland joint business

venture to build a meat processing facility near the town of Kielce and recommended we arrange to visit the plant. I used the time to pack for departure, because Wojciech had scheduled a train tour of three cities starting that afternoon.

I had learned there was an earlier flight, from Warsaw to Frankfurt, on the day of our departure back to the States. We had scheduled an evening flight, but decided an earlier flight would be much better. When the men returned about noon I suggested perhaps we should try to change our flight while we were in Warsaw. Wojciech said the airline office was just across the square at the Victoria Hotel. The four of us walked across the square, changed our flight and reconfirmed the remainder of our return trip. We had lunch at the Victoria Hotel then returned to our hotel to pick up our bags and take the taxi to the train station. We had used the same taxi driver each day and he was delighted whenever we hailed him. He probably made one third his monthly salary in two days.

The express train, "Lech" departed for Poznan from Warsaw Central Station at 4:46 p.m. for an almost four hour trip. Darkness settled in quickly and we saw little of the country side. Andrzej (Andri), Wojciech's brother, met us when we arrived in Poznan. We had met Andri when he had visited us in Urbana about two years before. Andri, Malgorzata, and Wojciech (and their Dalmatian dog) had driven from Georgia to Urbana, and Wojciech had entered a marathon race in Crystal Lake Park.

Andri drove us to The Hotel Poznan where we checked into our rooms. As soon as we could deposit our bags we returned to the lobby where Andri was waiting to drive us to his home for dinner. It was the evening before Ash Wednesday. His wife Anna, a pretty blond young woman, met us at the door. I liked her at once. Then lovely little nine year old Marta came forward and curtsied and said, "I am Marta." Little 2½-year-old Suzanne (Zuzanna) reached out and took my hand. Even the family dog allowed me to pet him and everyone laughed when he growled at the men. They led us through a tiny kitchen into their living-dining-bedroom area. They had one other small bed room for the girls and a tiny bath. They apologized needlessly for their small apartment, for it was clean, attractive, and warm with hospitality. A few minutes later an American friend of Andri's, from Boston, joined us.

Dinner was a bountiful affair. The table was set with china, crystal, candles and flowers. We were served a salad topped with hard cooked eggs wrapped in ham followed by consomme. Next came homemade noodles and a wonderful beef stroganoff, along with a mixed vegetable salad made of corn, peas, peppers, raisins, and pineapple. It was very delicious. Last, but not least, was a jelly filled donut (often served before Lent, we were told) along with coffee and tea. Food was still rationed in Poland and I cannot imagine what terrible in-roads this meal made into their quota, not to mention the cost of this huge meal.

It had been a wonderful evening, full of friendship, warmth and hospitality. It was just before midnight when we said goodnight and were driven back to our hotel.



Tomb of the Unknown Soldier



Sunday Military Parade
at Changing of the Guard



Wilanow Summer Palace



Wojciech's niece, Marta



Wojciech's
sister-in-law
and Zuzanna



Andrzej lights the candles at dinner

Wednesday, February 13

We were up at 7:00 a.m. in spite of our late night and had finished breakfast by 8:00. The men departed a few minutes later. I remained at the hotel until noon when Andri called for me by car, and drove me to the old town. Anna was a school teacher and was teaching her classes. Andri had his own free lance photography business and was kind enough to take time to take me sight seeing. We walked the snowy cobble stone streets, slippery with a mixture of snow, sand and salt. Large flakes of snow continued to fall all day; sometimes more than others. We visited the city hall located in the square. It was built in the Italian style and reminded me very much of the Palace Vecchio, in Florence. It was now being used for a museum. One large center room had an arched ceiling decorated with a beautiful mural. Andri said many weddings were held here and he Anna were married in this room. We visited a fine arts museum, churches, and many shops until well after 3:00 p.m. I was about ready to drop as I had eaten no lunch and had been wading through the snow on the slippery streets for over three hours.

It was 3:30 before we returned to the hotel. Lowell, Dave and Wojciech returned at 4:00 p.m. I was grateful to learn the men had decided against an evening tour. They were as tired as I was. However, there was no rest for Wojciech. He had been very anxious to see his family and departed for his home town, a 45-minute train trip south of Poznan, to see his parents. He had not seen them for nine and a half years, so it was sure to be an emotional home coming. Dave, Lowell, and I had dinner at the hotel and returned to our rooms where each of us proceeded to bring our notes up to date. All went to bed early.

Thursday, February 14

This was our daughter's birthday and we hoped she could feel our good wishes all the way across the ocean. After breakfast we asked to be changed to a warmer room as ours was very cold and we could get nothing but red rusty water from the bath tub faucet. Surprisingly, the management agreed to our request, but the improvement in environment was only marginal.

The men departed at 8:30 and I spent the day in our room taking the opportunity to wash and dry my hair and do some laundry. Dave and Lowell returned about 6:00. They had spent the day at the Poznan Agricultural University, talking with the Agricultural Chamber of the Poznan District (something like our state farm bureau organization of farmers) about developing a market information system for the farmers of the region. Lowell had obtained permission from Reuter's Wire service to tie the Poznan region into the commodity markets if the necessary agreements could be worked out. We had dinner at the hotel and then went to bed.

Friday, February 15

Dave, Wojciech,(who had returned from his parents), Lowell and I departed from the hotel at 8:00 a.m. with Andri driving. Our first appointment was at an apple juice and potato

processing plant several miles south of town. It was a cold nine degrees with snow falling and drifting across the fields and highways. The country side was flat and looked like much of the Midwest. I was reminded of Indiana where flat areas are interspersed with thickets of trees. We were greeted by our host and ushered inside a building to a conference room. We were served apple juice and after a discussion about their processing plant and their expectations for the future, we walked outside for a quick look at the orchard that supplied much of the fruit for their processing plant. The processing plant had been purchased from a European firm and was very modern, with huge steel tanks and cooking vats and automated bottling equipment. Steam for operating the plant was generated by an old steam railroad engine which, they told us, was placed on 40 feet of track, built so they could tell the authorities it was being used for transportation.

We said goodbye to our host and were driven to “Racot” a livestock breeding farm where Wojciech had worked from 1978 to 1980, before going to the United States. Although famous for its stable of horses with lineages dating back for more than a century, this state farm now provided breeding stock for cattle and sheep farmers in this region of Poland. It produced most of the products needed by the workers, as did most farms under communist control. Prior to being operated as a state farm, this had been a vast estate owned by a Polish nobleman, who had been forced out by the Germans during World War I. The manor house was a beautiful white and yellow structure designed in classical Greek style.

The manager came from the house and greeted Wojciech warmly, who in turn introduced us. As we entered the house I was struck by the beauty of the interior. It was in surprisingly good condition, but I was shocked to see the rough treatment the beautiful parquet floors were receiving. People were walking across them in their rough, wet, muddy boots with no regard for the lovely intricate designs they were destroying. We were told all the original furnishings were stolen by the Germans. Still, the replacements were lovely antiques of the Louis and Federal periods.

A blazing fire crackled in the fireplace in the room where we met the director, but it was still quite cold and I pulled my chair as close to the fire as possible. A painting of one of the famous stallions hung above the fireplace, and we were told that we would see some of his descendants in the stable. After some discussion and coffee (served in glasses) we were given a tour of the house. It was being used as a hunting lodge for guests, as well as a conference center. One room had a lovely ceramic stove similar to those we had seen in other European countries.

Outside we walked about the grounds and the manager proudly took us into a large building housing one of the largest collections of antique carriages, wagons, and sleighs, that I have seen. Mr. Miller pointed out an unusually beautiful carriage and informed us the horse master for Queen Elizabeth had once visited and said that carriage would be his choice for “first row in a royal procession.” Before we departed we visited the horse barn which housed a large number of horses; greys, blacks, and bays, of the Polish breeds. All were housed in clean, airy box stalls, and Lowell obliged when several reached out for a pat on the head, until Mr. Miller

warned, "Watch out for that one with his ears laid back."

We had a visit scheduled at a country grain elevator, but had to cut that visit as we were running late for lunch and the afternoon program of meetings. We hurried on to a little rustic inn called U Dudziarza (at the bagpiper) located in a wooded area in Koscian. It had a story-book quality to it with its rustic exterior surrounded by trees of birch and pine and everything frosted in snow. A Dutch style grist mill stood in front of the inn, its sails removed and its arms standing idle, in the cold, crisp air. As we entered the inn, we met a young man from the Netherlands, who was a student in Poland. He was overjoyed to hear someone speaking English. Lunch was an excellent home cooked fare consisting of dumplings, sauerkraut, roast pork, green beans, mushrooms, coffee and tea; all for two dollars.

All too soon we had to leave this beautiful setting for travel to the city hall in Wojciech's and Andri's home town, where we were met by the mayor, Wojciech's former high school principal, and various other officials. There was a brief emotional moment when Wojciech's former literature teacher presented him with a framed picture of the school from which he had graduated. We spent over an hour there conversing about Poland's problems and how to make their new democracy thrive. Again we were served coffee and cookies. The need for books on economics and free trade were discussed. During the conversation, Lowell directed my attention toward the padded door. He later explained he had been told that during the communist years, doors were often padded to keep certain conversations private.

Once again it was time to say goodbye. Still behind schedule, we drove to a near by village to visit a mushroom farm. In Poland, as in many countries, farm homes center around a village and the farm land stretches out in all directions from the village. This village was no exception. The houses were either a weathered gray or sometimes red brick structure. Bare trees lined the dirt road. The day was falling prey to the lengthening shadows of evening. A few flakes of snow drifted lazily in the cold air, as we drove up the narrow driveway to the farm. The farmer walked out to greet us and led us back to a long, low, narrow shed. The door was kept open to provide light to the interior. It was warm and steamy inside. There were multiple long rows of shelves filled with trays of white mushrooms, in various stages of growth. He explained his method of growing mushrooms, including the large quantities of barnyard waste that was used as fertilizer for the mushrooms. His wife was wheeling another wheelbarrow load of fertilizer into the building as we were leaving. He told us that the farmer across the road was not quite so specialized, and grew several crops and livestock. We could see the milk cans lined up by the side of the road waiting for the daily pick up.

As we walked back to the car, Lowell asked Wojciech if he thought we could visit that farm. Without a moments hesitation, Andri walked into the farmyard and explained to the farmer who we were and asked if we might visit with him and see his farm. He was more than happy to oblige and motioned for us to come in to the yard. The brick house with its weathered wooden shutters, stood close against the road. A small red geranium in full bloom peeked



Racot, a livestock station



Old grist mill at the farm



House of
U Dudziarz



Mushroom
production

through the panes of the window. The farm yard was bordered by the farm house on one side and by the barn on the opposite. Some small buildings completed the other two sides. Two little boys (about five and seven) scampered about us, pulling a homemade wooden sled. A little girl (about nine years) stepped out the back door, shyly watching the strange visitors. A tiger striped cat, begging to be let inside, rested on the back step beside an old twig broom. A fierce threatening dog barked and strained at the chain anchoring him to one of the buildings. Their livestock consisted of eight or ten Holstein milk cows, some chickens, several nice looking Poland china pigs and the strangest black horse I have ever seen. The front half somehow didn't seem to belong to the back half. His head was too large for his body, his tail was cropped, and his swayed back showed the effects of many years of hard labor. However, he seemed to have endeared himself to the family, and they told us that he provided the power for the light field work. There were two tractors in the farmyard and a milking machine in the cow barn along with pigs, calves, and the Holstein cows.

The farmer said his farm was larger than average in this area because he had recently purchased another 25 acres, for which he had paid cash. We were unable to find out how he had accumulated that much cash. The grandfather joined our little group as the wife continued with the chores. The grandfather happily listened to the conversations and said it seemed strange to hear English after so many years of hearing German. I learned Russian was not a popular language in Poland and even the teachers were not enthusiastic about teaching the language of the invaders (there were still many Russian soldiers and their families in Poland, but they had been ordered to return to Russia within the next few months as Russia had agreed to withdraw its occupation.) We gained the impression there was also a grandmother in the family, but we did not see her. They seemed delighted we had stopped to visit.

It was getting dark and we were expected at Andri's and Wojciech's father's home for dinner so we said goodbye and thanked them for their hospitality. It was a short drive to the Florkowski home. Dr. Florkowski came out to greet us. He was a very handsome middle aged man; a medical doctor by profession, who had suffered much at the hands of the communists. He had managed to survive through his private practice and by serving in the local hospital as required. He invited us into his home and introduced us to the boys' aunt and uncle and a few minutes later to their 92-year-old grandfather. Their mother was in the hospital, where she had been for some time. We learned about a year later she died while Malgosia and Wojceich were home on a return trip the following year.

We were served juice in the book-filled living room. Wojceich complained to his father about the books stacked everywhere. It was obvious that his love for books was greater than his available storage space for them, and Wojceich chided his father for having such a messy room. After we spent some time visiting, we were ushered into the dining room for dinner. The table was set with a lace table cloth and candles. We were served a fish soup, fish, noodles (with a raisin almond sauce), cherry chocolate cake, and cookies with coffee and tea. It was a lovely



The farmer's daughter



A homemade sled



Cat at the
kitchen door



meal, but I could not help but feel it had severely strained their sparse budget. We were reluctant to depart from this warm and kind family, but it was 9:00 p.m. and it had been a long day, so we said goodbye and returned to Poznan.

Saturday, February 16

We had a leisurely breakfast before Andri came to take us shopping. I wanted to look for some amber jewelry as Poland is famous for large amounts of amber. I found a pretty pendant containing a seed. Dave purchased a similar one for his wife, Marcia. We returned to the hotel about noon and spent the afternoon working on reports. Andri returned at 5:30 to take us to his house again for dinner. Suzanne(Su Su) and Marta eagerly greeted us at the door, as did Anna. I gave each of the girls a small bouquet of flowers. They in turn curtsied and thanked me with big smiles and Anna told me she would place the flowers on the dinner table. Their dog accepted us as part of the family circle, this time, and wagged us a warm welcome. He sat on my feet most of the evening.

Andre's friend Bob (a radio and communication specialist from Boston) arrived a short time later and they did a radio interview with Lowell, Dave, and Wojciech, asking their opinions about economic changes in Poland. Bob was trying to start a daily farm news program for farmers, and hoped this interview might attract a few listeners — “while they are in the barn milking” he quipped. We were served another delicious dinner. The first course consisted of cold cuts, tomatoes and cucumbers followed by beef roulades, stuffed with onions, dill pickles and bacon. Also there were large dumplings with gravy, poppy seed cake, and huge bowls of ice cream topped with fruit and whipped cream. The university chancellor and his wife arrived in time for dessert. The remainder of the evening was spent in animated and interesting conversation. These experiences are always very educational and stimulating. It was 10:00 p.m. before we thanked our new friends and said goodnight. We returned to the hotel and since everyone except us had been requested to check out before we left for dinner, Lowell, Dave and I returned to our room to try to rest until time to go to the train station to catch the 1:40 a.m. train to Krakow. Wojciech went to the train station to meet Malgosia, who was returning from Gdansk where she had spent a few days with her family, but had returned to join us for the remainder of the trip. They returned to the hotel just before midnight to collect us and our bags. We all had fallen asleep by then, and they had some trouble awakening us.

Sunday, February 17

It was now Sunday. Our train did not depart until 1:40 a.m. and the train station was quite open and bitter cold. We entered a very bleak dining room, found an empty table, and ordered soft drinks. There was nothing hot for food or drink available. We tried to make them last as long as we could as it was the only place in the station with a place to sit down. This room also appeared to be unheated, and the cold penetrated as we huddled around the bare table in the

dimly lighted room. At last the train arrived. Malgorzata and I shared one sleeping compartment and the men shared the one next to it. They had bought the extra berth in our compartment so we did not have to share with a stranger. The sleeper was in rather poor condition and the woman car attendant was a stout bossy "don't bother me type." That didn't stop Wojciech though. When he discovered there were no towels, he charged after her in mad pursuit. She grumbled a lot but did produce some very worn skimpy towels for us. When he discovered there was no water for the sinks he was more than unhappy and said in disgust there was no excuse for such carelessness; nevertheless, we managed quite well without water. I had brought a supply of towelette packets (the valuable "wet ones") so we could at least wipe our hands. The berths were comfortable enough and the blankets and sheets were clean. We were all tired enough, it really didn't seem to matter. I awakened at 7:00 a.m. to a gray overcast morning. Malgosia awakened about an hour later. We made up our beds and Lowell joined us in our compartment as the other two men were still asleep. We could see from our window, the landscape had become more hilly. Sometimes we could see low mountains to the south. Our train arrived in Krakow at 10:40. We disembarked from our car far down the platform, and it was a long cold walk to the taxi stand carrying heavy bags. We checked into the Holiday Inn and immediately went to the dining room for a late breakfast-early lunch.

The men did not have any appointments for the day so we were free to sight see and rest. Since Wojciech had a sore throat it was decided he would stay at the hotel and rest and Malgosia would take us to the city center to see the palace and the cathedral. We started on foot from the city square, one of the largest in Europe. Dividing the square in half is the Italianate Sukiennice (cloth hall) used as a mercantile now as it was in guild times. A pale winter sun broke through the over cast skies as we walked up the cobblestone street toward the gate in the old fortress wall, with the palace and the cathedral on the hill above it. When we reached the top we could look down on a snow covered park bordering a river. A few people were strolling along paths weaving in and out among various benches and statuary. A dog frolicked about as it kept pace with its master.

While we waited for Malgorzata to check on times for the cathedral to open I decided to photograph a group of junior high aged students. They loved it. When they learned, from Malgosia, I was American they were beside themselves with excitement. They insisted I have my picture taken with them and plied me with questions, with Malgorzata acting as interpreter. They wanted my address and would I write to them when I got home, which I did, receiving several letters in return. We viewed the interior of the cathedral where Poland's kings were crowned and buried. This was the cathedral where Pope John Paul II was cardinal before being selected as pope. We climbed to the top of the bell tower which gave us a good view of the city, then continued down the stairs to see the burial vaults. The bell zygmont (the largest bell in Poland) was being repaired, encased in wooden scaffolding beside the stairs. We walked around the outside of Wawel Castle and were disappointed when we could not see the interior, due to

restoration work in progress. We walked back down the cobblestone street leading to the square, pausing occasionally to look at some of the produce being sold from little stands. It was so very cold I wondered how they could stand there so long with such light clothing.

Wojciech felt rested enough by evening to accompany us to a famous restaurant, the Restauracja Wierzynek, in Old Town for dinner. He told us President Bush and Mr. Gorbachev had eaten there. We also learned that, at the time, it was considered the most elegant restaurant in all of Poland. Two suits of armor guarded the front entrance. The main dining room was upstairs. The ceilings were made of elegant wood and were hung with brass chandeliers. We sat on rather hard antique chairs. There were a number of people in the restaurant even though prices here were a little higher than average. The food was very good, but rather heavy. It was after 7:00 p.m. before we returned to the hotel with enough time to do our laundry before going to bed. Evening hand laundry is always a necessary chore when traveling.

Monday, February 18

Everyone was up early as this was a work day for the men. They departed for pre-arranged meetings at 8:30. Malgosia and I remained at the hotel until 10:30 trying to reconfirm our flights back to the States, with no success. We gave up and took a taxi to Old Town to meet the men. They arrived at the prearranged meeting place in the coffee shop in the Guild Hall, a few minutes before we did. After having steaming cups of hot chocolate, sandwiches and rich desserts we turned our attention to the beautiful old hall to do some serious shopping. The interior of the hall was lined with open stalls where local hand crafts were sold. I bought several lovely carved wooden boxes, a doll, and several painted wooden eggs. Things were quite inexpensive, but I felt certain that would change as more tourist came to Poland. There was a museum on the top floor of the hall and we spent a while looking at the exhibits before returning to the square.

Just at noon the sharp notes of a bugle broke into our conversation. The noise of the shopping guild diminished as the notes spread out from the parapet atop the city hall. A hush fell over the crowd. We had been listening to the notes for perhaps 20 or 30 seconds when the music was suddenly interrupted in the midst of an ascending phrase. Wojciech looked at his watch and said, "it's twelve noon." Then he explained the bugle and the interrupted melody. "When the Asian Mongols swept across Poland in the 13th Century, the approach of the Tartars on horseback was discovered by a guard on the parapet of the city hall. His bugle sounded the warning from all four sides of the tower, until a skilled archer from the advancing Tartars sent an arrow through his throat, instantly stopping his warning bugle. As a memorial to that legendary hero, every day at noon the warning bugle is played, with the interruption on the exact same note. The ceremony is used for checking the watches, much as the "noon whistle" used to do in many small Midwestern towns. We later heard the same ceremony on the radio while riding in a taxi and learned that it was broadcast throughout Poland on national radio.



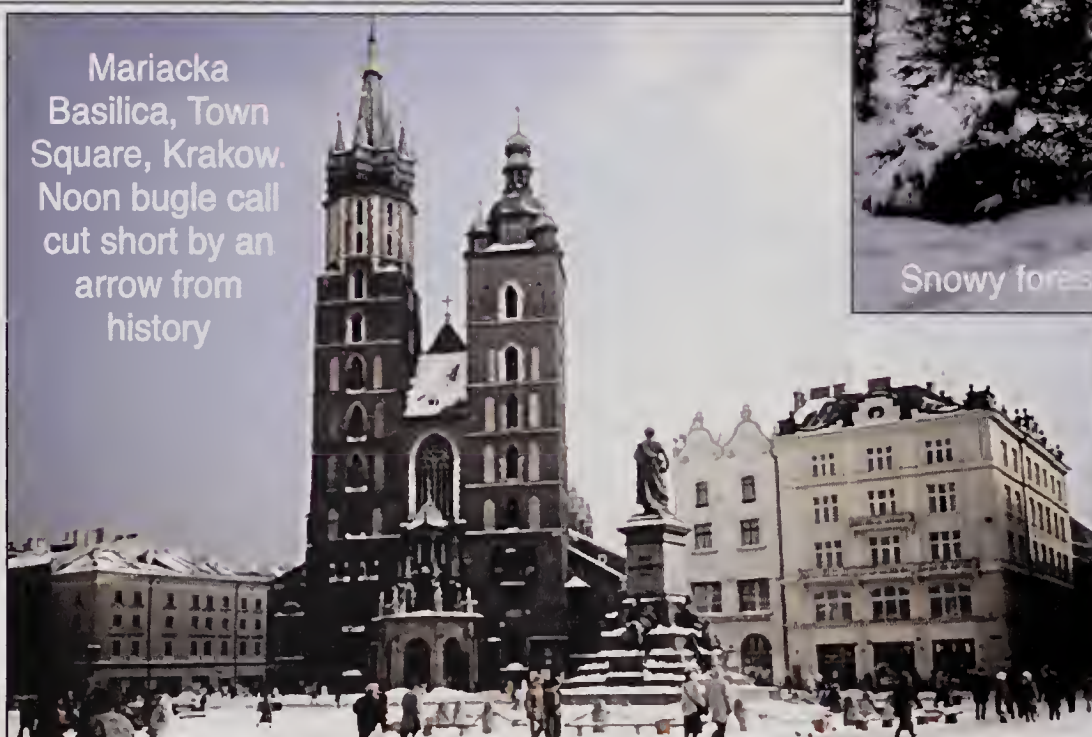
Dinner with
Wojciech's
father and
family



School children
requested I join
the photo



Snowy forest near Cędzyna



Mariacka
Basilica, Town
Square, Krakow.
Noon bugle call
cut short by an
arrow from
history

The sun had broken through the morning clouds and the streets had become slushy with melting snow. We walked to the gate in the old wall and the men stopped at a hotel to change some money before returning to our waiting taxi. It was time to return to our hotel, have lunch and check out. Food here was inexpensive. We departed for the train station at 3:40. Wojciech dashed off and found a man with a motorized cart to transport our luggage to the train some distance away. We had to laugh as the cart whizzed past us piled high with our luggage and Wojciech sitting on top of the pile. The train had already arrived and the bags were loaded by the time we reached the platform.

We had a comfortable 2-hour trip to the town of Kielce. It was a beautiful sunny late afternoon with a magnificent red sunset in a bright blue wintery sky. Deep snow covered houses, trees, fields and all the rolling landscape. Glistening streams wound their way among the hills and vales and they in turn were edged with the black lace branches of trees and shrubs. We saw a pheasant skim across the crystalline snow, and a deer emerged from some woods to watch the train pass in the early dusk. A few minutes later we saw a horse drawn sleigh gliding over the snowy country side. Blue shadows lengthened to darkness as the sun slipped from sight.

It was totally dark when we arrived in Kielce. We gathered our things together, loaded them into two taxis and started for the village of Cedzyna and the Hotel Swietokrzyski, located in a wooded area a few miles away. The snow was very deep and it looked for a time as though the cars might not make it through, but at last they did. We checked in to the hotel, had dinner in the dining room and went to bed as soon as it was finished.

Tuesday, February 19

The men departed at 7:30 a.m., but Malgosia and I decided to stay at the hotel and enjoy our surroundings. Breakfast was not served until 8:00 so the men left without eating. Malgosia and I had a leisurely breakfast, not necessarily by choice, but because it took them so long to serve it. After we finished we decided to take a walk through the woods. Deep snow covered everything and thick hoar frost clung to the branches of the pine and birch trees. It was truly a winter wonder land. There were rabbit tracks everywhere, although we didn't see any rabbits. The air was cold and still and the snow crunched beneath our feet. Winter birds flitted from tree to tree. I had saved a slice of bread from my breakfast and when I returned to my room, crumbled it on my window sill, which faced the forest of pine and birch. Within minutes I had chickadees (green and gold where ours are white), nut hatches, jays, woodpeckers, and a bird that looked similar to our magpies, eagerly snatching the crumbs from the window sill.

The men returned at noon to join us for lunch. The people at the Illinois Trade Office in Warsaw sent a car to pick up Dave at 1:15 and take him back to Warsaw, as he had to return to Illinois on the 7:00 p.m. flight, and there was not enough time for him to make train connections. We departed about fifteen minutes later to take the train to Czestochowa. When we

reached the station we found the right track, but there were two trains on the same track. Wojciech debated for a few minutes, then chose the one he thought was the right one and we got on board. We sat there for some time, but no one else seemed to be getting on the train. Wojciech began to get a little nervous and decided to check. He came rushing back and said we were on the wrong train. We made a mad scramble to collect all our bags and dashed for the other train, which was nearly ready to leave, only to discover Wojciech had left his brief case on the other train. I couldn't believe it when Malgosia dashed to the engine of the train and yelled up to the engineer telling him what had happened and to please wait. We stood in disbelief as the engineer throttled back and struck up a conversation with Malgosia. Wojciech appeared on the run with brief case in hand. We waved our thanks to the engineer and scrambled on board as the train pulled out of the station.

This was a second class train carrying lots of school children and local residents. We stopped many times to let passengers off the train. The unusual part was, it often stopped in the middle of a field where there were no villages or houses except in the far distance on either side of the track. We watched as passengers got off and walked long distances across the snowy fields. Their homes were often a mile or more away, and they were often disappearing on the horizon as the train started up again. The snow was very deep in this area. We saw several horse drawn sleighs skimming across the fields, also many partridges, a deer and a rabbit. The farmsteads and villages looked cozy with wisps of blue smoke rising from chimneys in the cold winter sky.

We arrived in Czestochowa as the afternoon was drawing to a close. With too much luggage to carry, Wojciech again found a fellow with a motorized cart and took the luggage to two waiting taxis. We were driven to another of the Orbis hotels. I should note here that Malgorzata and Wojciech had brought only a few suitcases for themselves, and we were traveling with only one suitcase and our carry-on bags. However, they had also brought several additional bags and boxes with presents and supplies for their families, expecting that they could reduce their baggage as soon as they had visited their homes and dropped off all the extras. Much to their surprise, they were loaded down with family heirlooms to take back to their home in Georgia. Consequently, they now had more and heavier bags than when they started, and were obliged to move it with us to every new location.

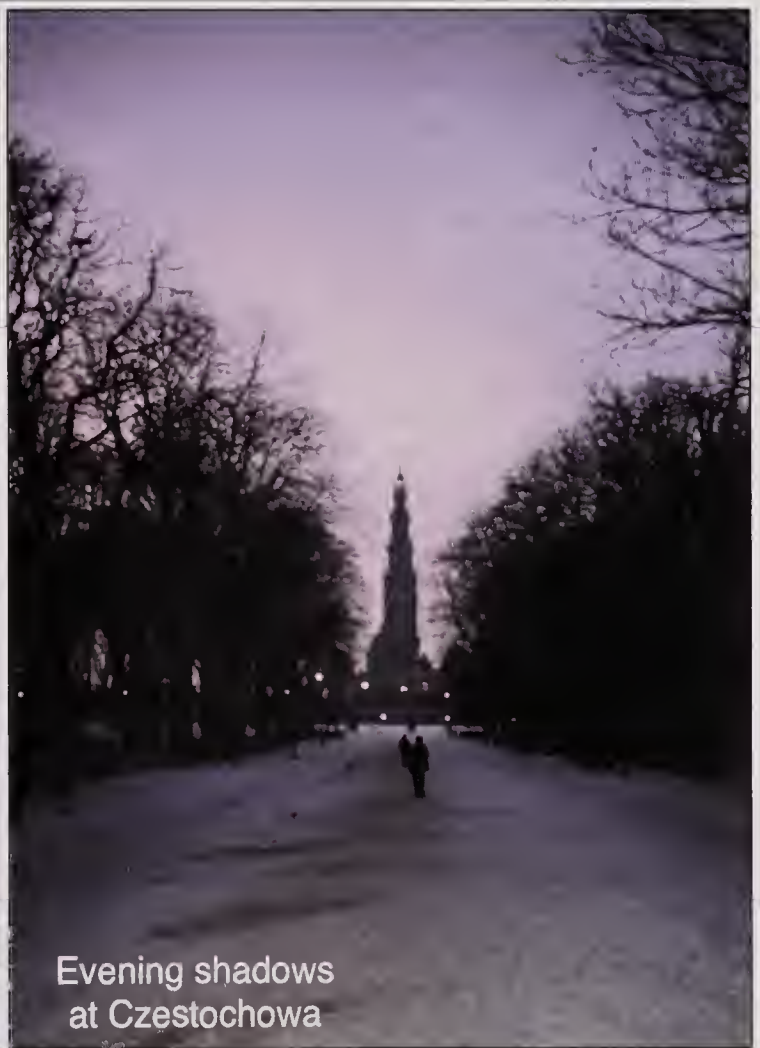
Our first view of the fortress surrounding the monastery had been from the train when we saw its tall spire rising above the city. Our next view was a magnificent sight from our 6th-floor hotel room. Its dark outline was silhouetted against a pink evening sky. A series of lights like stars dominated the top of the spire. We hurriedly dropped our bags in our rooms and ran down to the lobby for a walk up the icy wooded hillside to the cathedral, dodging children hurling themselves down the slope on sleds. At the top of the hill was the ancient Jasna Gora Monastery (founded in 1382) and the cathedral which was added in 1430 to accommodate the growing number of pilgrims. Here resides the most important religious shrine in Poland; the Black Madonna. A



Sunset over Czestochowa Cathedral, home of the Black Madonna



Malgorzata in the
snowy woods



Evening shadows
at Czestochowa

million Poles a year come here, not as tourists, but as pilgrims. I felt Malgosia and Wojciech were on a similar mission. The cathedral interior glowed in the soft light. A number of people were at prayer. A young nun was on her knees scrubbing the cold stone floors, where people had tracked in the wet snow. We turned to a door on our left and entered the Chapel of Our Lady. A short 30-minute mass was just starting as we quietly took a seat. High on the altar was the portrait of the Black Madonna, believed to have been painted on a cypress plank at the dawn of the Christian era in Jerusalem, perhaps by St. Luke. The painting has darkened over the centuries, thus the explanation of a black Madonna. When the Mongolian tribes captured the monastery in Chestovhova they slashed the painting of the Madonna. According to the legend, blood flowed from the wounds. Several miracles were attributed to the painting in subsequent centuries. One of the most notable was during the mid 17th Century when Sweden laid siege to the monastery. Despite their superior military strength, they were never able to capture the edifice, attributed to the fact that the monks paraded the painting around the parapet every morning.

An elaborate frame covers most of the painting and shows the Madonna wearing a gold crown with many jewels. Four large vases of amaryllis and large candles surrounded the painting. At the close of the service a curtain is drawn across the portrait to protect it from the light. Thousands of objects, such as crutches, crosses, etc., given in thanksgiving, for miracles people believed had been preformed, hung on the wall. Some were actual objects; others were symbolic of the miracle that had been experienced. We returned to the hotel under a purple velvet, star lit sky, with a quarter moon hanging like a lantern, above the south eastern horizon.

After dinner, we went to our room for the night. Malgosia and Wojciech went to the train station to get our reservations for the next day and then went back to the cathedral for late mass.

Wednesday, February 20

We were all up by 5:45 as the train to Warsaw departed at 7:00. The sun made its appearance in a clear crisp sky as the taxi approached the station. The train departed on time and after settling into our compartment, occupied by a lone woman, Malgosia and I proceeded to the dining car for breakfast. The men stayed behind to keep their eyes on the bags. This was a very clean looking car, with white interior, red table clothes and draperies, and crisp white curtains at the windows. I chose scrambled eggs with chopped sausage and coffee while Malgosia had a large Polish sausage and tea. We then returned to our compartment so Lowell and Wojciech could have breakfast.

We arrived in Warsaw at 10:00 a.m. and were met by a woman from the Illinois Trade Office. She quickly ushered us to a waiting van which took us to the Europski Hotel where we had previously stayed. We had lunch together at noon, then Lowell and Wojciech went to the Illinois Trade Office for a meeting. Malgosia and I remained at the hotel to repack our suit cases for the trip home.

Lowell and Wojciech returned to the hotel in late afternoon. We had dinner, then departed



Stary Rynek, Old Square, Poznan.
Two goats butting heads mark the hour



Malgorzata at Warsaw Summer Palace



Snow-covered sculpture

by taxi for the New Parliament House to meet with Senator Jerzy Deitl, now head of the senate National Budget Committee. He had been a guest in our home ten years before. When he learned we were in Poland, he requested a meeting with us. We were no longer aware of his location or of his new position, so had not made prior arrangements to meet him. He apologized for not knowing sooner we were in the country so that he could have made arrangements to take better care of us. He showed us around the parliament building (including some of the private “off-limits” offices) then took us to a comfortable reception room for conversation, where he served us coffee and cookies. We spent an hour with him and returned to our hotel for the night.

Thursday, February 21

A note had been placed in our box saying a Paul Daemen from Chemomics (a U.S. consulting agency) would like to meet with Lowell. His room was next to ours. Lowell agreed to meet him at breakfast. On our way downstairs, we met a man who asked if he might join us for breakfast. He was a former East German who had lived in Canada, but was living in England at the present. Paul Daemen discovered us as soon as he entered the dining room and spent a long time in conversation — mostly about economic development and whether Lowell might be interested in joining their project. The German who joined us was listening intently. Everyone here was trying to get a finger in the pie, and trying to find out what the other person was doing in Poland without telling them what they were doing there. Interesting!!!!

When Lowell and Wojciech departed for some meetings at 10:30, Malgosia and I took a taxi to the outskirts of Warsaw to see Wilanow (the Summer Palace of the legendary Polish King Jan III Sobieski) since it was closed when we were there two weeks before. It was designed with rich baroque detail. The palace was lived in until World War II when the Nazis plundered the estate, but it has since been restored. The interior was in lovely condition, decorated in the style popular during the Louis XIV period, with cut velvet and fresco wall coverings, marble everywhere and beautiful parquet floors. The top floor was an art gallery. The palace was used for many state functions and many world leaders have spent the night there, including some of our own presidents. A purple velvet rope was stretched across the door leading to the private apartments. When a woman guard saw how much we were enjoying the palace, she looked all directions and said, “come quickly with me,” dropped the velvet rope, and took us to the lovely furnished rooms of the private apartments. We then returned to the dining room, filled with a table and chairs that seated forty people. The woman guard again looked both ways and told us we could take a picture even though there were “no photo” signs everywhere. In spite of the years of oppression, the warm and friendly spirit of the Polish people was still there. We thanked her profusely and as we started to move on Malgosia slipped her two dollars. She was obviously surprised and had not expected anything. Malgosia said she knew how little those people were paid. We visited the art gallery on the second floor then walked about the palace grounds and photographed a tufted eared red squirrel. Malgosia fed

him a lime life saver, which he licked as happily as a child with a lollipop. We stopped at a little restaurant on the grounds and had coffee and some ice cream before taking a taxi back to central Warsaw. We spent some time walking around the park which was across the square from our hotel and photographed the tomb of the unknown soldier with a military honor guard standing at attention.

The men returned from a good day of meetings. They had met and talked with three more senators from the senate agricultural committee. The senators asked for help and advice from the University of Illinois on the topics of alternative trade and agricultural policy. They had an interesting request that we tell them more about the agricultural policies of the United States so they could avoid some of our mistakes. They wanted to move toward free markets, while still supporting and protecting the small farms and a profitable agriculture for the country.

It was time for dinner and it was a unanimous decision to walk to Old Town for our last dinner in Poland. We stopped at a crystal shop on the way and I bought two small pieces of Polish crystal; a vase and a bowl. Malgosia and I visited briefly after returning to the hotel. She had learned there was a possibility of an airport strike the following day or perhaps not until Saturday; not a pleasant thought as Malgosia and Wojciech's plane departed for Atlanta at 7:00 a.m. the next morning and ours for Chicago not until 1:00 p.m.

We said goodnight and goodbye to this dear young couple who had given so much of their time and energy to show us their beloved Poland. Words of thanks were so inadequate.

Friday, February 22

Lowell and I decided to sleep as late as we could, to prepare for the long trip home, but we were both awake by 7:00. Malgosia and Wojciech had departed for the airport much earlier. We were keeping our fingers crossed and saying prayers there would be no strike before we got out of there. We had breakfast, closed the suitcases and departed for the airport at 10:30. We were over charged by the taxi driver, but since he professed to speak no English and we could speak no Polish, we decided it wasn't worth an argument.

The terminal was small and cold, in spite of bright sun shine coming in the windows, but to our relief no strike had been called — **yet**. Our Lufthansa flight for Frankfurt departed on time, arriving in Frankfurt at 3:00 p.m. Since we could not make a connecting flight until the next day we spent the night at the Novotel, a short distance from the airport.

Saturday, February 23

We had breakfast then took the shuttle to the airport about 8:00. The direct flight to Chicago had been canceled so we had to wait for the noon flight to Washington, D.C., then change planes for Chicago and again for Urbana. Due to customs delays in Washington we missed the 4:00 plane and had to wait for the 8:00 plane to Urbana. We had spent more time waiting than flying, but it was good to be home.

Japan

March 19 - 30, 1991



Baby in rice basket

Japan

1991

This trip to Japan started many weeks before our departure. Lowell had been searching for several years for a buyer and seller of corn to try an experimental shipment where the corn had been dried using low-temperature technology (LT corn). He was confident that the result would be better quality at destination resulting in a higher yield of products such as starch and oil. Our rapport with Mr. Kurachi and Mr. Kawakita of the Nihon Corn Starch Company, had paid dividends: they agreed to accept an experimental shipment and compare the results of one hold of LT corn with one hold of regular U.S. No. 2. Finding an exporter willing to incur extra expense with only the possibility of future pay off was more difficult. To his surprise ADM/Growmark agreed to participate. Since the Growmark division was a farmers' co-operative, Lowell was able to persuade the Director, John McClenathan, to assist with the project. The plan was to offer a \$0.25 per bushel premium to any elevator that could deliver corn to the Havana, Illinois, river elevator, with less than 15% moisture, less than 2% broken corn and foreign material, and less than 15% of the kernels showing stress cracks. This level of stress cracks would assure low temperature drying. John identified potential elevators, and Lowell made several visits during and following harvest to advise them on procedures to achieve this higher level of quality.

ADM identified the vessel for the shipment and the expected time of arrival at their elevator in the New Orleans port area. With this information, John calculated the barge travel time from Havana to New Orleans, ordered barges, and notified the elevators of the date for them to deliver to the ADM river elevator in Havana. Lowell, Professor Gene Shove, and graduate student Aleksandar Bekric set up a testing station at the elevator. The agreement with the elevator managers was that each truck would be tested by the University team before it was dumped. If the test showed that the corn met the high quality specifications, it would go directly into the barge. Any load that exceeded the limits on stress cracks, foreign material, or moisture would go into the elevator storage with no premium. The three of them had a long day of testing, but the six barges were loaded with 8,300 metric tons of corn and sent on their way in the next tow headed south. It would be nearly five weeks before the vessel was ready to load in New Orleans.

It required only two weeks for the barges to make the trip from Havana to the ADM port elevator at Destrahan, so the LT corn was in storage until the vessel arrived at the ADM berth, January 23. The LT corn was to be loaded in one hold of the vessel, and the remaining holds were filled with grade No. 3 corn. As the holds were filled, the really hard work began. The work/research team included Lowell, Gene, and Aleksandar (who had supervised barge loading

at Havana) plus Marvin Paulsen, Karen Bender, Larry Pruiett, Jeff Austman, Tony Kile, and Mike Christy. Violetta had come with Aleksandar, using this trip for their honeymoon as they had been married on January 8 in Urbana. The team came by train to New Orleans, then rented a van for local transportation.

The manager at ADM (Warren Duffy) and his staff were giving Lowell full cooperation, but the weather was not. Even before the vessel could start loading, heavy rain and wind halted the process. It was obvious there would be no activity before night at the best, so Lowell purchased tickets for the team to take the Mississippi Delta boat tour, leaving from the French Quarter. Lowell and I had “been there and done that” so we spent our time walking about the French Quarter. Aleksandar and Violetta, and some of the students returned from their tour in time to join us for a nice fish dinner at the Blue Dolphin restaurant. We returned to the Howard Johnson Hotel and waited for Warren to call when the rain slacked off enough to open the hatches. Over the next two days the team alternated between a quick trip to the port, waiting at the elevator for loading to begin, and returning discouraged, to the hotel. With Karen and Larry as chaperones and guides, there were several trips to the French Quarter for the students. Meanwhile, Violetta and I spent some time in New Orleans while the team was at the elevator.

Some of the cargo had been loaded and sampled during the intermittent breaks in the weather. Finally on Friday the team decided to stay all day and night at the elevator to take advantage of any short break in the weather. Violetta and I remained at the hotel. The team was able to complete sampling the two holds, working through the night into the next morning. They were tired, but happy to be done and on their way back to Urbana. The Captain had closed the hatches, the tugs had moved it safely into the main stream of the river, the pilot guided it out of the harbor, and the vessel was on its 3-week journey to Japan.

Lowell and I returned to Urbana to lay plans for our trip to Nagoya, where we would meet the vessel and supervise the processing of the test shipment. We were not taking any of the sampling team with us on this trip (to their disappointment), because the Nihon Corn Starch Company had retained the Official Japanese Inspection Department to take probe samples before the cargo was discharged into JCS storage silos. Also, Lowell had demonstrated in the previous five test shipments that there was little change in quality between origin and destination, unless the moisture content was too high. Dr. Steve Eckhoff from the corn processing division of the University’s Agricultural Engineering Department, would meet us in Nagoya. He was the expert on wet milling of corn, and had been recruited by Lowell to review the processing and product yields from the JCS plant. JCS also knew of his expertise and had asked him and Lowell to give seminars to JCS employees.

Tuesday, March 19

We arose early this morning and departed from Willard airport on the 6:20 United Express. Destination — Nagoya, Japan. Our plane arrived on time at O’Hare, giving us time to

stop in the Red Carpet room for continental breakfast before boarding. Our plane for Japan was scheduled to depart at 12:45, but loading was delayed about 20 minutes because of a problem with the public address system on the plane. They decided it would be a quick fix, so loaded the passengers. The 20 minutes stretched into two hours, at which time they announced that time was running out for the flight crew. There were limits as to how long a crew could be operating the plane, and it was a long flight to Japan. Given that the crew had already used up two hours of their allowed time, they would be over the limit before reaching their destination. After a lot of discussion, our crew was swapped for the crew that had been scheduled for Paris. We finally took off for the non-stop flight to Tokyo — four hours behind schedule.

The sky was perfectly clear as our plane cruised above Alaska, giving us a spectacular view of Mt. McKinley. As a result of the long delay in Chicago, we arrived at Narita airport too late to catch the last plane to Nagoya. United Airlines put us up in the nearby Narita View hotel with an allowance for a good dinner and breakfast the next morning. We had no sooner returned to our room from dinner than the phone rang. It was Mr. Kawakita calling from Nagoya. He was vice-president for research and development for the Japan Corn Starch. He had been most congenial in previous contacts, including his participation in Lowell's conference in Urbana. He was supposed to meet us at the airport in Nagoya. United had promised to send him a fax to tell him that we would not arrive until the next day, but they failed to do so. When he discovered we were not on the plane, he somehow managed to track us down through the airlines. We explained to him why we missed the plane to Nagoya and gave him our flight schedule for the next morning. We showered and fell into bed at 11:30. It had been a very long and tiring day.

Thursday, March 21

We lost a day in transit, crossing the date line last night. We took advantage of United's generous food voucher for a very good breakfast at 6:30, then took the shuttle bus to the Narita airport at 7:30 a.m. for the 9:00 departure. We arrived in Nagoya on schedule at 10:00. Mr. Kawakita and two other men from JCS met us at the airport gate, outside customs. After a warm greeting, we were driven to the new Hilton Hotel in downtown Nagoya.

Everything had been arranged for our visit by company personnel at the direction of Mr. Kurachi. We were taken to the executive suite on the 26th floor. Our room was ready and beautiful to see. There was a huge arrangement of flowers containing orchids, roses, pinks, etc., and a large lacquer bowl filled with assorted fruits from Mr. and Mrs. Kurachi and a silver tray of fruit from the hotel manager on the coffee table.

We put our things in the room and went to the lobby at 1:30 as instructed. The company men whisked Lowell off to lunch in the hotel restaurant, where they were joined by Mr. Kurachi. Yuko (Mr. Kurachi's daughter) and one of the secretaries from JCS greeted me in the lobby. Yuko stepped forward with her warm sweet smile and said, "Do you remember me?" as if I could forget her earlier attention and hospitality!!

As Lowell departed with the men, Yuko and the secretary ushered me to their waiting car (a Mercedes) and driver, who was Mr. Kurachi's private secretary. Our driver had also served this role many times on previous trips. I never opened or closed a door (car or others) on the entire trip. I was given the treatment of a visiting dignitary or queen. The snap of a camera or whirr of a video camera accompanied my every move. Jackie Kennedy never had more photo ops!

We were driven to the Tokugawa Art Museum which was the palace of a former Shogun and is still owned by the Tokugawa family. Yuko insisted on buying me various prints and cards. When I protested she said, "My mother said I should," and so it was at every stop for the entire trip. The chauffeur/driver/secretary continued to drive us everywhere, opened all doors, and acted as chief photographer. The little secretary, Miss Nakamura, ran ahead of us at every stop and purchased any tickets required, just to make sure I did not have to wait at the ticket booth. She also carried a soft fuzzy pink towel for me to dry my hands, so I would not need to use the paper towels in the powder room.

We were driven to an exclusive club restaurant and served drinks in one room, then led to a private room with tables around a grill. Our chef cooked exclusively for us — course after course, including a miniature octopus. When Yuko saw my expression, she laughed and said "You don't need to eat that." I was touched by her sensitivity, for that was one thing I could not bring myself to put in my mouth. Fully stuffed, we proceeded to an art exhibit at the new science and arts museum complex. It was very modern and I enjoyed the brief visit. We returned to the hotel around 4:00.

Our ever attentive driver picked Lowell and myself up at 6:25 and delivered us to the door of the Kanko Hotel. Mr. And Mrs Kurachi and his and her brothers, Yuko, and Mr. Kawakita were in the lobby to greet us. Their welcomes were all so very warm and genuine. It was so pleasant to see them again, having met them on our previous visits. Mrs Kurachi was lovely in a soft rose colored kimono. They ushered us into the elevator bowing and gesturing for us to precede, and we whisked to the top floor. There was a reception area as we exited the elevator with sofas and tables, where we were served drinks and shared photos of our families. Mr. Kurachi was delighted to exchange "stories" about grandsons who were about the same age, and to discover that he and Lowell each came from a family of six children.

At a signal so subtle we did not see it, we were ushered into the private dining room. Dinner was a magnificent affair. Mrs Kurachi had created a floral centerpiece of daffodils, white orchids, and Japanese and American flags. Surrounding this was a beautiful grouping of four arrangements depicting the seasons of the year. The many courses were delicious, starting with the famous bird's nest soup — but I'm glad I didn't know what it was until after I had eaten it.

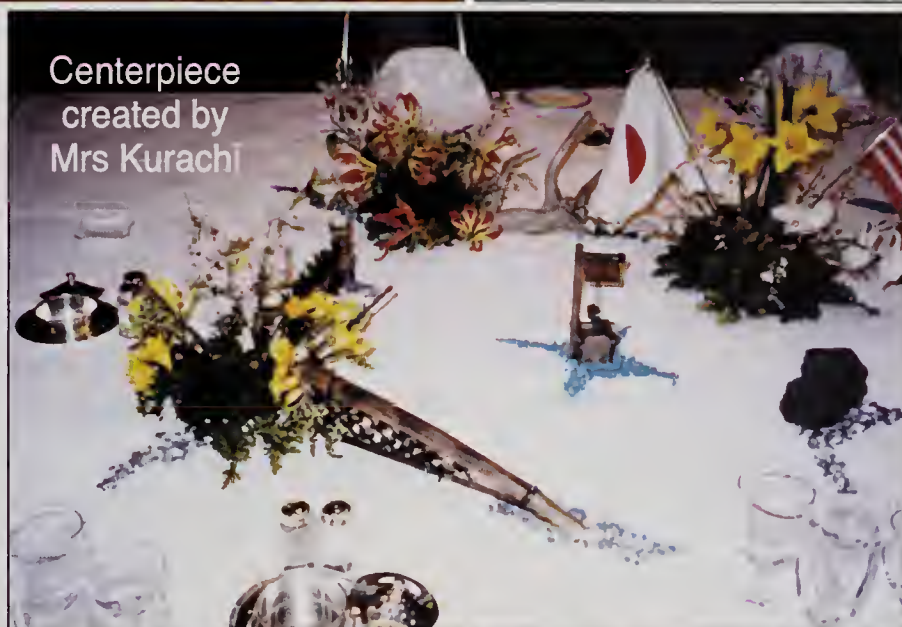
It was a lovely evening. They even arranged for a young woman interpreter to sit between me and Mrs. Kurachi to help with the conversation. With help from her, Yuko, and Mr. Kawakita, the conversation flowed smoothly and non-stop. We found it interesting that the



An unusual lunch menu



Mr and Mrs Kurachi



Centerpiece
created by
Mrs Kurachi



Very dusty ordinary dumpling



... contrasted with our "dust-free special"

interpreter did not partake of the food, but sat slightly back from the table, concentrating on her assignment. We finished dinner, then were ushered back to the elevator. Following goodbyes and bows, we were back in our car and our driver returned us to the hotel lobby about 9:00. It had been a long but most enjoyable day.

Friday, March 22

A driver, in another Mercedes, picked Lowell up at 9:00 for the drive to the plant at Kinura, about an hour from Nagoya. He was to meet with the research and management personnel at the plant, and finalize plans for the test of the trial shipment of corn that had left Illinois' elevators nearly two months earlier. He was to be on hand to supervise sampling as the plant operations shifted from the "ordinary" to the "special" corn. He was hoping for a dramatic difference in appearance.

Yuko and Miss Nakamura called for me at 9:00 also. Our usual driver and Mercedes chauffeured us to the Obara Paper Art Museum, located in the mountains about 1½ hours north-east of Nagoya. A light rain was falling, and continued all day. Plum blossoms were in full bloom and scattered about the valley and mountainsides.

We were dropped off at the gate and walked up the mountain path under umbrellas in the misting rain. Plum trees and flowering shrubs added color to the green landscape. We entered the demonstration building and were shown a video of the process of making the unique Japanese paper, called Washi. Now that we had seen the process, we were given large cloth aprons, covered by a rubber apron. Sleeves were fitted over ours, to protect them. As we entered the next room, we were handed a framed screen approximately 12 by 18 inches. We placed our screens over a water table and were handed bowls of a thick milky liquid, which consisted of three kinds of pounded wood fibers suspended in a viscous extract from the hibiscus plant. We carefully distributed the liquid over the screen while rotating it carefully to spread the fibers evenly. We then drained the water through the screen. We did this twice, then were shown how to compose a picture by adding color with an eye-dropper, using tweezers to insert colored fibers. It was lots of fun, with Yuko and I carefully following instructions from our host. Yuko and I both chose to do a flowered tree design. We were so engrossed that two hours sped by before we were even aware of the time. We were told to leave our creations with the manager, since the wet paper and fibers would need to dry. After selecting fans and paper book marks from the commercial collection, (all gifts from Yuko) we walked a short distance to the museum. Museum displays included beautiful art forms, both flat and three-dimensional.

We returned to the car and were driven to a restaurant, where we were ushered into a private dining room. We were seated on tatami mats around a low table, where we were served Shabu-Shabu. This dish is similar to sukiyaki and consists of thin slices of beef, with an assortment of vegetables and tofu added. All of this we cooked ourselves, in boiling pots of water placed over burners in the center of the table. We finished with vanilla and green tea ice cream.



We continued to a ceramics museum where Yuko insisted I select two cups and saucers. “One for you and one for Dr. Hill”, she said. Next we walked across the drive to a lovely tea house, located in a pretty garden on the side of the mountain. The view was beautiful as we sipped our tea from our own chosen tea bowls. I learned that Mr. Sato (a University of Illinois professor) and his students had been at this same tea house a few weeks earlier.

It was almost 6:00 p.m. before we returned to the hotel. Lowell and I had a light dinner in the hotel terrace restaurant — we were already stuffed from the food we had been served all day. We needed no money for food. Mr. Kawakita had informed us that anything we needed or wanted during our stay in the Hilton would be automatically charged to the company.

Saturday, March 23

There was no work for Lowell over the weekend, but Mr. Kawakita offered to serve as our personal guide for some tourist time. At 8:15 he arrived in a chauffeur-driven car with plans for a trip to the Ise District, a 2-hour drive to the southwest around the bay. Our first stop was Pearl Island. There was a monument to Mikamoto who developed the first cultured pearls. We watched girls diving deep in the cold water for abalone shells as they used to do for pearls. There was an excellent museum, describing the pearl industry and the life story of Mikamoto. We walked a short distance to the Toba Hotel, perched high on a cliff for a magnificent view over the Bay below. We descended to the water level and boarded a boat that was anchored in the bay for lunch. Our table had been reserved, to assure we would have the best possible view. A waiter proceeded to cook us an elaborate lunch of lobster, beef, vegetables, and a variety of other dishes. Following lunch we walked through the lobby of the hotel where, Mr. Kawakita explained, Queen Elizabeth had stayed in 1970.

We returned to the car, and were driven to the shrine at Ise City, the earliest seat of Japanese government. It was located in a lovely wooded area. We entered it by crossing a wide but shallow river via a gracefully arched bridge, walked through a traditional Japanese gate and down a gravel path. We paused at the bridge to absorb the quietness of the moment. Mr. Kawakita was immensely pleased when I commented on the serenity of the scene and the feeling of calmness it created. “That was the purpose of this shrine in natural setting” he told us. We washed our hands in the clear cold water of the river, and walked through the park area beneath huge trees, not unlike our own redwoods. We could approach only the outer walled fence. Only priests are allowed inside. Mr. Kawakita purchased some colorful information books for us then took us to the village and bought us a wooden puzzle in the shape of a swan, and asked me to select a couple of paper dolls. We proceeded to a quaint little tea-house located at the edge of the river. The attendant directed us to tatami mats for a formal tea ceremony which was accompanied by bean-curd cakes.

It was a 2-hour trip back to our hotel and we arrived about 7:00 p.m. Our 11-hour day had seemed all too short. We had a light supper and retired for the night.



Toba Hotel



Lunch on the boat



Ceremonial hand wash in the clear water



Private dinner
for four in Nara

Sunday, March 24

We rose early again this morning in preparation for another busy day. We enjoyed our usual breakfast in the private dining room, available only to the few people in the executive suites on the 26th floor. We had packed a light bag for the 2-day program arranged for us by Mr. and Mrs. Kurachi. Mrs. Okazaki and Miss Nakamura from Nihon Starch arrived with the driver to take us to the train station and accompany us to Nara. We boarded the Shinkansen (bullet train) a few minutes before 10:00. It was a 1-hour luxury trip to Kyoto, where we changed trains for a ½ -hour ride to Nara. We were surprised to discover that Mrs. Kurachi had made a trip to Nara the week before to arrange every detail in preparation for our visit. A taxi and driver had been placed at our disposal for the two days, and were waiting for us at the station. We were driven to the old 1908 Nara hotel made famous by such guests as emperors and kings. We had a very pleasant room on the third floor.

Lunch in the dining room had been prearranged; Mrs. Kurachi having selected the menu and a table overlooking the lake. Following a delicious lunch we were driven west of Nara to the Horyu-ji Temple in the village of Ikawga. The temple was founded in 607. It was much like a fair with many little booths selling food and souvenirs. We spent most of the afternoon wandering through the extensive grounds, the booths, and the temple. We decided to take in one more temple before returning to Nara. We stopped just outside the nearby Yakushji Temple at a little restaurant for cold drinks. This temple was much smaller than the Horyuji, but was still interesting. We returned to our hotel a little after 6:00. Dinner had been prearranged by Mrs. Kurachi at a very special Japanese restaurant. We walked a short distance around the lake in the moonlight to the Nara Kikusuiro restaurant. The temple beyond was reflected in the moon-lit water. It was a truly fairy tale vision. We were ushered into a private, Japanese style dining room. Once seated on the usual tatami mats at a low table, we were served a very elaborate Japanese dinner. When dinner was over, Mrs. Okazaki was going to call a taxi so we would not need to walk back in the dark. However, the people at the restaurant would not hear of us doing that, but sent us back to the hotel in their own car.

Monday, March 25

Lowell developed a very upset stomach during the night and decided to stay in the room at the hotel and dine on tea and toast. I joined the girls for breakfast in the hotel restaurant. Our “personal” taxi and driver were at the hotel at 10:00 a.m. for the drive to the nearby Kohukuji Temple and around the Sarusawa Pond. According to the legend of the Pond the wife of an emperor had committed suicide there, because she thought the emperor no longer loved her. Three turtles rested on a log in the pond.

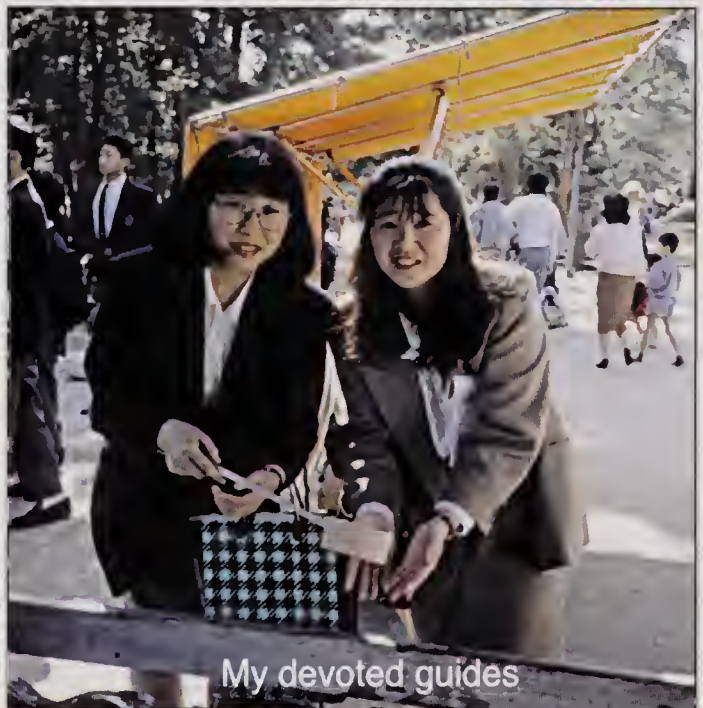
We walked down a street lined with shops, very much for tourists. I bought four handkerchiefs, then back in our taxi for a drive to a Chinese restaurant for lunch. Once again, Mrs.



West Pagoda of Yakushi-ji Temple



The famous Nara deer



My devoted guides



Lunch room in Kyoto
overlooking the garden



An elegant tray

Kurachi had pre arranged every detail. We were ushered into a private room and seated on the floor around a lazy susan table. Even the menu of many unique dishes had been pre selected.

After lunch we were driven to Nara Daibutsu-den, a fairly large complex with a very large wooden structure housing the world's largest Buddha. One tall structure had a hole cut through the bottom. Anyone who could be pulled through the hole was thought to be assured of a "long life." Mrs. Okazaki, amid much laughter, was yanked through the hole by our taxi driver, who had accompanied us on the walk. Miss Nakamura and I didn't even try. We toured several other temples, then were driven up the mountain overlooking Nara. The famous Nara deer were grazing on the hillside. Our view was somewhat obstructed by haze, but it was still very picturesque.

We returned to the hotel in late afternoon. Lowell had recovered enough to join us for dinner in the hotel dining room. Then off to bed.

Tuesday, March 26

We packed our suitcases this morning for our return to Nagoya, then had breakfast at the hotel. Lowell's health was back to normal. We walked to the nearby national museum for about an hour's visit, then took the bus to the train station, and caught the train for Kyoto. As we left the Kyoto station our guides hailed a taxi for a ride up the mountain side to a temple and lovely garden called the Kodai-ji temple located in the Higashiyama Mountains. The temple was established in 1605 by noblewoman, Kita Mandokara in memory of her late husband, Shogun Toyotomi Hideyoshi (1536 - 98). Cherry trees blossomed everywhere in glorious profusion. We walked across the parking lot to a Buddhist temple, where we were given lighted incense tapers to place on the altar. We were instructed to wash our hands in the nearby fountain for purification. Just across the street, perched on the mountain side was the restaurant where we were scheduled for lunch. We walked up a stone path, then climbed stone steps as we wound our way upward through a Japanese garden. Our hostess, in kimono, was waiting for us and led us to a private dining room. We were seated on the traditional tatami mats, placed in front of sliding doors looking out into a miniature garden and down on the city of Kyoto spread below us. Lowell and I were given the seats of honor, with our backs to the alcove holding a floral arrangement. We were facing the doors which offered us the view of the garden and city. We were served many dishes, all beautifully prepared and elegantly served. When we had finished, our hostess opened the sliding doors and accompanied us on a walk in the miniature garden. As we departed, the elderly gentleman who had carried our bags up from the street turned to Lowell and asked, "Are you American?" When Lowell said, "yes," he volunteered, "My name Charlie. I work for GI's." Apparently he had been involved as a young boy with soldiers during the occupation of Japan after the war.

A taxi was waiting for us at the bottom of the stairs and the steep path. All of these connections and timing had somehow been unobtrusively arranged. The taxi delivered us to the

palace of another famous Shogun. This one was called the Silver Pavilion. Our driver parked in an adjacent lot and waited as we walked up the shop-lined street, ascending the mountain to the palace. Cherry trees with their dark red buds waiting to burst into full bloom, lined our walkway and on up the hill side. The gardens surrounding the palace were beautiful beyond description, with ponds, cherry blossoms, and sculptured shrubbery.

The original plan was for us to have time for one more palace, but it had already closed, so Mrs. Okazaki directed our driver to take us to the train station. We arrived with only a few minutes to spare until the next “bullet train” departed. We had choice first class seats on the upper level, with a view of the countryside and villages speeding past our window. One hour later we were in Nagoya, and much to our surprise, a company car and driver were waiting to whisk us to our hotel. Given all the planning and split second timing of the previous two days, I don’t know why this should have surprised us!! We thanked our gracious hostesses, and bade them goodbye. The trip had been so enjoyable we could not find words to fully convey our appreciation for all the effort that went into planning and executing the program.

We had a light dinner at the hotel restaurant and returned to our room. A box of yummy Lady Godiva chocolates awaited us — a gift from Yuko.

Wednesday, March 27

This was a free day and we slept until 8:30. Following our usual breakfast, we returned to our room. Lowell worked on his presentation for the Thursday afternoon seminar, while I reorganized our suitcases and the materials we had collected. After lunch at the hotel we looked through the shops located on the level below the hotel. It rained on and off all day, so we were happy not to have outside appointments. We encountered Steve Eckhoff in the lobby as we started to the restaurant for dinner. He had just arrived from Kyoto and was checking in at reception. We waited while he put his bags in his room, then went downstairs to the French restaurant. Dinner cost nearly \$300.00 for the three of us — charged, of course, to the company account. We returned to our room for another good night’s rest.

Thursday, March 28

Lowell departed from the hotel at 9:00 with Steve, for a day at the plant to be followed by their seminar for the plant employees. At the plant they were able to observe the switch over from regular corn to the low temperature dried test shipment. The contrast amazed even the Japanese plant people, especially Mr. Kawakita. The broken kernels in the regular corn covered everything with the grey dust from the exposed starch. When the special corn started through the spouting, the dust disappeared from the air, and the corn came out a bright yellow. Analysis of samples demonstrated the much lower level of broken kernels in their special corn. Their seminar was attended by over 50 employees, from President Kurachi down to plant operations personnel. It was a grand affair with banners displaying their names hung across the stage.

Yuko and Miss Nakamura, accompanied by our usual driver, were waiting for me in the lobby at 9:00. It was more than an hours drive north of Nagoya to the Kiso River (known as the Japanese Rhine). Yuko insisted on buying a coolie type hat for all of us before we boarded the boat. We were the last to board. There must have been nearly a dozen of us seated on life preserver cushions with a tarp to our backs to protect us from splashing water. Our guide stood to the front of the boat to operate it, guiding us around rocks and giving us a description of the low mountain scenery around us. The sky was quite overcast. We disembarked near the Inuyama Castle. Our car was waiting for us at the boat dock and we were driven up the steep hill to the castle. Cherry trees in full bloom lined the streets.

Inuyama Castle was built in its present location in 1537. Yojuri-Nobuyasu Oda was the first lord. In 1618 Hayabanasho-Masanari Naruse won the lordship and the post has been owned by the Narusa family ever since. In 1891, part of the castle was destroyed by an earthquake. The castle was restored and now is the only privately owned castle in Japan.

We entered the castle, substituted slippers for our shoes and climbed to the top — me carrying my slippers as I couldn't keep them on. They never seem to have a size small enough for me, even in Japan. Following the castle tour we continued on to a nearby hotel for a delicious lunch of beef stroganoff. After lunch our driver took us to the Meiji Mura, an outdoor museum containing historic relics and buildings from the Meiji era. It is similar in many ways to Greenfield Village in Michigan. It is located in a lovely mountain area. We spent the remainder of the afternoon walking through the area, interspersed with rides on the trolley and drinking coffee in the lobby of the old Frank Lloyd Wright Imperial Hotel. Everywhere we looked there were trees budded or flowering, creating a colorful landscape.

Traffic was heavy on our return trip. The sky had remained gray all day. We did not get back to the hotel until nearly 7:00 p.m. Yuko, Miss Nakamura, and I had an elaborate dinner in a private room in the Chinese restaurant. Lowell returned from his day's activities at the plant in time to join us just as we were being served dessert. It was after 11:00 before we were back in our room for the night.

Friday, March 29

Lowell departed at 9:00 for another day of discussions and sample analysis. Yuko called for me at 10:00. We were driven to her father's office building where we were greeted by about five company people, bowing to Yuko and me in greeting. We took the elevator to an upper floor and were introduced to a Mrs. Kozuko Yasui, who had been retained by Mrs. Kurachi to show me traditional needle work. Mrs. Yasui was director of the Nagoya chapter of Kurenai-Kai, a national needle work organization. She was a delightful woman about my age. She spoke only Japanese so we had to communicate through the translations of Yuko and Miss Nakamura. She proceeded to show me examples of beautiful kimonos, purses, cushion covers, etc. then showed me how it was done. She insisted that I try the embroidery technique, as well as trying



The bullet train to Nagoya



Scenic ride on the
"Japanese Rhine"



A lesson in Japanese embroidery



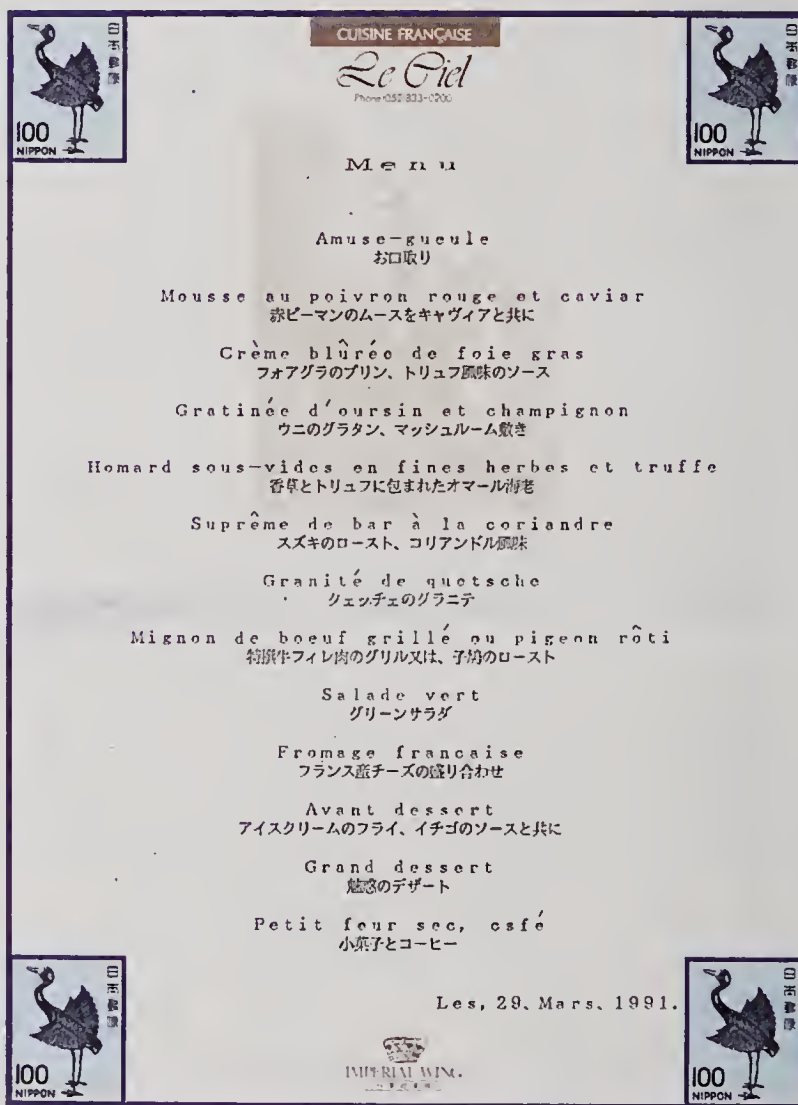
I model her
daughter's kimono

a kimono she had embroidered for her daughter. The tiny flower on the shoulder was the family crest. It was a wonderful experience, even though my attempts were wretched by comparison. We stopped for coffee and Mrs. Kozuko Yasui accompanied us to a restaurant specializing in lobster dishes. Such a feast! We had lobster cooked on hot rocks, accompanied by trays and trays of other foods.

We said goodbye to Mrs. Kozuko Yasui, and were off to a place making intricate embroidery — banners and altar cloths for temples. We made a quick pass through Japan's largest department store and back to the hotel in our chauffeured Mercedes. We were later than our schedule stated, and our dinner departure had been moved up to 5:15. I rushed to change while Lowell arranged for a floral basket to present to Mrs. Kurachi. The driver was waiting to take Lowell, Steve and me to the prearranged dinner. It was a 45-minute drive to the French restaurant called the Imperial Wing.

When we entered the restaurant, Mr. Kurachi, Mr. Kawakita, Mr. Kurachi's brother and brother-in-law, and Yuko were waiting to greet us. There was a brief round of drinks (juice for us) and we were seated for dinner. We soon discovered that the entire restaurant had been reserved for our dinner party. The chef appeared behind us and said he hoped we liked the food as he had been told we were very important guests and he had been nervous, worrying all day about whether it would meet our expectations. Mr. Kurachi had arranged for a professional translator to sit with us to assist Yuko and Mr. Kawakita with the conversation.

The 12-course dinner menu was written in French and Japanese and included such dishes as truffles, lobster, bird nest soup, grilled beef and roast pigeon — shown here:



Following dinner and our compliments to the chef, we departed for our second visit to the Kurachi's home. Mrs. Kurachi was standing at the curb to greet us with the door behind her

standing wide open. The entryway was magnificent, with a blooming cherry tree in a pot brought in, I'm sure, just for the occasion. There were masses of flowers at the base of the tree and placed around the entry. Small lanterns hung from the branches of the tree. We were given paper ribbon banners on which to write our names, and these were then hung in the tree for good luck. We were served a drink made from cherry blossoms and sweet balls of bean curd. Mrs. Kurachi welcomed us and ushered us into the sunken western style living room. We were seated at individual tables laden with flower arrangements and ceramic birds. We were brought dish after dish of desserts. To my surprise, they then turned on the television and showed a video record of my entire day. I knew there were lots of photos being taken, but had not known everything was being recorded on video. Then began the gift giving.

They brought out two beautifully wrapped packages that contained the wood-fiber and paper pictures that Yuko and I had created yesterday. They had managed to have them elegantly framed overnight. Everyone applauded our efforts as the results were displayed. Mr. Kurachi teased Yuko, saying her picture was not as good as mine. Then I was shocked by a present from Mrs. Kurachi that included everything needed to do the unique authentic Japanese embroidery that I had admired earlier. Next came an evening bag and more presents, all wrapped in the beautiful Japanese style. The more we protested at all the extravagant presents, the more Mr. Kurachi enjoyed bringing out more. Lowell and Steve each received framed pictures and Lowell was given a very expensive painted ceramic dish. By now it was very late and we reluctantly said goodnight. It was after midnight when we finally ended a fairy tale day.

Saturday, March 30

We were up early for breakfast. Brent had been in Tokyo on business while we were in Nagoya, and we had planned to connect with him during his last day in Japan. However, we found out he had to return a day early so we would miss seeing him.

The company people were at the hotel at 7:45 to take us to the train. The secretary and all of the men were at the station to bid us farewell. They were still pressing candy and gifts in our hands as we boarded the train. Thanks to Mr. Kurachi, we had 1st-class accommodations again for the trip back to Tokyo. Three company people met us in Tokyo to help us change trains to the Narita airport. To our surprise they brought us snacks to eat on the train, accompanied us all the way to the airport and insisted on taking us to lunch. We bid them goodbye and went to the Red Carpet room for the remainder of the day since the plane did not leave until 7:00 p.m. It was a long trip to Chicago, but uneventful and we arrived on time. We made an earlier flight to Champaign, but spent half an hour riding the Corky limousine from the airport home. It seems the tired you are, the higher the probability that you will be the last one to be delivered by the "Corky Special." We were home by 6:30, still dazed at all that had transpired on a very successful trip.



A round of toast to corn quality
and Steve E has joined us



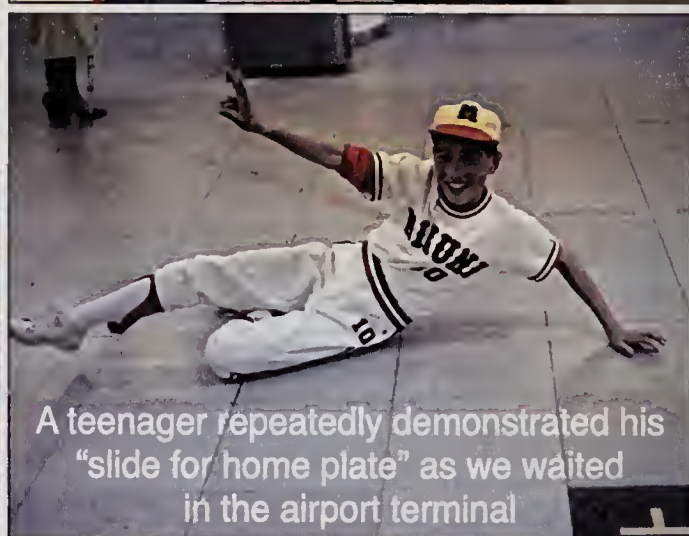
A welcome
greeting in
Kurachi's
home



Steve E admires
my wood-fiber
pictures



Waiting at our "platform number"
for the train to Tokyo



A teenager repeatedly demonstrated his
"slide for home plate" as we waited
in the airport terminal

Colombia

March 26 - April 12, 1992



Colombia

1992

Thursday, March 26

The World Bank had asked Lowell to help with an assessment of the progress toward free markets in Colombia. They were sending a team of researchers to Bogota to evaluate markets for several commodities. Lowell was assigned the grain markets and the developing board of trade.

We departed for Chicago by car at 5:30 a.m., an hour earlier than we had intended as American Airlines insisted we must be there a minimum of two hours early for check-in. We also wanted extra time, as past experience had taught us that the traffic going into Chicago and O'Hare could result in delays on I-290 and there could be more delays going from long term parking to the terminal. It turned out that we started much earlier than necessary and we had a long wait in O'Hare. Our 11:44 departure time was delayed for nearly an hour as a result of equipment problems on the plane, making our early start from home even more unnecessary. This disconcerting news of mechanical problems was announced just before boarding time. It was almost 1:00 p.m. before the door was finally closed on the plane and we were pushed back from the jet way. It was another hour before we were served lunch. With breakfast at 5:00 and lunch at 2:00 we were ready.

We arrived in Miami about an hour late, but we were not really concerned about missing the next flight, since this same plane was going on to Bogota. We had only about half an hour's wait before our plane was on its way. Dinner was really excellent for coach class food. Shrimp cocktail, tossed salad, new potatoes, fillet mignon, green beans, strawberries and cream cheese, cheese and crackers. This was unusual fare to say the least and a pleasant change from what we had experienced on earlier flights.

We arrived at the Bogota airport about 9:00 p.m. — only about 15 minutes late. The lines at passport control were long and moving slowly. The locals in line around us visited freely and recommended that we be sure to pick up our \$10 tax exemptions for departure, which we did. We were delighted to see our suitcase was waiting for us at the baggage carousel. We had been warned customs was a lengthy process, but to our surprise we moved through the control point without stopping and no baggage checks.

We were directed to a taxi by a policeman which gave us some confidence it was reasonably safe. We were even given a paper with the cab driver's number. We were driven directly to our hotel — only about a 15-minute trip — and dropped at the entrance to the Tequendama

Intercontinental Hotel. The desk clerk (speaking good English) assigned us a room on the 15th floor. Music and dancing from the two floors above vibrated through the room. Combined with the noise of traffic from the street below, it was difficult to fall asleep despite our exhaustion from the long day of travel.

Friday, March 27

Bright sunshine awakened us. When we opened the curtains, we were amazed by the view of the mountains towering above us, seeming so close to our hotel. We appreciated our room with such a magnificent view out our east window. We had breakfast in the hotel lobby and between us deciphered most of the menu which was written in French and Spanish. The waiter's English was just about as good as our Spanish, leaving a lot to be desired, to say the least. We rejoiced to learn that the water in this hotel was safe to drink, but continued to avoid most raw fruit and vegetables unless they could be peeled.

We spent the day just "catching up" and exploring the hotel and the adjoining shopping mall. Our hotel was in the center of the business district and it appeared that most of the high rise buildings were located in this area. The city was nestled against the mountain range stretching north and south at an elevation of 8700 feet, with the peaks to the east rising another 1000 feet. We were not bothered by this altitude except when we walked too fast or were climbing stairs. We stopped by the tour desk in the lobby and arranged for a city tour for Saturday. Lowell had some papers to write, and we were tired enough to go to bed early.

Saturday, March 28

The bus for the city tour picked us up shortly after breakfast. The tour was very personalized as there were only seven people on the tour and two of those departed mid way through the tour. The young woman who was our guide was very pleasant and spoke excellent English. Understanding the guide's accent is sometimes difficult on these tours, but her voice was clear and her slight accent pleasing to the ear.

The tour started with a drive through the old city. The architecture reminded us of the French Quarter in New Orleans, with red tiled roofs, stucco exteriors, and an occasional balcony with wrought iron railings. The streets were so narrow that only one way traffic could move through. When a truck stalled or stopped to discharge cargo, all traffic had to back up to the nearest intersection and seek an alternate route.

We often saw people going through garbage cans along the crowded streets. The contrast of wealth and poverty was quite evident. We paused briefly at the Plaza de Bolivar and listened again about his exploits to unite South America. The story was familiar by now after tours in other South American countries. There was a large bronze statue of Bolivar, cast in 1846, in the center of the square. The Palace of Justice on the north side of the square was of recent origin, having been completely destroyed by a gun battle between guerrilla fighters and the army in



Bogota nestled below the mountains



Street scene on Mt Monserrate



Warrior in the Gold Museum



My favorite artifact — a raft of gold



The Church of Monserrate

1985. It was eventually torn down and rebuilt. The western side of the plaza was completely filled with the Mayor's office. The more interesting building was the Capitolio Nacional, used by the national congress. It was started in 1847 and completed in 1926, following classical Greek style. The facade was designed by the English architect, Thomas Reed. The only building that dated back to the Spanish era was the Capilla del Sagrario, a small chapel standing next to the monumental cathedral on the site where the first mass was celebrated after the founding of Bogota. The founder of Bogota was buried in one of the side chapels.

From the plaza we were driven to the Gold Museum, the Plaza del Oro, with its many displays of beautiful pre-Colombian gold art work. We were told it contained over 33,000 gold pieces from the pre-Colombian cultures. One especially interesting piece had been found by a farmer plowing his field. The pieces were very unusual. My favorite was a lacy little raft about six inches long and four inches high, with a priest as a central figure standing on the raft. He was surrounded by other dignitaries, all made of delicate filigree gold. It was surprising that there were so many gold artifacts, given the fact the Spanish confiscated and melted all the gold art they could find. Much of what was on display had been recovered from a lake, where, legend says, the objects were scattered as gifts to the gods in the early Inca days. Fortunately, the Conquistadores did not make it to the bottom of the lake.

Our next stop was at the house of Simon Bolivar. The very pretty house and gardens had been given to Bolivar by the government in 1820 in appreciation for his role in liberating Colombia from Spanish rule. It was located on the side of the mountain, slightly above the city center. The interior was furnished in the style typical of the time of Bolivar. There were two universities located nearby; one was called The University of the Americas.

The last stop on our tour was at the cable car which carried us to the top of Mt Monserrate. The slow ascent provided us an exciting vista of the city and valley below. A church at the top of the mountain inspired many faithful worshipers to make the strenuous pilgrimage, climbing the steep mountain on foot. After disembarking from the cable car we climbed a large number of steps to reach the church. At this altitude we were really drained of energy and short of breath, but the spectacular view of the city below was well worth the exertion. We wandered among the craft shops, kiosks, and historic buildings until exhaustion sent us back to the cable car for a return to the hotel for a late lunch. With a little time to regain our strength we were ready for a walk down the street to the National Museum. The original building was a prison, designed by Thomas Reed — the same one who had done the facade on the congressional building in the Plaza. The museum was divided into three sections, with very different topics — from pre-Colombian to contemporary fine arts. We found the primitive section of the museum was the most interesting.

We returned to the hotel for dinner, being especially careful and alert to the people around us on the street, even though (or perhaps because) there were many policemen watching and patrolling the area for several blocks around the hotel. We had been cautioned not to hail a taxi

on the street, but to ask the concierge to arrange for any transportation needed. Several incidents had been reported even around the carefully guarded hotel. The taxi driver would pick up passengers, drive them to a side street, and relieve them of their valuables.

Sunday, March 29

The morning dawned bright, clear and beautiful. As soon as Lowell completed working on his presentation, we walked up the street to where our map indicated the location of a Hilton Hotel. We discovered instead, that a Forte Hotel had been built in its place. That did not hold any particular interest for us so we retraced our steps past the bull ring we had seen from our hotel window. It was still being used on certain days, but we could not bring ourselves to even contemplate watching such a cruel performance. The Natural History Museum was more to our liking and was located in the Planetario Distrital — a beautiful park with displays of flora and fauna common to Colombia. The buildings were situated in this inviting park but we felt it was not safe to walk the paths. The museum was really quite small and dusty, with few displays or artifacts. We returned to the hotel for the remainder of the afternoon, to have an early dinner and await the arrival of the other crew members coming from Washington, D.C. When we had not heard from them by 10:30 we decided if they were arriving tonight, they would not be met by this welcoming committee of two.

Monday, March 30

We learned at our 6:30 breakfast that the group had arrived very late the night before and planned to meet at 9:00 a.m. I went with Lowell to meet the team consisting of: John Panzer, team leader, World Bank, Washington, D.C.; Isabelle Girardot-Berg, responsible for assessing the export marketing system for perishables; Larry Summers, responsible for assessing the domestic marketing system for perishables; Carol House, responsible for assessing the agricultural information system; and Lowell, responsible for assessing the domestic and export marketing system for grains and oilseeds.

Isabelle was an employee of the World Bank, while Larry and Carol were specialists on loan from the USDA. Carol's husband Jerry was also an informal part of the team. Given the diversity of backgrounds this turned out to be a very congenial and interesting team. The assignment for the team was to assist the Colombian government develop policies to facilitate the transition to private markets. This required an assessment of the public and private sectors in the grain industry, the fruit and vegetable industry, and the market information system required to allow competition among firms. The World Bank had been requested to fund much of the cost of the transition. They were relying on this team to advise them about the advisability of allocating more funds to Colombia. The first loan had not yet been repaid, but the government was requesting more funds to complete the project and incidentally pay the interest on the previous loan.

The team departed for their first meeting around 10:30, and I was left to my own devices for the day. I spent the time relaxing, writing postcards, and reading. They returned about 6:30 absolutely starved — they had not been given time for lunch and traffic was so snarled that they left the car and driver in the gridlock and walked about a mile back to the hotel. They had had a full day of meetings including the Colombia Minister of Agriculture, the Director General of Commerce, the Head of Bureau of Planning, and a late meeting with the Economic Counselor in the Department of State of the American Embassy. We walked across the street to a restaurant for dinner then returned to the hotel for the night. Small boys darted about the streets, sometimes charging through the group. We carefully watched our belongings and one another's backs as we had been warned that this was often a tactic to distract the unwary visitor.

Tuesday, March 31

We were up at 6:30 this morning since it required an early departure for Lowell to make the first meeting with the National Bolsa — the emerging and struggling equivalent of the Chicago Board of Trade. The sky was heavy with rain clouds and they burst into a full blown thunderstorm in the afternoon. The downpour flooded the streets around the hotel. I spent most of the day in the room, which turned out to be a good decision because I became the answering machine for the team. About 2:30 John called to see if I knew where Lowell might be at this time. He had been unable to find him for the 2:30 appointment. By the time he had called me with this question for the third time, I was getting a little concerned, too. Shortly after John's last call, Lowell called to say he had been delayed by a late lunch. Late lunches seemed to be the custom in Colombia and there was no way to rush the process or escape. Lowell warned me the team would be late returning, since all appointments would now be pushed back. Shortly after Lowell hung up, I received a call from the office of the Director General of the government's inspection and quarantine department in Cali, trying to reach Lowell or John. They wanted to set up an appointment for the weekend. I gave her all the information I had concerning the appointment schedule and promised that John would return her call Wednesday morning.

The team did not return until after 7:00, so Lowell and I went to dinner at 7:30 in the hotel coffee shop. By now Lowell was suffering from a sore throat and a cold, so we were glad to "turn in" by 9:00 p.m.

Wednesday, April 1

We were awake by 6:30 this morning and had breakfast with the team. Lowell had several appointments, separate from the rest of the group today, so he had hired his own car from the hotel. We bought silver charms for Becky and Donna at a shop in the hotel, before Lowell departed for his meetings. We chose the charms with the traditional Tequendama image. Lowell departed at 10:30 and I window shopped for awhile. I purchased a small pottery bus carrying

produce to market. It was covered with vegetables, fruit, chickens, etc. in a multi colored array. Lowell returned to the hotel for lunch, then took off for two more appointments for the afternoon. It was 6:00 p.m. before he returned. We walked across the street to the American Airlines office to see if we could move our departure to an earlier date, but with my special ticket we could not make any changes. We had an early dinner and went to bed, as Lowell was still miserable with his cold.

Thursday, April 2

We were up shortly after 6:00 this morning since Lowell had an early appointment. We had breakfast with Larry, John, and Isabelle. Lowell's cold was about the same, but he left about 8:00 for his first appointment. He returned shortly after lunch, feeling much worse. He was starting to run a temperature so I started him on the antibiotics we had brought along, and put him to bed. We both had a long night's sleep.

Friday, April 3

Lowell's cold was worse this morning. With a temperature of 102°, he had no choice now but to cancel his appointments and stay in bed. I spent the day quietly while Lowell slept most of the day.

Saturday, April 4

We had arranged for breakfast to be sent to the room since we did not know how Lowell would be feeling. His temperature broke during the night and he was much improved. That was good news because this was the day we were to depart for Cali. John, Lowell, and I departed for the airport about 2:00. The remainder of the team stayed in Bogota. Cali was on the itinerary for the entire team, in order to better evaluate the wider market and different crops outside of the Bogota area. However, Carol and Larry were not allowed to travel to Cali because increased activity by drug dealers had caused USDA to designate the area as too dangerous for their employees. Isabelle had already organized a 2-day trip to Santa Marta as part of her assignment to investigate the areas producing fruits and vegetables for export. That left three of us to brave the "dangers" of Cali.

The original plans called for us to visit the rural production and market sites around Cali, but we were told by the World Bank representative in Bogota that we would not be taken into the country as the guerrilla bands were "very active at this time." We would be allowed to visit Cali, but only on condition that we would not travel outside the city except to and from the airport.

Our plane was an hour late in departing Bogota, but we finally reached Cali about 5:00 p.m. The scenery during the flight was beautiful as we looked down on the rugged Andes range and the fertile valleys tucked between sharp peaks. Cali was located in one of those flat valleys

at an altitude of 3000 feet. The city, with over two million inhabitants, was surrounded by fields of sugar cane.

We took a taxi from the airport to the city center and found that we were again booked into an Inter Continental Hotel. Our room was on the 6th floor overlooking the pool and the beautiful gardens surrounding it. Tropical flowers provided a blaze of brilliant colors. Humming birds and many species of tropical birds flitted in and out among the blossoms and trees.

We searched out the dining area and found it very attractive. It was on a covered patio overlooking the pool and surrounded by colorful flowers. Small birds zipped in and out among the flowers, occasionally snatching crumbs from the tables and the floor. Following a light supper of pizza, Lowell and I turned in. His temperature was only $\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ above normal, so we were sure he was on the mend, but wanted to give him another long night's rest.

Sunday, April 5

We decided this could be a leisurely day, so decided to give the Spanish Buffet a try, after "sleeping in" until 7:00. The Spanish waitress had a great time explaining all the Colombian foods and insisting we try every one. By the time we were ready for a second cup of coffee, John joined us to discuss our plans for the day. Since there would be no business appointments on Sunday, we decided to start with a city tour. It was expensive and the three of us were the only ones going. The brochure promised a 3-hour tour but the guide squeezed it down to a little over two — probably because there were only three of us to work for tips.

We were looking forward to the Archeological Museum, but it was closed due to no electricity. Another building adjoining the Museum was a beautiful simple Spanish church and convent dating back to the 1530s. A mass had just been completed and people were leaving, so we went inside for a few minutes before they closed the doors. The inside was rustic and simple, with white stucco walls and dark heavy beams supporting walls and ceiling. The sanctuary was decorated with masses of flowers along the aisles and altar: bouquets left over from a wedding on Saturday. We were told that a drug lord's daughter had been married there last October and the streets were so crowded the bride had to be brought in by helicopter.

Our tour guide took us for a drive through the south side of the city, where huge homes were heavily guarded. Some were surrounded by a wall, which was surrounded by a fence, which was surrounded by another fence with guard dogs in the "moat" between. These were the homes of the infamous Colombian drug lords. North of the city were the homes of the wealthy old families of the city. Our guide told us that the daughter of one of the drug lords wanted to be married in the country club located in the north of the city. When the request was refused, the father hired builders to construct an exact replica of the country club on property south of town and his daughter had her "country club wedding."

We stopped at a little open air restaurant for a cold drink. They were cooking fish and



Poultry hanging at the produce stand



A peaceful setting for a drug lord's wedding



Rustic
outdoor
café



Lowell finds another grain elevator



Bathers enjoy
a cool
mountain
stream

chicken over an open fire. Sanitation was obviously not a priority. A clear, bubbling stream flowed along the back side of the restaurant. It was shallow but spilled noisily over large boulders, cascading down a gentle slope. Children and adults were having a great time playing in the cool water. We returned to the hotel and had a late (for us) lunch on the veranda overlooking the pool and enclosed garden. Once again we were privileged to enjoy the birds and flowers during our meal. It was such a pleasant atmosphere, we could have willingly spent several relaxing hours. We returned to the hotel for our evening meal, after several walks around the hotel during the remainder of the afternoon.

Monday, April 6

Following breakfast, we checked out of the hotel and waited for the car and driver assigned to us by the World Bank. Our appointment was with the Centro Internacional de Agricultura Tropical (CIAT), a major research institute in Colombia. We were welcomed by the Director General, Dr. Gustavo Nores, who gave us an overview of the Institute's activities and responsibilities. He had arranged for us to meet with several of their economists and technical researchers in areas related to grain — primarily rice and sugar cane. Lowell and John delved deeply into agricultural policy and problems of marketing, while I enjoyed reading body language and watching expressions as the intensity ebbed and flowed. I noted a distinct discomfort on the part of the Director General whenever the questions alluded to the use of the funds from the World Bank or statistical reporting of production and prices of agricultural products. Four of their researchers (all with PhDs) joined us for lunch in the CIAT dining room. I loved the modern Spanish style architecture — white washed walls, red tiled roofs, covered tiled walkways connecting buildings, and lots of flowering shrubs and birds.

We left CIAT a little later than two o'clock on our printed schedule. The driver took us to the company headquarters of CENICASA, about 45 minutes away, and departed leaving us to search for our contact in this organization. We finally discovered our appointment was not at this location, but at their research facility, over an hour's drive from our present location. Someone invited us into their office and offered us cold drinks, while we waited for another car and driver to come and pick us up. It was a pleasant location, in an enclosed garden. John and Lowell were a little uneasy about the time delay in making the scheduled meeting, but I found it a pleasant interlude watching the birds and enjoying the flowers and sipping the refreshing drink.

The new driver arrived and delivered us to the research station. It was not a very productive meeting. It had been scheduled primarily because the Englishman who headed the organization was a friend of John's. About all we learned was that the government statistics on production and marketing were inconsistent with those generated at this research station. The explanation given by our host, Danny, was that government statistics are adjusted to meet political goals.

Our airport departure time was approaching and I was relieved when Danny offered to provide a car and driver. Departure time on Air Avianca was 7:00 and for a change, the plane was on time. The interior of the 727 was a wreck. My tray table was broken and wouldn't stay in place, seat cushions were worn and torn, and the entire plane was dirty. We had about two minutes of turbulence as we rose above the mountains surrounding Cali. The crew provided no service, they did not even check seat belts before take-off nor did they check seat backs and tray tables before landing. The meal they offered was abominable and we were unable to eat more than a few bites. It was pouring rain when we landed in Bogota. We found a taxi and were back at the hotel a little before 9:00. It had been an interesting side trip to Cali, but I must admit we were a little relieved to be back in the comparative safety of Bogota, with no unpleasant incidents in the drug capital of Colombia.

Tuesday, April 7

I came down with Lowell's cold and spent the day in my room. Lowell and John had a series of meetings with the Ministry of Agriculture, trying to determine if the agricultural information services so badly needed in Colombia should be operated by their Board of Trade (just now being developed as a private organization) or by a government agency. Lowell's afternoon included a seminar with formal presentations to government representatives from most Central and South American countries. In addition to Lowell, experts from 14 countries and the World Bank made short presentations and submitted papers for a book to be published later. We were surprised to find a full page in the local newspaper devoted to the conference, including pictures. (Pages from that newspaper are in the files.)

Wednesday, April 8.

My cold was much worse. The team had now reconvened in Bogota after their weekend travels. They spent the day in interviews followed by a late evening meeting struggling to synthesize and summarizing what they had learned, and trying to agree on recommendations.

Thursday, April 9

I decided to join Lowell today in spite of my miserable cold. We had to be up before 6:00 for an early departure accompanied by Jorge Moreno from the Ministry of Agriculture. Our goal was a visit to an elevator south of town. We drove through a flat valley, with lots of cattle, corn, and other crops. I noticed some of the fields of corn looked as though they had been frosted. The elevator and milling facilities were not unlike those in Illinois. Lowell had a useful interview with the manager about marketing strategies, pricing, storing, and drying grains. Grading instructions were posted on the wall of the office. Lowell was quite interested in having them translated while he compared them to those used in country elevators in Illinois. One interesting bit of information was a description of the important role of traders that drive

the countryside, buying grain for resale to the elevator and arranging for someone to deliver it. These traders often worked on commission or could also work as grain merchandisers where they have temporary title to the grain before resale. It was an interesting morning and we were back at the hotel by noon. I shopped for a few craft items. Lowell had a late evening meeting at the Ministry of Agriculture. My cold was much worse and I had a miserable night.

Friday, April 10

The team had a morning appointment at the American Embassy to give a report on their findings. Lowell returned a little before noon and reported that the agricultural attaché was our friend, John Harrison. He had been the attaché when we were in Warsaw in 1991, and had been extremely helpful in our search for information and making travel arrangements in Poland. There were no meetings scheduled for the afternoon, so we decided on a leisurely lunch in the coffee shop. Carol and Larry called us at 2:30 and asked if we would like to go across town with them to a craft center. We readily agreed and arranged for a taxi from the hotel. Traffic was terrible, but we finally arrived. We spent about 1½ hours walking through the shops, but did not find any unusual bargains. I did buy a little llama, a necklace, and a wall hanging for Lowell to use in his office to cover the peeling paint. The wall hanging depicted a llama, loosely woven from coarse fibers. When we returned to the hotel I went into the hotel shops and found a doll and nativity. Neither of us were hungry, so we settled for a coke and dessert in the coffee shop before returning to our room. John called Lowell for some help on his report and they worked together for about an hour in the hotel lobby. Carol called to invite us to dinner, but we declined due to lack of appetite and a desire to be in bed by 9:00.

Saturday, April 11

Following breakfast in the coffee shop this morning, I started packing for the return home. Lowell joined me for the last of our shopping. We found another nativity for me and Colombian necklaces for Becky and Donna. We stopped at Sterns to look at the jewelry and Lowell bought me a beautiful gold brooch with an Emerald setting for Mother's Day. The design was a pre-Colombian breast plate.

Since there were no more work-related appointments, we arranged for an afternoon tour to the City of Zipaquira located about 30 miles north of Bogota. There were only five people plus the guide on the tour, which gave us a lot of opportunity for questions and information as we were driven northward to the Salt Cathedral. The road wound through a lush valley with the Andes Mountains surrounding us. We traveled for about an hour through a flower and vegetable growing area. We also saw lots of Holstein dairy cows. We passed the salt refinery, and began an upward ascent till we came to an opening in the side of the mountain. Inside, the walls were shored up with heavy timbers. This mine had been in operation since the time of the early Incas. It was quite damp and dark, and became more so as we progressed deeper into the mine. The



We pause for
a view of the
mountains

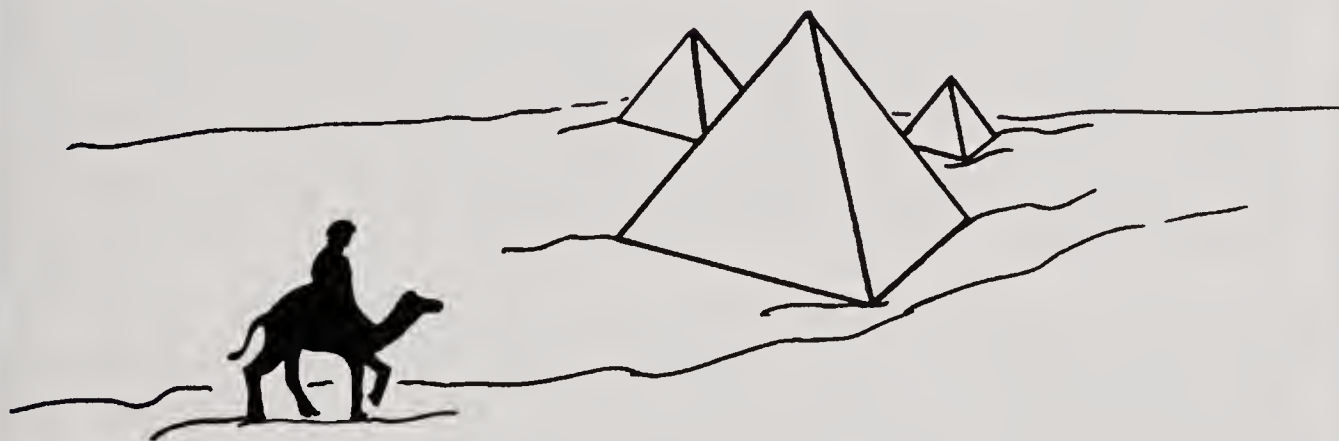
sulphur fumes made it difficult to breathe. A Cathedral had been carved out of the solid mountain of salt for the miners. It was very large and we were told that it was capable of holding ten thousand people. When the walls began to crack a few years ago, a new cathedral was started at a lower level in the mountain, duplicating the original. We had a leisurely drive back to the city, once more enjoying the views and the diverse agriculture. We decided to try the Italian restaurant for dinner.

Sunday, April 12

The alarm went off at 5:30 and we closed the suitcases while waiting for room service to bring breakfast. We were too early for the restaurant — it was still closed. We checked out at 6:45. Over the past days, Lowell had tried to keep the same taxi driver in order to establish a trusted driver. He was waiting to drive us to the airport this morning and bade us “farewell.” Check-in was fast and easy, including approval by a “sniffer dog,” then we had a long wait. At the gate we were given a body search behind a private screen before being allowed to board. The plane departed on schedule at 10:30 and we were on our way home. Customs in Miami gave us no problems, but they also had sniffer dogs. The drug traffic between Colombia and Miami gave reason for close checks on everyone. The plane arrived in Chicago at 7:20 p.m., we picked up a rental car and were home by 10:30 — none the worse for wear despite two colds, intensive schedules, and a long, long time between beds in Colombia and Urbana.

Egypt

March 13 - 30, 1993



Egypt 1993

At last I was going to that exotic land of the “magic carpet” of the Arabian Knights! Lowell had been asked by the University to accompany Karl Weingartner on a project to determine the feasibility of growing soybeans in Egypt instead of importing them. With the right equipment, Egypt could extract oil from their home-grown soybeans for food uses, thus adding a cheap source of protein to the diets of low-income consumers. This would also generate a supply of high protein residue for use in the rapidly growing broiler industry. Karl had been working with the Agricultural Research Institute (ARI) on the Agricultural Research Project (ARP) trying to develop affordable equipment and technology to process the soybeans. He was nearly ready to deliver and install the equipment, but the government of Egypt was hoping they could justify subsidizing the homeland production of an adequate supply of soybeans. That resulted in an invitation for Lowell to visit ARI in Cairo and produce a 30-page report on the economics of imports vs. local production on the productive land bordering the Nile River.

Saturday, March 13

This little saga of our trip to Egypt started a day early. We had listened all day to the news about “the worst storm of the century” that was pounding the east coast, including New York City. All major airports, including Kennedy International, were closed. Lowell made numerous calls to TWA to determine the status of flights out of St. Louis and into Kennedy. The people at TWA really didn’t know what would happen, but hoped that Kennedy would open by noon on Sunday, allowing our connecting flight to land. Karl Weingartner (a U of I professor who was responsible for the technical side of the soybean research project in Egypt) made frequent calls back and forth to Lowell all day long, but we decided to wait until morning to make a decision. TWA thought they might have an update on Kennedy by 11:00 p.m. We decided we needed our sleep more than we needed to make a call at 11:00 p.m., especially since they probably wouldn’t know much more, if anything, at 11:00 than they did at 9:00.

Sunday, March 14

We arose at 6:00 a.m. and dressed as though we were confident the trip was going as scheduled — ever the optimist! Lowell called TWA at 6:30 and was told that Kennedy might open at noon. Since our plane to St. Louis departed at 9:00 a.m. we decided we had to make a firm decision to fly or not to fly. Once we boarded the plane from Willard to St. Louis we were

committed. We decided to go with faith it would all work out somehow. Karl met us at the airport, still worried if we would be stranded in St. Louis. It was a lovely, sunny, but chilly 19 degrees when we arrived at Willard Airport.

We arrived in St. Louis on time, but were told TWA would not know if Kennedy would open until after we had boarded the plane at 1:30. “Go or no-go” would not be given until after the plane was on the runway. That left us no alternative except to board, but we still had two hours to kill before plane time. We ate a sandwich and spent the remainder of the time in the Ambassador Club room. A little after 1:00 they started the boarding process, still uncertain if they would fly or if Kennedy would be open by the time the plane was supposed to arrive. Much to our surprise the plane departed on time. We headed for New York, even though it was reported Kennedy was still closed, but flight control expected it to be opened soon. We arrived in New York on schedule and were surprised to find the runways cleared and not nearly the snow we had expected. It was then that grid-lock hit. We were among the first planes to arrive, but since no gates were open they just parked us on a taxi way between two runways. There we remained as the clock continued its relentless circle toward our departure time for Rome. The passengers were amazingly tolerant — probably thankful we had been able to land at all. Then disaster struck! A plane on the runway ahead of us skidded on the icy runway and slid into a snow bank — stuck. All outbound approaches were blocked. Planes continued to land, but none could leave the gates or reach the take-off runway, compounding the grid lock. The poor pilot did his best to keep us informed, and occasionally was able to move a few feet, but there was no way to reach a gate. The control tower was so busy trying to organize the landings of the constant stream of jets (many had left foreign destinations several hours earlier and had to be allowed to land) that our pilot said he was unable to obtain any indication of how long we would be kept waiting. The 747s continued to descend from the sky, their landing lights piercing the darkness that was beginning to settle over the airport. Many of these planes were arriving late from Europe, having departed with no assurance of being able to land at Kennedy.

It was now completely dark. Our pilot was finally given permission to cross the runway and we thought we were headed for a gate — but not so. There were still many planes entangled in the grid lock and they had to be moved in concert — a few feet at a time. We wound back and forth among the approach ways and between snow banks. The clock continued to mark off the minutes. Well over two hours had passed since touchdown before we finally reached the gate. Our plane to Rome and Cairo was scheduled to have left an hour ago. But as we flew out the door on a dead run one of the cabin attendants shouted encouragement; “We just learned your plane is still on the ground.” But it was a long way from our gate to the departure lounge for Rome. People were sleeping on the floor, standing in groups or running to catch another flight. There were masses of people everywhere. Lowell and I flew around, over, and under everyone in that jam-packed airport.

As we arrived in sight of the gate, the gate attendant kept shouting, "Hurry up. We are ready to close the cabin doors." In fact, they had closed the doors a few minutes before, but had reopened when several passengers arriving before us had pounded on the door before the plane had started its engines. Then more people kept coming behind us as more connecting flights reached their gates. But we had lost Karl. He was nowhere in sight, and we kept pleading with the attendant, "Don't close the doors, there are more passengers right behind us." Several minutes later, Karl arrived. However, the decision to wait for passengers coming from connecting flights resulted in our flight losing its slot for departure and we sat on the plane until 9:45 — four hours since we had landed at JFK. Needless to say, our flight attendants were not happy and given their Italian heritage were not reluctant to let us know their displeasure for the remainder of the flight.

At last we were racing down the runway with a strong wind buffeting the plane and we were airborne once again, heading across the stormy Atlantic in the pitch darkness of a stormy wintery night. I shivered as I pictured that cold wild ocean below us with the wind whipping white caps on the towering waves. A man from California, who joined us in the upper deck, told us he had been scheduled to take this flight on Friday evening — two days earlier. When their plane was about an hour and a half out, an engine caught fire and they had to turn back. "Just before they served dessert," he quipped. Then the airport closed and he had waited at the airport all day Saturday and Sunday. He was good naturedly ready to make another attempt.

We were served a very poor dinner (probably all they had been able to obtain from the caterers, given that the airport, roads, and most businesses had been closed for the past two days). We settled down for a night of reading and tried to forget about fires in engines.

Monday, March 15

Breakfast, such as it was, was served as we approached France. I looked down on the Seine where it flows from Paris into the Atlantic. I noted familiar landmarks as we passed over Paris and on to Lake Geneva. I could see the snow capped Alps with Mt. Blanc shining in the sun. Our flight path took us across southern France, then down across Switzerland to Rome. I had a beautiful view of Rome and The Mediterranean coast as the plane banked for the landing at Leonardo da Vinci Airport. The sky was clear and the weather beautifully warm as we taxied to the terminal. Since there was a large group changing planes for Cairo, a guide was waiting for us at the gate to take us through security and to our new gate. Her orders were "Don't stop; don't stop at the shops, don't stop for a drink, don't stop at the bathroom, just stay with me, your plane is waiting." We were hours over due. She rushed us to a waiting bus that shuttled us to our plane. I was surprised at the heavy security at the airport. I had noticed guards just below us on the field as we approached the Rome airport and as we touched down I saw security officers carrying automatic weapons throughout the terminal. Everyone boarded the plane as rapidly as possible, urged on by stewardesses who were anxious to get passengers seated and

doors closed for take-off.

The sky was clear and we looked down on a beautiful blue Mediterranean sea as we passed over Capri and Sorrento and skirted the lovely Italian coastline. We thought fondly of our friends Marie and Leroy Quance and the weekend so many years ago when they had driven us along the Amalfie Coast and then on to Sorrento for the night. The following day on Capri was an unforgettable experience, but that is a story for another time.

We flew over the Greek islands, just south of Athens, then over the Nile delta with its bright green strip of agricultural lands, bordered on each side by vast stretches of yellow desert reaching far beyond the horizon. Our plane circled low over Cairo and we had a good view of the city, the Nile, and the Nile Hilton hotel where we were to stay.

Customs went very smoothly, contrary to the warnings of the guide books. A driver from the Agency for International Development (AID) was waiting to take us to our hotel. It was a long drive, requiring over half an hour in light traffic, but it was such an interesting potpourri of buildings and colors that we didn't mind the time.

We were more than pleased with our accommodations. Karl went to our room with us to be sure they had given us a room on the Nile side as he had requested. Karl then departed for his hotel across the Nile River. Our room was lovely, and the eighth floor balcony provided us a beautiful view of the river and the city. The room was tastefully done in an Egyptian motif. A wide sliding door opened onto a full balcony overlooking the Nile and the island with the Cairo tower silhouetted against the western sky. The tops of the pyramids were just visible in the distance. The sun was a glowing red ball falling into the desert beyond the city. Night settled like a velvet curtain pulled across the city and the cool night air quickly sent us for our sweaters.

Karl was staying at a small hotel on the island across the Nile from us. He returned to show us around the hotel and to make certain we were comfortable. We said an early goodnight — it had been 30 hours since we had seen a bed. We took a quick shower and fell into bed. Wonderful!

Tuesday, March 16

We awakened a little before 7:00 a.m. with about 1½ hours of wakefulness in the middle of the night — typical for having passed through eight time zones. They had a very good buffet breakfast in the coffee shop. Lowell asked the front desk to borrow back his passport so he could cash a travelers check. Egypt requires all visitors to register their passport with the local police. The hotel will take care of that duty for their guests, but it required us to leave our passports at the desk for 13 hours. This was Ramadan in the Moslem world so the earliest possible appointment for Lowell was 10:00. Karl arrived with our driver about 9:30 and he and Lowell departed for the Agricultural Research Center and the AID office.

I spent some time looking in the shops then came to the room to bring my notes up to

date. I met a young couple from Canada in the elevator (which didn't always work, I discovered). The couple was on vacation from Cyprus, where he was a journalist and had spent the last three years in the middle-east. They were very nice and I became better acquainted in the coming days. I contemplated a visit to the Egyptian Museum located adjacent to the hotel property, but decided to save that for the next day.

Late in the morning I heard what sounded like a large explosion. The room shook and the windows rattled. It felt as though there had been an explosion in the lobby, but I dismissed that idea when I heard no further activity in the hotel. A few minutes later I turned the television to CNN and discovered a crew was filming live from behind our hotel. There had indeed been an explosion. A bomb had been set off under a tour bus, parked in front of the Egyptian Museum and just back of the hotel. No one was hurt, but the continued violence certainly had the Egyptians and tourists alike, a little bit uneasy. I spent the remainder of the day in the hotel. Lowell returned a little before 5:00 p.m. and Karl joined us for dinner in the coffee shop. We were in bed by 9:30 for another good night's sleep.

Wednesday, March 17

We were up at 7:00 a.m. The view from our room was a exotic sight each morning, with the sun casting shadows across the river and the small fishing boats moving slowly along the edge of the river as the occupants alternately threw out and pulled in their nets. We had breakfast in the coffee shop.

Lowell departed for the Agricultural Research Institute in Giza, about 9:45, but walked with me to the museum before departing. There were police everywhere. I saw them grab one young man by the arm and start questioning him, apparently because he was much too close to the tour buses. I decided yesterday's bombing incident was not going to deter me from visiting the museum of Egypt's archeology. In fact, I decided that after the publicity of the previous day's incident, the parking lot of the Egyptian Museum was probably the safest place in Cairo. Karl never quite got over my bravado in returning to the museum the day after a terrorist attack. It must have made quite an impression on him, because he reminded me about the incident when we met five years later.

The museum was very large and had what was probably the world's most extensive and elaborate collection of Egyptian artifacts. The highlight, for me, was the King Tut exhibit on the second floor. It had been preserved in excellent condition. The ancient art work rivals anything we have today. There was very little preparation or organization of displays, although there was some organization by time periods and geographical locations. Things had been placed on shelves or tables, often in random order, with only limited description. Some of the descriptions were in English, but provided only limited information. The items were not well displayed. Even the King Tut relics were simply placed in glass cases, in no particular order, unlike the King Tut presentation when it was displayed in Chicago.

As I walked around the large room, I noticed a small room with two guards standing near the entrance. I hesitated at the door, but one of the guards motioned me to enter. The room contained many mummified remains of cats. There was little to explain their origins or importance. Probably most, if not all, were taken from tombs of important masters or mistresses.

I started to leave, but the guard aggressively blocked the doorway, indicating I should pay an “exit” fee. I waved him off and indicated I wanted to continue looking without his help. It was obvious he wanted money but I wasn’t about to open my wallet with him watching. I meandered around the room until I was out of his view behind a case, and pulled out a dollar bill. I walked back to the door and handed it to him. He immediately stepped aside and let me pass. Lucky for him, because I was about ready to let out a blood-curdling scream if he continued holding me “hostage.”

It was almost noon when I left the museum. I had covered only a small fraction of the display area, but my feet had reached their limit — there was no place in the museum to sit down and rest. I decided to return another day.

On the way back to the hotel I ran into the young Canadian woman journalist from Cyprus. She explained she was actually a retired journalist accompanying her husband. She had been in the museum the previous day when the bomb exploded. Running outside she checked to see if anyone had been injured. The luggage area of the bus was completely demolished, the street damaged, and most of the glass blown out of the windows. The only person on the bus at the time of the explosion was the driver, who was sitting dazed and brushing fragments of glass from his hair. In typical Canadian-British fashion, she ordered, “Get this man a cup of tea.” She then proceeded to interview him, later conveying her notes to her journalist husband who had been working on a manuscript in his room, oblivious to all the excitement and the fast breaking news story outside. She laughed and said, “I told him, ‘Pay me,’ as I handed him my notes.”

I spent the afternoon resting as I had been invited to join the men at the Institute for a dinner celebrating Ramadan (the muslim holy month). Lowell returned with a driver at 5:00 to pick me up and take me back to the Agricultural Research Center (ARC) compound with him. We were driven across the Nile to Giza, a suburb located just across the bridge. The ARC was less than three miles from our hotel and on the road to the pyramids. We passed the opera house, Cairo University, the zoo, and the botanical gardens during our short drive through very congested traffic. Traffic consisted of the usual jam of trucks and cars, but also a number of horse drawn carriages and many donkey carts laden with farm produce and a variety of other commercial goods. Most of the donkeys were quite thin but they all looked like “survivors.” Few of the donkeys had any visible means of guidance or control other than a driver with a small stick. Still they navigated easily through the jam of trucks, cars, and traffic lights.

The building housing the Food Science Research Institute (FSRI) was still under construction. Although some of the rooms were completed and decorated, the steps leading to the main floor were only partly finished, and the entry at the front of the building still had only

a dirt floor. The buildings of the FSRI were located within the experimental farms of the ARC. We were surrounded by the experimental plots of forage crops, onions, wheat, rice, and a small orange grove. Everything was covered with desert dust, except for the freshly irrigated experimental plots.

I was ushered into the head office and introduced to the Director of FSRI, Dr. Korshed, and his assistant, Dr Nabih. We spent about 30 minutes visiting about Egypt. I was touched to learn that Dr. Korshed had tried to call the hotel to be sure I was all right after he learned about the explosion at the museum. He gave me a sample of their soybean ice cream and yogurt from the refrigerator in his office. Not bad! They were left-overs from the demonstration meal prepared for Lowell and Karl earlier that day. Karl had found numerous excuses for avoiding eating the numerous dishes prepared from soybeans by their Home Economist, but Lowell had brought smiles to their faces by consuming generous portions of almost every dish.

I couldn't help but notice that in this recently constructed room there were already cracks in the plaster running the full length of the room. I doubt the FSRI building outlasts the pyramids which were built 3000 years earlier.

About 6:00 we walked a short distance to a small garden in an inner courtyard and to one of the buildings designated to hold the new soybean equipment to be provided by the University of Illinois. About a dozen men were seated cross-legged on a carpet within the garden. I'm sure they were curious (shocked?) by my appearance, as my skirt was considerably shorter than those worn by any of the Arab women and my head was uncovered. Although there were many signs of "westernization" in Cairo, the great majority of women still wore long dresses and head covers.

We walked around the seated assembly into a large building that was to be remodeled into the experimental soybean processing plant with advice from Karl and money from AID. Tables were arranged in a square. We were placed at the head table, complete with flowers, china, etc. Opposite across the square sat the women and children. The men were seated at the sides of the square. Each of the men had plates piled high with food. Our food was equally sumptuous, but placed on platters so we could serve ourselves from the wide variety of dishes. The food was delicious, although much of it was unfamiliar. Most of the dishes had been made by the women working in the Institute.

The meal was called breakfast because it was the end of the daily Ramadan fast when the sun set at 6:00 p.m. It was provided by the management of the FSRI as an appreciation gesture to families of the workers. It seemed to be something like a Christmas office party in the United States. The food they served was primarily special holiday food along with a few staple diet items such as rice and bread. There were little pancakes filled with meat, grape leaves filled with rice, chicken breast cooked in batter, breaded veal slices, large tube macaroni, lasagna type dishes cut in big squares, french fries, salads, and many other main dishes. Desert was a delicious shredded wheat cake filled with hazel nuts and baked in a honey syrup, and a sweetened

grits type cake. Several other sweet dishes were also new to us but greatly enjoyed. The final dish was a large orange from the trees at the institute, ceremoniously peeled for each person at the table (including field workers) by the administrators of the Institute. Drinks consisted of passion fruit juice and bottled water. In this gathering, we did not need to defend ourselves against a continuous pressure to accept alcoholic beverages or respond to a series of toasts.

The men at the side tables were workers from the Institute. They quickly emptied their plates — they were starved, having had no food since sunrise. Once they had eaten they quickly filled their plates again with all the food remaining on the table, covered the plate with a napkin and carried the food out into the night. Dr. Korshed told Lowell these men were very poor and hungry, with limited food even for their families. My guess was they took the remains of their feast home to their families. We followed the lead of the others at the table and washed our hands under a faucet at the end of the room. Karl whispered “wash your hands even if they are clean” indicating this was part of their ritual that should be honored.

It was dark as we entered the garden except for the string of colored lights overhead. Men were again kneeling on the carpet, heads facing the East and bowing in prayer. Our host guided us to chairs placed at the far end of the garden, but soon decided it was too cool so he moved us indoors to an office for after dinner tea and conversation. I approved the move as mosquitos had started to join us. I was seated in the comfortable desk chair. Several of the women came in, greeted us, and stayed even though they did not know much or any English. Most of them conversed among themselves as our host tried to include us in the small group of English speaking men. The children hovered near, anxious to communicate any way they could; eyes, smiles, or a few words of English. One girl of about 14 sat down beside us and conversed with us in very good English. Her very pretty mother sat across the room, smiling. Her brother of about 9 or 10 did his best to enter into the conversation. His sister took him aside for some subtle coaching and he returned to stand in front of us and recited in very clipped syllables, “What will you be doing tomorrow?” Two little girls, apparently sisters, stood in the doorway, very much wanting to be a part of the conversation, but too shy to try. Some of the women were dressed in Western style dresses and others in Eastern dress, but almost all had their heads covered. None of them were wearing veils. We saw very few veiled women during our visit to Cairo, and most of those we saw were from the older generation.

Lowell was amused when one of the men sat down beside him and asked in perfect English, “How do you like our country?” Lowell replied, “very much. Do you work here at the Research Center?”. A look of panic crossed his face and he turned to our host for help. He had obviously exhausted his entire English vocabulary with one memorized question and every one burst into laughter at his dilemma. Most travellers have had the experience of using a memorized sentence in another language and having the natives assume you are fluent.

One of the men brought a very good date cake from another room and served us unsweetened tea (by now they all knew that our peculiar tastes required the unusual request of no

sugar). The 14-year-old girl tried in vain to teach Lowell Arabic for “dates” and “cake.” By the time he had mastered the pronunciation of the word for cake he had forgotten the word for dates. We had been struggling with conversation for nearly an hour and it was late. We said goodbye and thank you, and prevailed on our driver to take us back to our hotel.

Thursday, March 18

Lowell departed for his meetings at the Agricultural Research Center in Giza about 8:45. I spent the morning looking in the hotel shops. Lowell came back after lunch. We talked to the travel people briefly about tours, but made no decisions. We had dinner in the restaurant and then confirmed reservations with a hotel taxi driver for a tour on Friday. Since tour buses were being targeted for violence, a hotel taxi seemed the safer and cost about the same as a bus tour. An extremist group was targeting tourist groups. Since visitors made up one-third of Egypt’s income, they had hopes of bringing down the present government by destroying tourism.

Friday, March 19

Our driver was waiting for us when we arrived in the lobby at 7:30. A small tip to the concierge the night before provided a small welcoming committee to escort us into the taxi. Our driver (Mohammed Pony) informed us he had a full program arranged for the day. He said he knew, “what you Americans like to see.” After all he had lived in California for a year, studying engineering. He also assured us he would give us an interpretation of Egyptian history and culture and relate it to the American point of view. After all, he had “lived in California and knew how Americans thought.”

True to his word he started his narrative as we crossed over the bridge that separated old Cairo from Giza. Giza is located on the West bank of the Nile and was of recent origin — meaning less than 1000 years old. Since the West Bank was, according to Egyptian legend, the land of the dead it had been reserved for tombs and pyramids until modern pressures of space convinced people to start building on the West bank. The East represents the birth of the sun for it rises new every morning, so that is the land of the living. The sun “dies” in the West every night and travels beneath the earth to start life over again the next day. Although the legend of the ancient Pharaohs is recognized by modern Muslims as a legend, they still respect the importance of the East as the source of life and the West as the place of death.

As we came in sight of the pyramids, M. Pony pulled off the road into a corral with a number of horses, carriages, and drivers. He thought the best way to see the pyramids was by horse-carriage. We were reluctant, but finally agreed to pay \$10.00 after the carriage driver reduced the amount from \$30.00. The driver complained bitterly, but since we were paying M. Pony only \$30.00 for the entire day we were confident that \$10.00 would be a fair price. He grudgingly stuffed the money in his pocket and helped us mount the 2-wheeled cart. With a great show of whip and voice, he started his bony nag at a brisk trot toward a back entrance to

the pyramids. When we reached the gate, the guards informed the driver this entrance would not be open for another 30 minutes. The driver did not look genuinely surprised and I suspect he knew what time the gates opened before we paid our \$10.00. He informed us we could sit in the cart for another 30 minutes and enjoy the scenery. Our tight schedule did not include a 30-minute wait at the edge of the desert in a none-too-clean cart beside a smelly surly driver. With great objections he finally returned to the corral where our driver, M. Pony was resting in the taxi. You can well imagine the arabic epithets when we insisted that our \$10.00 be returned and forget the buggy ride! Our Mohammed Pony finally came to our rescue. Our money was returned, and we told M.Pony to drive us to the front entrance of the pyramids, used by the regular tour buses. A 5-minute drive found us at the main entrance, traveling on a paved road. We had consumed our first hour of the day in “educational cultural experiences” and were now at the point in the tour where we had told Mohammed to take us in the first place.

We were driven to the base of the first pyramid. There are three large ones at Giza. The largest of the three is Cheops. It was built for the Pharaoh, Khufu, during the 2600s B.C. The base covers about 13 acres and is about 450 feet high. The Egyptian pyramids served as royal tombs. They believed life after death depended on preservation of the body.

Several Arabs leading and riding camels insisted we ride one of their beasts. Wherever we turned there was one standing in front of us trying to force us on the camel, putting the camels in all sorts of poses in an attempt to entice us to respond. We dared not make eye contact for fear we would be surrounded again. I would have been interested had they not been so “Pushy.”

Our driver then took us to the smallest of the three pyramids and we were allowed to descend into the tomb. The shaft was only about three feet high and we had to stoop to walk down the long steep pathway into the center of the tomb. We didn’t know how much strain it was placing on the leg muscles until later; they were sore for several days. The first chamber was the King’s chamber. Below, on the lower level, was the chamber that had been reserved for one of the Queens. The chambers were small and most of the decorations had faded.

As we came out of the tomb the guide obviously was waiting for his tip which we gladly gave him. He then slipped two blue beads into my hand saying we should take them, they were free. He immediately then started insisting we pay for them, holding out his hand for coins. Instead, Lowell took the beads and dropped them back into his hand and we walked on leaving him standing there with a very disconcerted look upon his face. The constant reaching for money was a very unpleasing aspect of Egypt — granted there were many poor people there, but so are there in many other countries without the same aggressive demanding encounters.

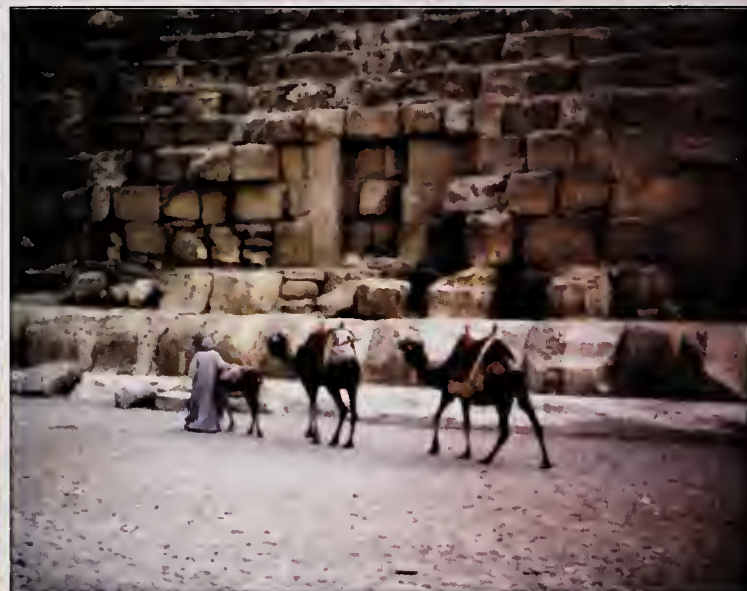
We returned to our driver only to find him with jack in hand, replacing a tire. We were never sure if the tire had deflated by itself or if he had been “sabotaged” by one of the disgruntled camel drivers which we had rejected. While waiting for him to change the tire we did some walking and climbing over the rocks and were nearly run-down by a boy of nine or ten, coming at a full gallop, riding one horse and leading another. He was obviously trying to cut us off in



The view across the Nile



Sphinx glows in the desert sun



Village along the Nile

order to pressure us to pay him for a ride on his horses. Lowell had to grab the bridle of the lead horse to keep us from being trampled, so we were not very receptive to his insistence we owed him money. We decided to scramble back down the rocks to the safety of our driver who could ward these people off more effectively than either of us.

With the flat tire in the trunk and the spare on the wheel, our driver took us to the nearby Great Sphinx. Head and body were carved of solid stone and its legs and paws were constructed of stone blocks. It was over 4,000 years old and was a really magnificent and imposing statue. What a shame the face was damaged in years past; used we were told, for gunnery practice.

We had another lesson in con-artist strategies as we approached the area of the Sphinx. An Egyptian speaking English, and wearing a uniform that appeared to be official, approached us saying he was a government guide and he would be glad to show us around the facilities without any charge. He kept repeating "no charge, no charge, but we hope you will enjoy it." Suspicious, we looked back at our driver to see him shaking his head, so we politely, but firmly refused the generous offer and continued walking as our "official guide" continued to follow at our heels, insisting he didn't need any money. We had learned by now the phrase "pay what you like" means, I'm going to hassle you until you give me what I want."

Standing on the high desert plateau overlooking the Nile Valley, at the base of the pyramids and surrounded by the great swells of the fine yellow dust of the desert sand, as far as the eye can see, was an awesome sight. Looking to the west gives one a feeling of the timelessness of this very beautiful area. We had been the first to arrive that morning, given our early departure and it was if the world and time had stood still for four thousand years. Across the desert we could see a camel and rider leading two camels behind, moving towards the area of the pyramids, probably to increase the pressure on the next tourist. At that moment one could easily imagine the nomads of many centuries ago moving across the desert with their camels, their possessions, and their families, looking for the next oasis. Tourists were beginning to arrive and the magic feeling dissipated like a desert mirage.

We returned to our car and the driver asked if we would like to see the papyrus industry. He obviously had his contact and drove us to the Papyrus Institute where he was recognized and welcomed by the shop keeper. A pleasant young woman greeted us and demonstrated how papyrus is made by peeling the outside skin from the reeds then splitting the inside pith into thin layers. These layers were then soaked in water for six days. She removed some that had been previously soaked and using a wooden mallet pounded the strips into very thin layers. Each strip overlapped the next on the drying plate. Then another layer was placed over the entire mass crosswise. The mass was again pounded until the cellulose of the plant merged together into a solid mass. The very wet and pliable sheet was then placed in a water absorbing press and pressure applied with a screw, squeezing out the water. It remains in the press for another six days. The finished product was a sturdy sheet of paper ready for use. This amazing paper has preserved manuscripts that have remained intact for thousands of years. The paper can be crum-

pled and bent and folded and then reopened to lie perfectly flat with no sign of creases. This was a technology modern science has never been able to equal.

One of the primary uses for the papyrus, at the present time, was for painting and drawing of hieroglyphics for the tourists trade, as well as for locals who enjoy the art. The displays of finished works were beautiful and in many cases awe inspiring. We spent nearly thirty minutes just walking around the exhibit room admiring the different prints with interpretations freely offered by the shop keeper. We were unable to resist completely and found two small, but very attractive, paintings on the papyrus we could take with us.

The driver escorted us back to the car and drove south from Giza to the area of Sakkara. The road south from Giza took us through very rural areas and again gave us the feeling of turning back the clock, for we saw water-wheels still being pulled by bullocks raising water from the Nile for irrigating adjacent crops. We saw many people in the fields providing the hand labor necessary for the production of the many vegetable crops to be sold on the city street of Cairo. They were harvesting cane in one of the fields, cutting it by hand, transporting it to the road by donkey cart, and then placing the heavy loads on their shoulders and carrying it up a ladder to place it in rail cars. From there it was transported to the processing plant.

Along the banks of the Nile were many mud huts with families doing their morning chores of laundry, sweeping the area and feeding their animals. The adults were wearing long white or black garments. Much of the area we traversed was obviously very rural and gave us at least a microcosm of the agriculture of Egypt.

A short distance outside Cairo, we stopped at a rug weaving factory. We were escorted to a room on the lower level, where many young children were working at hand looms. Some appeared to be not more than 11 or 12 years old. The designs were intricate, and we could see the design appear as their nimble fingers threw the shuttle almost too fast for the eye to follow, back and forth across the warp threads. As I pulled my camera from my bag, a little girl of about 12 gave me a most beguiling smile, trying to attract my attention, and motioned for me to take her picture. The result was a photographic memory I shall cherish the remainder of my life.

We moved across the room to watch a young boy who was just learning the trade. He reached forward with a sweet solemn face and tied a strip of his yarn around our wrists. Our guide told us it was a gesture of friendship. He explained these were poor children (mostly orphans) taken from the streets and taught a trade. We could only hope this explanation was true and the arrangement was fair. We had noticed there were no beggar children on the streets of Cairo — unusual for a country with so many people in poverty.

We then climbed the stairs to the salesroom where the completed rugs were displayed. The designs were intricate and often quite beautiful. Some were made of wool and others of silk. All were quite expensive and accompanied by the usual glib salesman. Pony was waiting for us in the car and we resumed our trip to Sakkara.

Sakkara was the site of the first pyramids, called the step pyramids, and constructed about



Bullocks still provide power



A smile from a young carpet weaver



Step pyramids at Sakkara a decade before major archeology



Oasis seen from Sakkara

3500 B.C. They are smaller than the pyramids at Giza, but there is a lot more to see in terms of excavated temples, underground tombs, long staircases and reconstruction of some of the buildings. It appeared that excavations were in the early stages with a lot of area unexplored. The sand was so very fine you could feel your feet slipping backward as you walked. It almost felt like water beneath our shoes. Standing on top of one of the dunes, where there had once been a structure, we again looked to the west and could see endless stretches of sand. Far across the sand we could see an oasis. It was like a small island in the middle of an ocean of sand. Greenery and trees were interspersed with a few flat-roofed mud buildings. We were again besieged with camel drivers suggesting we take photographs, have rides on camels or they were just willing to accept a handout. We managed to snap a few pictures without them recognizing what we were doing by appearing to focus on a distant object and then shifting the camera slightly to include the camel and driver. We received a few photographic rewards without being besieged by a dozen people with their hands out. We would have liked to have spent more time at this location because there were so many areas to explore, but since we wanted to make the most of our time and cover as much area as possible, we moved on.

Our driver stopped at Memphis to let us view the ruins of the oldest settlement of the combined upper and lower kingdoms. He left us at the gate while he went to find a tire repair shop. There was very little to see at the open air museum except a few ruins and the huge statue of Ramses II that had been moved there. We spent nearly an hour trying to fend off the aggressive salesmen at the rows of concession stands. There were some interesting crafts and souvenirs, but we quickly learned there was no such thing as window shopping in an Egyptian flea market. We gave up and sought the shade of some trees and studied the detail of a number of broken statues, stone worked columns, and lintels that had been stored along the edge of the grounds. A little later M.Pony returned with tire repaired, ready to return to Cairo.

All of the guide books suggest a visit to the Pharaonic Village at the edge of Cairo. M. Pony had assured us that would be included in our program. The village had been constructed under the direction of a Dr. Rabde, who had been inspired by a visit to Disney World many years ago. It was more like Colonial Williamsburg than Disney World, with village life, crafts, and craftsmen recreating the Egypt of 3000 B.C. The tour was conducted by barges on the river rather than by horse carriage. Visitors were towed on barges through a canal to view statues of gods and live dioramas of people performing their daily duties as they would have done in the time of the Pharaohs. We went ashore to view the home of a nobleman, and contrasted it with the home of one of his workers built nearby. We also toured a temple and some of the traditional craft shops, with the usual opportunity to purchase a carpet or a basket or jewelry made by local craftsmen, "before your very eyes." One of the more interesting dioramas on the canal was one representing the princess finding Moses in the rushes. The barge came around a corner in the canal to reveal Miriam standing in the papyrus rushes watching as the "real live princess" lifted Moses and cradle from the water, with the palace in the background.

Our last stop for the day was Old Cairo (M. Pony informed us this was Old Cairo, in contrast to New Cairo which only dated back to the 3rd Century B.C.) We passed by the Nilometer which was reputed to be the exact spot where Moses had been found in the rushes (it may have been one of those “Washington slept here” legends). The Nilometer was interesting to Lowell because of its use in establishing agricultural taxes. All of Egypt’s agricultural land has always been under irrigation. The higher the water level in the Nile, the easier was the task of lifting water from the Nile to the level of the cultivated land. Since farmers received “a gift from the gods” by having a large supply of water requiring very little labor to distribute when the river was high, the Pharaohs felt justified in raising the land tax. Even to this day, the level of land tax was adjusted according to the reading of the water level recorded on the Nilometer.

As we moved into the crowded streets of Old Cairo the noise and the dust increased. There were mobs of people everywhere. M. Pony made a brief stop in the dusty street near one of the many bread vendors. Round loaves of rather flat bread were piled high on the 2-wheeled carts. Donkeys and people pushed their way through the rows of carts and dust swirled around the shouting vendors. M. Pony brought the first loaf to the car for us to try. We thanked him profusely as he returned to the vendor to purchase a whole armload of loaves — his weekly supply, he said. While he was gone I pulled several big chunks out of the loaf and stuffed them into our tote bag, for we were not about to eat that bread, given the conditions we had just observed. On the other hand, we didn’t want to hurt his feelings by refusing. When he returned to the car with his weekly supply of bread, we told him it was delicious. We were not lying since we had eaten the same type of loaf the day before when Lowell had been given four loaves hot from the experimental ovens of the Agricultural Research Institute. It was really a very good wheat pita bread; brown in color, about eight inches in diameter, and sprinkled with cornmeal.

At this point we abandoned the taxi because the streets were too crowded for cars. We walked almost two blocks and descended some stone steps leading to the old walled section of the city. The walls dated back to before the time of the birth of Christ, and many of the stones in the wall and the streets had been there for thousands of years. We entered the old gate and continued down a very narrow cobblestone street, passing shops and homes that had probably been there in identical form for thousands of years. At the end of the street was a church built over a cave where Egyptian legend says the Holy Family hid when they fled to Egypt to escape Herod. The cave was no longer accessible. It was flooded by the seepage of ground water, caused by the increased level of the water table following the construction of the Aswan dam.

We walked on toward an old synagogue being restored with funds appropriated by the U.S. congress, but first we stopped at a shop selling all kinds of Egyptian crafts — gold, silver, gems, inlaid wood, carvings, cloth, leather goods, etc. M. Pony’s enthusiasm for these shopping detours strongly suggested there was a commission involved. He was obviously well known by the shopkeepers. The crafts were beautiful, but very expensive. We settled for a silver charm of Nefertiti for my bracelet. At least it was simple to pack.

We again braved the dense swirling crowd, threading our way back through an approaching funeral procession as we returned to the parked car. Men carried the coffin on their shoulders and were followed by mourners dressed in black flowing robes. The women's heads were covered with the traditional black scarves.

We again pushed our way through the crowded streets and returned to the taxi and back to our hotel. As we approached a main intersection in down town Cairo and were within a few blocks of our hotel, our crossing street was suddenly blocked by what appeared to be 30 or 40 camels being driven loose down the street. We asked our driver what was going on and he said the camel market was located a few blocks to our left and once the best of the beasts of burden had been purchased, the remainder of the camels were generally sold as a group to the local butcher. This herd was headed for the slaughter house located a few blocks to our right. The entire traffic of a busy Cairo street came to a halt while the herd of camels was driven to the slaughter house to be turned into "beef" for the low-income people of Cairo. He said Egypt no longer produced an adequate supply of camels and many of these camels had been imported from Sudan. However, prices were increasing to the point where even the low quality camel meat was no longer economically accessible to the really poor people. This confirmed the information Lowell had previously been given, that Egyptians were in need of a protein source that was affordable to the low income people as a replacement for beef which had become too expensive. Soybeans offered a possible alternative.

Camels were still important as a means of transporting goods. The strong and healthy ones brought a good price in the auction market, and were frequently seen being led along the roads and streets, laden with a variety of goods, including green fodder for their own dinner.

It was 3:00 p.m. when we returned to our hotel and we were thirsty beyond belief, since we had not stopped for food or drink since early morning. This was Ramadan and since our driver did not get to eat until sundown he apparently thought we shouldn't either. We chose to have an early supper and then returned to our room to read and watch TV.

Saturday, March 20

After a leisurely breakfast we spent the morning in the Egyptian museum. This was Lowell's first chance to visit the museum. The number of exhibits and items covering periods of thousand of years was unbelievable. The technology which the Egyptians mastered three thousand and four thousand years ago is amazing and some still have not been duplicated; such as, dyes and paints that were developed and some of the technology of gold and silver smithery. Unfortunately, it is difficult to comprehend all that can be seen or to put it into its proper context. There were very few really organized exhibits and many rooms contained thousands of items in cases or simply stacked on shelves, identified only by date and location, but not organized in a manner to help the uninitiated fully comprehend their full significance. After several hours of walking about the museum we attempted to cross the street to find the TWA office. It

became a major project to cross the busy streets with no traffic lights. In addition, you had to continually fight off the vendors who hounded you at every turn. We did locate the TWA office and checked to see if we could get an earlier flight home, but they were very doubtful if anything could be arranged, particularly since TWA flew only every other day. We tried to find other alternatives to travel in Egypt, but without success, as all planes were filled with Ramadan travelers. We returned to the Italian restaurant in the hotel for dinner and visited briefly with the Canadian journalists. They reported they had had a good day in Alexandria, but found very little there to see.

Sunday, March 21

We woke a little before 7:00 and pulled back the curtains to see a heavy smoggy haze over the entire Nile Valley. Lowell departed for the American Embassy for a meeting with the attaché and the AID people. He returned around 3:00 p.m. Karl arranged to have dinner with us at 6:00 to discuss the slow progress of the project, but with his continued optimism that a new economic phase of the project would be approved and funded. It was a pleasant evening and we continued to enjoy the lovely warm weather.

Monday, March 22

We were up at 7:00 a.m. and walked across the street to TWA to reconfirm our trip to the United States on the 30th. We were able to pick up our boarding passes, but again were given little hope we could change to an earlier flight. We then took a taxi to the U.S. Embassy. Lowell had some materials to give to Frank Lee, the agricultural counselor. We stopped at the Thomas Cook Travel Agency in the Embassy to check on the possibility of a Nile boat trip. We found we were still wait-listed and they could not provide us confirmation of a return flight. They had no problem getting us on the Nile boat going down, but could not get us on a plane coming back. They suggested we return to the hotel and wait for confirmation. Lowell tried several different agencies and received the same answer from all of them including the travel agent located in the hotel. There simply was no space on any of the planes for the return trip.

We shifted our strategy and started trying for a 2-day trip to Luxor, flying both ways. Even that looked doubtful. We discovered we were trying to visit Luxor during the height of the local tourist season and at the end of their religious holiday. All planes had been booked for the entire weekend. Lowell worked most of the afternoon trying alternative combinations and different locations, but to no avail. We had dinner at the hotel still waiting and hoping for some kind of a positive response. We especially wanted to see the area around Luxor, the Valley of the Kings and the Valley of the Queens. Karl called at 7:30 to say he had been able to get earlier reservations back to the States and was leaving the next day.

Tuesday, March 23

Lowell continued to work on the Project Proposal for soybeans in Egypt. He found a competent and cooperative secretarial service in the hotel and all of his changes could be incorporated with their word processor. They seemed to do a very good job of typing, proof reading, and interpreting English words. The temperature seemed to move up a little each day, although it was still very comfortable given the dryness of the air. We were told that, on average, rain fell only two days per year, in the Cairo area.

We spent the day at the hotel hoping we might get confirmation of a trip to Karnak and Luxor, but to no avail. It looked like there was not much chance of getting out of the city. Hotel food was now getting boring, and since we could not trust the raw food, we just ate a sandwich in one of the lounges we had not visited before; at least the decor and atmosphere were a little different. Lowell worked with the business office to get his proposal typed. It took two days. We asked them to send a fax back to the family, but as of the evening there was no confirmation they had sent it. We decided it probably would not get home any sooner than we did.

Wednesday, March 24

The inactivity got a little tiresome, and we were still unable to obtain a reservation for earlier departure from Cairo. We had allocated the few remaining days for travel, but could find no space on any of the organized tours outside the city. We decided to walk to the Ramses Hilton which was about a block away. We looked around the lobby shops and bought a few gifts; such as, leather camels, note pads, etc. We returned to our hotel around noon and were quite excited to learn we had finally been given reservations for a Thursday and Friday trip to Luxor. While it was less than we had originally planned, it was far better than nothing. We had almost resigned ourselves to the fact that there would be no trip. We spent the afternoon reshuffling our suitcases for our trip to Luxor. We planned to check the big suitcase with the hotel until we returned and take just the tote bag and the under-seat bag. Ramadan was over and many Egyptians were on a holiday. People at the hotel told us they could hardly wait until they could eat and drink again during the daytime. We had previously observed this concern at the restaurants as sunset approached. Ramadan allows no eating or drinking from sun up until sundown. The official sundown was announced by a loud gong over a loudspeaker from the mosques. At five minutes before 6:00 the restaurants were crowded, plates had been filled and people were literally sitting with forks in their hands, waiting for the sound signaling sundown at six o'clock. The enjoyment of their feast was obviously enhanced by the fasting for the preceding 12 or more hours.

It was a bad night for sleep; two mistaken phone calls, then a fax from John Nicholaides (from the U of I) with a message asking Lowell if he would be interested in going to Albania. Lowell faxed back "not enough time to participate." He had already turned down trips to South Africa and Morocco in May. We could not get back to sleep after being awakened three times.



Hoping for tourist business



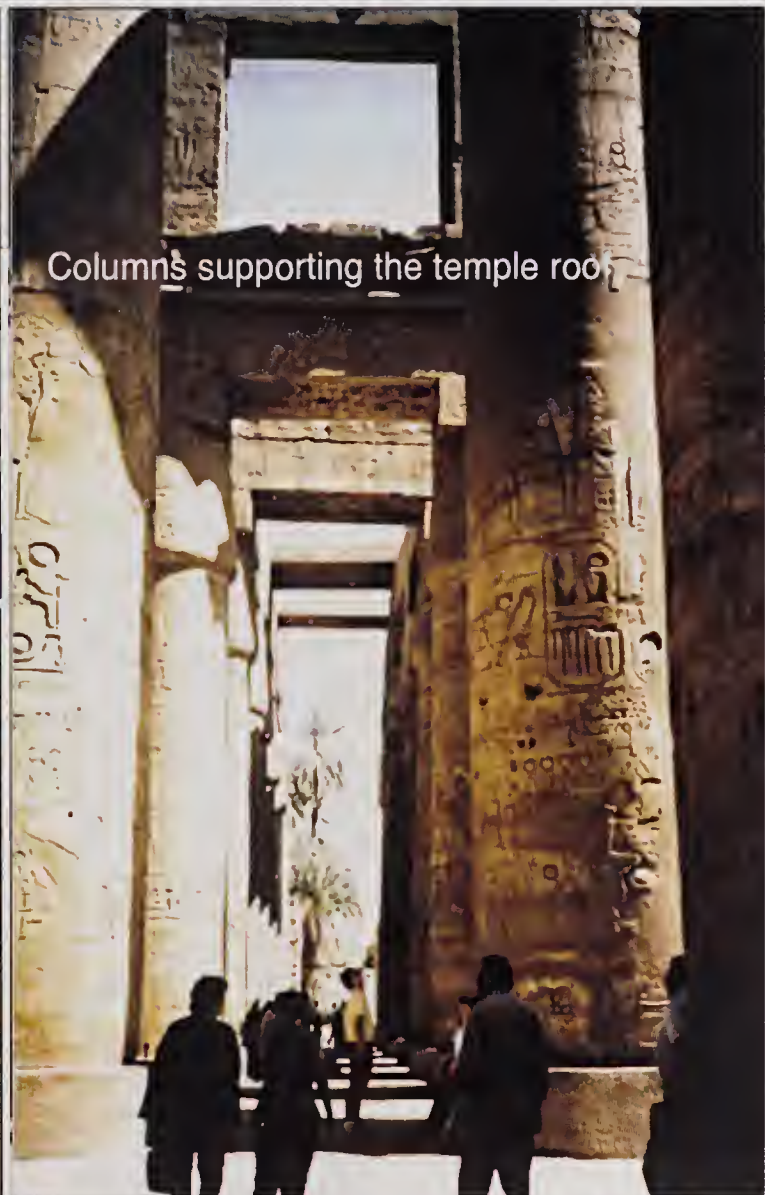
Moses in the rushes —
Pharonic Village



Transporting green forage



Row of Ram's
head sphinxes



Columns supporting the temple roof

Thursday, March 25

We were up at 5:00 a.m. and departed for the airport at 6:00 to catch the 7:30 flight to Luxor. We had pre-arranged the trip to the airport with our “friendly” taxi driver, Mohammed Pony. I would like to note here: M. Pony had told us his father was dead and his mother would have to obtain his and his brother’s permission to remarry, which they were not likely to give. He also gave us a lecture about the unfortunate circumstances of a man whose wife gave him daughters instead of sons. “It is her fault.” Such is the lot of women in Egypt!

It was a mob scene at the domestic airport, but somehow everyone seemed to get “sorted out.” The large numbers of planes and the mobs of people leaving from all the different gates made it all quite confusing. However, the Egyptian airport officials had a unique system. Boarding cards were colored. Each flight had a different color. When departure time arrived someone at the gate would hold up their green card, or red card, or blue card and everyone with that color would follow him out to the waiting buses. We departed in the fog, which everyone told us was a very unusual occurrence for the dry climate of Egypt. It was quite a sight flying over the sands of the Sahara. The land and topography were much rougher than I had ever imagined. The yellow sands stretched as far as the eye could see, even from the height of the airplane. The sands rolled into low hills as our view stretched back from the Nile River. There was not a green thing in sight except the narrow strip on either side of the Nile where the irrigation waters flowed.

We arrived in Luxor on time and were met by the representative from American Express. Our room at the Winter Palace in Luxor was not ready for us so the American Express people said they would keep our bags at their desk because our guide was ready to take us on our first tour. We were joined by seven other people. We introduced ourselves to a Japanese couple and their son from Tokyo, who spoke English. They were very pleasant. We made only casual conversation with some of the others to learn their origins, until we had more time for conversation. We were driven north to Karnak Temple; or Thebes as the Greeks called it, in a small, clean, air-conditioned bus. It is almost impossible to describe, you really have to be there to feel the size of the entire structure and the amazing engineering ability of the people so many thousand years ago.

The front approach was lined on both sides with rows of stone sphinxes. On either side of the Pylon (gate) was a huge statue of Ramses. Next we entered a large open columned courtyard. Here the common people were allowed to enter. Through the next Pylon there were huge columns which supported a stone roof. They were now open to the sky since most of the roof stones had fallen or been removed. Beautiful paintings covered the walls and the columns. The few remaining sections of the roof were intricately carved with designs that were clearly visible as we gazed upward. Only the nobles were allowed in this room in the life of Ramses.



Roof
mosaics



Diminutive woman at feet of Pinedjem



Sails on
the Nile
at Luxor



Entrance to King
Tut's tomb



Queen Hatshepsut's temple

In the center of one of the courtyards was a huge statue of Ramses II (according to our guide). Standing at the base was a diminutive statue of his wife. Next came the room for the priests, much smaller and quite dark. Standing inside one looked down the corridor to the place for the nobles and on to the open courtyard where the ordinary people would gather. Only the high priests were allowed in this sacred room. All of the columns had been beautifully decorated with colorful paintings, but now gave us only a glimpse of their magnificent past. Other rooms and courtyards opened to the side. Back of the temple was a huge square pool used for many of the important purification ceremonies. A large area was still under excavation. Again every column and wall was covered with hieroglyphics and flat reliefs, all in beautiful colors that had survived the ravages of time and deliberate destructions. Prior to excavation and renovation, much of the temple had been filled with dirt and rubble and houses were built at higher levels through the following centuries. At one time a wide avenue stretched from Karnak Temple to the Luxor Temple, nearly 1½ miles away. The avenue had been lined with stone sphinxes: some still remained, standing guard through the centuries.

Our tour guide then drove us back to the Luxor Temple, which we could see from our hotel room. This temple was not as large as Karnak, but it was equally impressive. The columns showed more evidence of the effects of time than those in Karnak, but still clearly illustrated the intricate designs and hieroglyphics. Evidence of the development of settlements on top of settlements could be seen by the location of a mosque which was probably two stories above the ground level of the temple in which we were standing. It could still be entered from the upper level and on the far side. We were told it was still being used. It clearly had been built on top of many years' collection of rubble.

All of the temples that we toured, and our hotel, bordered on the Nile. The view to the west across the Nile was a rise of sandstone mountains or hills "the land of the dead." The west bank, as mentioned earlier, was considered to be the land of the dead because the sun died in the west, while the east bank was the side of the living, with its temples and villages.

It was nearly 1:30 p.m. before we returned to the American Express office next to our hotel. The hotel was a large yellow-pinkish stone building built by the British in the old colonial style. We retrieved our suitcases and were given a room in the newer section. The door lock was questionable. This was not a top five-star hotel, but very comfortable. Shuttered doors opened on to a small balcony that overlooked the Nile and the Valley of The Kings, to the west. After a leisurely lunch in the hotel coffee shop we rested in our room until the heat of the mid-day had passed.

Late afternoon we walked to the nearby bazaar. Colorful little shops lined the street. The towering columns of Luxor Temple stood majestically at the end of the row of shops. Donkey drawn carts moved up and down the dry, dusty streets. White robed Egyptians beckoned all pedestrians to come see their merchandise. After considerable bargaining we bought three caftans. A little farther down the street we shopped for a tote bag. The tote bag was covered

with hieroglyphics and we bargained long and hard with the vendor for the price and the one we wanted. He finally came down in his price, quickly folded the bag and gave it to us. Not until we had returned to our hotel did we realize he had switched bags and given us the cheaper one with less attractive coloring and styling. Well, one more lesson learned!

We decided not to attend the evening sound and light show, but instead take a stroll along the edge of the Nile River. There was a large sidewalk area overlooking the Nile. After enjoying the view, the children, and the people in general, we returned to the hotel for a big buffet dinner which was included in the tour. There was a large, lovely garden-park behind the hotel with trees, flower beds, fountains, swimming pool, eating area, and even a cage of monkeys.

We spent the evening sitting on our balcony watching the world go by and “go by it did.” It was the end of fasting for Ramadan and everyone must have been out celebrating the end. It was like Saturday night in a small mid-western town, but much, much more. Autos raced up and down the boulevard in front of the hotel. Children on bicycles moved in and out among the cars and several youths were racing their horses at full tilt. Horse drawn carriages plopped up and down the avenue, their bells ringing merrily in time with the horses gait. We could see cruise ships coming down the Nile and moving into their docks for the evening. Pedestrians of every age and description strolled up and down the sidewalk. Tourists could not move about without “hands out” for baksheesh. If you so much as made eye contact, you were immediately surrounded. After watching the sun go down over the Western Sahara and the crescent moon move westward overhead in the deep blue velvet sky, we reluctantly decided that difficult as it was, it was time to go to bed. We expected the noise to go on all night so closed the shutters and draperies before retiring. Surprise of surprises, sometime around midnight all the revelers went home and they rolled up the streets. Quiet descended on the city.

Friday, March 26

We were up at 6:30 and had a large breakfast in the dining room, compliments of our tour. We met our guide and discovered we were a group of 13, plus the guide. We departed at once for the “Valley of the Dead.” While we waited at the river side for the ferry boat to carry us across the Nile, we watched two small boys fill water bottles with contaminated river water. These bottles were the same kind of bottles used for pure water and were undoubtedly being sold to tourists. We had been cautioned to check for an unbroken seal before drinking.

It was a beautiful clear morning. Graceful small sail boats (called feluccas) skimmed the placid surface of the water. Part of our tour group were law students from Notre Dame who were studying for a year in London. They were on spring break and decided to come and see the ancient artifacts of Egypt. One of the young men standing next to me said softly, “I have wanted to see this most of my life,” as we gazed at the glorious scene before us. I confessed I too had experienced the same longing. There was also a family of six; a mother, father, and four little girls, ages approximately nine to fifteen and a Japanese man.

A few minutes later we boarded the ferry that carried us across the Nile. We were met by a driver in a small air conditioned bus. Although it was early morning we were thankful for the air conditioning. We were first driven over the sand dunes to the Valley of the Queens. We had to walk some distance into the actual valley, which was surrounded by low sandstone mountains rising on all sides around us. There was no breeze here and the sun beat relentlessly down on our heads. We visited several tombs that had been chiseled out of the limestone mountain side. More than 57 tombs had been discovered in the Valley of the Queens, but few were open. Each tomb had been prepared for a queen. The interiors contained beautiful paintings, inscriptions and drawings. No photographs that I have ever seen can do credit to the beautiful colors. No flash photography was allowed and they usually collected cameras before you were allowed to enter a tomb to be sure that no flashes were taken. Retrieval of your camera from a pile of 15 or 20 on the ground was also an interesting experience. Much of the light in the tombs was provided by the aluminum foil mirrors reflecting the sunshine (in as many as three different stages) onto the important pictures. Of course, anyone sitting with his aluminum mirror was sitting with his hand out when you came out. We were told all of the painting was done by using mirrors because torches used for lighting during the painting would have resulted in smoke stains on the walls and of course there were none. The pure white limestone looked as clean and clear as it did the day the Egyptian artisans were standing there painting the pictures.

It was getting quite warm and the crowds were larger than the day before, due to the many cruise ships that had docked the night before. We continued on to the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut. It was a long walk up the mountain side and the sun was very hot. Not a blade of green grass any place nor any sign there had ever been any life moving on the desert. We saw several groups of tourists riding across the desert and up the mountains in donkey trains. We had to laugh as Lowell heard one girl slide miserably off her donkey and say "I never want to see that donkey again as long as I live."

We had taken water with us. It was a "must" as dehydration occurred rapidly and was always a problem for me. We had to stand quite a while for our turn to see the temple and everyone was feeling the heat. The mortuary temple was built by Queen Hatshepsut in the 15th Century BC. It was a long terraced and columned structure. Its location at the foot of towering cliffs only enhanced its majesty. It was so large we could see it in the far distance from our hotel balcony. Since we were not allowed to enter it, we returned to the bus, glad for the cool fresh air of the air-conditioning. A few years later we learned a number of tourists were killed there by bandits.

Our next stop was a small village, centuries old. These villages were built of mud brick and plastered with more mud. The people looked very poor. Even the thin dogs have a rough life. We stopped at an alabaster shop for a coke, for those who wanted it. We purchased four small pieces of very crudely made alabaster. One of the men in the shop admired Lowell's gold cross pen and wanted to buy it. He offered \$2.00; an enormous amount for him I am sure and

appeared shocked when Lowell told him it was worth much more than that, and it was not for sale. He then offered to exchange any of his alabaster pieces in his shop for the pen. Lowell again repeated that it was not for sale. "How much it cost," he asked, and gasped when told that it cost over \$30.00 in the United States. It always makes us sad when people compare what they have with what we have.

We returned to the bus and departed for the Valley of the Kings: several shabbily dressed people watched us depart. The valley was tucked in a high remote area of the hills. We first entered King Tut's tomb which was beautifully decorated and preserved, but quite small compared to any others and with some walls obviously not completely finished. We were told because he died so young (19 years old) there was little time for preparation for the funeral and any work not completed within 70 days had to be stopped because the body had to be interred and the tomb closed within that time period. In contrast to the King Tut tomb, the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut was very large and elaborately decorated. The preservation of the color was unbelievable. We visited the inside of only one other tomb, but all that we saw from outside were large enough to walk into upright. Many of them had several chambers and continued on into the limestone mountain for a long, long way. Because of the number of people walking in and out, the dust was quite thick inside the tombs. I cannot imagine how uncomfortable it must have been for the builders when they were chipping out the open space, straightening the walls, and finishing them to a perfectly smooth limestone finish, smooth enough and fine enough to hold the finely decorated paintings and carved hieroglyphics.

We returned to the Nile for our ferry-boat ride back to the hotel. We passed Howard Carter's home (the discoverer of King Tut's tomb) placed high on a sand dune. It was 1:30 and we were scheduled for a late flight, but thankfully our hotel had arranged for us to remain in our room until 5:00 before our departure for Cairo. We showered, had lunch, and rested until 7:00 p.m. The hotel did not enforce their 5:00 departure time. American Express again picked us up and took us to the airport. We were wait listed on the 8:30 flight, but there were no spaces — all were booked, so we had to accept our fate and wait for the 10:15 departure. We arrived in Cairo about 11:00 p.m., hailed a taxi in the dark street in front of the terminal (a little scary) and returned to our hotel. Lowell had given the concierge a tip when we left the bags. That was all that was needed to assure us a warm welcome and ready access to our stored bags. They put us on the 12th floor, just below the night club; consequently we had little sleep.

Saturday, March 27

As soon as we had finished our breakfast, we requested that we be returned to the 8th floor, where we had our room before. They granted our request and moved us a little farther from the noise of the night club. We spent the day resting and finished our shopping, mostly frequenting the shops in the hotel. We had dinner in the hotel restaurant and went early to bed.

Sunday, March 28

We walked down to our standard buffet breakfast at 7:00. The buffet breakfasts were really quite sumptuous, with a wide selection of fruits and juices and other good choices. The hotel registration had informed us when we checked in that the buffet was included in our room rate so we happily enjoyed all of the food we were confident was safe to eat. Lowell departed at 8:45 with additional meetings with AID. I spent the morning repacking suitcases and bringing my notes up to date. Lowell returned about 3:30. The project was still not assured of AID approval. The meeting with AID and ARP had raised more questions than it answered. Lowell told them an answer had to be given by May 1 or it would be too late to conduct the research. We shall have to wait to see what happens. I bought some blue glass vases in a little shop and later Lowell joined me for dinner. Karl called from the United States about 9:00 to see if everything was OK. Lowell explained again the inability to get a confirmation from the AID and ARP people and his need to have a definitive answer by the first of May. Lowell's meeting on Sunday was spent, primarily, at the office of ARP, rewriting the project to meet the many changes they kept introducing. As soon as Lowell had resolved one issue and demonstrated the research would meet their objective they thought up another reason for delay or something they would like to see changed. His frustration was only increased when he discovered no one in the AID and ARP agency had a compatible computer with the WordPerfect 5.1 like the one used in the hotel. The final resolution of that problem required the better part of the day. His hired secretary had typed all of his reports and changes during the past weeks and now the Egyptian team could not access it on their computers.

Monday, March 29

One more day to go. As Erma Bombeck said, "When you look like your passport, its time to go home." I believed we had about reached that point. Lowell departed for the University to give a seminar at 9:15 while I did a little more packing. Lowell returned in late afternoon with an explanation of an interesting seminar. The seminar was scheduled for 11:00 a.m., but they kept him talking over tea in another room until five minutes after 11:00. When he walked into the seminar room with his slides and overhead transparencies he discovered a very crowded room with many extraneous tables, chairs and unused desks and about forty people crowded in whatever corner they could find a chair. The slide projector was not working and the overhead projector was still in its packing box. He proceeded to introduce the seminar while unpacking the overhead projector. They were very interested in seeing his slides and the final resolution was for him to feed the slides, one at a time into the projector, since they could not make the automatic advance work. Following the seminar Lowell spent another three hours with ARP representatives, in an unsuccessful attempt to get a commitment from them that the project would be approved. We had dinner, closed the suitcases and went to bed.

Tuesday, March 30

We set the alarm for 3:20 a.m. but I was awake at 3:00. I decided to get up and get dressed. Lowell got up soon after and a few minutes later the desk called to say that our driver from AID was waiting to take us to the airport. He was a whole hour early. We hurried to finish dressing and then down to the lobby to check out. By then the driver had disappeared and did not return until 4:00 a.m. We were then whisked off to the airport through the quiet Cairo streets. They were quiet except for the usual people standing at every door with their hands out for baksheesh.

We were among the first to check in and were directed to the VIP lounge where we were served juice, coffee and sweet rolls. We boarded right on time for the two hour flight to Rome. We were served an excellent breakfast as we flew across the beautiful deep blue Mediterranean. Occasionally the pilot would point out one of the Greek Islands. It was a beautiful morning as we crossed the southern part of Italy. The sky was clear and the villages, tucked in among the mountain valleys and tops, were clearly visible. Red tile roofs contrasted vividly with the green vegetation and the rocky outcroppings on the mountains. The Rome airport was crowded and we had a two hour wait as they had just changed to daylight savings time. Security was tight as soldiers walked about carrying machine guns in their arms. They had a guide to usher us from the arrival gate to the departure gate.

Loading the 747 was horrendous, but typically Italian. Repeated announcements to load by rows meant nothing as they clawed their way to the front of the line. Queuing meant nothing to them and “take your turn” fell on completely deaf ears, despite all the protests of those being trampled and shoved. We were finally boarded and off across the Atlantic. A smooth flight and a good book shortened the time considerably. We arrived in New York a little ahead of time. Most of the snow we had experienced on our departure had disappeared. This time luck was with us when we landed. There was an earlier TWA flight to St. Louis that was boarding and wonder of wonders, even with my free ticket they agreed to put us on stand-by for the earlier flight. An entire transferring crew was also waiting to board. We doubted we had a chance in a million, but at the last minute our names were called, not for coach class, but for first class seating. A very sweet young girl exchanged seats so Lowell and I could sit together. Upon reaching St. Louis we were again placed on standby for an earlier flight and were greatly relieved to hear our names called for the last two seats on the plane. The pilot stood outside the plane waiting for us. I asked Lowell how it felt to have our own “Air Force One” as we hurried across the tarmac.

Darkness was gently settling over the winter prairies as we made that last leg of a long flight. Home and bed looked ever so good. With quick calls to our family and suitcases still in the middle of the family room floor we collapsed into bed.

Chile

October 13 - 22, 1993



Chile

1993

Wednesday, October 13

The World Bank had asked Lowell to help evaluate the progress on privatizing the grain markets in Chile, and we were off on another adventure/working trip.

It was a beautiful fall day as we departed for the airport, arriving in plenty of time for our 3:15 p.m. departure to St. Louis en route to Santiago. It was comforting to have our plane arrive on time and leave for St. Louis on time — a good omen for the long trip ahead. We were surprised when TWA at St. Louis announced we had been upgraded to first class — apparently over booked in coach and I guess we looked to be the most “senior” among the passengers.

We arrived in Miami a little after 8:00 p.m. giving us a 2½-hour wait for the American flight to Santiago. This flight too, surprised us by being on time; however, we were back in coach class with miserable seats! The seats were narrow and the rows so close we had only about 10 inches of leg room. Lowell had to turn his long legs sideways. After a typical airline dinner we tried to find a comfortable position for the long night ahead, but were unable to relax, let alone sleep.

Thursday, October 14

I watched night fade away and the first rays of light illuminate our day as the plane cruised above a solid cloud cover. We were flying over the Pacific Ocean, down the west coast line of South America. Our flight pattern had taken us over the Grand Caymans and the Panama Canal, then down the coast of Equador, Peru, and Bolivia, and the northern half of Chili. The stars glowed brightly in the dark sky above. A thin slice of moon hung just above the horizon. A deep red rim infused the curvature of the earth as the sky began to lighten. As the sun began to reach the horizon, the high Andes Mountains began to thrust their snow-capped peaks above the clouds.

We began our descent to Santiago shortly after we finished a light breakfast. The plane turned landward and slipped into a valley with low mountains to the west and the high Andes range to the east. We landed at the Santiago Aeropureto Internacional Artura Merino Benitez Airport at 9:00 a.m. (two hours ahead of Central Daylight Time).

We were overjoyed to see that our suitcases had arrived with us despite three plane changes. We passed through customs with only a slight nod from the agent. Our contact from

FAO (The Food and Agricultural Organization from the World Bank) was waiting at the exit door holding a sign saying "Dr. And Mrs. Hill." He introduced himself, then drove us to our hotel. It was about a 45-minute drive from the airport to the Hotel El Bosque. The day was beautiful with temperatures in the low 70s and a gentle breeze. October was early spring in Chile and we were told it had been cool the day before we arrived. Fields of rice and alfalfa seemed to fill the valley as we made our way into the city. We could see some orchards on the terraced mountain sides. A light smog hung across the lower part of the valley.

Our hotel was located in a nice residential section of the city, surrounded by attractive, rather new apartments and some shops. Additional shops and office buildings were under construction. We had to wait a little over an hour before we were assigned to a room. It was a small apartment style hotel and rooms were very nice. We had a kitchenette, a dining area, a living room area, bedroom, and bath.

We unpacked and waited for Mr. Fernando Rodriguez, from the Chile Foundation, to arrive and discuss the up-coming meetings with Lowell. Alberto Valdes, of the World Bank, had asked Lowell to make an evaluation of potential restructuring of the Chilean grain markets. The World Bank required a more market oriented agriculture before authorizing additional loans. The assignment was to be accomplished through interviews with government and industry personnel in Chile. The results of the information gleaned would be used with his knowledge of marketing principles and previous international experience to prepare a 30-page report. They were especially interested in his past research where he had identified a list of activities where government action and regulation were required, which marketing functions could be better handled by private industry, and which functions were a choice of ideology as to government or private industry operation.

Lowell departed at 3:30 for his meeting with Richard Helms, the agricultural attaché at the American Embassy, returning at 5:00. We had a sandwich in the hotel café, showered, and fell into bed at 7:00 p.m. It had been a long time since we had seen a bed, and we slept until the alarm awakened us at 6:30. We both felt we could have used an even longer night for recovery.

Friday, October 15

We were in the café for breakfast shortly after 7:00, allowing Lowell time to organize his series of interviews for the day and depart at 8:30. Jorge Quiroz met Lowell in the lobby, ready to serve as guide and interpreter for the next few days. Lowell's first meeting was with Alejandro Espejo, Manager of the Chilean Grain Millers Association, who provided information on milling, pricing, and marketing in the commercial section. This was followed by a meeting with Fernando Yanez from the Bolsa De Productos (patterned after the Chicago Board of Trade) which was just beginning to develop rules for operation. Lowell later reported that Fernando Yanez and Rosmarie Huck, provided an entertaining and very frank discussion of efforts to create a "transparent" pricing system with most of the industry controlled by a

monopoly. Lowell returned about 1:30 for a late lunch. He said Rosemarie wanted another meeting at the end of his series of interviews to discover what he had been told and to “correct” any mis information he might have been given! She was very knowledgeable, but also very outspoken with strongly held opinions about how Chile (and the rest of the world) should be organized.

Since the businessmen in Chilean agriculture seemed to start their weekend early, there were no appointments scheduled until Monday. We took a taxi to the craft center downtown where we purchased several things for ourselves and the children. We returned to the room and Lowell worked on his interview notes. We took a short, pleasant walk in the cool evening air, before having dinner back at the hotel.

Saturday, October 16

We hoped to find a tour from the hotel, in order to see some of the country side or nearby tourist attractions, since most of Lowell’s meetings were in Santiago. We started by asking the desk clerk, but discovered he had no suggestions. We proceeded to research other sources for information, but could find no organized tours, not even a city tour — obviously we were not located in the tourist district. The weather was rather gray and chilly, so a walking tour on our own did not appeal. By now it was too late to start a tour anyway, so Lowell continued working in the apartment. After lunch we spoke with a taxi driver, stationed outside the hotel. He agreed to take us to the pre-Colombian museum downtown. The city stretches from north to south on both sides of the Rio Mapocho. We found it to be an attractive city, enhanced by trees and parks on both sides of the river. A branch of Rio Mapocho had been diverted, the old channel filled, and was now a pedestrian mall. The high Andes rise on the east and a low range of mountains were visible to the west toward the Pacific Ocean. Our driver picked us up at 4:30, as previously agreed, and drove us back to the hotel. I spent the evening reading while Lowell continued to work on the World Bank report.

Sunday, October 17

We seemed to be getting lazy, as we slept until 7:30 and enjoyed a leisurely breakfast. It was very cool, but the sun was shining brightly. Since our attempts to organize a tour had failed, we spent most of the day in the apartment. I read a book and Lowell continued to make progress on the World Bank report, writing as much as possible prior to completing the actual interviews. We decided to have lunch delivered to the room, since we had our own dining area. We had a very difficult time placing our order for room service, even though the person on the other end of the line was speaking English — sort of. She finally gave up and a waitress came to the room with a menu. I had a very delicious salmon with caper sauce and Lowell had beef de lomo.

In mid-afternoon we decided to take a walk. The sun was out and it was a lovely spring day. Birds were singing and flowers were blooming profusely along the street. We walked to

the shopping area and found a super market. We were delighted to be able to purchase some fresh fruit that we could peel, since we had been warned not to eat raw fruit or vegetables or drink the water. With fruit in hand, we continued walking and found a neighborhood park. We just sat and relaxed, watching the children playing and absorbing the local atmosphere, with the Andes providing an awe inspiring backdrop. We returned to the room, where Lowell continued working on the report. Several times during the afternoon, we became aware that the key to our room, which we had placed in the lock, was swinging. It was a large key with a metal ball attached by a short length of chain. The metal ball was swinging back and forth. We opened the door after each incident, to see if someone was in the hall. There was never anyone there. When we mentioned it to someone later, they said, "Oh, that was an earthquake tremor. We have them many times every day."

We decided a light snack was sufficient for this evening's meal. We were already asleep, when a scientist attending the conference to be held later in the week called to discuss something with Lowell.

Monday, October 18

We were at the café for breakfast by 7:00 and Lowell went to the lobby for an 8:00 departure. There was a van waiting to take him to the scheduled conference somewhere in the city — he had no idea where. He did not return until 8:15 p.m. following the close of the conference. All the dignitaries from several countries had to have time for their presentations before Lowell and Alberto Valdes were allowed to deliver their reports on a plan for privatizing and developing grain markets in Chile. The conference was held at the FAO headquarters in Santiago, co-sponsored by the World Bank and FAO. I spent the day reading and doing needlework.

Tuesday, October 19

The conference continued for the next two days, but Lowell's presence was not required. He had made several appointments on his own to obtain more information about the workings of the grain industry and government's role in the pricing and daily operations. I went to the American Embassy with Lowell where he had another meeting with the agricultural attaché, Richard Helms.

Following the meeting we had time for a side trip to the church called Los Santo Domingo. I thought the architectural style dated back to the late 1700s. As we perused the history, I found that it had been built in 1771 and was considered to be one of the most beautiful churches in Chile until the interior was destroyed by fire in 1963. Reconstruction had begun, and the church had been declared a national monument. We walked along the streets near the church and looked at some of the crafts, but felt they were quite overpriced. We returned to the hotel in time for lunch. Lowell was unable to schedule his next appointment until 4:00, so we walked back to the shopping area and purchased a map of Chile. The 4:00 meeting was an



Mountains ring the city



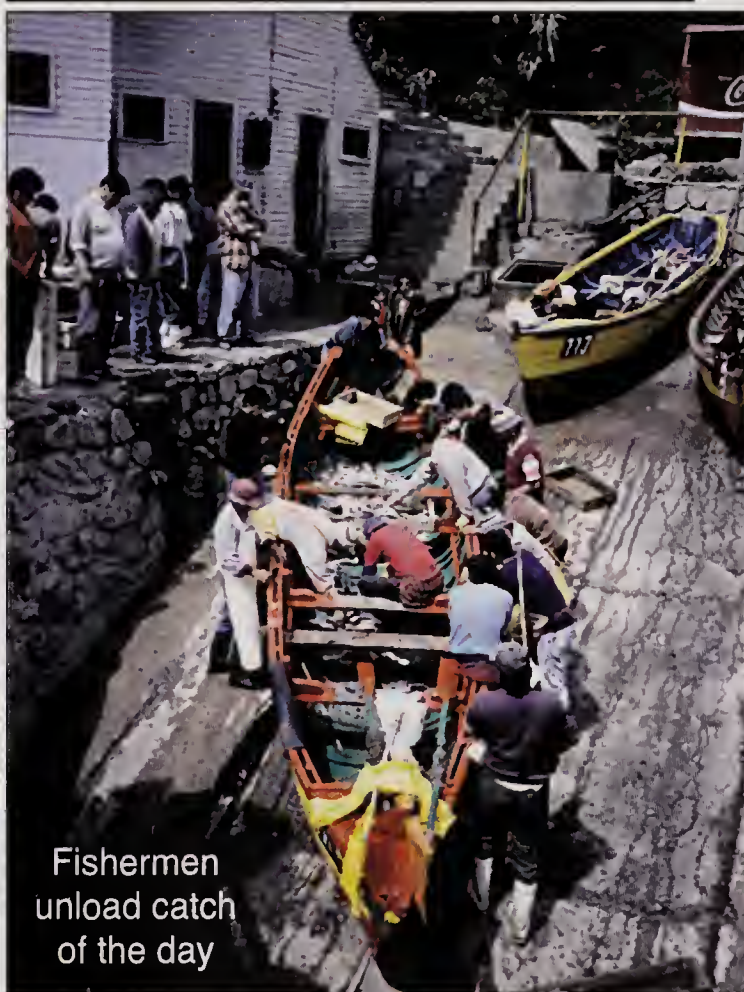
Victory Statue from 1800s



Seals abounded on the Pacific Coast



Historic church in Santiago



Fishermen
unload catch
of the day

important one, since the Chilean company was actually a subsidiary of Continental Grain with headquarters in New York City.

We had exchanged Christmas letters with Enrique Delgado and his family in Chile, for many years after he and Lowell completed their degrees at Michigan State University. He had helped Lowell pass his Spanish language exam and we had enjoyed their little daughter, Anna Marie. However, we had not had contact with them for several years and no longer had their address. Lowell decided to use his free time to see if he could locate the Delgados by searching the phone book. Fortunately, there were only two Enrique Delgados in the Santiago phone directory. Lowell picked the first one and rang the number. A girl's voice answered the phone in Spanish. When Lowell asked if she spoke English she said she did. Following a little explanation of who was calling, Lowell discovered that he was speaking with Anna Marie. Her parents had recently moved and she gave us their new number. Enrique was delighted we had called and insisted we come to their place for dinner. Surprisingly, we discovered their apartment was only five short blocks from our hotel. Enrique walked over to escort us to their home. We had a delightful evening of conversation about old times and current issues. Anna had prepared a delicious dinner. By the time we had conversed about mutual friends, world problems, and present activities and occupations, it was 10:30. Enrique walked us back to our hotel.

Wednesday, October 20

We had an early breakfast in our room, since we had a full day planned. We had finally given up on scheduling a regular tour, but were determined to see more than just Santiago. Lowell had talked with a taxi driver associated with the hotel, and he had agreed to take us on a day's tour out of town, in a direction of our choice. We were driven north, through the countryside to the town of Colina, where we stopped at a large statue proclaiming an 1800 victory in one of their wars. The concrete depiction of a very tall figure, whose height was disproportionate to his size, was holding a sword in his hands extended above his head. We never did learn the details of that rather strange-looking statue. A bus load of high school age children was also there for a school outing, probably learning about the historical significance of the statue and the town. They were typical school children; laughing and teasing one another and paying little attention to their instructors who were trying to instill a little knowledge into their heads. We left them with their frustrated teachers and returned to the taxi to continue on to the town of San Felipe.

Along the way, Lowell spotted a grain elevator in the distance and, of course, we had to pull over so that he could take a picture. We passed through an arid, rather mountainous region, much like the mountainous areas in Arizona, with small valleys of irrigated farm land and grazing cattle. Occasionally we saw vineyards in the valleys and on the mountain slopes. The Andes rose sharply on the east where the high ridges met Argentina on the other side.

The towns were old and dusty, with most houses and walls made of mud bricks and stucco. Roses were in bloom in small gardens and climbed over the ancient walls, spilling color down the drab mud walls. The roads were very good.

Passing through a small village, we headed west toward the coast. As we approached a bay on the coast we observed a large number of brown and white pelicans and lots of sea gulls.

We moved on around the coast toward the resort village of Vina del Mar. The road wound its way around the coast a hundred or more feet above the rocky shore line with sharp cliffs several hundred feet rising above us. Flower beds edged the road side next to the sea. The sky was somewhat overcast, but gave us an occasional peep at the sun to the north. A fairly calm sea glowed gray, blue and lavender, with white foamy waves breaking over the rocks. We stopped at several pull-offs to take pictures. At one stop we watched a little brown seal, just off shore, draped over a rock that protruded out of the ocean. As we watched, we suddenly became aware there were many more seals on different rocks, blending so well that we had not seen them before. Although they had been difficult to see we soon became acutely aware of their strong odor wafting upward. The sea breeze carried their barks inland. One seal climbed to the highest point on the rock and stretched to his full height, only to be challenged by another. The edge of the water, the rocks, and the sky were filled with brown pelicans. Their power dives into the ocean indicated good fishing.

We stopped at noon for lunch in a restaurant in Vina del Mar. It was perched on a cliff over looking the sea. We had huge servings of excellent salmon with caper sauce, fries, and coffee. Feeling refreshed we continued down the coast to Valparaiso. The resort area gave way to a busy industrial town. It was a busy port filled with container ships unloading products from around the world, and taking on new cargoes of fruit, fish, and other agricultural products. We purchased a few gifts for Meredith and Ryan at the open shops along the water front, then started our return to Santiago, stopping only once at a church where, we were told, many people make an annual pilgrimage on December 8.

It was 5:00 p.m. before we reached the hotel. We ate a snack in our room, showered and went to bed rather early. Our young driver thought he had had quite a long day.

Thursday, October 21

Lowell departed for his first meeting a little before 9:00 and I proceeded to try to get everything back in the suitcase. This last day was a busy one for Lowell. He was to spend time with a professor of agricultural economics in the Pontificia Universidad Catolica de Chile. He found Professor Emilo Francisco to be very knowledgeable and more objective in his evaluation of government controls vs private firms leaning toward monopolies. He later corresponded with Lowell for additional exchanges of information. Lowell's second meeting was with Ernesto Lopez and Ricardo from Cargill, where he hoped to gain a better understanding of the role of the multi national grain companies in the importing and domestic grain industries. A



man from the Chilean Ministry of Agriculture had requested a meeting but the time was too limited and Lowell had to decline.

Rosemarie Huckle made an appointment to meet Lowell in the hotel coffee shop, since his time did not allow a trip across town. I joined them for coffee and conversation. She was determined to have this second appointment. Lowell suspected her insistence was more about pumping him for information than it was to answer any of his questions. She was an American in Chile with her husband and working as a free lance consultant. Lowell was never able to identify her hidden agenda, but was selective in what information and opinions he shared with her.

We arranged for a hotel taxi driver to take us to the airport for our 11:00 p.m. departure to Miami. It was dark as we made our way through the streets and on to the airport. Check-in was easy and quick, and our plane rose into the night sky and headed north. The dark sky was pierced by brilliant flashes of lightning flaring from the clouds along the coast. Storm clouds and lightning rode with us all through the night.

Friday, October 22

Storm clouds still filled the sky over Miami, as we descended toward the airport and a gentle landing. Customs proceeded quickly and after a 2-hour wait, we boarded our plane for home via St. Louis. Our own house was a welcome sight as we entered, but we were a little numb from the long ride and the realization that in only two days we would be leaving for Hungary and another adventure.

Hungary

October 25 - November 2, 1993



Hungary

1993

Monday, October 25

It was a warm fall day to start our trip to Hungary. It had been only two days since we returned from our trip to Chile, but we were packed and waiting for our taxi to Willard Airport. Our flight from St. Louis to New York was delayed slightly, leaving us a little concerned because we had a tight connection in New York. Luckily the arrival and departure gates were close together and we arrived just in time for boarding. The plane was not completely full. For once we had a little space to lie down during the long night across the ocean. Despite the horizontal position, sleep did not come easily and we had time to visit about the program that lay ahead.

Lowell had been asked to present a paper on the U.S. system for maintaining quality of maize at a conference to be held in Budapest. It was to be a relatively small conference bringing participants from several countries, but mostly from central and western Europe. Since the topic was quality of maize for industrial uses, Lowell felt it important to participate and share some of the research being conducted on maize quality in the United States.

We wondered if there would be an opportunity to meet with Violeta and Aleksandar Bekric. When they learned we were to be in Budapest they contacted us to find out if there would be an opportunity to meet with us if they could come from Belgrade, Yugoslavia. After spending a year in the United States on a study leave and facing the difficult times of 1993 in Yugoslavia, Aleksandar was extremely interested (one might say determined) to find a way to return to the United States to work on a graduate degree. Knowing the difficulties of traveling from Belgrade to Budapest, Lowell had his doubts they would be able to make the trip to Hungary. Neither did he have any thoughts about how we could help them even if they did reach Budapest.

Tuesday, October 26

It was just getting daylight when we arrived in Amsterdam where we had one hour on the ground while passengers from connecting flights were boarding. The authorities explained that Amsterdam did not have adequate facilities for handling security so we were not allowed to deplane. We spent the hour watching the airport activity from the plane window. At least we were able to stand up in the aisle, stretch our arms, and flex a few muscles that had grown a little stiff during the flight across the ocean.

We arrived in Vienna less than an hour after take-off, but had a 2-hour wait for the flight to Hungary. The plane was a very small Russian-built jet with a steward who served us our third breakfast of the morning. It was a chilly grey morning when we arrived in Budapest. Transportation from the airport to the hotel was by a minibus. The hotel Taverna in downtown Pest was just two blocks from the Danube River. The town of Budapest is in fact two towns, one named Buda on one side of the river and one named Pest on the opposite bank. The hotel had a rather interesting entrance. The incoming traffic had to drive down a very steep ramp to unload at the lower level. Then guests walked a flight of stairs to the check-in desk in the lobby. Our minibus was unable to negotiate the steep driveway, so our driver let us out at the edge of the street and we walked the half block, carrying our luggage, to enter the lobby at street level.

The hotel was pleasantly situated in a nice shopping area. There was a pedestrian mall accessible from their back door which extended for several blocks in both directions. The Hyatt and Intercontinental Hotels were close to our hotel. Both overlooked the Danube River. The hills of Buda rose above the Danube as we looked to the west. Since our room was on the ninth floor we had a very good view across the Danube to the Buda side.

We unpacked, then spent some time strolling about the shopping area trying to keep ourselves awake until bedtime. The pedestrian shopping mall was very attractive with many new facades added to the buildings. A wide array of goods of all types were displayed in the windows. There was every type of store imaginable, including a McDonald's located slightly more than one block from our hotel. We visited several toy stores and souvenir shops trying to keep ourselves awake, but by 5:00 we could hold out no longer and returned to our room and fell into bed.

Wednesday, October 27

It was hard to believe we slept until almost 7:00 a.m. Age must be taking its toll. In the "old days" a seven hour rest and we were ready for a full days work.

Lowell had received an invitation from Szergej Keresztesi, President and CEO, to visit the Budapest Commodity Exchange, located in a rather unassuming building in an area far outside the downtown area. The building was so unassuming that our taxi driver could not identify the location, even with the address written in Hungarian. He dropped us off in the general vicinity and with a little instinct and help from a few friendly locals we located the right door. Our search for the right floor of the building was made a little easier by the fact that the vice president's arrival at the lift coincided with ours, and he recognized us as the expected visitors.

The Commodity Exchange had opened October 25, 1989, starting with only 1.9 million florins (about \$20,000) of private capital. Trading volume had grown rapidly from 570 million florins in 1990 to 10 billion expected in 1993. This was the only private commodity exchange in all of Europe. The founders insisted on excluding government support because the stock exchange (generously supported by government funds) had done very poorly. Hungary had

started with a strong private trade in grain even during the communist reign. Cash transactions and forward contracts were common between processors and producers and the development of a formal exchange was a natural development, requiring only a little advice and support from the Chicago Board of Trade. Warehouse receipts had existed in Hungary since 1875 but they were not used under the communist system. The renewal of trust in contracts was essential to the future of the Exchange.

The president of the Exchange was very eager to show us the new facilities located on the floor below his office. The carpenters were putting the finishing touches on three trading pits that were small replicas of the trading pits in the Chicago Board of Trade. Electronic boards and a modern communication system contrasted with our observations in other communist countries, still struggling to create a private market. Unlike Russia, the government of Hungary appeared willing to let competitive forces operate in agricultural markets.

We had the help of the vice-president of the Exchange in finding a taxi to return to our hotel. We ate a light lunch in the tea room next to our hotel and spent the rest of the day looking in the shops, taking a stroll along the Danube and obtaining a few photographs while the sun was shining. It was a strange feeling to know that we had stood beside the waters of the “Blue Danube” in Yugoslavia only five years ago. We checked out the conference address to be sure we would know how to reach the building the next day. It was only about fifteen minutes walking distance from our hotel. It was a lovely sunny day, but quite cold and we again opted for early bedtime.

Thursday, October 28

We were ready for breakfast when the hotel café served their buffet. Following breakfast we walked to the conference to register at their 8:30 opening time. We discovered there had been a reception the night before, but we had not been given that information. Given our choices we probably would have chosen an early bedtime rather than an extended reception. I stayed with Lowell for his presentation and then we walked back to the hotel for lunch. We returned to the conference in the late afternoon and then joined the group for an organized tour of the city by night, starting at 5:30. Darkness came early. It was a very good tour, but a very cold moonlit night. Our minibus waited at the conference center for several minutes for some late comers to arrive. The driver, knowing he had some Americans on board, decided we would like to hear a tape with rap music. After fifteen minutes of being blasted with U.S. rap we were all holding our hands over our ears, but were ignored by the driver. Fortunately, the driver stepped out of the bus for a moment and Lowell quickly reached forward and snapped off the tape player.

We were driven around the town of Pest to various points of interest, including the cathedral, the opera house, the Heroes Square, etc. We disembarked from the minibus for a walk around a large area with a small church and a medieval castle which is now a museum. The

grounds also contained a zoo, an amusement park, and an outdoor ice rink. We retraced our steps and entered the waiting van for a drive to Buda. We crossed over a well-lighted bridge, passing Margarite Island on our right. Towering above us, high on the hill, was the Matthias Cathedral. The Cathedral was located at the top of a very steep cobblestone street. We were grateful to be riding and not walking that long distance on the cold night. However, once we reached the end of the street, we found there were still many steps before we reached the top of the hill and entered the Matthias Cathedral.

It was the most unusual cathedral I had ever seen. At one time it had been taken over by the Turks and was used as a mosque. When it was returned to Christian rule they no longer knew what the original interior decoration had been, so they decided to maintain some of the history of the Turks. They accomplished this by using a patterned motif with Turkish influence throughout the interior and using warm rose-browns and soft blue colors. The result was a most beautiful effect; very warm and alive. A string group was rehearsing accompanied by an organ in the choir loft. A young couple was kneeling at the main altar as the priest gave them directions in preparation for their wedding — according to our guide's assessment of the situation. It provided a very "lived in" feeling as we watched the various activities proceeding in the church that evening.

Our group then walked to the nearby Hilton hotel with the idea of having a slight rest and warm up in their hotel restaurant, only to discover that they refused to serve food to anyone not registered in the hotel. The location did give us a beautiful view of the old city square. A short distance from the square was Fisherman's Bastion with its beautiful seven towers located on the ramparts overlooking the lights of Pest with the Danube River below us. Each tower was different: giving a fairy tale quality to the scene. Shivering with cold we returned to the bus. We were driven past the castle, which had been home to Hungarian royalty in years gone by. Most of the castle had been destroyed during World War II and was only partly restored.

From there we traversed a winding road to the top of a hill to see the Citadel (an old stone fortress overlooking the city). Following another brief look at the river and the twinkling lights of the city below, we were returned to our hotels. The driver indicated our hotel was in a very difficult location to reach by car, because of the pedestrian mall, and would we mind walking the remaining four blocks. We were assured it was safe and that we were on a side street only one block from the well lighted mall. We stepped out of the bus and wandered our way back along a cobblestone street, which did in fact lead to the mall. It was a chilly three block walk to the back door of our hotel. We arrived at our room at 9:00 p.m. and found a message waiting for us. Aleksandar and Violetta Bekric had arrived in Budapest and left a message they wanted to see us and to please call. Lowell returned the call and we agreed to meet them at our hotel for lunch on Friday. It had been a long evening and we were both quite chilled. A hot bath and warm bed were welcome indeed.

Friday, October 29

Lowell spent the morning at the conference and I spent the morning at the hotel. He returned a little before 1:00 p.m. and we met Aleksandar in the lobby. They had driven all the way from Belgrade just to see us and explain how desperate they were to leave Yugoslavia. Almost all of their funds had been confiscated or frozen in the bank. Their salaries had been cut dramatically and living was very hard and expensive. It required nearly 19 hours for them to make what should have been a 5-hour trip. Most of that time was spent at the border trying to pass through the long line of cars waiting to leave Yugoslavia and enter Hungary. Lowell was unable to offer much hope for Aleksandar to return to the States without some sort of financial aid. He suggested continuing his applications and finding someone at the University of Illinois, in addition to himself, to vouch for his English ability. The so-called toefl exam was no longer given in Yugoslavia because of all of the civil strife, so faculty testimonials would be required as evidence that his English qualified him to return to the States for graduate school. Lowell promised to help in any way he could, once we returned to the States, and gave Aleksandar some specific names and activities that he should continue to pursue.

In the afternoon Aleksandar and Lowell returned to the conference, in part because he had told his boss he was coming to Budapest in order to attend this important conference and workshop. He wanted to be sure he could truthfully say he had attended and wanted to pick up any publications and material related to the conference he could take back with him.

Aleksandar and Lowell returned about 3:00 to take me with them as we searched the mall for Violeta. Aleksandar had told her we would try to find her, but did not know the exact time. He was fairly adept at anticipating where she might have gone in the shopping mall and we found her in time for coffee and a visit. We were really concerned about their future. We knew their incomes had been cut drastically, but were surprised to learn they received a monthly salary of about \$20.00 to \$30.00. We found a small shop serving tea, coffee, and sweets. We spent nearly an hour visiting with them about the situation in Yugoslavia and more discussion as to what alternatives might still be open for them. When we were ready to pay, nothing we could do or say would keep them from using the few dollars they had, to pay for the refreshments. Their warmth and appreciation for our continued friendship was quite touching, but we felt badly knowing that our tea and coffee probably cost them half a month's salary.

At 7:30 we were back at the conference site to take the tour bus which was to transport us to Buda for a typical Hungarian dinner. It was the closing meeting of the conference and really a lot of fun. Our Hungarian host sat across from me and on my left was a delightful woman from Italy. Also present was a couple from Finland and on Lowell's right another young man from Finland. I had always heard that the Fins were somber and quiet, but not this group. The evening was spent in lively conversation and a lot of laughter, interrupted occasionally by the gypsy dancers and players who thought they were obligated to keep us entertained. It was an

enjoyable evening of conversation and entertainment. The hour was quite late before we said goodbye and returned to the hotel.

Saturday, October 30

We had breakfast at the hotel buffet promptly at 7:00 a.m. so we would be ready for the all day tour we had organized the day before. We were picked up at 8:30 and driven to the tour collection site where several other hotel groups had been assembled. The tour was called the Ban Danube Bend. We drove northward out of town along the Danube passing a number of Roman ruins on the Buda side of town. It never fails to amaze and impress us that every country in Europe seems to have been touched by the Romans leaving behind their ancient coliseums, their technology of aqueducts for transporting water, and the ever present bath houses.

It was slightly foggy during the first part of the trip. Our first stop about an hour after departure from Buda was on a mountain top at Visegrad. We climbed a lot of steps to the top of the ruins of an old fortress: the only one the Turks were unable to conquer and destroy. It was a beautiful October day. The leaves were turning gold. The scent of the pine forest bordering the steeply inclined path filled the air. The Danube curved and wandered slowly below us, separating the hills of Slavia from Hungary. The fortress' ruins were still in very good condition, with many rooms and stairs to climb. In such an isolated area, with the beauty of the land spread out before and around us, it was interesting to imagine some of the many feet that had tread those well worn steps since the Romans had built this fortress centuries before we were born. There were several small craft shops located near our parked bus and most of our group did a little shopping. Lowell and I bought some homemade wooden toys for grandson Ryan.

Returning to the van we were driven to the town of Esztergan, which was the home of the Cardinal of the Hungarian Catholic church. We had lunch at a hotel with a view of the large cathedral. Later we saw the Cardinal standing with a group of dignitaries just outside the church. As we left the hotel we saw a wedding party being photographed among the autumn leaves, and couldn't resist adding a few snapshots of our own to what was clearly the beginning of a merry celebration. The little flower girl and ring bearer ran back and forth under the trees as the photographer tried to capture his moving targets.

After viewing the interior of the cathedral and the church museum, Lowell and I took time to go down to the crypt to see the burial place of Cardinal Mindzentyz who had been housed in the U.S. Embassy for so many years after he had escaped from the communists. Once communism fell and he died they brought his body back to the church for burial in the place where he had spent much of his life.

We then retraced our route as far as the town of Szentendare, a quaint little old town dedicated to the arts and crafts of Hungary. There were old winding streets along the hillside lined with tiny shops filled with all sorts of beautiful handcrafts. A few horse drawn carriages moved along the cobblestone streets and we had to step aside to make room for them to pass. They



St Stephen's Basilica



Ancient fortress near Visegrad



A wedding party in Esztergan



Cracking whips greet us at the riding school



Five-in-hand at full gallop

were obviously there for the tourists, but given the way in which the history of the town had been preserved they looked very much as though they belonged there; much more than the automobiles that shared the streets. The handmade linens were very pretty and I purchased several. I chose a Christmas table runner, remarking to the salesperson that it was my favorite. She smiled and said her sister had made it. Her sister was expecting a baby and had to stay off her feet as much as possible, so spent much of her time making this intricate needlework.

The sun was sinking rapidly in the west as we departed the town about 4:30 for the half hour drive back to Budapest. This had been a very good tour as the tour guide shared her wealth of historical information at every turn in the road as well as the official stops on the tour. Once back in the hotel we went to the little restaurant in the basement. By now the waiter knew we were going to order the excellent goulash and only asked to confirm what we wanted. It was a very interesting combination of restaurant, bar, grill, and tavern. A musician with an accordion sat in one corner and proceeded to entertain us with his music and frequent glances our way. Undoubtedly he was hoping for a sizeable tip, because he played selections of American music popular among our generation.

Sunday, October 31

We had decided to try another tour, going this time to the Puozta (Plains) of Hungary, in an area southeast of Budapest. Lowell had seen few signs of agriculture and we hoped the trip to the southeast would move us out to the plains area where agricultural production was more likely. The drive to the town of Kaecskemet, took about an hour. We were given a walking tour of the city center where there were a large number of interesting buildings; however, the buildings' exteriors were about the only thing the town had going for it. They left us to wander the streets for an hour (again hoping for tourist dollars in some of the shops, while we were hoping for sightseeing). We finally stopped for a cup of coffee to help kill the time and were joined by a woman from The Netherlands who was also on our tour bus. We found her to be a delightful conversationalist and the hour that had looked so long passed very quickly.

We were then driven to the town of Lajosmizse, which was near a tourist ranch and riding school. The ranch was formerly owned by the communists and when it was put up for purchase by private individuals, the four managers under the communists' rule were the only ones with sufficient funds to purchase the establishment. There was no change in management only now the managers owned the facility and were very anxious to please the tourist trade. Our bus was met by two horsemen wearing blue flowing divided skirts, black vests over blue shirts, and black brimmed hats. Each rider was carrying an eight-foot blacksnake whip, which they proudly kept cracking as they dismounted and walked ahead of us to guide us to our seats. We were ushered to a stand in the form of a wooden amphitheater, much like we would see at the Champaign County Fairgrounds. We were given a drink, plus some biscuits, and then the horsemen began their performance.

They provided several demonstrations of riding styles on very fine horses, then four riders demonstrated their skills with whips and horses. A Roman style riding demonstration included standing with one foot on each of two horses while driving three more ahead of them in a set of five. Around and around, at full speed, making various curves and patterns in the dust of the arena. Then in came a four horse team pulling a wagon, again with a wild flurry of wheels, hooves, and dust. A group of children from the riding school demonstrated their abilities at mounting a running horse. The ringmaster kept the horse moving at a steady gallop as we often see in circus riding, but these children, aged from about seven through fourteen, one by one demonstrated their skills of running beside the horse, mounting, acrobatics on its back, and dismounting while the horse continued its steady gallop around and around. One little girl who could not have been more than seven drew a lot of applause as she sprang to the back of the horse that stood nearly twice her height. A few daring somersaults on his back brought the audience to its feet in applause.

The lunch was served in a quaint dining hall with rows and rows of rustic tables and benches. The food was again the traditional goulash and pork cutlets. We did have some variation as the dessert was apricot crepes and fresh apples served in a large bowl for us to eat or take with us. At 3:15 we were ready to board the buses for the trip back to Budapest and were given a send off with the Hungarian version of the gaucho swinging and cracking his whip. It sounded like a pistol shot, as each of us mounted the steps and selected our seats for our trip back to the city.

Monday, November 1

We slept until 7:00 this morning and then spent most of the remainder of the morning re packing. We still had a few things we wanted to shop for, so back to the mall for a few last minute souvenirs. During the entire trip we had been searching for the one thing that would be most representative of Hungarian crafts. We decided on a small hand painted china demitasse set made in Zsolnay, Hungary. The china company dated back to 1868. The cups were cream colored with small blue flowers, trimmed in gold. The shopkeeper packed them carefully so we could hand carry the china on the plane. In the afternoon we walked to St. Stephens Cathedral before returning to the hotel.

Tuesday, November 2

We were up early so we could check out of the hotel by 6:00 and take the minibus to the airport. The driver stopped to pick up so many passengers at hotels all over the city we began to wonder if we would make the 6:45 check-in time. We did, by only a few minutes. It was a little foggy across the runway and field, but we departed right on time in the same small Russian built jet that had brought us there (a real rag-tag affair). It was one of those planes you enter via the tail, up a set of very steep stairs, while ducking your head to get through the hatchway —



Street scene
in Budapest

not easy. We were served a light breakfast on our 40-minute flight to Vienna. We broke through a heavy overcast to a fog-shrouded view of the Vienna runway. A row of Austrian planes were lined up near the terminal because the Austrian pilots were on strike. We were happy we were on TWA this time. We still had a 2-hour wait for our TWA flight. At boarding time, just when we were ready to move into the final lounge, we were called aside for a special security check. We were the only ones that had come through the transit lounge and we guessed that was the reason we were selected since no one else was stopped. They even removed our large bag that had been checked through to New York, and asked us to open it. They went through all of the material in all of our bags and asked us a lot of questions, especially when they discovered from our passports that we had been to Egypt earlier in the year. The extent of their security seemed to depend sometimes on your previous flight history. We did get some compensation, however, for some reason they upgraded us to business class.

We had another 2-hour wait in Amsterdam. No one going to the United States was allowed to depart the plane. I have never seen a plane searched as thoroughly as that one. More than a half dozen security people came on board and searched every head bin, under every seat, lifted some of the seat covers, and looked in the ash trays. We wondered if they knew something we didn't. At least we felt we should be safe once they finished.

We arrived in New York a half hour early and had a two hour wait in the TWA ambassador's club room. Then on to St. Louis, where we caught the last flight to Urbana. It was pouring rain, but we were glad to be home even though it was 11:00 p.m. We had to rely on Corky's Limousine driver, who required a little gentle persuasion to get him to drop us off in southeast Urbana before he toured the rest of the twin cities.

Thailand

February 14 - 27, 1994



Thailand

1994

Monday, February 14

This was a nice February day for a change, after numerous cold and snowy ones, as we departed for Chicago at 2:00 p.m. Traffic was very light and with the new extra lane completed on the Tri-State toll way we zipped to O'Hare in the record time of 2 hours and 40 minutes. We checked in at the Holiday Inn on Touey Avenue where we could spend the night and park our car until our return.

Tuesday, February 15

We caught the shuttle bus to the airport at 7:00 and were joined by the United Airline crew who had also spent the night at the Holiday Inn. To our surprise, Jim Sinclair and his friend from the University of Illinois, were also standing in line at the check-in counter. They were planning to spend a few days in Hong Kong before flying on to Chiang Mai to participate in the same World Soybean Research Conference V, that we were traveling to attend. It was more than an hour before gate time for the flight to San Francisco, so we went to the Red Carpet room for juice, coffee, and rolls.

Our flight arrived in San Francisco almost on time with a 2-hour wait for our connection. There was another 30-minute delay while United Airline's mechanics repaired the public address system on the plane. Thirteen and one-half hours, three meals, and three movies later we arrived in Taipei at 8:00 p.m. their time. We had another 2-hour wait in the transit lounge while the plane was cleaned and refueled. There were not many people on the flight continuing on to Bangkok, so everyone had a chance to stretch out and rest, after being served another meal. The 3-hour flight, landed in Bangkok at midnight, Bangkok time.

There were the usual long lines at passport control, but we cleared customs rather rapidly. It was always a relief to see our big suitcase on the baggage carousel. It was easily spotted with the denim cover I made, including our initials monogrammed into the side. The terminal was very busy considering it was after midnight. We found the airport shuttle for the Siam Intercontinental Hotel, and were soon speeding through the warm, humid night toward down town Bangkok. It was a long drive from the airport, and the hotel clock behind the desk showed 1:30 a.m. Thursday morning, as we checked in. (We had lost Wednesday somewhere over the ocean.) The hotel lobby was very quiet, and it took only a few minutes for us to register and find our room. By 2:00 a.m. we were in our bed for a welcome rest. It had been a long day!

Thursday, February 17

Following breakfast in the coffee shop, we decided to have a look at our surroundings. The hotel was very attractive, located in 26 acres of lush green shrubs and flowers. The landscaping included a large serpentine pond, winding its way through the park-like grounds. The pond was enhanced with swans, black and white ducks, geese, and pelicans. A number of peacocks walked freely about, strutting among the shrubs and flowers. Cages of many different varieties of tropical birds were sequestered in unexpected places. Flowers were abundant, with orchids, bougainvillea, and other blossoms in beautiful array. Our room on the ground floor of the two story wing looked out on the pond and all the colorful attractions.

A short taxi ride brought us to the American Embassy at 10:00 to meet Rich Petgas, the agricultural attaché. Rich was another of Lowell's students from the past and had, by coincidence been the assistant attaché when we were in Argentina in 1983. We have been extremely fortunate to have friends and alumni from Illinois in "high places" in so many countries. They are valuable resources and provide access to places and people we would otherwise miss.

It required a little time and questioning to locate Rich, because his office was in a new building located just outside the main Embassy building. We spent about an hour with Rich, gleaned information on agriculture and potential activities and contacts, before returning to the hotel.

After lunch Dr. Boonma came to the hotel to greet us. He had been a wonderful host in our previous visit to Bangkok — a familiar pattern of hospitality from university alumni. He had already made extensive plans for the two University of Illinois student interns scheduled to arrive in June. Lowell had selected two students to spend six weeks in Thailand, researching their grain production and marketing practices. Dr. Boonma came to our room and visited a few minutes before he had to leave.

We were not very hungry, so we munched an apple we had tucked into our luggage before leaving home, and went to bed for a long night's rest.

Friday, February 18

There was nothing scheduled for this morning, so we joined a tour group scheduled to visit the palace compound. We had been there on our previous visit to Bangkok, but had missed several of the rooms, including the throne room, because they had been closed on the weekend. The king no longer lived in this palace since his father was assassinated in it back in the 1940s. It was quite warm walking about, but not as hot as during our previous visit. Even so, I still became overheated as we waited for the bus in the hot sun. It arrived none too soon for me.

We were driven through horrendous traffic to a gem factory. We saw people washing clothes in the river and standing in the doorway of their tiny wood and tar shacks where they live. It really makes one sad and thoughtful to see the poverty and daily struggle to survive in so

many parts of the world. We are so fortunate.

We returned to the hotel with just enough time for a quick snack in the room before Lowell's 1:30 meeting with Praneet Udomsithiseth from the government office of weights and measures. She was very free with information on grain quality technology and agreeable to helping with the interns scheduled for next June. It was a short meeting and Lowell was off at 2:00 for a meeting with Cargill in their Bangkok office. He was arranging even more personal contacts for the student interns. I walked next door to a big 4-story shopping center and purchased a colorful scarf. When Lowell returned, we read our books for a while and then went to bed.

Saturday, February 19

We had a relaxed breakfast in the hotel coffee shop, before walking next door to the shopping center I had visited yesterday. It was large, but much like shopping centers the world over. There were far too many shoe stores and the same brands as we see at home, in Singapore, and most other countries.

We had an early lunch at the hotel and were off on the tour to the Ancient City about 20 miles southeast of Bangkok. We were surprised to find that Jim Sinclair and his friend from home were among the seven people on the tour. There was a girl from China who happily shared with us that her husband worked for Air France out of Beijing and was spending 10 days in Bangkok studying catering. I don't know if he was planning to change jobs or was trying to upgrade the meals on the airline! There was another American woman who was reluctant to interact with any of us, and a young girl from China.

The "Ancient City" was in fact a recreation of many buildings, monuments, temples, statues, and artifacts found in many parts of Thailand — many from ancient times. It was billed as the "world's largest outdoor museum" and includes a full scale village. We were told that the full scale and miniature reproductions were authenticated by experts from the National Museum. There were supposedly more than 60 constructions covering more than 15 centuries of Thai history. In addition to the old buildings and temples a small floating market was also located on the 200-acre park. I thought the reality did not quite match the promotion, but the variety of time periods and buildings were interesting. The only part that appeared to be occupied was the floating market. We walked from one end of the village to the far end along a winding red dirt road. The grounds were attractively landscaped with shrubs, trees, pools, lagoons, and flowers.

The mid-day sun bore down on us with equatorial strength and it was not long until all seven of us were turning beet red. We must have walked nearly a mile in that blazing heat, and all were overjoyed to see our air conditioned van waiting for us at the end of the road. We breathed a huge sigh of relief to know that we would not have to walk all the way back to the starting point. I think the entire tour group was silently debating the wisdom of the trip. We had

spent nearly 2½ hours in horrendous traffic to reach the sight, spent about 1½ hours at the site, and another 1½ hours getting back to our hotel. Lowell and I had seen more on our previous visit to Bangkok, including a much larger floating market.

We were tired enough that we did not feel like searching for a restaurant. Besides we were not feeling hungry. A snack in the room sufficed. I washed my hair, showered, and we were happy to turn in early.

Sunday, February 20

We enjoyed a relaxed morning over breakfast in the coffee shop. The waiter already knew I was going to ask for a plate of pineapple. Lowell commented, "When the waiter knows what you want before you order, it's time to move on." We finished packing and departed for the airport via hotel taxi at 10:00. Our Thai Airways flight didn't leave until 12:20, so we found an English newspaper and learned to our delight that Bonnie Blair, Champaign, Illinois, had won the gold in the 500-meter ice skating race in the Olympics.

Our plane was an airbus and it was loaded. We were served a light lunch of sweet and sour duck, rice, Coke, juice and coffee. Quite nice compared to most tourist class meals. We arrived in Chaing Mai at 1:30, and our suitcase was already on the baggage carousel. The welcoming people from the conference were ready and waiting. Each of us received a large corsage of orchids. Mine was a large purple butterfly orchid with baby's breath and greenery. Lowell's was a lovely white orchid nesting in a spray of tiny yellow orchids. The conference van whisked us quickly to the Chaing Mai Orchid Hotel, with people rushing to assist with luggage. Registration was quick and simple and we were escorted to our room. To our surprise, a basket of fruit was waiting for us on the table, with a note welcoming us to the hotel. We unpacked before searching for the conference registration desk, and then went back to our room to get ready for the evening reception.

The reception was a lavish affair around the pool and the adjoining ballroom. Table after table were filled with a huge variety of dishes. There were hot and cold main dishes, as well as a table of fruit and desserts. The tables were decorated with mountains of flowers and several ice sculptures. A Thai band played as we visited with old friends and introduced ourselves to new ones. Lowell and I faded quite early, because Lowell still needed to do more work on his speech. I showered and went to bed.

Monday, February 21

I awoke at 1:00 a.m. and couldn't get back to sleep. I finally gave up and got up at 6:00 to enjoy a huge buffet breakfast. Since we were early, we avoided some of the crowd, and had extra time to get ready for the opening ceremonies of the conference.

We had been told to be in our seats by 8:30 because the princess would arrive at the auditorium at 9:00. Luckily, we were ushered to the third row, right behind the dignitaries attending

the conference. Directly in front of us was a raised platform with a mural of scenes of Thailand behind it. On either side were flags from all the countries represented at the conference. To the left hung a large pale lavender banner with the Royal Crest of Thailand in gold. On center stage was a gold chair, on the right a small table with a gold cloth and to the left a low table covered in pale pink and holding the award plaques to be presented by the princess. Six chairs had been placed in a row behind the table. Beautiful flowers and greenery banked the lavender, blue, and gold draped stage. On the floor and in front of the stage was another gold chair with six plain chairs behind. The gold chair faced a flower-banked podium. The opening session of the conference was going to be a very moving program, with all the decorations, the awards ceremony, and the Royal Princess gracing the assembly with her presence.

The auditorium was filled with over 1000 people by my estimate. Hordes of media people scurried about, taking photographs of everything and jockeying for position in readiness for the appearance of the Royal entourage. Promptly at 9:00 a.m. the doors opened, the Thai national anthem burst forth, and we all rose to our feet. At that moment, in walked the Princess, accompanied by a high ranking military officer and four ladies in waiting. Immediately behind them walking two by two by two came a cadre of military aides. The Princess, dressed in a shimmering typical Thai dress, walked sedately to the gold chair on the floor in front of the raised stage. The ladies in waiting all wore identical white dresses. We all remained standing until the National Anthem was completed, then all seated as if on cue.

Someone from the Thailand organizing committee gave a short welcome, and introduced the rest of his committee. As each committee member was introduced, they stood and bowed graciously to the Princess. Dr. Robert Howell (our next door neighbor in Urbana, and head of the University of Illinois' Agronomy Department) was given credit for organizing the first World Soybean Conference in 1976. Lowell also had been on that committee and had edited the 1073 pages in the book of proceedings. This was the fifth of many conferences scheduled for every even numbered year.

At this point in the program, the lights were turned low and a brief film was shown on a giant screen to our left. The film related the history of the growth and contributions of the development of soybeans around the world, giving a lot of credit to the United States, even though wild varieties of soybeans were first found in China, and brought to the United States in the cuff of a sailor's pants.

The lights came on and the Princess stood and so did all the audience. She proceeded to the steps and mounted the platform, followed by the four ladies in waiting and two aides. The Princess was dressed in a grape-colored pleated skirt and a purple silk jacket, shot through with silver threads. She sat in the chair and the audience followed suit, as she placed her hand bag on the gold cloth covered table. Two young girls dressed in white suits and shoes came on stage, curtsied, and dropped to their knees. They went quickly from kneeling to prostrate, with their hands placed forward and their heads nearly touching the floor. I was reminded of the scenes in

“The King and I.”

One of the girls picked up a plaque from the table with the pale pink cover, placed it on a small gold standard, and handed it to the other girl standing closer to the Princess. Still on her knees, she offered it to the Princess. The award recipient walked forward to stand before the Princess, bowed, took two more steps, and knelt. He stood as the Princess handed him the award, then bowed again, took three steps back, then bowed a third time before turning and walking off the stage. This process was repeated with each of the awards. All the women recipients curtsied and all the men bowed when approaching the Princess. Even the news men bowed every time they approached her.

The two girls on the stage, still kneeling, took several steps backward on their knees, then stood, curtsied, and stepped from the stage. When the Princess stood, all of us rose to our feet and remained standing while a gold microphone with the royal crest was placed on the podium before her. Her welcoming speech included several comments about the importance of soybeans and this conference to the world. Her knowledge of agriculture was not surprising. Her father, King Bhumibol, was very active in improving Thai agriculture, including experimental cloud seeding for increased rainfall in the drought plagued regions of the northeast. The extensive grounds associated with the palace contained test plots of rice for testing new varieties and his own herd of dairy cows. Of course he and Queen Sirikit were important figures in the seasonal robing ceremonies for the Emerald Buddha.

The national anthem began again as the Princess left the stage and walked from the room, with the ladies-in-waiting following her. Behind them came the two aides, followed by a man in uniform carrying a small gold object. We never could determine the significance of the object. The conference participants had stood when the national anthem began, and moved out of their chairs when the Princess left the room. We were served coffee, cold drinks, mini cream puffs, and small white cakes, while the Princess and entourage proceeded downstairs to cut the ribbon opening the exhibits. Hundreds of school children were seated about the exhibit room waiting for the princess to arrive. Many were wearing native dresses. The Princess walked about the room, viewing the exhibits, seeming to be genuinely interested in the research on soybeans being conducted at universities, industry, and government agencies from many different countries. She had a degree in Home Economics, and sponsored a program to improve the nutrition of the Thai people.

The military presence was heavy. This had given us a chill as we walked to the auditorium through groups of heavily armed soldiers. These were obviously security personnel, and took their job seriously, given the stern and forbidding expressions on their faces. I thought it appropriate the Princess have a military guard for security, even though a conference of professors was not likely to contain anything more dangerous than a few radical ideas!!

We followed the entourage through halls decorated with flowers and plants, edged with stones, but the material around them was soybeans — not gravel. Figurines of elephants, birds

and other animals all gold and glitter, were placed among the arrangements all bowing or kneeling. In the exhibit hall, we looked at some of the posters highlighting research being conducted by students and professors, each hoping his or her exhibit might win the "Best Poster Award." As we stepped into the elevator to go down to the first floor we discovered it was the same one used by the Princess. It was draped in white and lavender satin.

We stepped outside to watch her depart after spending a considerable time viewing the exhibits. She moved slowly among the children gathered around the door and some of them presented her with flowers as she moved toward the waiting Chevrolet Suburban van. Just before entering, she stopped to visit with the Minister of Agriculture, who had been waiting at the van, hoping for an opportunity to make his presence known. Perhaps he was hoping to discuss an agricultural issue with the Princess, for they visited for quite some time, while the ladies-in-waiting stood at the open car door for them to finish.

A contingent of military, in camouflage uniforms, were stationed a short distance away, and snapped to attention as the van and the caravan of vehicles moved slowly from the door and into the street. We returned to the hotel and called United Airlines. We successfully changed our departure to an earlier flight from Chiang Mai to Bangkok so we would not be so late checking into our hotel at the airport on Saturday. They readily moved us from 5:35 p.m. departure to 12:30 and gave us our seat assignments. Sometimes a simple phone call produces the desired results in flight changes — other times you can move heaven and earth and fail to even change a seat assignment!

We had a huge lunch of Thai food and returned to our room, where I finally had a few moments to bring my notes up to date. Lowell departed for the hotel next door, to give his afternoon presentation on the need for more uniformity in grades for soybeans among the exporting and importing countries of the world. He returned a little before six.

A little before seven o'clock we walked to the hotel next door, and found the banquet room. We were surprised to find a lot of people already seated. An orchestra provided a variety of background music. Food booths set around the perimeter of the area, featured cuisine typical of different regions of the country. Each booth was artistically decorated and hostesses were in dress typical of the region they represented. Interspersed among the round dinner tables, were more tables piled high with salads, fruit, and pastries.

When everyone was stuffed till they could eat no more, a Thai band began to play and we were treated to a wonderful program performed by Thai dancers. The first half of the program included the graceful, traditional candle dance, the parasol dance, the drum dance, the butterfly dance, and several others. At this point, the symphony took over and we watched the traditional combined with contemporary. There was a lot of ballet training in evidence in a very modern dance number. The final dance returned to the more traditional, with drums beating a rapid rhythm for the whirling dancers. As the performers took their last bows, the music rang out with the national anthem and all of us rose to our feet and stood at attention. This beautiful evening

had been sponsored by the Royal Thai government, including engraved invitations given to each participant in the conference.

It was after 10:00 before we went to bed, and much longer before the excitement of the evening simmered down enough to allow sleep to close our eyes.

Tuesday, February 22

We slept a little longer this morning. Lowell had arranged to meet Dusit, another of his graduate students now with the university in Chiang Mai, in the hotel lobby, at 10:30. Dusit had remained interested in research in grain marketing and Lowell wanted to discuss some mutual interests in the international grain trade. Following another huge buffet lunch, Aree and Songsak (both Lowell's students when they were at the U of I, and now involved with the academic institutions in Chiang Mai) came to the hotel to pick us up and drive us to the University. They hadn't seemed to have changed one bit since we last saw them during our first visit to Thailand in 1988. Aree was her same sweet self. She gave me the traditional bow, then reached out and grabbed both my hands in hers.

As soon as we were in her office, Aree brought us coffee, a sweet ginger soup which was very hot, and a plate of sweet tidbits. The latter were made of sweet bean paste, formed into the shape of flowers. All the food was delicious, but we were still so overstuffed from the hotel buffet, it was difficult to consume as much as she would have liked.

Aree and Songsak led us to the conference room to meet eight or ten students and another faculty member. Lowell spent about an hour discussing marketing principles with them. Aree said there would have been a larger crowd, but we had arrived during exams. One young woman talked at some length with Lowell about the procedures for admission to graduate school at the University of Illinois.

Formalities over, Aree and Songsak drove us around the campus and then up to the National Park for a view overlooking the city of Chiang Mai nestled in the valley below. Back in the van, they returned us to the hotel, with instructions that she would pick us up for dinner at 7:00. Promptly at 7:00 Aree arrived along with Mr. and Mrs Songsak, to drive us to a newly opened restaurant. Dusit and his eight-year old son joined us at the restaurant. The menu was strictly Thai, with some very hot dishes, but also a selection more suited to our "tender" palates. It was a most enjoyable evening, discussing old times in Urbana, as well as exchanging information about current and future activities.

From the main dining area we were escorted to an area, something like a hotel lobby, where we were comfortably seated among plants, flowers, and water fountains. A pianist, organist, and two singers entertained us while we dined on coffee, fruit, and small assorted cakes. They returned us to the hotel at 10:00, and said "goodnight" after making arrangements for Aree to pick us up for a little shopping the next morning. The weather has been wonderfully pleasant; warm but dry. There was a lot of smoky haze in the air from farmers burning



Palace compound



Re-created Ancient City



Reflection pond in the Ancient City



Home in the Hill tribe village



Weaving grass for thatch roof



UNICEF
school
children

off the rice fields and many forest fires in the mountains — more about those fires in the days ahead.

Wednesday, February 23

We came down to breakfast, once more astonished at the quantity, quality, and diversity of food on the buffet — unbelievable! Aree arrived at 10:30 and drove us to a jewelry store. We were looking for a stone for Jack Everly to give to his wife Donna. He had requested we search for a special gift, but had also specified a maximum price. Unfortunately, those two requirements were not compatible. Everything we found was terribly expensive. We continued on to a wood carving shop and bought two wooden fish and a carved elephant. Aree took us back to the hotel and insisted on buying lunch for us before departing for her afternoon duties at her office. We spent the afternoon doing some shopping for ourselves and generally “taking it easy.” This was our first evening to relax since arriving in Thailand seven days ago. We took advantage of the opportunity to read, shower, and retire for an early night. We knew there would be busy days ahead.

Thursday, February 24

Last night we had signed up for a tour to the Hill Tribes, departing the hotel at 8:00. We rose early to be ready for a full day. Unfortunately, the bus did not show until 9:00. This turned out to be a most unproductive day. First, the bus was too crowded. There were three men and five women crammed into a very small mini bus. The men’s heads touched the top of the bus if they sat upright. The saving grace was the girl guide, who was pleasant and tried to compensate. The drive north out of Chiang Mai wound past harvested rice paddies, toward distant mountains rising through the blue smoky haze. We passed a Buddha shrine and temple perched high on the top of a hill. As we proceeded upward on the narrow, curving mountain road, we could see small forest fires scattered across the side of the mountains. Everything was very dry. Many of the trees were bare; a few still clung to the last of their brown dry leaves. This was the end of the winter season, and a few trees were showing early spring blossoms. Some, resembling our dogwood, were scattered along the side of the road and up the side of the mountain, thrusting their blossoms upward through the bare trees. When we reached the crest of the mountain, our guide told us we had reached the division between the provinces of Chiang Mai and Chiang Rai. Soon after entering Chiang Rai Province, we arrived at a small village of the Hill tribes, who were descendants of people from Tibet.

This was a small village and the families looked to be very poor. They were living in open wood shacks, mounted on stilts. Under each shack were one or more pigs tied to a rope, and several dogs running in and out. Three adult women and three small children were seated on a low platform in front of one of the shacks. The older woman sat at a very crude loom. The warp was held tight by a wide strip of water buffalo hide strapped around the woman’s back. The

shuttle was a crude stick. Her beater was a board. She was wearing a piece of bright red cotton material, and happily smoking a pipe. These were a sweet, quiet, gentle, and shy people. They returned our smiles, but made no effort to show us their crafts, or ask us to buy anything, until our guide asked if they had anything to show us. Only then did they bring out a few crudely woven pieces they had made.

At the second house, the woman showed us a lovely piece she had woven — red with a slight design of white and blue and black stripe. They raised their own cotton, spun and dyed it, then wove it into cloth. I bought a length about 1½ yards long for only \$8.00. Our guide said we should bargain for a lower price, but Lowell said he wasn't about to press for a few dollars less when she and her family needed the money so badly, and had put so much work into the creation of the piece. Ducks, chickens, and geese wandered freely through the village, scratching for bugs and worms in the dust. Nearly every house had a pig on a leash, hoping I'm sure, for a scrap to be dropped from the floor above. They were ugly, misshapen beasts to say the least. Their genealogy, if they had any, must certainly have traced quickly back to the jungle.

There was evidence of missionary work among the tribes. The village contained a small church, also on stilts, but complete with a crudely constructed cross on top. The primitive community toilet was a recent addition, a step above their previous one comprised of a trip to the forest. Clothes washing and bathing were done in a stream running through a ravine some thirty feet or more below the village down a steep winding path. Everyone, including the children, seemed clean, but I don't know how that was accomplished in all the dust that covered the entire floor of the village. In the rainy season it must have been a sea of mud.

We returned to our van and proceeded northward to the next village. As we passed through a small town there was a "POP" and our van came to a halt. We all disembarked and our driver said it was a belt, but he could fix it. "It won't take me long," he assured us. We started our wait at 10:30 in front of a Singer Sewing store. The store was open to the street and the proprietor graciously invited us to use the seating area in front of the store. True to Thai hospitality, he immediately brought each of us a glass of cold water. At 11:30 one of the ladies suggested that we eat our box lunches to save time after we continued on our journey. We agreed that was a wise suggestion and opened our boxes to find a huge lunch of ham and cheese sandwiches, fried chicken leg, a big container of fresh pineapple, a tangerine, a banana, two pieces of cake, a hard cooked egg, and sweetened fermented milk of unknown origin. It was far more than we could consume. Finally our tour guide put out a desperate call to the company headquarters asking them to send another van. There was another van in the general vicinity and it was dispatched to pick us up and take us to the next village, while our driver continued to work on "fixing" a broken belt. I have no idea how he thought he could repair a broken belt.

The replacement van finally arrived and we all found seats. Once through the town, we left the main road and drove farther up the mountainside on a bright red dusty road. This village

was larger than the others, but built much as the previous ones. This village was a little more commercialized and ready for tourists. Their crafts were on display and the ladies were not hesitant to urge us to buy, competing with one another for our attention (and dollars?). I selected a pillow cover at one of the displays, paying only \$4.00. Their prices were low in baht and the good exchange rate (about 25 baht to the dollar) made these purchases cheap for us and a boon to their poor economy. The exchange rate must be controlled by the government since the rate was nearly identical to that during our first trip in 1988.

At one of the stops along the path through the village, a young woman was seated on the ground making thatch for “a new roof” she told us. She was using long grasses, soaked in water and knotted over a light bamboo stick, forming this into a sheath. Each sheath was about five feet long with grass hanging about 36 inches.

We meandered briefly about the village, and then returned to our van. We had been rejoicing in our good fortune, because the replacement van was larger, cleaner, and cooler than the original one lying dead back in the last town. But our joy was short-lived. We were taken back to the old van, still lying in pieces in the dusty street. “Only five minutes more” our driver assured us. We begged the other driver to take us the rest of our journey, but he said he had another tour group waiting for him back in Chiang Mai. “Take us with you” we pleaded, but our guide would not permit that. We stood in the dust and forlornly watched him disappear into the distance. Thirty minutes later we heard our van cough and sputter to life. We all piled in — hot, dusty, and tired. The van chugged slowly along, with an asthmatic cough for about a half mile and died again: this time in front of a police station. Again the local hospitality rescued us as they kindly offered us a place to sit in the shade and brought us cold water to drink. Our guide resorted to her cell phone once more, and called for another back up van. It was nearly four o’clock when it showed up. Guess what — the air conditioner went out within a few minutes after we hit the road. The ever optimistic driver said all it needed was an air filter and since he was nearly out of gas he would fix it at the first gas station.

By the time we were back on the road, we were all complaining. Our guide said, “Not to worry, we have only two more stops scheduled for today.” With one voice, we said, “Forget the stops. Just take us back to the hotel in Chiang Mai. We have a banquet to attend at 7:00.” She reluctantly agreed, but still insisted we stop at a basket market “just for 10 minutes.” By now we had little enthusiasm for looking and even less for buying.

We arrived at the hotel at 6:45 with just barely enough time to shower and change before dinner. We made it to the banquet hall in the hotel next door, just on the dot of 7:00, all a little breathless and hair-do not quite as perfect as we might wish. The banquet was held on the open terrace around the pool on the seventh floor. Round tables with white cloths and napkins were placed around three sides of the pool. A large stage was set up at the far end. To the right side of the stage a Thai band in native costumes was playing traditional Thai music. We were escorted to our table at once and served cold drinks. Also at our table were several Americans and

Australians. Our table was only a short distance from the stage and next to the rose bordered pool. The visual enchantment was enhanced by the fragrance of the beds of roses.

As soon as we were comfortably seated, the Thai waiters urged us to help ourselves to the buffet tables. What a feast! There were long tables of western food, tables of Thai food, tables of Chinese, Japanese, Vietnamese, and some tables where I did not recognize the country of origin. As if that were not enough, scattered among the “eating tables” were tables of salad, fabulous assorted fruits, and pastries. Every table was adorned with flowers and huge ice sculptures. As soon as we finished one plate of food, a waiter whisked the plate from the table, and we were urged to go back for more. Our glasses were never allowed to go empty.

The program began as soon as everyone had stuffed themselves to the point of misery. The program began with cultural dances — all with dancers in colorful costumes. The girls were so pretty; any of them could have won a beauty contest. Following the dancing, we were treated to a special musical drama. Prior to our Conference, this drama had only been performed for the royal family. The costumes were very ornate, with glittering stones and sequins and braid on rich colorful fabrics. As the last dance came to a close, a full moon shone down from a deep blue sky. A gentle warm breeze rippled the water in the pool. The lights of the city shone faintly, and on the far horizon we could see the last fading colors of the reds and golds of a sunset, made to order for the occasion. The orchestra struck up the national anthem and everyone stood at attention. Suddenly the blue velvet sky exploded with brilliant flashes of a fireworks extravaganza. For the finale, across the top of a nearby building, a burst of sparkling stars spelled out the words “Farewell. Come back again.” It had been a special farewell indeed. All of this surely would be a hard act to follow wherever the next World Soybean Conference would be held.

We returned to our room, tired but entranced with the events of the day and the excitement of the farewell banquet. We certainly needed a good night’s rest.

Friday, February 25

Despite the exhausting day on Thursday, we were up early for our 7:00 a.m. departure on a tour to the Golden Triangle. We were relieved to see a full sized, air conditioned bus pull up in front of the hotel, instead of yesterday’s van, and just hoped they could keep this one running all the way. There were about 24 men and women on the tour. They were all participants in the conference and very congenial. It was 7:30 before the guide was able to locate everyone and usher them into their seats.

The bus headed out of town on the same road we had taken the day before. A blue smoky haze hung low and heavy across the landscape. It was a long but uneventful trip to the city of Chiang Rai, which we reached in late morning. We were still a long way from our destination of the first Hill Tribe. Our guide directed us to waiting pickups for the next leg of the trip. The pickup was covered with canvas, and we were loaded ten to a pickup, seated on narrow benches

on either side. Then up the dusty road we went. The village was much larger than the previous ones we had visited. We were immediately surrounded by vendors, young and old, selling their crafts. Crafts displayed in open tents lined the streets. We walked freely in and out among all the vendors and through the village. Chickens, pigs, dogs, and children were running all around us, all playing in the same dust and dirt. At the far end of the village was a small school run by UNICEF. It was encouraging to know that the pennies collected for UNICEF by school children in the United States (especially at Halloween) had in fact provided real help. A group of children were bouncing around outside, where bowls of noodles were being served for their lunch. Our guide showed us a box for contributions to help pay for more rice for the children. Because some of us dropped several Baht into the box (equivalent to about one U.S. dollar) our guide said the children had offered to sing and dance for us, to show their appreciation. They quickly donned native costumes richly embroidered with bright colors and bounced around like a bunch of dusty puppies. It appeared to be an improvised dance and performance. A young girl approached us wanting to sell woven bookmarks. When we gave her 10 baht, she fairly danced with joy, expressing her appreciation in quite good English. We bought three dolls, a set of three lacquer bowls, and a couple of tote bags for grandchildren, Meredith and Ryan.

It was time to leave and our guide herded us back into our respective pickups. We were hurled back down the mountain in a cloud of dust. The transfer from the back of a pickup to our clean air-conditioned bus was a welcome change. Back on the cool bus again, the guide gave all of us some handi-wipes to remove a little of the dust clinging to hands and clothes, and then handed out very welcome cold drinks. The bus moved out again and headed for the next stop. We went through the ancient city of Chiang Saen (over 700 years old) and were soon in sight of the wide Mekong River. Just across the River we could see Laos.

Someone, who apparently had been reading a guide book we missed, asked the guide if we could take one of the long boats from this point to the Golden Triangle on the water. Our guide said it was possible, but it was not included in our tour: it would cost 600 baht (about \$25.00) per person. We all quickly agreed we wanted to do it. With our money in hand we quickly scrambled down the bank to the docked "long boats." They were like flat little skiffs, just barely above the water, pointed in front, with a motor attached to the back of the boat. They were long enough to seat six people, plus the "captain." Lowell and I chose the narrow flat front seat, but when they decided they needed more weight in the back because we had only five passengers instead of the full load of six, we moved back one seat.

Our driver sped us across the river to the Laos side, where there were water buffalo in the water and on the bank. We turned and headed directly towards another boat. In it was our tour guide, who had decided earlier not to spend the 600 baht. He must have changed his mind and decided to join us. The boat pulled alongside us, and he scrambled in beside me, with our boat tipping precariously close to dipping water. He was a very pleasant young man and I was happy to have him beside me, because he gave me a running description of everything we were

seeing. Passengers in the other boats had to make their own interpretations. High on the Laos banks were some shacks and he told me these were used by smugglers, doing business with Thailand. All along the banks we saw women washing clothes in the river, while naked brown children splashed about in the shallow water. At one place, a young woman washed clothes while two small children played in the water and two water buffalo stood neck deep in the water beside them. The current was swift and the water brown and dirty. I wondered about the safety of those children playing in such a dangerous spot.

Some distance up the river, we approached the banks of Burma. We were in the famed Golden Triangle, facing Burma, with Thailand on our left and Laos on our right. Our guide motioned for our driver to continue on up the river between Burma and Laos. A huge casino was being built on the Burma side. It was quite a contrast to the shacks and poverty of the many poor Chinese refugees living on the Laos side. Our guide kept us close to the Laos bank as he thought Burma might not be very friendly, considering the smuggling activity.

We returned to our starting point on the Thai mainland and the boat tied to the dock. We scrambled across a wobbly bamboo dock and up a steep bank, with a view across the river. After a few photos, we walked on up the hill to the upper balcony of a restaurant for our lunch. It was already 2:00 p.m. — well past my lunch time, but it had been too intriguing to think about food. We were served an excellent Chinese meal.

Back in the bus, we headed for the ancient village we had passed through earlier in the day. We toured the ruins of an ancient temple, then back on the bus for the long ride back to Chiang Mai. It was a pleasant trip. The temperature was very comfortable, the sun was shining, and the scenery interesting. Many of the rice paddies had now been harvested, and there were soybean plots, as well as corn and vegetables in the valleys between the mountains.

The sun was sinking below the mountains when we reached the hot springs — the last item on our itinerary. We were still about one and a half hours from Chiang Mai. There were lots of craft booths scattered along the river. Two of the hot springs were walled up with stones. Girls were lowering baskets of chicken and quail eggs into the water to cook. This demonstrated the high temperature of the water and also made a good “tourist” attraction as the girls then offered the cooked eggs for a few baht. We spent less than 30 minutes walking among the crafts and springs, and then returned to our bus as it was nearly dark. As we sped through the darkness, we could see fires blazing on the hillsides, reaching ever higher up the side of the mountains. It was illegal to burn the trees and vegetation, but we suspected some had been deliberately set. There were too many small fires to believe they were accidental or lightning strikes. I had read in the paper the government was concerned that poachers and hill tribes were setting fires to clear more land for their “slash and burn” farming strategy. I had previously noticed the erosion on the denuded mountain sides, and other evidence that when the land was beyond production, the hill farmers would abandon the site, clear another plot, and repeat the process.



Child in the UNICEF village



Children playing in river



Waiting to board the boat in Chiang Rai



Water buffalo carefully tended



We disembarked on a narrow pier



Cooking quail eggs in the hot springs

As we entered an intersection in Chiang Mai, we came upon a horrible scene. A motorcycle had been hit and glass was strewn all around the street. A young man had been thrown at least 30 feet from the motorcycle, his head striking the cement center median. He was not moving. Cars and buses drove around the scene and continued on their way. Some people were standing at a distance just looking. We saw no evidence that anyone was taking any action or offering to help. It was quite horrible and left all of us shaken. Our bus skirted the glass-strewn area and, like all the others, continued on toward our destination. It was 8:00 when we reached the hotel. We were not hungry, so proceeded to pack, shower, and fall into bed at 10:00.

Saturday, February 26

This was our last opportunity to enjoy the sumptuous breakfasts served by our hotel. We joined two Australians at a table, and combined a leisurely breakfast with interesting conversation about the country, the conference, and their backgrounds. We agreed we had certainly been well-fed — six big breakfasts, six buffet lunches, and three huge banquets.

We returned to our room to finish packing, then crossed the street to the Thai silk shop to buy “just a few more” gifts. Lowell even agreed to buy two really nice silk neckties. The conference organizers were providing transportation for everyone from the hotel to the airport. Our van departed at 10:30 and our plane departed for Bangkok promptly. It was only a 40 minute flight, but our Thai stewardesses managed to serve us lunch and drinks before landing at the Bangkok Airport.

We were surprised to discover a welcome sign from the Chaing Mai Soybean Conference, offering all who had been at the Chiang Mai conference, a ride to their hotels. The organizers certainly went the extra mile to anticipate and accommodate every need. The vans were waiting to transport us to the Amari airport hotel. Cheryl, our travel agent in Urbana, had been instructed to find us the lowest rate accommodation. So it was a major surprise when we found ourselves in a very luxurious suite with a balcony, on the top floor of the hotel. There was a huge basket of fruit and candy, and there were vases filled with orchids around the room. We ate some of the fruit, then went downstairs to look in the shops. We found a topaz stone for Jack Everly. We had looked in vain in the Chiang Mai shops to fill his request, (something special, but not expensive) but this stone seemed to meet his criteria for the gift for his wife, Donna. We decided on a sandwich in the coffee shop before returning to our room. There was no end to their hospitality — we found another fruit basket and a plate of chocolates on the table. We went to bed early, as we would need to be up by 5:00 a.m. for our early departure.

Sunday, February 27

We had breakfast in the executive club room in the airport hotel — another perk we had not expected. We took the overhead walkway to the terminal and appreciated a very fast check-in. This resulted in a long wait until time to board. Our plane departed at 8:30 and landed in

Taipei three hours later. I bought a doll during our 2-hour wait for our plane to San Francisco. Lowell's United Airlines Premier card (obtained through the many long flights associated with his research) had been a great help in giving us early boarding and seat preferences. We were in A and C with the middle seat, B, being empty. With three seats to share, we were quite comfortable for the long flight over the ocean.

We arrived in San Francisco on schedule — a little after 9:00 p.m. We waited and waited for our bags to come off the carousel. Other passengers picked up their bags and departed one by one till there were only a few people left. I could not help but fear the worst. However, just as the baggage belt was slowing to a stop, I finally caught a glimpse of that familiar bag, almost the last one to emerge. Passport control people were very pleasant and we breezed through customs with no questions asked. The plane for Chicago departed on time despite warnings of possible delays at O'Hare. To our surprise we landed at O'Hare 20 minutes early.

We were welcomed by deep snow everywhere. Chicago had had 14 inches. When we finally retrieved our luggage, it was a long cold wait at the curb for the Holiday Inn shuttle. At their parking lot, we found our car nearly buried in snow. By the time we dug our way out, it was 6:15 p.m. and we still had a long drive ahead. The traffic was light at this time of day, and we were home by 9:00. Our kind neighbors, the Axfords, had cleared our drive way and we were able to drive into our welcome garage. After 30 hours without sleep, we were looking forward to our warm beds. But we had one more shocking surprise. When we closed the front storm door two weeks ago, the lock had been accidentally turned. There was no way to enter the front door. The door from the garage to the house was easily unlocked, but it had been secured with a dead bolt as well. Lowell decided to force the door, splitting the woodwork. "Repairing the door is better than standing out here in the cold," he remarked and put his shoulder to the door.

We were certainly happy to be home.

Russia

May 12 - June 3, 1994



Russia

1994

In 1994 the Russian grain industry was struggling with the transition from strict government controls to a system of markets free of government regulation. Many former republics had withdrawn from the USSR and perestroika was underway in Russia. The privatization of industries had left many in various stages of disarray. With the withdrawal of all government controls over the grain industry, many men and women were searching for a role in buying and selling grain. Allan Mustard in the Foreign Agricultural Service, USDA asked Lowell to organize an educational program for potential grain traders in Russia. Following several meetings in Washington, D.C. with representatives from the Russian Academy of Science and the USDA, Lowell recommended a series of workshops in Russia for up to 300 people involved in the production and marketing of grains, followed by an intensive course in the United States for a small group selected from the participants in the workshops. The Russian Academy of Science would be a “partner” in conducting the program, with Sergey (head of the Agribusiness Department) in charge, and Dimitri, and his staff handling local arrangements and finding Russian lecturers to complement those from the U.S. universities.

The final plan for the Commodity Exchange Program (with the acronym COMEX) included four trips to Russia where Americans and Russians would conduct two back-to-back, 1-week workshops with 30 Russians invited to each. At the end of the two workshops, Lowell and Dmitri were to select ten people to attend a 2-week intensive program in the United States. There were to be four of these intensive workshops — two at the University of Illinois and two at North Dakota State University.

I was delighted when Lowell asked me to help with the organization and the daily problems of what would clearly be a complex program. This would be an opportunity to learn about Russian culture and observe the process of change from years of living under communism and collective farms. This was especially exciting now that the Berlin Wall had fallen, the former Soviet Union was disintegrating into several individual countries, and there were great expectations for developing a free market philosophy in Russia. It would be a unique opportunity to observe differences between our own society and that of a country just now emerging from centuries of czars and dictatorships. In most of our previous trips I had found the “real” people to have many of the same goals and aspirations of people in the USA, once I was able to move past government bureaucrats into the private lives and homes of the people. It was with similar expectations that I joined Lowell in the training programs involving men and women interested

in learning the basics of grain marketing during the workshops in Russia and the intensive educational programs scheduled for Illinois.

Participants attending the eight workshops in Russia provided many insights into the current attitudes and customs and the inner turmoil as they tried to move toward a democracy while holding on to many of the old ways and beliefs with which they had grown up. I learned we were alike in many ways but I also discovered some interesting differences.

While working in Moscow, we were slightly offended at first, but later amused at their approach when requesting payment from the project funds. Whenever they thought they were due for reimbursement they would come to Lowell and say, "You must pay!" It was never "It is time for payment" or "Could you provide us with our funds?" No. It was always the same curt "You must pay!" We learned to accept that was their way of asking and no offense was intended. The message was a little stronger in a small hotel in Moscow. We expected that we would settle the hotel bill at the end of our stay. Instead, at the end of our first day, we were handed a note saying, "You must pay now or we will lock you out of your room."

When the first group came to Urbana we were in for many surprises. The group was overwhelmed with the different way of life — the number of goods in the shops, the freedom to come and go among towns without showing passports, the smiles and greetings from strangers. We invited them to our home for an evening and they immediately wanted to know how the house and the furnishings were constructed. They were so curious about the draperies at our bow window that (without asking) one lady stood on a chair at the window in order to examine the draperies and pull-cords in detail. The men were amazed one thermostat controlled both heating and cooling and insisted on going to the basement to examine the furnace, the pipes, and the duct work. None of this was prefaced by "May I?" — just, "I want to see."

Things got a little more complicated. The manager of the hotel called Lowell late one evening to inform him that "members of your group are swimming in our hotel pool with no bathing suits." Lowell was able to contact the official translator for the team and ask him to explain that swimming nude was not the custom in America.

Yury was another challenge. He was probably the oldest in the group, was president of a large firm and had grown up under the Communist regime. He was often late to appointments, always gruff and complaining, and kept asking "Why are you Americans trying to teach us how to buy grain?" He was clearly suspicious we had ulterior motives and "evil intentions."

Material goods seemed in short supply in Russia and the group went wild in all the malls. They were amazed at all the goods available in the shops and in general made it clear they would rather go shopping than visit another grain elevator. Lowell finally appeased them by promising that his driver (Steve) would take them all to the big mall in Bloomington on Sunday. Steve dropped them at the mall and all agreed upon a time and place where they would meet to return home. The appointed time came and everyone was there except Yury. Fifteen minutes went by, then 30 minutes and still no Yury. How many times this past week had the

group waited on Yury to come sauntering in, indifferent to the inconvenience it caused Lowell and the rest of the group?

Steve went back into the mall and by questioning at the shops found that “Yes, there had been a short, stout man who spoke with a funny accent, buying clothes and jewelry.” But still he was nowhere to be found. Steve explained the situation to security and gave them his cell phone number. Back in the bus the group took a vote (they were beginning to understand democracy after all) as to what they should do. The vote came out unanimous: “Leave him!” Steve reluctantly started home with the van. Twenty miles later his cell phone rang. The security guard had found Yury. It was time for another vote as to whether to return for Yury. The result was the same: “Let him find his own way home.” Steve told the security guard to order a taxi and be sure the driver knew where he was to deliver his Russian passenger. Yury arrived back at the hotel, very subdued and \$100.00 poorer! It was a lesson well learned. Never again was Yury late for an appointment.

But Yury gave me one more surprise. The last day of the program at a farewell event, Yury came up to me and said “Now I know why you and your husband are doing all this work for us. It’s because you want to make the world a better place.” He handed me a Russian stack doll with a Christian motif. I often wonder if his experience in Urbana resulted in a permanent change in his view of America.

The preceding paragraphs provide background for the reader as to the reasons for our first trip to Russia and will identify the major “players” in the ensuing adventures.

Thursday, May 12

This was a beautiful morning to start our first trip to Russia. Spring had arrived in the Midwest, turning the grass green with spring blossoms and creating a new world filled with colors. However, our attention was turned toward Russia, wondering if the weather would be cold and damp or more like spring in Urbana. Since we suspected it could be somewhat cool we carried our all weather coats, complete with inner-linings. We departed Urbana for Chicago about 10:15, in a rental car in order to make the 4:55 departure on Lufthansa airlines. We arrived in Chicago a little after two o’clock, returned the rental car, and caught the National Car shuttle to the new international terminal. Check-in was much faster than we had anticipated. It left us with a long wait before boarding time. We boarded on time and pushed back from the gate only to have the crew discover we did not have a workable P.A. system. After almost one hour delay on the ground, the P.A. system was repaired and the Lufthansa air bus took off for Frankfurt, Germany. The air bus was not a very comfortable aircraft. The seats were narrow and hard as a board. In addition to our discomfort there was a noisy family seated behind us. The two children kicked the seats most of the trip. The father and grandfather were even more obnoxious than the children; conversing in loud voices all night long when everyone else was trying to sleep. Only mother and baby were quiet.

Friday, May 13

We arrived in Frankfurt 45 minutes late. Fortunately, we had another hour and a half before our connecting flight departed for Moscow. The weather was clear as we crossed Germany, Poland and Latvia, giving us a good view of the changing landscape below. Our first glimpse of Russia was a patchwork of fields and forest with yellow roads winding across the landscape.

We landed at the international airport outside of Moscow. It seemed surprisingly quiet compared to American airports near major cities. As we taxied to the gate I was struck by the rusty red color of all the walkways and wondered if this was a deliberate choice of color. We de-planed rather rapidly and entered a glassed in walkway to the terminal. My first impression was a rather depressing dusty look on everything. There were no elevators or escalators down the stairs to customs and the baggage area, but fortunately, neither were there long lines for the immigration checkpoint, and we proceeded rapidly through to the baggage claim area. The bags came in on the Lufthansa carousel very quickly, and we were grateful to see our old blue denim covered bag make an appearance. As we started through the final customs, a playful little kitten danced its way across the room. Since it was stated anyone carrying film and tape must go through the red check line, I laid the film and videotape on the counter. The customs official ignored them completely, but thrust my customs' statement at me across the counter and very curtly stated, "Pen." I had filled out the customs form in pencil, since nothing had indicated it had to be done with a pen. I retraced all of my handiwork with ink over top of the pencil. He glanced casually at the result and waved us on.

We had been told that someone would meet us to take us to our hotel. We looked about, but saw no one either of us recognized or anyone carrying a sign with our name. We stood for a few minutes in the center of the reception area looking around for a familiar face and trying to decide if we should accept one of the offers of the ever-present aggressive taxi drivers. Suddenly, Sergey Andreyev, whom Lowell had met in Washington, D.C., came rushing up to greet us. He said traffic was so heavy he had been delayed. It was now about 3:30 p.m. Moscow time, eight hours ahead of Central Standard Time. It had been just under a three hour flight from Frankfurt, but a 21-hour trip from home.

First impressions are always interesting and my first impression, as we drove through the outskirts of Moscow, was of dust and a slightly untidy appearance. Grassed areas were weedy and unmowed with considerable litter and broken glass scattered about. We passed row after row of apartment houses as we continued into the city center. Sergey explained that most people living in the apartments also had country houses (most were very small cottages we noticed later). Traffic was fairly heavy. Most of the cars were small and showed signs of considerable wear. Buildings, in general, were of the low rise variety rather than high rise.

We traveled past the Russian White House as we came to the center of town and observed that the blackened stains, resulting from the attempted coup and tank attacks earlier in the year, had been removed and the exterior of the building repaired. Sergey said the remodeling of the

interior was still incomplete. The broad Moskova River flowed past us on our right. A short distance ahead we crossed over the river and could see the Radisson Hotel about two blocks away from the bridge and adjacent to the train and subway station. I could not believe this was the Radisson, as it was very plain with only the name (in Russian) showing above the entrance. We found it amusing that our hired driver was unable to find the entrance. In his first attempt to find the door he drove through an alley, but found that entrance blocked. The driver returned to what looked like the front which was enclosed by an iron fence, only to find the gate locked. After another circle around the building he discovered a gate that permitted us to gain entrance to the hotel grounds and drove to the front entrance.

An old crumbling building with stucco falling from the sides sat squarely in front of the entrance making it extremely difficult to see the hotel unless you knew exactly where you were going. We were told the old stucco building could not be removed because Lenin had had some connection with it. A high iron fence surrounded the small parking lot, the hotel and the crumbling old building. There were no flags, no flowers, no color. The inside was a different story with marble floors, oriental rugs, and huge flower arrangements in the lobby and around the fountain in the center of the reception area. A wide curving stairway led to the second floor. It looked like many American hotels, but the price was more than the majority of American hotels. Rooms were priced at more than \$230 a night; fortunately, we had the government rate of \$170. Surprisingly the receptionist at the check-in desk was efficient and pleasant. We were given a room on the eighth (top) floor.

Unfortunately, the \$170 rooms were located at the back of the hotel and did not overlook the river, but the room was adequate, though very plain. The furniture was simple, with a desk, a comfortable chair, and two single beds with white linens and comforters. The walls and floor were beige, there were no pictures on the walls and the room gave the appearance of very cheap construction. The carpet appeared thin and worn, even though the hotel had been built in fairly recent times. Even the carpet in the hallways was already showing great wear. I could see just a sliver of the river from our window as it curved lazily to the west, past the front of our hotel. One wing of the hotel blocked most of my view. We looked down on a large glass dome that covered the staircase and bar area of the hotel. To our right were more buildings and two huge smoke stacks. In the distance, I could see the gold onion dome of what was probably a church. We unpacked our suitcases and showered. Too tired for dinner, we ate one of the apples we had brought with us and went to bed.

Saturday, May 14

We awakened about 7:30, dressed and went downstairs to find breakfast. There was an area of shops and three restaurants in the hotel next to the reception and bar. The café called the Amadeus was a small Viennese café, more like a coffee shop with light lunches and snacks. The second restaurant was the Scandia, which served buffet meals three times each day. The third

restaurant, called the Exchange was open only for dinner. It was so expensive we never ate there. Even in the Scandia, the continental breakfast was \$10.00, their buffet was \$15.00, lunch and dinner started at about \$30.00. The food was good and there was not much on the menu we would consider typical Russian — except borsch. The Radisson was apparently catering to Western tastes and the cuisine was primarily Western.

As we sat down to breakfast, Si Matthies came in and joined us. He was the American, retired from the grain industry, that Lowell had hired to spend extended periods in Moscow to provide continuity to the project. He had an apartment across town, and in the three weeks he had been there had adequately mastered the subway system. This was the first of many mornings he would arrive in time to join us for breakfast.

When we returned to our room, Lowell spent some time trying to locate the other members of the team who were supposed to have arrived late the previous evening. He succeeded in identifying room numbers and made telephone contact with all but two members of the team. He worked on some of his presentations until about 3:00 when we decided to go for a walk. The clouds had cleared away and the sun was shining. The air was quite crisp, but all in all it was very pleasant. We walked to the bridge and crossed the river. We had no particular destination in mind so took the northward path up the hill, then followed a wide street to our left. On the corner was an indoor market, selling an assortment of fresh produce, such as butter, cheese, meat, bread, eggs, vegetables, etc. It was rather depressing in appearance with cement floors, gray cement walls and a very beat up looking refrigerated counter. None of the store appeared all that sanitary, but it was crowded with shoppers.

We looked about for a few minutes and tried to decode the system they were using to make purchases, but finally abandoned that effort and followed a pedestrian street, called Old Arbat, leading off the main avenue. The first place we encountered was none other than McDonald's. We thought it would be interesting to see how it looked on the inside, but there was such a long line of people waiting to be admitted we abandoned that idea. As we wandered up the street we came upon six men playing New Orleans-style jazz. We had to laugh — instead of the Illini Medicare Seven, Eight, or Nine, we had the Russian style Four, Five, or Six. We walked on past to the strains of "As the Saints Go Marching In." A popcorn vendor in the middle of the walkway appeared to be doing a very good business. We stopped to watch, then noticed a bag of popcorn lying beneath his cart and on it, were the words, stamped in bold letters, "Mattoon, Illinois."

A woman was selling the traditional little wooden Russian stack dolls and we decided to buy two of them. She told us her son made them and she sold them. We could not help but notice how little advertising there was anywhere. There were very few window displays, but almost nothing was visible in the windows from the street. As we walked by the various stores, there was no way to know what was being sold inside. I presumed that some of the Russian words described the contents, but we were unable to recognize any of them. We did go inside

one store that appeared to be a department store, but once inside found it was just one small section of a store selling only fur hats. We felt this was a long enough experience for the first afternoon out, so we walked back to the hotel, had dinner and went to bed.

Sunday, May 15

We were up and ready for breakfast when the restaurant opened at 6:30. Dick Hughes from Washington, D.C. joined us. We had an enjoyable breakfast, sharing travel experiences with Dick. He had traveled extensively for a relatively young man of 40. Lowell and the team departed around 8:45 for a brief organizational meeting at the Institute of World Economy and International Relations (which we called the Institute). This would be the first meeting with the main players from the Russian side — Sergey and Dimitri — and their staff to work out details for the first workshop. Thirty participants had been admitted and Lowell was looking forward to their reactions to the program. The USSR had disintegrated and the opportunity for individuals and new firms to buy and sell grain had created a backlog of registrants for the workshops.

I decided to remain at the hotel. Lowell returned at 12:30. We had eaten such a large breakfast that we decided to skip lunch. Si had helped us arrange for a guide we identified as Mrs. L, for Sunday afternoon. She had served as a translator for the organization called VOCA, a cooperative organization which Si had worked with for several years.

She came to our room a little before 2:00 p.m. with a car and driver outside. It became apparent during the afternoon that she was rather uncomfortable when she was around any kind of authority, such as police or military. She indicated indirectly it was not strictly legal, as an individual, for her to guide people. Everyone was supposed to be registered and licensed and work through a travel agency controlled by the government. Nevertheless, most of the population was doing some kind of street vending or hustling just to survive. She had previously held a professional job connected with agriculture in the VOCA organization, but was now retired from the position. She said her husband had been a colonel in the military, but had been shot and killed 17 years ago. She thought he had been murdered. When I asked her, "Why?" she replied, "Who knows, but possibly because we had an apartment with a telephone, cold running water and a balcony. But it was only a very tiny apartment." She went on to explain, she now tries to live on a pension of \$30.00 a month and babysits her 10-year-old granddaughter. She also told us, as an example of the problem of income, that her little granddaughter loves bananas. "But at one dollar a pound and a \$30.00 per month salary, it is impossible for me to buy and seldom can I see her enjoy the treat." Bananas have only recently been imported into Russia and in very limited quantities.

She took us to the Kremlin for our first stop and dismissed our driver for about an hour since there was no place for him to park. Our driver was a nice young man and always hopped in and out of the car to open the doors and help us get started on our next stage of the tour. Mrs. L had told us her price was only \$5.00 an hour, but we would have to pay another \$5.00 an

hour for the driver. In addition, she and the driver both needed \$5.00 to come and pick us up at the hotel. We later deduced this was because she lived almost an hour away from the hotel and with no transportation, she had to pay the driver to come and get her and bring her to the hotel. Thus, they both spent their first hour getting to our location.

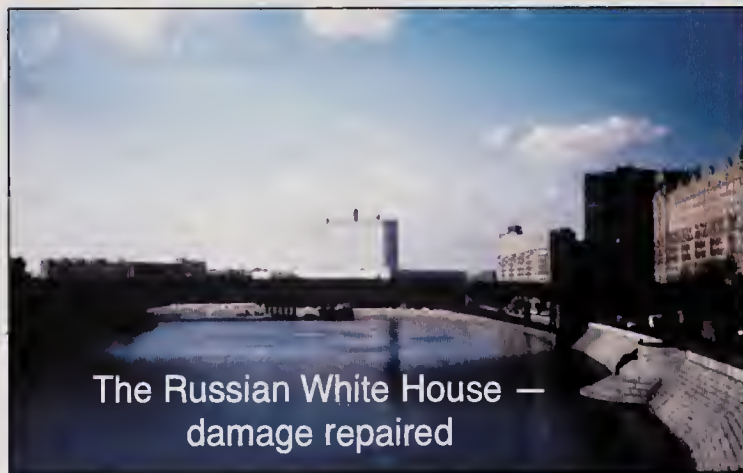
As we faced the Kremlin it was an imposing structure, with high red brick walls and many towers strategically located around the wall which surrounded the 70 acres of grounds and buildings. It was located on a rise a hundred and thirty feet above the Moskova River which flowed along the southeast wall. The northeast wall bordered Red Square and the Lenin tomb. Across the square was the huge Gum department store, a former tradesman's center which was now operated under the auspices of the Russian government. At the far end of the square was the imposing red brick structure of the historical museum, built in the old Russian style with a multitude of towers rising from it. At the other end of the square, opposite the museum, was St. Basil's Cathedral.

She told us tickets for tourists were much more expensive than for Russians and she could buy them for us for 200 rubles — very cheap when you consider there are 1800 rubles per dollar. She was surprised to see the long line of people waiting to buy tickets, but I learned there was a flower show in the Palace of Congress which explained the crowds. As we stood in line for our tickets we were approached time and time again by young men (all speaking good English) trying to sell us tickets at a very inflated price (anywhere from \$5 to \$15). The advantage, they said, was “You won’t have to wait in line.” I assured them we did not mind standing in line and they went cheerfully on their way. I asked her if this scalping activity was legal. She shrugged her shoulders and replied, “No, but who cares?”

The line moved so quickly we didn't mind the 15-minute wait. There was a crisp breeze blowing, but the spring sunshine was warm upon our backs. With tickets in hand we walked past the guard and passed under the arch of the Kutafya Tower into the Kremlin grounds. Everyone was checked with a metal detector as they entered.

On our right was the modern Palace of Congress and behind that was the armory, which was really a museum. It was about the oldest in the former Soviet Union and contained displays of many artifacts, crown jewels, fancy coaches, etc. However, when I said we would like to see it Mrs. L was evasive without any explanation. Fortunately, I did get to see it during another trip to Russia. I think she was afraid we would be checked at the door and she would be caught guiding without a license. Only the “Intourist” guides were allowed to work the tourist trade.

The modern Palace of Congress, where the flower show was being held, was a gleaming white stone structure. The grounds were much more attractive than I had envisioned, based on photographs I had seen. There were spacious lawns, many trees, and an entire garden area with flowers just beginning to bloom. Palaces, military armor, and cathedrals were all in hodgepodge arrangement. There did not seem to be much of a pattern, but given that it was built over many centuries by many different people with different ideologies



The Russian White House —
damage repaired



Red Square



Kremlin Wall and St Basil



The Empire Cannon



The Empire Bell



Lenin's tomb
and St Basil's
Cathedral

as well as architectural plans, I guess it was not surprising.

We viewed the world's largest cannon, "The Empire Cannon" cast in 1586, but never fired. There is some question whether it is even capable of firing given its size and the strength of the metal required for a cannon ball of that weight. Nearby was the Empire Bell; the world's largest bell, cast in 1734-1735 during the reign of Empress Anna Ivanova. A segment was broken from the bell during a fire in 1737. It rested on a base at the foot of Ivan the Great Bell Tower. We walked about the grounds viewing the square of the cathedrals. The Assumption Cathedral was topped by five magnificent gold domes. The smaller Church of the Deposition of the Robe boasts brilliant frescos dating from the 17th Century. The tallest structure was the Ivan the Great bell tower.

After walking about the square, we returned to the street to meet our driver as our guide was not anxious to take us inside the buildings. Our next stop was just outside the wall to the Red Square where St. Basil's cathedral was located at the south entrance. St. Basil's with its fantastic multicolored and decorated towers, looked like a giant gingerbread concoction. There was a large broad avenue just behind where we parked the car leading to a bridge overpass. Mrs. L explained this was the bridge we had seen on television where the young man from England had succeeded in flying a small plane beneath all the Russian radar screens. He succeeded in landing on that bridge, and was immediately arrested.

We walked across the brick square where we had watched history in the making, so many times on television. We found ourselves in front of Lenin's tomb, but it was closed. We tried the Gum department store nearby, but found it too was closed. We hoped there would be a future opportunity where we could visit both. There were a number of artists in the square selling paintings. I bought three water colors I especially enjoyed: one for \$5.00 and two others for \$15.00 each. Our driver was waiting for us again and drove us past Gorki Park. Mrs. L said there were a lot of thieves concentrated in that area and it was hardly safe to walk through. Some of the fellows from our university team later went as a group. They said they enjoyed the sights and did not feel particularly threatened, but they were good husky men and walking together in a group.

We drove on past the American Embassy to a rather nondescript monastery which was in a very poor and crumbling condition. Everywhere I looked the lawns were weedy and the parks were shaggy and uncared for. We entered a chapel where mass was being given by a priest in a heavy gold cape draped over his other liturgical garments. His back was turned to the public as he repeated the liturgy in the old Russian language. Mrs. L said the liturgy was taken from the Orthodox Greek.

At the edge of the city we visited another monastery with extensive grounds and buildings, including a church and cemetery. The remains of a high stone wall surrounded the area. She recited a long history associated with the grounds and the church, but all I can remember is that Napoleon was supposed to have garrisoned his troops there during his siege of Moscow

and had tethered his horse to the old gnarled tree still standing near the stable yard.

We returned to our hotel as it was nearly 6:00 p.m. She suggested we pay them before reaching the hotel. The driver slowed so Lowell could make our negotiations and complete the transaction out of sight of the hotel guards and doorman. Both of them were clearly afraid of any kind of authorities, but perhaps for good reason. Si told us he had forgotten to register his passport within three days after arriving in Saratov. When it was discovered, they brought him to court and threatened him with all sorts of legal action. He finally was released after signing a sheet saying he knew that he had broken the law (or as Si put it “had been a bad boy”) and he would never, ever do it again.

We had what had by now become our standard supper of chicken pot pie in the little Amadeus restaurant, and then turned in for the night.

Monday, May 16

The first session at the Institute started early, so all the men departed at 8:30. We learned that Bob Hauser had arrived Sunday afternoon, but had been delayed nearly three hours at the Moscow Airport because his luggage had been left in Frankfurt. He had to wait for the next plane from Frankfurt to bring it before he could go through customs. Luggage was not allowed to clear customs unless the individual was present, so it was not possible for him to come to the hotel and have the luggage shipped to him. In addition, it was nearly an hour's drive from the airport to the hotel.

I spent the day at the hotel reading and writing. The men did not return until after 7:30, but were pleased with how well the day had progressed. We had a light meal, then joined the group in the bar area for about an hour of conversation. Dave Schoonover, Agricultural Counselor, had come from the American Embassy and a lively discussion ensued about Russia, past and present, and what the future might hold for this country. Dave felt the transition and the new economy was in a very precarious position with a rapid rise in the Mafia of which there are many groups.

Before the group broke apart to go our separate ways, Dave Schoonover gave me a personal invitation to join the group at the reception to be held at the American Embassy on Thursday evening. Si assured me he would find a way to get me there because the men were to go by bus from the Institute directly to the Embassy. We reminisced with Dave about our pleasant conversations in Beijing where he was counselor, during our visit to China. Since he has a Masters degree from the University of Illinois he has always been very open and frank in discussing sensitive issues within the country where he is stationed. We have been fortunate to have found him in the official position in several of the countries we have visited on university business. Unfortunately, he was scheduled to return to Washington for reassignment in August so he would not be here when we returned for the next workshop in October. It was after 10:00 p.m. before we were finally ready for bed.

Tuesday, May 17

We slept a little later this morning as the men did not have to leave for the Institute as early as the previous day. We joined Dick Hughes again for breakfast; Bill Wilson joined us a little later. After the men left for the Institute, I spent the day in our room reading and writing. I was surprised when Lowell returned about 6:30 p.m. because I thought he would be having dinner with the others at a restaurant, but he decided to come back and have dinner with me instead. It was such a lovely evening that we walked as far as the bridge and took some photographs of the river and the Russian White House in the distance. The White House was a large modern looking building, built with a slight concave front facing the Moskova River. The light was fading as we returned to the hotel for dinner. By the time Lowell sent a fax back to the office, it was nearly 10:00 when we called it a day.

Wednesday, May 18

Up at 6:45. Lowell sent another fax to the office and attempted to send one to Victor, a young Russian who had come to the United States the previous year for some undergraduate courses before returning to Nizni Novgorod. He had been in Lowell's grain marketing class and Lowell hoped to involve him in the workshop. He had done so well in the class at the University of Illinois that he could communicate some of the principles Lowell was trying to teach without having to go through the interpreters. The hotel business office was unable to reach Victor either by phone or by fax. Lowell was told it was much easier to send a fax from the United States to any place in Russia than it was to send a fax a few miles from one city to the next within Russia, so he decided to try reaching Novgorod by way of Urbana. It worked!

I spent the day writing, reading and doing needlework. The afternoon sky was heavy and it began to rain. Lowell returned to the room at 4:30 in the middle of a downpour. He said the day at the Commodities Exchange had been a waste of time, but it was a required part of the program organized by the Russian Institute of the Academy of Sciences. He worked on his presentation for Friday, since the team had decided to change the focus of the program after having observed the real interests of the participants and the type of program they needed. Lowell then departed with Bill, Si, and Dick to meet with Alex Kholopov who was a Russian national working for the U.S. Feed Grains Council, to discuss the program being conducted by the U.S. Feed Grains Council in Russia. He returned about 9:30. The clouds had cleared by then and the sun was still shining as we prepared for bed.

Thursday, May 19

We rose at our usual time to have breakfast, but had to wait for the restaurant to open at 6:30. It was another gray day. The men departed for the Institute at 9:15, and I spent another day in our room reading and writing. A pretty young Russian woman usually cleaned our room and would visit with me, using her limited English. I had been told that everyone who worked

at the hotel had to speak some English, except the cook. I enjoyed the cleaning lady very much.

Lowell called from the Institute a little before 3:00 to say that Valerya, a young woman working for the Institute, would call for me at 5:00 p.m. and take me, via subway, back to the Institute so I could go with the group to the Embassy reception. Valerya arrived at the hotel a few minutes before 5:00 and I had my first experience on the famous Russian subway. She handed me a Russian pass and the checker never looked to see that it was not really mine. Valerya pointed out the elaborate Mosaics on the wall. They were portraits of various people and she said this was the most ornate station and the one where officials brought visitors to impress them with the grandeur of the subway. It would have been beautiful if the walls and floors had not been so dirty. Every inch of it would have gleamed under a brush and some hot soapy water. Nearly every station in the subway has either very elaborate paintings, murals or statues. The original cost must have been tremendous given the levels of income available to the people at the time it was built.

This station was buried so deep under ground, it took two very long, very fast, very steep, and very rickety escalators to reach the train station. It was “going home time” and the train had standing room only. However, a very nice young man offered me his seat. We had to make one subway change and we stood for the remainder of the ride. I stood in front of four middle aged men trying to grasp an overhead bar to keep from falling. I could hardly reach the rail, but none of the seated men offered me their seats. I noticed two men across the aisle. One was so drunk he couldn't stand unless the other fellow held him up. People seemed to drink heavily here and it was not unusual to see drunks lying on the sidewalk or in the subway stations.

We arrived at the Institute about 30 minutes after leaving the hotel. The Institute was part of the Russian Academy of Sciences, one of many such institutes. The building was a modern glass and marble structure that had been very impressive when it was new. However, I could see what the men meant when they discussed its deplorable condition. The floors and the windows were filthy and the marble walls were covered with a grimy film. Many of the marble tiles in the floor were broken and missing. If a window was broken, it was covered over with another piece of glass taped in place, or covered with a piece of cardboard or even a sheet of plywood. Broken furniture was piled in rooms and at the end of the hallways, in open view. The conference room was in much better condition with simultaneous translators in a booth and with very modern tables and chairs, each equipped with microphones and headsets for the simultaneous translations. I counted about 40 plush chairs at the tables and there were at least that many seats without tables located at the back and side of the room. There was a lovely mural, depicting some of the old and new art of Moscow, hung across the front of the room. Valerya took me inside the conference room to listen to the speeches and discussion. Dick motioned me to a desk beside Si and Si handed me his earphones so I could hear the simultaneous translator converting the English speaker's words into Russian, and the Russian's questions into English — a real challenge when the individual spoke rapidly using technical terms.

The program closed promptly at 6:00 as all of us had been invited to Dave Schoonover's apartment for a reception at the American Embassy (Dave was the present Minister-Counselor for Agriculture). The bus waiting for us in front of the Institute, delivered us promptly to the gate of the new American Embassy, which was not yet completed, due to bugs planted in the construction by Russian workers. Why the American government hired and trusted Russians to build our Embassy during the cold war era, I'll never understand. Since they could not locate all the hidden listening devices inserted by the Russians, the original construction had been torn down and the building started again, only to have a fire in the second attempt.

It was about a 30-minute ride through the heavy traffic on the streets of Moscow. When we arrived at the Embassy gates about 6:30 the guards ushered each one of the group inside, after each person was checked for their identification and invitation. We did not have our invitation with us, but fortunately the young woman attaché (Sue Heinen) who was helping check passes at the gate, knew Lowell, as well as being close friends with several of his students who were in the Foreign Agricultural Service and she ushered us through with no questions asked. We were accompanied inside and walked down a sidewalk and street bordering a row of apartments. Dave greeted us in the front hallway and then directed us into the living room where a maid offered us drinks with a nice choice of juices, sodas, and wine.

As the living room filled, we were urged to move into the dinning room for refreshments of meatballs, chicken wings, cold cuts, cheese crab puffs, deviled eggs, and something like an egg roll. It was an extremely pleasant affair. Chris Durbin had arrived from Washington, D.C. She was a young woman working in the Emerging Markets Division of USDA, with responsibility for administering the program of the Commodity Exchanges in Russia. She was very pleasant, but being the daughter of Senator Durbin from Illinois, she was well aware of her connections; ah those Washington connections!

It was a very congenial group and there was no lack of conversation despite some language barriers. Lowell was fortunate to be introduced to the president of the Futures Market Exchange in St. Petersburg, who had been invited as a guest of the Embassy. An animated conversation on commodity markets ensued, and the connection proved to be very valuable when we traveled to St. Petersburg the next week. The meeting was not entirely accidental, since Dave Schoonover knew the value of that contact for us in St. Petersburg.

After a couple of hours we all said our thank you's and goodbyes at 8:15 and boarded the bus back to the hotel. The Russians were dropped at the subway stop near our hotel since they were staying at a different location. The Embassy reception had included all of the participants attending the workshop, all of the speakers and organizers of the workshop and a group of Russians and Americans who were involved with research being conducted by the Economic Research Service of USDA.

Since we had eaten all we wanted at the reception we skipped dinner and went directly to our room.

Friday, May 20

We arose at our usual time and joined the small group who always waited at the door of the Scandia restaurant for 6:30 opening time. It had rained hard in the night, accompanied by loud thunder and lightning. I turned on the television to learn that Jackie Kennedy had died shortly before midnight. I spent a quiet day in the room reading, writing, and watching TV. There were several English speaking stations, including CNN and BBC. Lowell returned at 7:00 p.m. only to have a reorganization meeting from 7:00 until 9:00 in the hotel lobby. The team felt the program they were told to prepare, was not meeting the present need and decided to change the focus. They were not certain if Washington did not get the big picture originally or if things had changed so rapidly that the needs identified in December were no longer relevant by the time the group arrived in Moscow in May.

Lowell said Chris Durbin came from her hotel to go with them to the Institute via subway. As they got off the subway Lowell and Dick discovered Chris was in trouble and about to faint. She apparently had had heart surgery sometime in the past, and still had heart problems. Dick finally convinced her to return to her hotel about mid-day for some rest and then called the Embassy to alert Dave Schoonover of the problem and to be sure they were prepared for possible serious developments if she continued to exert herself in trying to keep up with the rest of the group, working and traveling around the city. We had a late supper in the Scandia, and then went to bed.

Saturday, May 21

Following breakfast the men departed for the Institute at their standard 9:00 time. Dick had arranged for tickets for all of us to attend the Kremlin Ballet in the evening and had made reservations for all of us for dinner at the Metropol Hotel after the ballet. In order to get ballet tickets Dick had collected money from all of us, gave it to Valerya and told her to do the best she could. She got an excellent price for the tickets and returned some change to each of the men. As it turned out she did a superior job. The seats were in a good location and the price was less than we had anticipated.

The men returned, along with Chris, at 5:00 p.m. We met the group in the lobby. I was worried about Chris. She looked worn out. Her face was pale and her lips were blue, but she insisted that she was just fine. As a result of the rain storm that had moved in from the south, we scuttled our plans to take the metro and Dick asked the hotel to call us a van. We did not have long to wait. The driver pulled up to the door, we scampered inside, and he delivered us to the Kremlin gate in a very short time. The rain had slackened a little bit, but we had to walk up a cobblestone covered bridge to get inside the Kremlin walls. There was enough of a slope it caused a big exertion and strain on Chris and we were afraid she would not be able to do it. We walked slowly and stopped frequently despite the continuing shower. She had to pause and

rest every few steps. Fortunately, the theater was just inside the gate.

The ballet was held in a huge auditorium which had been built by the Communists for their congress only a few months before the Communist government was overthrown. The building was no longer needed for its intended official purposes and was now used for performances, meetings, etc. It was a very modern structure, constructed from glass and white marble.

We had arrived a little early without knowing what was involved in getting inside. This gave us time to check our coats in a huge coat check area on the lower level. No tips were expected, but were accepted with smiles. The level above the entry had a place where they were selling enameled Russian boxes, books, dolls, and other souvenirs. I found the prices here were much more reasonable than the other places we had seen, so I bought a doll for four dollars and at intermission bought the book *Peter Pan* (in Russian) for Meredith and Ryan. The first bell rang and we proceeded up another level to the auditorium. Our seats were located perfectly; row nine, center section, main level and all for only \$20.00.

The performance for the evening was Don Quixote. The scenery, costumes, and dances were fantastic in brilliant colors and quaint design. The story strayed a bit from the original, but that did not detract from the beauty of the performance. It concluded a little after 10:00 p.m. The sun was out as we came out of the Kremlin and we decided to walk the few blocks to the Metropol Hotel for a late dinner. Dick Hughes had made previous reservations for us to eat there. Again we had to walk up a slight incline and it became almost more than Chris could handle. Her pace slowed and she was stopping more and more frequently to rest. Lowell and I dropped back to walk with her and Morris Larson (from the St. Louis Merchants Exchange) also slowed his pace to keep us company. Dick hurried on to tell the hotel we were coming even though we would be a little late. Chris was carrying a heavy shoulder briefcase, but she declined all offers to carry it for her. I could see it was just too much, but her pride was keeping her from accepting the offers to help. I reached up and slipped it from her shoulder and handed it to Lowell without a word. She never protested and we were able to make a little better time.

The Metropol was decorated in the style of the late 1800s; very grand with mirrors, fountains, soft lighting. We were seated at a large round table and served buffet style. Since we were so late we were told the dining room closed shortly after 11:00, so we did not dare linger long over our food. There was a table of appetizers, a salad table, a table of main dishes, a bread table, a soup table, and a magnificent table of desserts. Though expensive (\$52.00 per person) we felt it had been worth it just for the experience. It was well after 11:00 p.m. when we helped Chris into a taxi to take her to her hotel. The remainder of the group — Dick, Bill, Morris, Dempsey, Dave, Lowell, and I — walked a short distance to the Metro and returned to our hotel. We paused briefly in the subway station to get our bearings and to make sure we were going the right way on the right train when we were approached by a fellow with an Australian accent who said, "Where you headed, mate?" He then proceeded to give us detailed instructions (even more than we needed) to be sure we knew exactly which train to take and where to get

off. He proudly informed us, "This is the third group of Americans I've helped find their way through the subway system t'die." He appeared to have taken "Americans lost in the subway" as his personal responsibility.

It had stopped raining when we came out of the Metropol and the moon was shining brightly over the Kremlin. It was a beautiful spring evening. As we got off the train at our stop near the hotel, three policemen with a young man in handcuffs followed us up the escalator. It was not a good time to be prowling the streets of Moscow! We hoped the number of people in our group might be sufficient deterrent to any of the unsavory characters in the streets and subways. It was 1:00 a.m. before we were finally able to fall into bed.

Sunday, May 22

In spite of our late night we rose at 7:00 a.m. for breakfast at 7:30 since Lowell had ordered a van for a full day trip out of town. We were to leave at 9:00 a.m. for a trip to Zagorsk. Si had come from his apartment to have breakfast with us and as he said "have some real food for a change." He had his own apartment some distance away, and often prepared his own meals, but wanted to join the group for the day trip. As usual Bill was late. We were beginning to sense a power play as he appeared very unhappy that he had not been given the full leadership role in this project and continued to "wheel and deal" like a Miss America contestant trying for Miss Congeniality and also tried to throw his weight around at every opportunity to make his decisions independent of what had been decided by the rest of the group. Lowell and I gave no indication and hoped he would get over his childish behavior before too long. Morris was also late, but when Lowell called his room he apologized saying he had taken a sleeping pill before going to bed, and for us to go on because he was just now getting up. Lowell told him we would wait and in less than ten minutes he joined us.

Irene, from the Institute, arrived a little before 9:00 to serve as our guide and translator. Although the Institute had provided a second car to follow the van, which Lowell had agreed to rent for the day, we were missing two of our group who decided not to accompany us on the tour. It required a little persuasion to convince Irene that we did not need a "chase car" to follow the van and all of us could sit in the same vehicle with the benefit of a translator for everyone. By 9:30 we finally had everyone assembled, our problems resolved and everyone was in the van headed north towards the town of Zagorsk about 60 miles north of Moscow. The skies were heavy and gray this morning and the air was cool, but not so cool as to be uncomfortable. The rain started before we had gone very far, but the visibility was still good enough we could see the scenery. Near the north end of Moscow we passed the memorial statue that was created in honor of Sputnik. It was a large monument shaped like a sliver of the moon with the shape of a spaceship resting on its upper tip. A short distance down the street was one of the world's largest statues; a symbol of their revolution. It was a figure of a factory worker and a farm girl holding the sickle and hammer high above their heads.

As we began to leave the city on the super highway we saw people working in their fair-sized garden plots. Many were planting potatoes. All the plots we observed were being planted by hand. There were lots of cars on the highway, obviously headed for their dachas and garden plots, as their back car windows were filled with tomato plants, flowers, etc. There were also several large fields, already planted with grain. Interspersed among the fields were beautiful lush woods of birch, in leafy spring green, and dark fragrant pines. It brought home again the knowledge of how far north we really were. There was a resemblance to the landscape and the timber in northern Minnesota and Canada.

About half an hour from Zagorsk we stopped at a country restaurant where Irene said we would need to make reservations for lunch and they would be prepared for us on our return trip. The manager of the restaurant seemed pleased to have a group this size interested in reservations for lunch, but he made it clear we were not to leave without a ten dollar down payment from each of us to be sure we would return. The word "trust" does not seem to be a part of the Russian language.

It was misting rain, but the smell of the piney woods about us was wonderful. The old weathered siding on the restaurant looked as though it belonged among the trees. I took several photos of the area, especially some interesting wood carved faces on wooden posts. We then continued on to Zagorsk and by the time we reached our destination the mist had turned into a steady rain. The focal point of our trip was the huge fortified monastery of the Trinity of St. Sergius, founded in the year 1340. It was surrounded by imposing thick white walls, erected in 1550 and was dominated by the beautiful Cathedral of the Assumption built in 1554. It had five enormous bulb shaped towers in blue and gold sprinkled with gold stars. Near the Cathedral was a tiny chapel with a reputed miraculous fountain. Despite repeated attempts by various conquerors (including the Communist party) to stop the flow of the water or completely bury the spring, it always emerged again at another spot. It was now piped a few yards to a constructed fountain, providing everyone an opportunity to dip fingers or cups in the water of miracles.

This compound was the seat of the Russian Orthodox church and also housed the residence of the Patriarch, several other churches, a museum, a hospital, and an active seminary. People were progressing through the gate freely, but as our group approached, a guard stepped forward and told us we had to have tickets and a guide. We waited for 15 or 20 minutes while Irene negotiated vigorously with the gate keeper and the ticket office. She finally returned with an estimate of what the cost would be for the group. It did not seem exorbitant so we each started to pull out our billfolds. When Irene returned to the ticket counter she was stopped again and told that now we must pay that much for each person and not for the whole group. This caused some additional conversation among us with some thought of, "let's forget about the whole tour," but when Irene told us that the fee would include a guide to explain all of this to us we finally agreed to pay the "troll." We still had to stand and wait another 20 minutes until a guide could be found that was free to go with us. Meanwhile, anyone who appeared to be a



Seminar room
at Academy
of Science



Enthusiastic participants in the
marketing game



Rustic restaurant on
our way to Zagorsk



Myriad of domes in Zagorsk monastery



Miracle Spring in Holy Trinity Larva

Russian moved freely through the gate. Anyone who appeared to have a different nationality was stopped by the guards and told to go back and buy tickets. In addition to a \$10.00 charge per person we were also told it would require another \$6.00 if you wanted to take any pictures. Bill decided to buy a picture pass and said, "Here, Betty, you borrow my pass if you want to take a picture." As a result we all put our cameras out of sight except for Bill who had a pass as we went past the gate. Once past the gate anyone with a camera could take pictures freely and if any questions were asked we could just borrow Bill's pass.

We were finally greeted by a young seminarian. He had pale blue eyes, a thin sharp face with a sandy pointed beard, not too unlike the pictures I had seen of Lenin. He wore a long slim fitted black robe with a mandarin collar and a black square peaked cap. A cross on a rope was tied around his waist. All of that black clothing along with a stern-looking expression seemed very somber and forbidding, but he turned out to be a very pleasant young man when he discovered we were very interested in his discussion of the monastery. With a twinkle in his blue eyes and a smile lighting his face, he told us he was in his fifth year at the seminary with three more years to go. He lived in the seminary, but had just been married three months previously and had an apartment in town where he lived with his wife when he was allowed to leave the compound. Most of his time including evenings, he explained, was spent at the seminary or in the monastery.

He led us about the compound and into the churches and tombs explaining the history and the time frame of each. He spoke in Russian, so Irene translated for him. According to the ticket seller our \$10.00 only entitled us to a tour of the grounds and we would have had to pay another \$10.00 to go into any of the buildings. Someone apparently failed to explain that to our priest and with obvious pleasure he escorted us into every church and building inside the grounds. One of our stops was in the church where a special mass was being conducted by a Bishop from Moscow. We stood and watched for some time. The primary priests were dressed in colorful, elaborate robes of red and gold. Their backs were turned to the audience as they faced the altar. An unseen choir was singing and the congregation joined in with beautiful responses as an organ played in the background. There were no seats in the Russian church. The congregation stood throughout the service. Those who were physically unable to stand for the service were sitting on the floor along the edges of the room. We did see some benches lined against the wall where some elderly women were sitting.

The service finished and the priests moved into the inner altar room. I was surprised to see so many worshipers. Admittedly, many of them were older people who may have been involved in church before the communist crackdown. However, there were a large number of young families with their children, some showing them how to make the sign of the cross.

As we moved outside, many of the priests were lining up at the side door waiting for the Bishop to emerge to form a procession which would move to the residence for lunch. The entire group of clergy wore the black robes, but from their black pillbox hats there was an attached



Our guide



Priests leaving the church



Bishop with communion tray

veil flowing down their backs. Some five to ten minutes later the Bishop emerged through the door, garbed in colorful robes and holding high a covered tray which held the bread for communion. We learned this was a special Holy Day, celebrating the anniversary of the first use of the Cyrillic language. We walked across the compound for a glimpse of the seminary dorm before we expressed our thanks to our guide and walked out into the square. It was misting quite hard so we did not stop to look at the many souvenir stands which had now been covered by plastic to keep off the rain.

Irene informed us the restaurant would not accept credit cards or travelers checks at our lunch stop, so if any of us were short of cash we had better make the change before we departed. Unfortunately, there were no banks available and when we entered a gift shop to see if they could cash checks we were told there was no one available with that much cash who would accept travelers checks. However, when our plight was discovered by people in the shop, clerks and customers alike proceeded to offer to change rubles for dollars from their personal cash supplies. By pooling dollars from the group and rubles from the people in the gift shop we were able to collect what we thought would be sufficient to cover our lunch bill. Everyone was always anxious to get dollars due to the rapid inflation rate of the ruble.

By now it was a little past 1:30 so we returned to our van in order to make our lunch engagement at 2:00. This turned out to be a big disappointment. We should have been suspicious when we were required to make the down payment. Our table was set with trays of cold hors d'oeuvres, bread, cold cuts, relishes, caviar, and a few salads. We were then brought crocks of hot vegetable beef soup which I found to be not especially good. We were then asked if we would like to have a main dish, but all declined, saying that this would be sufficient. When they

brought the bill we were certainly glad we had turned down the main dish. Our cold cuts and hors d'oeuvres cost us over \$50.00 per person. No one had expected that amount so we all had to scramble exchanging rubles and dollars among ourselves in order to accumulate sufficient money to pay for it. They refused to accept hundred dollar bills because the bill was too new, or because it had been folded once in the middle. I noticed the native Russians were served a large assortment of dishes which I feel certain, cost them far less than we had paid. The attitude seemed to be "stick it to the foreigner." A Russian once asked me how I felt about this double standard of charges and I told him I understood it, but we did not do it in our country.

Some of the men were really grumbling by this time and did so all the way back to Moscow. Bill monopolized the conversation from the back of the van as he tended to do in every group, as if to establish his control. However, he seemed particularly conversational with Irene, trying to dominate her attention throughout the trip. Unfortunately, many Americans do not learn to keep their mouths shut and their ears open in a foreign country. Consequently, the role of the "ugly American" reputation has spread far and wide. We have worked hard to correct that impression. During lunch, as well as in the van, Bill and several of the others criticized the Russian system to Irene, covering everything from politics to medicine to transportation. Irene tried to defend their system. It was obvious she had been brought up under this system and was not convinced it was all bad. They complained loudly about being overcharged for lunch. They also commented that money for this project was controlled by USDA and they thought it was getting too expensive.

We had been back in our hotel room for only a few hours when Si called. Dmitri and Sergey were so upset by what they had already heard from Irene, they were ready to pull out of the whole project. They were very unhappy because there was no money here to pay the translators (even though no one had told us before we arrived that they were to be paid in advance.) Dmitri believed now there would not be sufficient money to carry on the project. He was confused whether Lowell was in charge or Bill was in charge or Si was in charge. He did not know who he was responsible to, and felt the Institute people were not being treated fairly in the overall project. Part of the confusion was the result of Bill trying to make it look like he was running the show and was the controlling individual in making decisions. The casual comment by someone about the shortage of funds had been taken seriously, even though none of the team members even knew the budget situation. In true communist style, Irene had already reported back to her boss, Sergey, everything that had been said and had related all of the complaints she had heard throughout the trip, including that we were unhappy with the trip he had arranged and she had guided. She had also reported we thought we had been overcharged for lunch. All of this she had reported to Sergey in great detail.

It took four phone calls between Lowell and Si with similar calls between Si and Sergey before everyone was calmed down and reassured with the lines of authority established. Lowell finally decided to stop trying to protect Bill's ego and by now Si was also ready to tell him off.



Lunch at the rustic restaurant



Participants took trading game seriously



The challenge of
buying a banana



Folk singers on Old Arbot

Between them they made it clear to Bill and Sergey that all decisions on programming and funding had to go through Lowell. Lowell and Si agreed to lay this out in writing and to explain it to Bill the next morning at breakfast suggesting he approve the new organizational chart. It was 11:00 p.m. before we finally got things settled down enough that we could go to bed. It took a while longer before we could slow the adrenaline enough to go to sleep. With so many people and several cultures involved, these relationships are never easy.

Monday, May 23

It was another new week and this meant another new group of people for the workshop. The team had refined their approach to conveying the principles of a free market to a group of more than 50 participants during one week of lectures and discussions. The men departed again at 9:00 a.m. and did not return until 8:00 p.m. I spent the day reading, writing and watching the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' funeral on television. While Lowell and I were having supper, Dick Hughes came in to say goodbye as he was leaving on the midnight train for St. Petersburg and then flying back to Washington, D.C., but not before warmly shaking Lowell's hand and planting a big kiss on my cheek. We wished him a safe journey as we had been told of robbers on the night train who threw sleeping gas into compartments and then robbed the people. There had been a lot of teasing about what he should do and how he could protect himself. In response to the teasing during the past week, Dick assured us he had purchased a nylon strap and was going to tie the door shut to his compartment, once inside, and would hide everything he owned in the toe of his shoe. He carried a valuable supply of caviar!

Tuesday, May 24

We were up at our usual time, had breakfast and the men departed at 9:00 a.m. About noon I answered our message light and the desk reported a package had arrived for us. When I picked it up I discovered it was the grain slide rule calculators Lowell had requested from the office, plus some essential material that was required for the workshop which had been left behind. The only way to obtain it on such short notice was the two day express service by courier at a cost of about \$75.00. Fortunately, it arrived on the promised schedule. The interesting part, however, was that it had been opened, inspected, and then taped shut again. Someone had decided to investigate what was being sent by special courier from the United States, Urbana, IL to Moscow. Obviously, there was not a lot of personal privacy in Russia and many of the presumably personal transactions were still subject to scrutiny and investigation.

Lowell returned about 7:00 p.m. and placed a number of calls to Busy Bank, in Urbana, in an attempt to transfer money from our personal account to the bank here in the hotel. The translators had unexpectedly insisted on being paid cash in advance before they would complete the rest of the program. If they did not receive cash they were threatening to quit in the middle of the presentations. He made several attempts, but could never get the Russian

AT&T number, so he used the direct dial, hoping the hotel surcharge would not be too exorbitant. Each time when he finally reached Busey Bank he was either disconnected or put on hold. He finally was able to make the connection through to our friend Berta Wendel's, number, only to be informed she was busy with another customer, and we were disconnected. We decided to have dinner and try again.

When the bank receptionist answered this time Lowell fairly shouted "Don't put me on hold. Don't hang up, I'm calling from Moscow!" Finally, they got the message and physically went to Berta at her phone and connected us. Berta readily agreed to help, and seemed to know all the right procedures for sending the money by wire through a bank in New York. By this time everyone in the Urbana bank was scrambling to accommodate the wire transfer, because Berta had told them that she knew we were in Moscow, she recognized Lowell's voice, and they could waive the requirement of written authorization. The others in the bank were all embarrassed at having put Lowell on hold so many times on such an expensive phone call. The forms which Lowell received from the bank in our hotel were carefully read word by word, letter by letter to Berta for instructions. The form said it might take two or three days and if it had not come by then we should start a back tracking trail to identify the hold up. We were hopeful it would come through on the three day limit as our time in Moscow was running out and the interpreters had agreed to continue only on the basis of Lowell's promise that the money was forthcoming. Such trust!! It was 11:00 p.m. before we were able to go to bed.

Wednesday, May 25

We had breakfast and then received a fax from Karen, in Lowell's office, with some updated information and issues to be decided. Lowell had departed to meet the men when I discovered another fax had arrived. I caught him before they left the hotel. This was a fax from Berta saying the money was on its way; she had completed the necessary transactions. I spent the day in the room. Lowell returned about 6:30. We went for a brief walk then returned in time for the hotel manager's reception at 7:30.

Most of the management people were Americans. It was a pleasant reception. They served champagne, soft drinks, fruit juices, lots of sandwiches, a green noodle pasta with shrimp, pancakes with a sage stuffing and hot toasted ham and cheese finger sandwiches. Bill provided us with another entertaining episode. He had been telling everyone for days that he had a private meeting arranged with Alex Belozershev so he would not be able to join us at the manager's reception that evening. However, he did show up, but quickly informed us he had to leave early because he had scheduled a special dinner meeting with Alex B. To our surprise he returned five minutes later with Alex B in tow. It turned out that Alex had been a guest of Lowell's student Eugene Kunda, who was working at the Chicago Board of Trade. Alex had spent a year working with the Board of Trade on a special scholarship and had been to the U of I to visit Lowell in his office twice during his time in the United States. He had specifically requested that Bill bring

him to the manager's reception so he could meet Lowell. Alex engaged Lowell in deep discussions about a wide range of topics and every time the conversation began to look too interesting Bill stepped over and tried to interject his conversation into the middle of it. Alex simply moved to the other side and continued his conversation with Lowell. Poor Bill was obviously frustrated. One learns a lot about personalities in these situations.

Thursday, May 26

Bill and Si joined us for breakfast. I returned to our room after we had eaten and Lowell departed for the Institute. He returned about 9:45. Much to our surprise the money had arrived from Busey Bank the previous day; less than 24 hours after Berta had started the process.

I finally caught the cold everyone had been sneezing with, so I spent the day resting. Lowell returned about 5:00 p.m. We had an early dinner, for a change, and early to bed.

Friday, May 27

We arose at our usual time, had our usual \$15.00 buffet breakfast at the Scandia, and Lowell departed at 9 a.m. I went down to the travel desk and reconfirmed our flights back to Frankfurt and Chicago for the following Friday.

The men returned a little after noon. Lowell and I had a bowl of soup at the hotel. My cold was wearing me down, so I decided to remain at the hotel until time for the ballet at the Bolshoi Theater. We had a sandwich before we departed, then met Dave, Morris, Bill, and Demcey in the lobby at 6:00. We decided to take the subway after comparing the price of six cents to the \$30.00 or \$40.00 for two taxis for the trip.

Some of the fellows were certain they knew the route, which subways to take, and where the changes had to be made. It turned out they didn't know and we spent a considerable amount of time changing trains, getting off at the wrong station and then walking a long distance at a fast pace to make it to the Bolshoi Theater before they closed the doors. We made it with only five minutes to spare. I should add that while the men were trying to decide which train to take (heaven forbid they should ask) I took the subway map, walked over to a very stern looking woman attendant, smiled at her and pointed to the place we wanted to go. She smiled back and pointed us in the right direction.

The Bolshoi Theater was a large creamy white building, built in the Greek style with huge columns. It was bedlam with ticket scalpers surrounding the entrance doors, hundreds if not thousands of people trying to get inside, only one door for an entrance and a lobby too small to hold more than a small proportion of the numbers that were pouring, squeezing, and shoving their way through the entrance. Everyone must have arrived as late as we did and were jamming the lobby. There were no visible ushers. By luck we chose the right side and pushed our way to the first balcony. Our coat-check lady gave us guidance, showing us the door going into our box seats. The seats were excellent. Valerya had obtained tickets for everyone. Again

she knew some way to find the best quality seats at a price less than was quoted by any of the tour groups. We were seated on the first row of the tenth stall on the first balcony. We had a perfect view of the stage, a semi-private and comfortable seating arrangement and were seated against the railing so there was no one between us and the view of the stage.

The Bolshoi was a beautiful old baroque style theater in a horseshoe shape. It was decorated in red velvet and damask, garnished with gold leaf everywhere. A huge crystal chandelier hung from the domed ceiling covered in murals. Small crystal chandeliers hung in rows from each of the six balconies. The seats were wooden chairs, and I might add, rather hard. The balcony seats provided a much better view than the main floor since there were no risers on the main floor, and the chairs were arranged in rows with very poor visibility of the stage, after you got past the first five or six rows.

The ballet to be performed was *Giselle* and was, indeed, very beautiful. The prima ballerina fairly floated across the stage. There was encore after encore and flowers in abundance tossed on the stage as the final curtain came down. At intermission we met a lady from Michigan, traveling with an elder hostel group. They were seated on the ground floor and since it was so difficult to see, she was checking out all the balconies to see if there was an empty seat she might borrow for the last half of the show so she could at least see the dancers. Unfortunately, our box was completely full and she returned disappointed to her seat on the main floor.

Some of the men preferred the ballet at the Kremlin, but they probably did not realize that there were two different styles, the old formal style of *Giselle* and the more modern dance production of the ballet "*Don Quixote*." The dancers at the Bolshoi were more experienced dancers, but the men were looking more at the costuming, stage scenery and action, they were at the perfection of style and the true skill and grace of the Bolshoi dancers.

We returned via subway to the hotel about 10:00. I was still amazed to be walking the streets at 10:00 p.m. and still have plenty of daylight to read the street signs. We managed to get the right train this time so the return trip was much shorter and simpler than the trip from the hotel to the ballet.

Saturday, May 28

We almost overslept. Lowell had called a breakfast meeting for a "wrap-up" session as everyone except Lowell and I would be returning to the states in the afternoon. One of the obligations of the 2-week series of lectures was to select 10 people from among the 100+ participants to attend an all expense trip to Illinois for one week of intensive training in grain marketing. All of the team had been making notes during the discussions, to determine who those "lucky" 10 might be. Dimitri provided essential information as to their background and who best met the criteria of (1) How would they use the experience when they returned to Russia?, (2) How well had they participated in the discussion during the seminars?, and (3) Did they represent a range of backgrounds to provide diversity? Surprisingly the team readily

agreed on most of the final candidates. The activities, experiences, and sometimes emotional and sometimes amusing, reactions during the week in Illinois could make another whole story.

The men departed for the Institute and their last session at 9:00 a.m. They returned at noon. Bill, Morris, Dave, and Dempsey departed for home via KLM. Lowell had been so busy we had had very little time to shop so we took the subway to Arbot street (this is a pedestrian mall which we had looked at briefly on our first short walk across the river after our arrival). We actually found too many good shops and bought more things than we had intended and certainly more than we really had room to carry home. Our purchases consisted of several little lacquered boxes, some additional stack dolls, a pretty bowl, and a linen runner. We stopped at a fresh fruit and vegetable market and bought bananas to take with us on the train.

Shopping Russian style is certainly different. First you select your purchase. The clerk weighs it and writes the weight on a piece of paper. Then you take the paper to another clerk who records the price. You then proceed to the cashier, (standing in line at each stop) pay her the required amount which she writes on a slip of paper along with the name of the product (in our case the cost of the bananas). She gives you a receipt in exchange for the slip of paper. Finally, you take your receipt back to the original clerk and stand in line until your turn to give her your receipt at which time she goes back, picks up your purchase and you have finally completed the transaction. The long lines in the Russian stores were not always because of a shortage of goods, but because the system was so poorly organized.

We walked back down the Arbot street where we saw two girls selling two Persian kittens, three little puppies, and a collection of birds. There were all kinds of people selling all kinds of things. Some had a handful of flowers that were apparently the one and only item they had for sale. Presumably, when that was sold they were done for the day. Some had one or two packages of vegetables or a package of sausages, on and on with a wide variety of almost every kind of article imaginable (anything for a few rubles).

A group of people dressed in folk costumes were singing folk songs at the top of their lungs. The jazz group we had seen two weeks before were back and playing again, still working on that same song, "When the Saints Go Marching In." Lowell dropped a little small change in the hat placed on the ground in front of them for collections and in exchange stepped back beside the bass player for a quick photograph.



Lowell joins the
"Country Music Boys"

Lowell thought it would be a good idea to check out McDonald's as we went by, but the line again was so long and the weather had grown very breezy and cold we decided to forego McDonald's "Russian" style.

We returned to the hotel via subway. The tokens cost 100 rubles each, which at the current exchange rate was worth about seven cents. However, you were only allowed to buy five tokens at a time. This limit was the result of the high inflation rate that encouraged people to buy up hundreds of tokens and hoard them until the price went up and then resell them. Everyone had to buy tokens every few trips to prevent hoarding. Two round trips and you were back standing in line again at the cashiers' counter to buy another five tokens. We had dinner in the hotel again and spent the evening packing, washing my hair, taking baths, and doing laundry in preparation for our trip to St. Petersburg.

Sunday, May 29

I awakened early this morning, much to my disgust. It was the first day there were no obligations before 9:00 a.m. I was unable to sleep after the sun came up and started shining through our window. We had our breakfast, finished our packing, received confirmation for the airport Novatel Hotel to be used next Thursday night before our departure from Russia, and then checked out. Valerya was to meet us at the hotel to accompany us to the train station and on to St Petersburg.

Perhaps this is a good time to discuss our experience in purchasing tickets for the train. We had been told, over the past two weeks, the day train was impossible, dirty, crowded, noisy, and certainly undesirable with no interesting scenery to be seen during the journey. On the other hand the night train had compartments, but there was always the danger of thieves and we would be transferring from train to hotel very late at night. We suggested a compartment on the day train hoping it would reduce some of the problems, but were told repeatedly "there are no compartments on the day train." Fortunately, Si had been at the train station two weeks before to see his friends off on the very same train we wanted to take to St. Petersburg. He had in fact seen a compartment on the train, even though his friends had been told there was no compartment. They had to sit in coach.

Lowell had asked Valerya if she could work on the problem during the previous week and to everyone's surprise, including Valerya, she was able to purchase three seats in a four seat compartment on the day train. It was scheduled to depart about noon and arrive in St. Petersburg about 8:00 p.m. Just what we had been requesting for the past week!! Valerya reported there was one seat unoccupied in the compartment, so we might have company. Lowell immediately sent Valerya back to the train station and told her to purchase the fourth seat. She was able to do so and to our surprise in the confusion of the Russian system, the fourth seat cost less than the three previous seats. The only explanation was that since we had already taken three of the seats, nobody wanted the fourth and they could sell it at a bargain. We

only had one-way tickets because Valerya was told you could not buy roundtrip tickets. You must buy a one-way ticket in Moscow to go to St. Petersburg and a one-way ticket in St. Petersburg to come back to Moscow. We had no alternative but to accept that illogical logic.

Valerya arrived at 10:00 and Lowell had already arranged for a taxi with a prepaid voucher for \$15.00. We piled everything into the taxi and were off to the train station from which the St. Petersburg train departed. Our hotel was less than a block from one train station, but that one did not go to St. Petersburg. There was an interesting thing about taxis in Moscow. They have no meters and every trip costs \$20.00 when negotiating with the taxi driver. However, Lowell had purchased a voucher from the travel bureau which said \$15.00 and although the taxi driver accepted it, he was quite unhappy. Taxis for the most part were dirty, beat up and in poor condition. They were about like the taxis in Washington, D.C., I might add.

We arrived at the station two hours early because the Sunday morning traffic was extremely light. We wanted to be sure we were not late and Valerya agreed it was better to be an hour early than five minutes late. We could not predict traffic in Moscow. It cost a few rubles for the privilege of sitting in a waiting room that had a television. It was a large marble and glass room, but much in need of a few pails of soap and water and a scrub brush. About 11:45 Valerya identified our train coming in from St. Petersburg, arriving on track five. We waited until most of the people had gotten off the train then went down stairs to the main level and walked slowly down the long quay to a car which was number nine. To the best of my ability I could not detect a system of numbering cars — they certainly were not in numerical sequence. We simply walked until we saw a car with the number nine on it. Our suitcases were very heavy and it was a long trek; almost the full length of the train. Once we found the car we discovered no one was allowed to board. The three of us stood in the warm spring sunshine for about twenty minutes, waiting for permission to board. There was a fresh breeze blowing from the north and the sun felt good on our backs. The compartment was relatively clean. The seats were very hard and the windows were too dirty for good viewing. I kept wishing I could get off the train for five minutes and scrub the outside of our windows.

The train departed promptly at 12:26 and glided slowly and silently out of Moscow in a northwesterly direction. The landscape was interesting the entire trip. We were speeding past people planting their little gardens, which surrounded all their dachas. The dachas and villages were interspersed between the beautiful forests of birch and pine which covered much of the area. Occasionally a shimmering lake or a quaint little village came into view. The houses were old and weathered and usually made of wood, but sometimes we would see one of brick construction and an occasional house made of logs.

Many people were working in their gardens. It was interesting to see the way the plants were planted in mounded rows and raised beds. Often there were goats running about and an occasional cow or horse, or a few sheep or chickens. All the labor was being done by hand, we saw no mechanization. Here we saw the typical stereotype we had of older Russian women;

heavy set, wearing woolen sox, print dresses, a sweater or shawl, heavy boots, and babushkas covering their heads. Many looked old before their time. Wherever there was a clearing, a tall pole projected from the ground. In the summer farmers cut the grass and stacked it to dry around these poles for their winter hay. We stopped at four or five villages for a few minutes to pick up and discharge passengers. Valerya had brought along some sandwiches, juice and cookies. We had purchased, bananas, cookies, and candy bars so we all pooled our goodies at lunch time since there was no dining car on the train and it helped shorten the nearly 8-hour trip.

When we arrived at St. Petersburg station at 8:24 p.m. a driver from the Neptune Hotel had been sent with a car to meet us. He was waiting for us when we stepped off the train and carried and dragged our big bag (loaded with Lowell's books) to the car. Valerya saw us safely into the hotel taxi, but she stayed at the station to try to purchase compartment reservations back to Moscow for Thursday. She had also arranged to stay with a friend of hers who lived near enough to the station that she could walk. She was originally from the town of St. Petersburg, so was quite happy to have been retained by Lowell as our guide and interpreter for a four day stay back in her own home town.

I had begun to wonder what our hotel room would be like since we knew nothing about it. The price was less than half what we had paid back in Moscow and I had heard many stories of the dirty Russian hotels complete with baths that didn't work, plugged stools, and rampant with bed bugs. I began to feel a little more at ease as we entered the front door and discovered it was identified as part of the Best Western chain. The desk clerk was pleasant and spoke excellent English. She took our passports to register with the police. Have I failed to mention that every foreigner entering any hotel must register with the police? Don't overlook that step! The hotels are organized to do this for you, but it takes anywhere from a few hours to a few days for the police to properly record your present, your past, and your future plans. Meanwhile you are walking around the city without a passport! The lady at the desk here was able to complete it in a matter of hours and get our passports back to us, but it had to be re-registered every time we moved from one city to another. As I mentioned earlier, Si forgot to do this when he went from Moscow to Saratov by train, and received a stern reprimand from the police for breaking the law.

Our room was small, but very pleasant and very clean. We had a light supper in the small cozy restaurant that was part of the hotel. The waitress did not speak English, but we were able to communicate enough to get the soup and salad for only \$3.00 for the two of us. It was quite a contrast to the \$40.00 meals we had been buying in Moscow. It was well after 11:00 p.m. before we finally were able to go to bed, but still it was as light as day. It was easy to see why this season was called the "White Nights" of St. Petersburg. We had read that the period of the first of June is called "White Nights" because even after the sun has set, there is still a white glow throughout the city. The sun barely dips below the horizon for a few hours and then is back up in the sky again.

Monday, May 30

We were awakened by the sun shining in our room before 6:00 a.m. There is very little darkness during the time of White Nights. A pale golden glow covered the city even in the darkest part of the night. I awakened in the middle of the night and looked out the window. It was so magical I had difficulty returning to bed. In a few days there would be only 30 minutes of darkness. We had just time to finish breakfast when Valerya called for us with car and driver supplied by the St. Petersburg Commodity Exchange. Our host's name was Albert Dyachkov and he was head of Engineering and Capital Construction. He was a delightful man: enthusiastic, and very personable. He had lived all of his life in St. Petersburg and had a great love for his city and well he should because it was a lovely romantic city.

It was planned by Peter the First with continuing construction during the reign of his daughter Elizabeth and later Catherine the Great. Much of the architecture was baroque and Italian classic, providing a very romantic appearance. Many of the buildings were in the process of restoration in preparation for the upcoming World Games. The facades were of many bright colors, such as yellow, green, red and blue. All of this was enhanced by the wide Neva River flowing through the city with many connecting canals. It reminds one of Venice. In fact, at one time Peter the First intended to make this the Venice of Russia, but technological problems resulted in abandoning the idea. One large difference between Venice and St. Petersburg was the very broad avenues in St. Petersburg, unlike the very narrow walking streets of Venice.

Mr. Dyachkov gave us an exuberant lesson in history and geography of the city as we were driven to the Futures Exchange. We were ushered into the office of the president where we were seated at a table with the president and three of the officers and a grain broker. They had included everyone in the same meeting so Lowell could meet everyone at once and minimize the time in the office. That way there would be more time for touring the city and still visit the flour mill they had included in our itinerary. All this had been arranged by the president of the Futures Market Exchange, who we met at the reception in Moscow. Clearly, our time spent at the American Embassy reception was paying dividends. We spent about one hour with them as they described the Exchange and the St. Petersburg marketing system and then we watched the activity on the Exchange floor for a short time.

It was now a little after noon and Mr. Dyachkov had arranged for us to have lunch at the beautiful city hall. It was the former palace of Nicholas the First's sister Marie. It was a special treat as the lunch room was open only to members. The palace was magnificent and although people were being given formal tours through the main part of the palace, Mr. Dyachkov took us through the back rooms, up the back stairs, into passage ways and rooms that others were not being shown. The palace was beautiful. Original glittering chandeliers hung from the ceilings in all the main palace rooms. We checked our coats and were ushered into the dining room. A highly polished table stretched down the center of the room where a number of men were seated, eating their lunch. Small tables were located around the outer walls. We were seated at

one of these tables. A rather sullen waitress flopped a menu down on the not too clean red checked table cloth. The entire room was long overdue for a scrub down with hot soapy water.

At our suggestion our host chose our menu. A short time later the waitress returned with a greasy tasting sauerkraut soup. This was followed by a grim-looking plate of runny mashed potatoes and gravy, a rather nondescript piece of beef roast and a vegetable cabbage salad. All of this was accompanied by some chunks of dry bread. We did our best to finish all we could, then were ushered into an adjoining room for assorted pastries and coffee. That turned out to be the best part of the meal. It seemed as though the Russian people had come to accept this sub-standard food, lack of cleanliness, and poor service as all the norm. Apparently no one felt the responsibility or had the power to change the system, even when they were privileged to use the mayor's dining room.

After lunch we walked through other rooms in the palace. There was a grand staircase, lavish reception room, ballroom, and on and on. Beautiful murals covered the ceilings with magnificent parquet floors below. One very interesting feature was a four-story ramp complete with switch backs like a mountain road, which servants had used to wheel carts of supplies to the upper floors.

Our driver was waiting for us as we stepped out the door, and drove us across town for an interview with a flour miller. The miller was a very hospitable man. He said he really liked Americans. Even so, Lowell felt he learned very little about the Russian milling industry. He was unsure whether the lack of information imparted during the interview was the result of the man not really knowing how the system fit together or if he just was not willing to share information with an American.

After an hour of discussion we took our leave. Mr. Dyachkov wanted to use the remainder of the afternoon to show us his city. Our first stop was at a large monument near the outskirts of the city. When viewing it from the street it appeared to be a tall column surrounded by statues representing people who had defended the city from the Germans during World War II. As we walked toward the platform we could see there was much more than we had anticipated. A wide staircase led downward to a circular plaza. A Russian woman, who was sweeping the area, looked at me for a long moment then said something to our host. He smiled, then turned to me and said, "she thinks you look like Margaret Thatcher." We descended more steps to a large room housing a museum. The dark polished granite walls glowed from the soft light of 900 bulbs around the perimeter of the ceiling. Each light represented a single day of the 900 days the city was under siege. A recessed area had a large screen hung on the wall and we were shown movies of the actual activities that took place during that time. Over 600,000 people died from the shelling and starvation.

Mr. D. told us he was a small boy and when they evacuated the children he hid so he could stay with his Mother; consequently, he suffered near starvation with the remaining population. He told us, many days they had only a half slice of bread to eat. There were many glass

cases of artifacts; such as, guns, helmets with bullet holes, etc. A model showing the area of the siege was displayed on a flat table top. Beautiful mosaic murals covered the walls. It was a very moving experience. The little elderly ladies seemed delighted we should be so interested in their museum.

Once above ground we walked across the street to a newly developed park where there were two large mounds of grassed-over dirt. These were the last remains of the defense line that held back advancing Germans and saved their city. We were then driven to an old monastery and church near the Neva River. It had been closed by the Communists except during World War II, which I thought "interesting", and now open again. We walked among the tombstones where many noble families had been buried. A light rain was falling as we walked from the church to the cemetery. A few people stood along the sidewalk begging. The most touching was a little girl, about ten years old sitting on the ground with two smaller children sleeping on her lap. She looked so very tired and they all appeared ill. I could hardly pass them. I never know what to do in these circumstances and feel guilty when I walk away and do nothing.

After a driving tour of the city we were dropped off at our hotel and told we could have the use of the Futures Exchange car and driver the next day. We had not expected such generosity. We had dinner at our hotel. The food was very good and very inexpensive. There seemed to be no set prices for food. Sometimes it was very expensive and sometimes the charge was very low for almost the same meal. It had been a busy day and we were ready for a good night's sleep.

Tuesday, May 31

I had caught a cold and it was beginning to drain me of energy, but I was determined I would not let it keep me from doing the things I wanted to do. We had a very good breakfast which was provided by the hotel, consisting of juice, cold cuts, cheese, hard cooked eggs, cereal, bread, jam and coffee. Valerya and our driver arrived at 10:00 a.m., with a full day planned for us. We were driven 18 miles out of the city to Peterhof which was Peter the Great's summer palace on the Gulf of Finland. It was an area where aristocrats of years gone by built their summer homes. Some had been restored and others were in ruins. Peterhof was undergoing extensive restoration. We approached the palace from the front through decorative iron gates. A wide gravel path stretched toward a large yellow and white palace, flanked on each end with beautiful gold onion domed towers. The towers to the right covered the chapel and were topped with a gleaming gold Russian orthodox cross. The towers to the left were topped with the golden two headed Russian eagle. It glowed in the spring sunshine and against the bright blue sky. Soft puffy clouds floated about intensifying the color. A series of fountains centered the path to the palace. Men were cleaning and preparing them for the summer opening which would be the next week. Formal gardens flanked the path. The palace building had not opened for the season. Valerya tried to talk to some of the people in charge to let us see inside,

but they said the alarm system was not yet connected and they could not let us enter.

It was the last week of school and large groups of school children scampered about everywhere, while teachers tried to keep them under control. We walked to the back of the palace. Here the ground dropped sharply to a tree covered park below and stretched to the sea. Glorious fountains covered the sharp slanted slope to the park. Many of the fountains were undergoing extensive repair and would not be operational for some time. We had to buy tickets to visit the park. It took Valyera an unbelievable amount of time to buy four tickets when there was no other person in line. We finally passed through the gate and walked down the steps to the park. Water fountains of all descriptions made musical sounds among the trees. Many were trick fountains that sprayed an unsuspecting viewer with water if he got too close. All of these fountains were operated by gravity relying on water piped in from a higher elevation and distributed to each fountain by an intricate system of plumbing. We visited two small palaces in the park. The one called "My Pleasure" was the favorite of Peter The Great. It was designed with much glass overlooking the sea on one side and opening on to the park and gardens on the opposite side. On this side one could view the tree covered park and the vast number of flower beds that were just being planted. A white ornate fence bordered the sea.

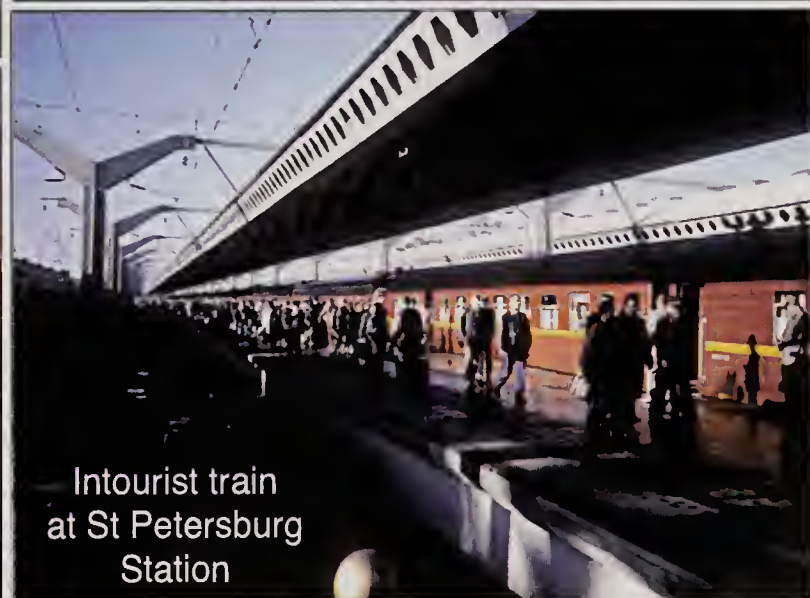
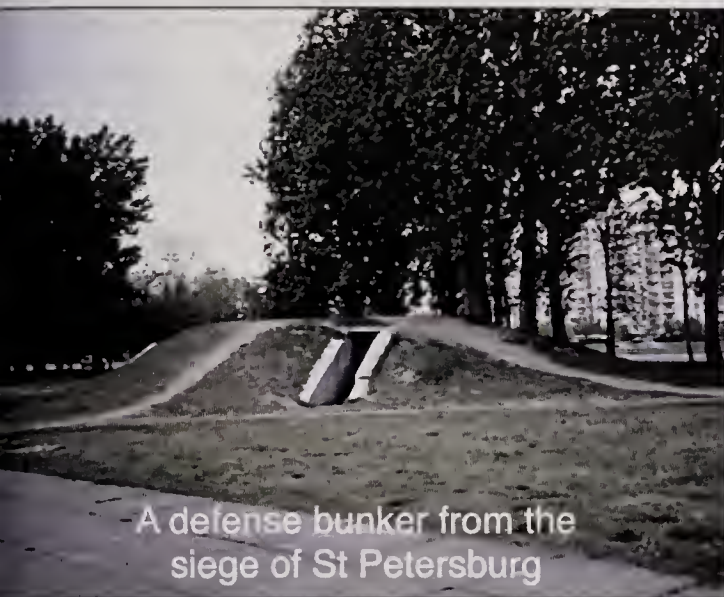
After spending several hours in the park, we returned to our car and driver. Nearby was a very ornate church and we stopped to view the interior. It had been badly damaged during the Communist regime, but was being restored by the local congregation. Apparently, it was important enough to the people, that they were restoring it even though money was very scarce.

A little farther up the street we came to an unkempt park that surrounded the summer home that had once belonged to a member of the Russian Royalty. It was very modest compared to Peterhof. There were a number of men and women planting flowers in the flower beds surrounding the house. Wild flowers bloomed in the unkempt grasses in the park. It was way past lunch time when we returned to St. Petersburg for a light lunch in a little hole-in-the wall. There was still enough time in the afternoon to stroll through the summer gardens. It consisted of a lot of statuary among the trees, but not nearly as pretty as it could have been if the grass had been mowed and the abundance of weeds removed. Across the street to the west flowed the beautiful Neva River. We retraced our steps to the car and proceeded down the street, south along the Neva, which was on our right and The Hermitage, on our left. A little farther on was a huge statue of Peter the Great on horseback, erected by Catherine II in his memory.

It was evening by the time we returned to our hotel for dinner even though the sun was still high in the sky.

Wednesday, June 1

We awakened early as it never got really dark. There was a magical quality about it. Valerya and our driver arrived at 9:45 to take us to the Hermitage (the winter palace and museum of the czars) only to learn it did not open until 10:30. Valerya suggested we drive to



the nearby home of the favorite Russian poet, Pushkin, who was killed in a duel over his wife. We looked at the exterior of the house from an enclosed courtyard. Since it was now time for the Hermitage to open we opted to return there rather than view the interior of the Pushkin home. This was somewhat to Valerya's dismay as Pushkin, we learned, was almost a revered hero of many Russians.

The Hermitage was a huge green and white baroque palace, four blocks long — dating from the time of Peter the Great to the last czar, Nicholas II. It had more than a thousand rooms and halls and had been added to many times. The Neva River flowed past it on the west and a huge square encompassed a wide area on the east side. We entered the building to buy our tickets. Buying a ticket in Russia is unlike anything we had experienced before. I cannot imagine what it would have been like if Lowell and I had tried to purchase them, speaking English. Even Valerya had a difficult time finding the right window and then only after several false starts. Once the right window was located a long discussion ensued. We stood and waited while this long conversation went on and on in Russian. When we said we wanted to see Peter the Great's apartments and the jewelry collection we were sent to another window. After another long discussion we were told we would have to hire a guide. The guides were located in another wing of the building. Valerya suggested we wait while she solved the problem, so we plopped ourselves on a bench for another ten-minute wait. She finally returned with a paper telling how much we would have to pay. She took it back to the cashier, received a receipt, returned to the guide office and 45 minutes to one hour after we had started this process, she emerged with a guide. It had taken an unbelievable amount of time to purchase tickets for three people. Valerya paid one price and we, the foreigners, paid another (like her fifty cents to our eight dollars.)

Our guide was a pleasant woman who spoke good English. She was very knowledgeable. She went into great detail, first with the jewels and then with Peter the Great's apartments. We were dead on our feet before she finished. When she asked if we needed a guide for the picture gallery, we thanked her and told her we could "handle that."

It was time for lunch and all decided it was time for a break in the palace lunch room. Lowell and I each chose a hamburger and were surprised when it turned out to be not ground beef, but ground ham. It was very good. After lunch we spent as much time viewing the various galleries as our energy would allow; all were very beautiful and ornate. Marble, gold leaf, malachite, jasper, and agate provided a magnificent backdrop to the treasures. There was a grand staircase that defies description. It was impossible to see more than a fraction of the museum at a time. We retreated to a small café and stood in line a long time to purchase a coke. Our last stop of the day consisted of purchasing food to take on the train the next day plus a stop at a book store. I purchased a small Russian doll before we returned to the hotel for dinner and to pack.

Thursday, June 2

Valerya and our driver were to call for us at 7:15, but the restaurant did not open until 7:30. We knew there was no room service, but decided to see if we could have breakfast in our room at 6:30. The lady at the desk said she was wasn't sure, but she would ask. Since we had heard nothing more, we decided it was not possible, and were prepared to leave without breakfast. We were very surprised when there was a knock at the door at 6:30 and there stood a lady with a large breakfast tray. It consisted of cold cuts, cheese, bread, 2 eggs each, and coffee. There was more food than we could eat so we packed the bread and cheese for our lunch on the train for the trip back to Moscow. Valerya and the young man that had been our driver arrived to take us to the train station at 7:15. It was a bright rather cool morning, but we decided not so cool we couldn't wait for the train outside on the platform. An Intourist train pulled into the station as we waited for our train. Intourist trains were red with a yellow stripe along the side of the cars with the words "Intourist" painted on them. It was a very long train and I pulled out my camera and took a photo. A soldier and a little boy stood in the foreground. Valerya sucked in her breath and softly said, "I don't think you are supposed to do that." I quickly dropped my camera in my tote bag. I had forgotten train stations were not to be photographed, but no one seemed to notice or care.

Our train arrived on time and we started the very long walk down the platform to our car, dragging our heavy, book loaded suitcases behind us. This train was not as clean as the previous one. The dirty mattresses from the night before had not been rolled and placed on the high berth. Lowell struggled to place them above us so we could sit down. Again we had purchased the entire compartment so we didn't need to worry about the quality of the company.

Once again Lowell and I found the eight hour trip very pleasant. We enjoyed watching villages, lakes and forests slip past us. Since these trains have no dining car we really enjoyed the shared lunch. Valerya had purchased some fruit and sandwiches and along with our "left-overs" from breakfast we fared quite well. As the train approached Moscow, the sky began to fill with clouds. Intermittent rain began to fall. When the train pulled into the station, Sergey was waiting for us on the platform just outside our car. We had no more than started walking down the long platform when the sky opened and the rain and hail came down in sheets. We tried to seek protection by pressing our backs against the side of a building, but that proved useless. Lowell and I were wearing our rain coats. Poor Sergey, wearing a full dress suit, had no protection from the downpour. He was soaked in minutes as were Lowell's trouser legs. Muddy water beat up my legs to my knees. When the rain abated, somewhat, we hurried on to our car and driver. Water ran a foot deep in the streets. Sergey directed the driver to pull the front wheels of the car up on the curb so we could enter without wading in the eight inches of water. Traffic was heavy and it took us over an hour to get to the Novatel Hotel near the airport. We were a dirty wet mess when we arrived. I hoped fervently no one would see me before I

reached our room. Lowell spent a few minutes in the lobby with the dripping wet Sergey. He was anxious to be on his way as he and his wife had tickets to a Liza Minnelli concert and now he had to go home and change clothes. I went to our room and took a quick shower only to discover our only towel was a small hand towel. Lowell had returned to the room a little before 5:00 and immediately called for more towels, only to be told it would be 8:00 p.m. before the lady on duty would bring towels; this for a \$212.00 room. After cleaning ourselves and our clothes the best we could, we had dinner and went to bed.

Friday, June 3

We were up at 4:00 a.m. as check-in time at the airport was at 5:00 a.m. It was a short shuttle ride to the airport. A large group of American soccer players were ahead of us. We started visiting with them and learned they were a missionary group, on tour from the Carolinas. They were a very nice group of young men. They insisted we move ahead of them as they were such a large group. Even so, everyone had almost an hour to wait for the airline people to show up and check us in. Clearing customs was not a problem, but they were a sour, grumpy lot.

The plane to Frankfurt departed a few minutes after seven. Three hours later we arrived in Frankfurt with a 5-hour wait for the flight to Chicago. We were allowed to wait in the Lufthansa Club room by special arrangement with United Airlines. It was very comfortable and they served a wide assortment of snacks and drinks. The spotless clean restrooms were a cultural shock after experiencing Russia's dirty broken restrooms.

The plane to Chicago departed on time. It was an exceptionally smooth flight. The view of Greenland was spectacular with its rugged snow covered landscape, high mountain peaks and big blue bays with floating icebergs. We arrived in Chicago 20 minutes early. It was a quick trip through customs. We picked up the rental car and arrived home by 8:00 p.m. It was good to be home even though we had thoroughly enjoyed our first trip to Russia, and the many engaging personalities we had encountered. We were looking forward to meeting 10 of them again when they arrived in Urbana for their summer program.

Zimbabwe

August 19 - September 4, 1994



Zimbabwe

1994

Friday, August 19

Lowell and I departed Urbana at 7:00 a.m. headed for O'Hare in a National rental car, on the first leg of our journey to Zimbabwe to attend the International Conference of Agricultural Economists. Our TWA flight to New York departed at 1:35 p.m. The time for changing planes in New York's Kennedy airport was short and we made a mad dash for the shuttle, to the South African Airways terminal. They had already given away our seat assignments and by the time they assigned us new ones our flight was boarding. Once boarded, we sat on the tarmac for an hour before departing, as there were a large number of planes in the line ahead of us. It was a long night as this was a direct flight to Johannesburg, South Africa (about 17 hours). The plane was crowded and the crew not very helpful.

Saturday, August 20

It was early spring as we flew down across Africa and the landscape appeared a russet brown. I later learned most of the trees' early buds were that color, giving the appearance of autumn rather than spring. By mid-afternoon we were circling the Johannesburg airport. The pilot announced we would be landing in 20 minutes. Suddenly the plane went into a sharp decent. We realized we were coming in at an unusually high rate of speed. Just before the wheels met the concrete, the right wing dipped sharply, and the plane landed on one set of wheels, the wing nearly striking the runway. The pilot throttled back with great force and the plane swerved back and forth, shuddering violently across the runway. The pilot came on the public address with the comment, "That was exciting wasn't it?" Most of us thought it was more excitement than we wanted. The crew was still standing in the aisles looking bewildered as the plane rolled to a stop.

We collected our bag, passed through customs, and took a taxi to the nearby Holiday Inn. We were so tired we skipped dinner and went to bed very early in the evening.

Sunday, August 21

It was after 7:00 a.m. before we had breakfast and caught the ten o'clock shuttle for the airport for our 12:10 departure to Harare, Zimbabwe. We were grateful to find that our suitcase had come with us all the way from Illinois, in and out of airports and plane changes. As we entered the terminal area, some of the conference people were waiting for us with a van to drive

us to the Sheraton Hotel. It took us two hours to reach our hotel, as the driver continued to drop all the other participants at their hotels first. That often seems to be our luck. We checked into our room and made arrangements to have dinner with Jim and Bernadette Shafer, from Michigan State, and D. Gale Johnson, from the University of Chicago. After a pleasant dinner we returned to our room for the night. It had been quite warm when we arrived, but it had rained in the middle of the night and turned quite cool.

Monday, August 22

We arose early to enjoy a large sumptuous buffet breakfast. I went with Lowell to the opening session of the conference, held in the very large conference room, adjoining the hotel. The president of Zimbabwe arrived amid the usual fan fare to give the opening address. He spoke for about a half hour, followed by the University choir singing a number written especially for the visitors. This was followed by a coffee break. Most of the ladies then departed, by bus, for a guided city tour. The buses were of the old school bus type. We were driven to a city park located at the top of a nob hill overlooking the city. It was a small area with a few trees, some flowers in bloom, and a marker with a small eternal flame. It had been placed there after their revolution in the eighties. The sun was bright and we could see long distances across the city. After considerable time for viewing and a number of photos, we were driven about the city, to a park, and then to the natural history museum located near our hotel. We were driven to a local handcraft shop to shop. The handcrafts were of very good quality. There were many beautifully woven baskets from various tribes around the country, brass wear, woven fabrics, and many other kinds of art work. Lunch was served in the dining room adjacent to the shop. We attended the reception in the hotel in the evening and what a mob. Over 500 people crammed in a small area and all talking at once. A few dignitaries tried to say a few words, and were all but drowned out as people were more interested in talking than listening. It was a fun day of renewing old friendships and making new ones.

Tuesday, August 23

Tuesday morning got off to a slow start and it turned out to be "the name of the game" many times on this trip. As long as we learned to swing with it and not get anxious, all went well. We were supposed to depart for the Imire Safari Ranch at 7:30 a.m., but it was 9:30 before we were on our way. Several men who had **not** reserved space on the tour, climbed aboard the bus, causing several women to miss that day's tour, as there were no seats left on the bus. The men were rather obnoxious insisting they had the right to remain. Most of us were unhappy with them and also with the tour people for not forcing the men to give up their seats.

It was a 2-hour drive east of Harare to the Imire game ranch in a stifling hot school bus, but everyone seemed to take it in stride. At first the open savannahs were quite flat then became quite rolling. The brown grasses were five to six feet tall and stirred in the gentle wind. Almost

all of the landscape was pale yellow or brown as it was their late winter-early spring. A large number of trees had not lost their leaves and were still green. Others were beginning to bud and some were in bloom.

We arrived at the Imire Game Ranch two hours late. Imire means "the meeting place," the name given the area by local people long before commercial farming began. It was at Imire that the chiefs of neighboring clans gathered in years past to discuss important matters.

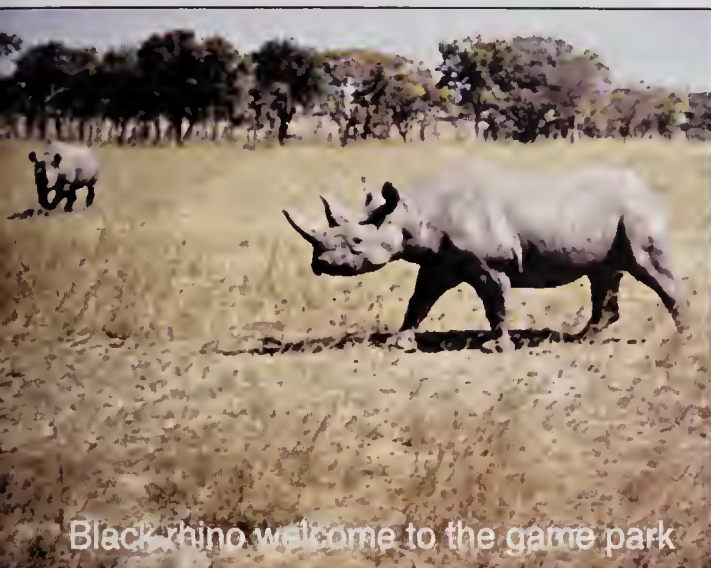
Imire was located 105 km east of Harare, by road, in rolling bushveld, strewn with massive granite whalebacks and castle kopjes (small hills). The ranch covered 4500 hectares of land. Imire was the first venture of its kind in Zimbabwe. The managers had successfully combined wild game with cattle operations, while continuing to grow crops — tobacco in the wet summer and wheat in the dry winter. Even though it was a successful farming operation, the natural vegetation and scenery remained as it had for centuries. The wild life and cattle utilized the diverse plant resources by browsing and grazing at different levels.

Since we were late arriving we had to forgo the planned mid-morning tea on the ranch house lawn. A canopied flatrack pulled by a tractor, was waiting for us. We immediately climbed aboard and were driven through the fields to see the wild life some distance from the ranch house. The countryside was very beautiful with large expanses of grass and occasional clumps of trees. There were fields being prepared for planting tobacco. We saw eland, elephants, a herd of rhinos (one was earless because it had been chewed off by a hyena when it was a baby), impalas, and several other members of the deer family. The game keeper coaxed many of the animals to come near the flat rack by offering them food. Some of the elephants came closer than a few of the people cared to see, and had to be scared away. After spending some time viewing the animals, and many photographs later, we were driven across the fields to a high rocky plateau where a barbecue had been prepared for us.

A black woman stood cooking food over an open fire. We sat on rocks eating our lunch with a slab of board for a plate, while looking across the rolling grassy savannahs below us and to a low ridge of blue mountains in the distance.

We were served a curried stew over rice and mealies (white cornmeal mush), carrots, swiss chard, a wonderful home baked bread, and various salads. Dessert was a baked fruit crunch of apples, pineapple, and walnuts, topped with ice cream. We sat for some time enjoying the food and absorbing the view before us, as a warm breeze stirred the leaves in the trees overhead. The gamekeeper brought an elephant to the lunch grounds, and we were given peanuts so we could feed it. Some were afraid to try, but I joined the group that did. I held the peanut in the palm of my hand as the elephant reached gracefully forward and took it with the soft delicate tip of its trunk.

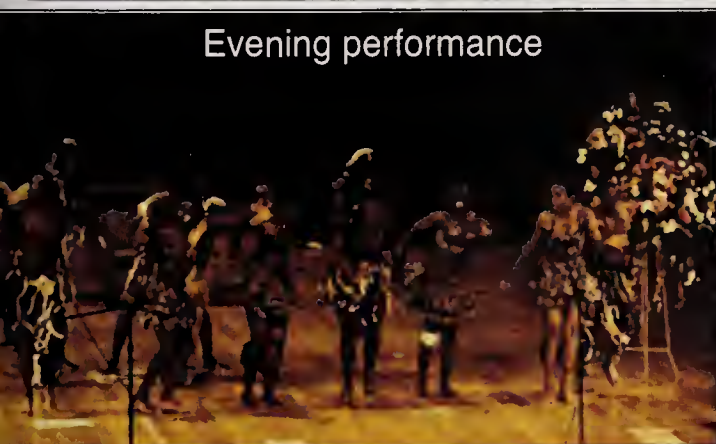
We were then driven back to the ranch house to see a pair of cats in an enclosure. The lion had been raised from a baby and loved to have the owner scratch its head, and responded with small purring meows. There was also a leopard in a nearby enclosure. It paced back and forth



Black rhino welcome to the game park



Local fair like those in old England



Evening performance



Our lunch served on a wooden slab

along the fence rather restlessly, with its bright eyes glowing.

It was getting late in the afternoon, so we made a brief walk around the green English style lawn, viewing the masses of climbing bougainvillea and gorgeous flower beds before returning to our bus for the 2-hour drive back to Harare. It was after 5:30 when we reached the hotel. Lowell and I had dinner in the dining room before returning to our room for the night.

Wednesday, August 24

We met Lois and Harold Guither (our neighbors in Urbana) for breakfast. We had decided this was the morning to visit the Zimbabwe National Agricultural Fair which was being held just a block down the street. Since we did not know the location of the entrance, and the grounds were quite extensive, we decided to take a taxi.

The fair was located in a shady park area with many attractive permanent buildings. It reminded us of the state fairs back home in Illinois and Iowa. It was a very nice fair with many exhibits, such as elaborate fruit and vegetable displays, machinery, home decorating, etc. The livestock judging was conducted inside a white fence around a green paddock and reminded us of the pictures of English cattle shows. It left no doubt the fair style had been developed by the English. We watched a plowing demonstration in which a hand plow was pulled by a cable run through a pulley and attached to a winch run by a tractor, then spent some time watching the judging of cattle.

It was almost 1:00 p.m. before we walked back across an open grassy field to the hotel for a late lunch. Many families, both black and white, were now pouring into the fair grounds, and the stream of people reached from the road in front of our hotel to the fairgrounds gate.

The hotel was now full of American soldiers, both men and women. We never did get a complete story about their reason for being there. We learned enough to know their mission was to refuel planes for Rwandan relief, and either Zimbabwe or some other country had refused to let them complete their mission. They apparently had orders not to talk about it, but one did tell us they were supposed to be there a month and were leaving after a week because they were unable to obtain fuel and supplies. They were an extremely nice group of young people of which America could be proud. Several days later, we watched them depart; rather disappointed they had been unable to complete their mission.

The evening program was a cultural music and dance show. The costumes were colorful and the young performers enthusiastic, but it was a very long and slow moving program. We stayed until the intermission and when the next half had not started yet at 10:00 we decided to call it a night.

Thursday, August 25

Everyone was up early this morning as this was the day for the entire group to take all-day tours to various farming locations. It was mass confusion. Everyone had been asked to sign

up for the tour of their choice the night before, but almost no one had been assigned to their choice. Lowell and I had been split up and assigned to two different tours. We had not signed-up for either of them and did not want either of them. Consequently, most of the group boarded the bus of their choice, ignoring the written assignments. So many people wanted to go on our tour, we had to wait for another bus to be brought.

It took a long time to get it all sorted out, but finally we were handed box lunches supplied by the Holiday Inn and were on our way. No arrangements had been made to collect the money for the box lunches and no one seemed to know what to do about it, so Lowell took a plastic bag and walked up and down the aisle asking everyone to put their money in it, announcing there would be no change made. No one complained about our method of collecting payment for the lunches — we think because no one counted the money.

As usual we were an hour and a half late starting. Our busses headed north out of Harare. The landscape was rocky and hilly, with farming in the valleys wherever irrigation was possible. Wheat, vegetables, maize, and cotton were the main crops. The first stop was at the Mundotiv Irrigation Scheme. We were met at the gate by six women garbed in colorful traditional dresses and turbans. They greeted us with a welcome song and then gave us that dreadful cheer they make with their tongues. A man came forward, greeted us and walked us through a field of sugar snap peas which they were harvesting. It was a pretty country side with rolling fields and low hills in the distance. The air was warm but not unpleasant. A gentle breeze stirred the air about us. We were given a long lecture about the project before we returned to the buses.

AID had provided the irrigation system operated by a diesel engine to this co-operative owned by local farmers. There had been a stipulation that 10% of the profits from the money-making crops would be set aside to repair or replace the engine at the end of 10 years. The coughing and rattle of the engine indicated the time for repairs was past. Unfortunately, the “set aside” fund had been distributed annually to the farmers, had been spent, and there were no funds for repairs. I suspect the engine was on its last legs and when it died, there would be no irrigation, no peas, and no income.

We continued northward to the Tipperary farm hosted by a Mr. Walters. The farm was located in a rather narrow valley with low mountains jutting up around us. We were directed to a cotton field where black people were picking cotton. It was like looking at a picture of the old South before the Civil War. Rows of brick blocks, covered with burlap bags had been placed under a big shade tree at the edge of the cotton field so we had a place to sit while we watched the colorfully dressed cotton pickers picking the bolls of cotton. As we listened to the lecture about the farm, curious children of all sizes hung on the fringe of our group. Some babies were carried on the backs of older sisters while their mothers worked in the fields. Everyone was snapping pictures, but I found the children were the most fun of all to photograph with their big dark curious eyes and their shy smiles. A soft cool wind stirred the leafy canopy above me. An incredibly blue sky stretched overhead without a wisp of a cloud anywhere.



A native song welcomed us to the farm



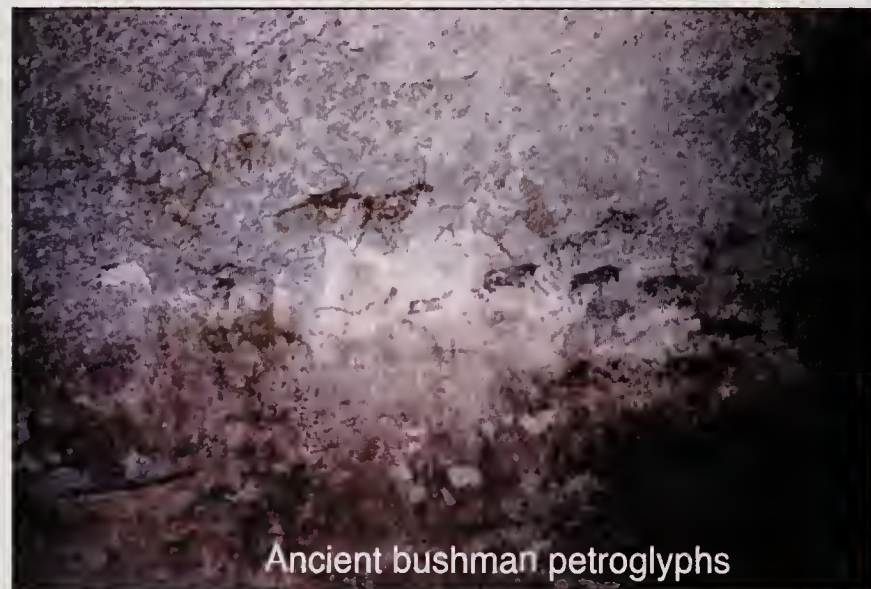
Harvesting the co-op crops



Hot, hard labor



No baby sitters here!



Ancient bushman petroglyphs



The smoke hole
for a cave below

The time had come to move on, so we again boarded the buses for a trip to the Rustington farm. It was suggested we might like to eat our lunches on the bus before we reached the farm, which most of us did. We were running very late and far past lunch time. This farm was owned and operated by a black farmer and his wife. They had sold a house and a business in town, had made a down-payment on the farm, and had continued to expand their operation. They both came forward with smiles to greet us and to shake our hands as we stepped from the bus. They ushered us to rows of chairs on the veranda of a large square building which was painted white and was probably their home and office. They immediately brought out cold drinks, trays of sandwiches, fruit trays of apples, oranges, and bananas and last, big trays of cookies and cake.

A small compound of rondavels (mud huts) adjoined the housing area where women were going about their work, hanging laundry on a line or just watching us with curiosity. The children were very shy, but they didn't want to miss anything. The babies usually hid behind their mothers when anyone tried to talk to them, but we were always met with smiles from the adults.

When our snacks were finished, we walked across a plowed field to a field of tomato plants that was being irrigated. The farm family spent some time telling us about their operation and their plans for the future. Again it was too soon to leave, but we had to say thank you and goodbye to these nice people for their warm hospitality, and move on to the last farm visit of the day.

Our last stop was at a communal farm or resettlement as they called it. Our busses turned off the highway on to a narrow grassy lane and parked near a shade tree where men and women were waiting for us; obviously for a long time, as we were very late. Six women in colorful traditional dress and one man sang us a native welcome song — rather long I might add. What they had to tell us about their operation was nearly drowned out as the bus drivers chose this moment to turn their busses around to prepare for the return trip. What we did learn was they were living for the present and were not giving much thought as to the needs for the future development of the farm.

Dusty and tired we boarded the busses for the two hour plus trip back to Harare. When we entered the lobby of our hotel we saw a red carpet had been stretched the length of the lobby, ending at the elevators. Upon inquiry we were told President Mandella from South Africa was expected and would spend the night at the hotel. We were more tired than hungry so decided to eat in the small bar-restaurant just off the lobby. The Guithers decided to join us. As we came out of the bar there were a small number of Mandella's security people standing about the lobby. It was obvious he was expected soon. A young woman and a young man in uniforms lounged on a desk near us. Suddenly their phone rang. They immediately snapped to attention and I overheard one of them say, "This is it." I moved closer to the roped off area so I could see through the open front door and down the street. Sure enough a group of cars, with lights flashing, turned into the drive and up to the front door. We couldn't believe how little security

there was in the lobby, but out stepped President Mandela, smiling broadly, as he came down the carpet toward us. The young man next to me reached out his hand and Mandela smiled and shook it. At the last minute I lost my nerve to follow suit, mindful that if it had been our security people they would probably have thrown me to the ground. With this excitement over we happily returned to our room for the night.

Friday, August 26

Lowell and I had breakfast together before he departed for his meetings and I joined the other ladies for a tour to a primitive rock painting site, called Domboshawa National Monument.

Once again the tour managed to be one half hour late departing, but we were improving. It was about a half hour drive northeast of town to the Monument, located on a granite outcropping where there were bush man paintings in caves and overhangs, dating back 2000 years. We were met at the small visitors' center by a park guide, who led us to a small thatched rondavel. He showed us arrows and other small artifacts that had been found at the site. He then led us up high on the back side of a smooth granite rock to a cave with ancient drawings of people, elephants and deer in colors of black, blue and browns. It was thought these drawings were perhaps offerings to the gods for rain and harvest. It felt strange to stand there in that sheltered spot and imagine the possible feelings of a primitive people so long ago. A few leafy shrubs had grown up through the crevices in the boulders giving the feeling that we were standing in a room with a large picture window across one side, with a view of the flat land below us and a mountain in the distance.

We carefully climbed over the smooth surface of the huge rock to the very top. There we found a round manmade hole that reached down to the cave, large enough for a small person to crawl through. Our guide told us the cave had probably been used for ceremonial purposes. Smoke and charcoal stains provided obvious evidence that fires had been built at the base of the rock and the hole used as a chimney. A stiff breeze was blowing as we scanned the landscape below us. The tallest mountain in the region rose to a little over 3000 feet from the flat land to the south of the spot where we stood. We descended very slowly as the rock was very smooth and quite steep. As we walked back to the visitors center one of the men asked our guide, who was black, how he felt about the change from all white rule. He sighed and thought a moment before he replied, "Only the next ten years will tell. Sometimes a full stomach is better than freedom."

When we reached the visitors' compound we carried our lunch boxes into a little white open rondavel made especially for a picnic area. The hotel had agreed to pack a box lunch for each of us, to be ready for morning departure. It was huge, consisting of two ham sandwiches, two hard-cooked eggs, two pieces of chicken, an apple, a banana, an orange, and a small piece of cake, all for \$4.00. Then it was back to the bus to see a nearby typical native village we had viewed from the top of the rock. It was divided into small compounds, usually consisting of one

family (a husband, several wives, and many children) in each compound. They greeted us warmly and showed us through the various rondavels, which was a round mud hut with a thatched roof, no smoke hole and no windows. One of the huts was reserved for cooking and family living. Each wife and her children had their own hut. We entered the cooking hut where an old woman knelt on the floor before a fire in the center of the room. She was stirring food (it looked like cornmeal) in a big black pot which was resting on a grill over an open fire. The only escape for smoke was through the thatched roof. All around the wall was a low mud-plastered bench where people could sit. A few of the huts were used for grain storage. The entire compound was thick with dust. Chickens, dogs and goats wandered about at will.

Children followed us about, curious and giggling as they watched and listened to us talk. A plump baby, about one year old, sat on the dusty ground, watching us with big round eyes. I knelt down and snapped her picture. That was too much for her, she struggled to her feet and toddled back to the safety of her mother as fast as she could go. The women followed us chattering, smiling, and answering all of our many questions about their daily lives and family relationships. When I asked one of the wives how many of the children belonged in that compound, she began sorting them out and ended up with 26. There were three wives. Several of the women had crochet work in their hands, working as they walked and talked. Lois Guither asked one of them if she had a completed piece of work that we could see. The woman went back into one of the dusty huts and brought out a piece about 18" by 12". Lois bought it for \$20 Zimbabwe — about \$2.50 in U.S. money.

Not far from the huts, was a corral made of sticks, driven into the ground and interwoven to make an enclosure for the cattle at night. A wooden rack had been built in the tree that grew inside the corral and was filled with hay. We could see some of the animals grazing, scattered about in the brush. There were cattle, goat, and chicken droppings everywhere in the compound, and one had to step carefully. The women and children in the compound seemed to have no concern about that problem.

Across the road was another compound. Nearby was a well with a pump where women and children were gathered, filling their plastic pails with water. We thanked the women and said goodbye and as we boarded our bus I looked across the fence to another compound where one woman was stooped over a pan of dishes on a low rack, washing them. Another woman was bent low over her ironing board placed on a low stump. The iron appeared to be the kind that held live coals for heat. It was similar to one that I had seen at our hotel, when I encountered a young American woman soldier taking one back to the States as a souvenir.

We made two more stops before returning to the hotel. One was at a very nice shopping mall where Lois and I bought some native clay pottery decorated with primitive black bushman designs. The last stop was at an open air market, specializing in baskets and stoneware. We returned to the hotel where I met Lowell. We were ready for a quick dinner and into bed, after a long and tiring, but extremely interesting day.



A thatched roof hut for each wife



Primitive stove in the cooking hut



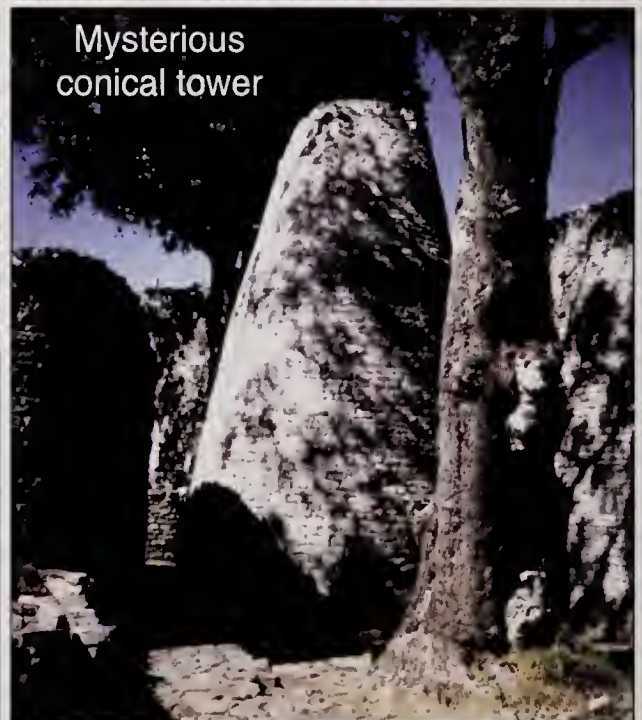
Baby playing in the dusty compound



Termite mound makes good lookout tower



The ruins of Great Zimbabwe



Mysterious
conical tower

Saturday, August 27

We were up before 6:00 this morning since we had planned a tour to Great Zimbabwe. We had time for a quick cup of coffee before stepping outside to wait for the bus. The Guithers, two other American couples, a professor from Cornell, and a young woman from Washington, D.C. joined us in the bus. We were on our way by 7:15 for the 181-mile trip to Great Zimbabwe. These Bushman ruins were thought to date back to the 1300s. The complex and extensive buildings, towers, and monuments were made of stones with no mortar. The fitting of each stone had been so well done that the towering walls still stood as a monument to their skill. With this information we were looking forward to the trip.

The area south of Harare was very flat. About two hours into the trip we stopped at Denise's Kitchen — a ranch out in the middle of nowhere. We were served a big English style breakfast, but the place was none too clean. As far as I know no one got sick from the experience. The ranch was decorated in the style of our southwestern homes, with stucco walls and Spanish-style architecture. A few animals wandered about the lawn. The most interesting sight were the large termite mounds in the fields and along the road. Apparently they were dormant or unused, but their unique pyramid shapes dotted the landscape within and around the compound.

We resumed our travel through brush and open pasture lands. Some of the area was fenced along the roadside, but that presented no obstacle to the movement of the wild wart hogs. There were several excellent specimens grazing along the road and the driver obliged us by stopping for a few good pictures. Monkeys and baboons sat in trees watching us as we passed.

We passed through several small villages, and as we neared our destination, the driver pulled into a gas station, only to learn they had no diesel fuel. The next station produced the same results. The driver and his assistant kept looking at their fuel gauge, obviously worried about how far they could run on empty. I think they coasted into the station at the outskirts of Great Zimbabwe. Lowell remarked to the driver, "I think you have been running on air and prayer for the last five miles." The driver grinned and nodded his head. There was obvious relief on their faces when they found the diesel pump in operation.

It was after 12:00 when we reached Great Zimbabwe — a truly impressive structure. It was the remains of a large city inhabited between the 13th and 15th centuries by an estimated population of 11,000 to 20,000 at any given time. It was once recognized as one of the world's premier capitals. The populace lived in thatched mud huts while the important families lived inside the stone walled enclosures. It was a strong economy, producing both cattle and grains for export, with trade links to the East Coast. Gold and ivory were traded for beads, cloth, porcelain and other items from the Middle and Far East. By the end of the 15th Century, Great Zimbabwe was no more; due to less natural resources, and the weakening of their political and social structures.

The ancient city covered over 720 hectares. Some of the structures were built high on top of a rock, which was a major challenge to climb. Those of us who persevered were rewarded by a terrific view from the top. All of these magnificent stone structures were built without any mortar, including the high wall and the huge conical tower on the ground below. We viewed many ruins on the land below us, including a reconstructed village and a museum. After climbing over these ruins and taking many photos we slowly descended from the ruins on the high rock, enjoying the great view of the countryside below us as we followed the narrow path ever downward.

We visited the small museum and then walked through the many ruins. One of the most amazing features of the ruins was the conical tower. It was ten meters high and five meters wide at the base and from all that could be ascertained, it was solid with no space inside. No one could explain its purpose. We walked on to the reconstructed village where several natives were answering visitors' questions and demonstrating hand crafts. The sun had become very warm and beat down on our heads. I was grateful I had brought my parasol with me.

We left the national park and were driven to a nearby resort hotel for a late lunch served outdoors on tables under thatched canopies. Blooming bougainvillea and other flower beds were a blaze of color all around us. Birds were singing lustily in the trees and a flock of peacocks wandered around and under our tables, adding even more color. Most of us chose the "Great Enclosure" sandwich, from the menu, which was a hamburger, with lettuce, tomato, cheese, and a slice of pineapple; surprisingly very good. Ice cream was the favorite dessert for all. It was after 4:00 p.m. before we started back for Harare. On the return trip we saw many wart hogs, monkeys, some baboons, impala, and deer until there was no longer enough light for us to see the roadside. The sun dropped out of sight in a blaze of deep red to be replaced with the black of night.

Then came the trucks, one after another, on that very narrow road. They apparently ran only at night on the public highways. This was more than our driver could handle. Whenever he saw the lights of an approaching truck, he moved ever farther to the left until he was running on the shoulder. Time and time again we were almost forced into the ditch. As we watched the trucks coming at us, it was clear they were well on their side of the line, but our driver was convinced he didn't have enough room, and would swerve to the shoulder. We began to wonder if we would ever make it to Harare, but finally a little after 8:00 p.m. we pulled up in front of our hotel, exhausted from our last four hours of white knuckles, as our driver veered from road to ditch and back again. Given the late hour and the exhaustion of the day we were willing to skip dinner and go to our rooms. I washed my hair, had a quick bath, and went to bed.

Sunday, August 28

We were happy to make this a day of leisure and relaxation, especially since there was to be a major banquet in the evening. We had a leisurely breakfast and stayed around the hotel.

The day had been sunny and warm, but turned quite cool as it grew dark and the stars came out. The banquet was held in a large pink and white striped tent on the hotel grounds. We sat around tables set for eight people and were served buffet style from an adjoining tent. The banquet had been promoted as "typical native fare." Most of us had to confess it was the least-liked meal we had been served all the time we were there. The "typical fare" must have been the menu of the lower income strata of the population. It consisted mostly of various mixtures of beans, rice, and mealies. along with dishes of animal parts most of us would not consider edible if we had any idea of what we were eating. In the low light around the buffet tables, some of the dishes we decided to sample, were left on our plates once we were back in the candle light at the table.

We were entertained all through dinner with very loud music and singing (amplifiers turned up high). Visiting was impossible, so when Lowell and I picked up our dessert, which was fresh fruit, Lowell said, "Shall we keep walking?" and we did, all the way back to our room.

Monday, August 29

We had a leisurely breakfast with the Spitzes from the University of Illinois, then said goodbye to Lois and Harold: they were leaving for South Africa. Spitzes joined us in the lobby a few minutes later and we called a taxi to take us to the city botanical garden. When we reached the garden it was obvious it would be difficult to get a return taxi so we asked the driver if he would return for us in two hours. He said he would return at the appointed time. We were not sure he understood, but decided to take our chances. We wandered about the gardens for almost two hours. There were very few flowers in bloom. It appeared as though it would be much nicer in late spring. We returned to our pre arranged spot near the gate and sat down on the curb to wait for our driver. To our relief he showed up at the appointed time. We stopped at an art museum enroute to the hotel only to discover everything was closed except the gift shop. Hazel and I purchased some malachite earrings before we returned to the hotel for lunch. Lowell attended the afternoon session and I repacked our suitcases and brought my notes up to date.

Tuesday, August 30

This was the day to begin our 4-day post conference tour. We had breakfast and then closed the suitcases and checked out. We checked the big suitcase at the hotel to be picked up when we returned from the tour and took only the carry-on bag with us. It held all we needed and certainly made life a lot simpler. Thirty-four people from the conference had signed up for this tour. Vans transported us to the airport half an hour away. Departure time was 11:00 a.m. and the plane was almost on time for the short 1-hour flight to Lake Kariba. Lake Kariba was a man-made lake, made possible by the completion of the Kariba Dam in 1958. It was 200 kilo-

meters long and 40 kilometers wide at its widest point and furnished the country with much needed hydro-electricity and a very large recreation area.

Small buses were waiting to transport us to the hotel. Our bus driver pointed to areas where we might see elephants and sure enough we saw two of them feeding under some trees in the valley below. Everything was very brown and the animals tended to blend in with the grasses and shrubs. A ridge of low mountains or hills was on the west side of the valley. Lake Kariba was to the east. Our hotel was of a romantic design, made of white stucco and located on several levels on the hillside, following the edge of the lake. The hotel was not yet ready for our "check-in" so they advised us to have our lunch on the open porch overlooking the lake, the lush landscaping and the beach.

We watched a dozen or more sail boats in the distance gliding over the water as we ate our lunch. We were served a pre-set lunch of soup, fish, rice, carrots, greens, and ice cream. When we finished, the desk people were ready to assign us to our room. We were given a pretty little unit on the lake shore level. It was complete with kitchenette, bath, living- sleeping room, another little nook with bunk beds and a tiny private patio with an umbrella table and chairs. A sign nearby on the lawn said, "Beware, crocodiles are found in all parts of the lake." We were only a few feet from the lake. We kept our distance.

The minute we arrived, Lowell signed us up for a tour of the dam on the Zambezi River and the sunset cruise on the lake. We had been warned the tours would fill up rapidly, and they did. Some people did not get to go to the dam. The bus carried us up a winding road to the crest of a hill overlooking the lake. The breeze was gentle and the bright sun warm and pleasant. We stood near a low stone wall as our guide described the area. Near where we stood were people selling local hand crafts; wood and stone carvings, baskets and all kinds of crochet work. A short distance away was a small catholic chapel (the Church of Saint Barbara) built for a memorial to people who lost their lives building the dam. The back side of the wall was of stone. The front section was open grill work with designs depicting the seven days of the week. The altar was on a round Dias in the center of the room. It was a moving and fitting tribute to those who lost their lives.

We were driven to an overlook of the dam on the Zambezi River. Across the river were the hills of Zambia. Again local crafts people were selling their wares. There were a lot of crocheted bed spreads displayed on a clothes line; some cream colored, some white. I especially liked one white one. I continued to admire it as we boarded the bus. Two of the men were inquiring about them. With Lowell's encouragement I got off the bus and asked the price. When the lady said \$220.00 (Zimbabwe dollars) I asked if she would take \$25.00 American dollars which was a little less, she smiled a happy smile and said "yes." Immediately, the other ladies flew into action to help her remove the spread from the line. That convinced the two men who were trying to decide if they should buy one for their wives at home. As the Australian boarded the bus with his spread in his hands, he turned to me and said, "I sure do admire your decisiveness."

Our driver then took us to the road crossing the dam. Every one walked to the center of the dam which divides Zimbabwe from Zambia. As we approached the center of the dam two Zambian guards met us. Since visas were needed to enter Zambia, we stopped short of the line. We decided to take our chances and asked if we could cross the line. They both grinned and said, "yes." We walked a few feet into Zambia, waved our thanks and made a dash for our bus as it was nearly time for the 4:30 lake cruise. Some of the group were dawdling back at the dam, so we urged our bus driver to blow the horn and start moving forward. That brought them on the run! We made it to the boat just in time for departure. It was a double-deck affair. The boat glided slowly across the lake. The sun was moving lower in the western sky. The air was warm and comfortable. We saw hippos, fish eagles, egrets, zebras, and more, along the shore. The boat circled a small island and lying motionless, but eyeing us, was the largest crocodile I have ever seen. Nearby, a family of hippos played in the shallow water. As the sun began to slip toward the horizon, the boat was maneuvered into a grove of dead trees protruding from the water where many birds were arriving to roost for the night. The trees and birds made picturesque black silhouettes against the bright red sunset. Stars were showing in the dark blue sky as we disembarked and boarded the bus for the short drive back to our hotel. Dinner was a lavish buffet with all kinds of interesting food; such as, lamb, pork, ostrich, mealies, and rice. The menu also included the usual fried potato cubes with onion, salads and lots of desserts. It was bed time by the time we finished our dinner. The sky was a velvet midnight blue and the stars brilliant. All the little night creatures were filling the night with their music — a pleasant symphony to encourage sleep.

Wednesday, August 31

Bird songs awakened me at 5:00 a.m. and neither Lowell nor I could go back to sleep so we decided to get up and go for a walk. We were not the only ones out for an early walk. We met several others taking a morning stroll too. One couple told us they had been awakened when an elephant had come strolling along the road back of the hotel about 4:00 a.m., upsetting the guard keeper and his dog, whose reactions brought them awake.

We had breakfast at 7:00 and by 8:30 we were all on the way to the airport for a 10:30 flight to Hwange National Park. It was a short 35-minute flight. Our flying altitude was not very high and I observed the ground below as we traveled the length of the lake. The scene was rather colorless as trees and ground were mostly brown. Busses were ready and waiting for us when the plane landed. Most of us had only carry-on luggage with us and we moved through the air terminal quickly.

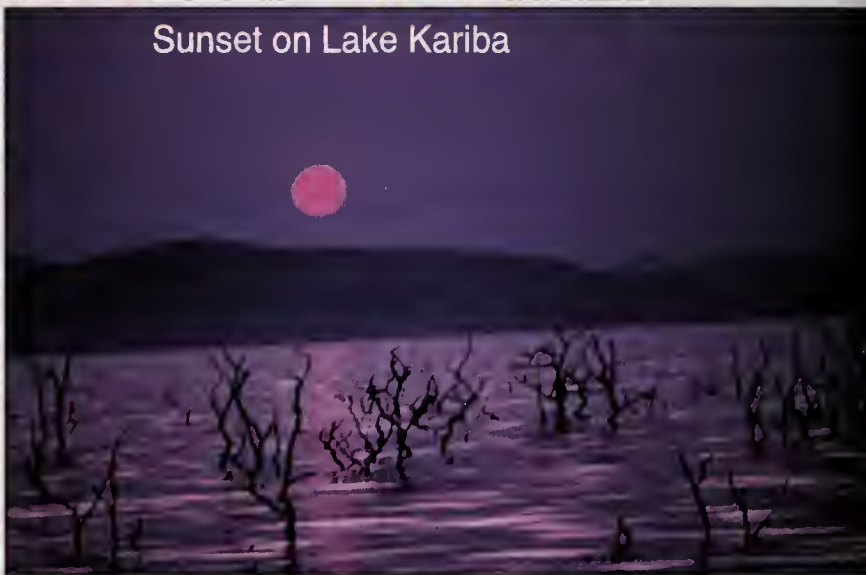
Our lodge was located on the edge of the park. The sound of native drums heralded our arrival. A young black man in native dress and spear in hand stood at attention as we stepped from the bus. The lodge was a graceful building, built in a semi-circle with the rooms all facing the lawn, the swimming pool and a water hole in a depression just below the lawn. On the far



Dam on the
Zambezi River



Buffalo at waterhole
near Hwange Park



Sunset on Lake Kariba



Drinking is a challenge
with such long legs!



Unique architecture of Elephant Hills Hotel

side of the water hole (lighted at night) was a forest, and we soon discovered a constant panorama of wildlife coming silently, night and day, to drink. We saw elephants, baboons, wildebeest, impala, sable, zebra, and on and on, during our time in Hwange.

Our rooms were ready and waiting and we were amused to see the same young man that greeted us in native dress was now in jeans and carrying our bags to our room. Our room was on the upper level with a perfect view of the lawn and the water hole from a picture window that stretched all across one wall. The room was decorated in soft browns and creams in native designs. No sooner had we had entered our room when there was a loud scrambling noise on the roof over our heads. Two angry baboons came scrambling down the tree in front of our window, resulting in a brief fight on the ground. A little later a large family of baboons scampered across the lawn, mingling among the many human visitors. The adults became a little aggressive when humans came too close to their babies.

A huge lunch was set out around the outdoor barbecue. Since it was nearly time to close the lunch hour, everyone grabbed a plate and lined up to be served. We carried our filled plates to tables under thatched canopies and big shade trees. The air was warm and a gentle breeze stirred the air above us. Some of the trees were already in leaf.

At 4:00 p.m. we boarded busses for a previously scheduled trip to Hwange Park. We saw very little on the first part of the ride, but later entered an area where there were large herds of elephants. The trees and undergrowth were so badly trampled it appeared they were over supplied with animals. It was late winter, early spring, and most of the waterholes were dry. One water hole was being supplied by a diesel-powered pump. As the sun dropped lower in the sky, more and more animals came from hiding to drink at the few remaining water holes. The sun was setting very red in the western sky and the black branches of the acacia trees stood out like black lace against the scarlet darkening sky. There was yet enough light to see the animals coming to the water holes as we silently stood on a high platform. Everyone was very quiet as we watched the animals quietly come to drink and silently fade away into the bush. We were amused by a giraffe's effort to reach the water with his long front legs, bending to lower his head to the water. Our van then turned back toward our lodge and the sunset turned to night. Darkness comes swiftly here.

Dinner was again served on the lawn, in the form of a lavish buffet under the stars. Lanterns on the table and the glow from four bonfires provided our light, holding back the darkness that surrounded the compound. Soft lights illuminated the water hole below us, and animals came quietly from the forest beyond in a silent procession. It was hard to give up and go to bed, but tomorrow was another day with a 5:00 a.m. wake-up call.

Thursday, September 1

We were up by 5:00 a.m. and met our fellow tourists in the lobby who were also taking the morning safari to the National Park. We were served coffee, tea, and cookies before we

departed. We were on our way by 6:00 in an open-roofed van, just as the sun rose on the horizon. A big herd of wildebeest came walking single-file into our compound and down to the waterhole just as we were leaving. I counted over 50 of them as they moved slowly and silently, one by one to the edge of the water. Our driver crisscrossed the park in search of animals. We saw 17 different species and many birds, but to my disappointment, none of the cat family.

We returned to the hotel at 9:30, just in time for an outdoor breakfast. We were required to check out of our rooms at 10:00 so spent the time photographing and walking among the baboons, viewing the activity around the water hole and visiting a small craft area at the edge of the lawn.

We departed for the airport at 12:00. As we stood at the edge of the airfield, waiting for our incoming plane to land, an elephant walked from the jungle onto the airfield. We wondered what would happen if he continued to wander the runway when the plane was landing. Fortunately, he turned and disappeared among the trees before the plane arrived. It was a 25 minute flight to Victoria Falls and another 30 minute drive to the Elephant Hills Hotel. It was built in 1993 and was a very imposing elephant grey structure perched high on a hill overlooking the entire area. A large cloud of mist could be seen arising from the falls even at this distance. The broad Zambezi River curved in an arc from the falls east of the hotel viewing area, to the north and then to the west. A three tiered swimming pool was located on the north side of the terrace. Below and beyond that was a large tree-covered golf course that stretched toward the river in the distance. Blooming bougainvillea made bright splashes of red, pink, yellow, white, and purple everywhere. The hotel was cavernous. Our room opened onto the lawn and we could see the Zambezi River in the distance. We had a quick lunch in the open air bar then made a mad dash for the shuttle bus, which made a trip to the Victoria Falls once every hour.

We walked down a wooden path to the west end of the falls, and proceeded to various lookouts all along the edge of the river bank. Since this was the dry season there was a smaller flow of water than when the spring rains come in October. Wherever the mist is blown there is a lush green tropical forest. Areas protected from the blowing mists were more like a desert. Wherever the sun found its way into the gorge, a beautiful rainbow was created. Our photographs could never capture their full beauty. The gorge was so narrow and deep it was difficult to see the base of the falls, unless we stood at one end. The lookout could be reached only by descending 62 steps — and of course returning up the same 62 steps. The spread of the falls reminded us of the Iguacu Falls in Brazil. The river enters the falls from an area high above the lookout. We could see people standing at the very lip of the falls, with fishing rods in hand. One slip and they would have plunged hundreds of feet to the foaming river below. There were more falls than Niagara, but both are equally very beautiful in their own way. We spent the better part of an hour viewing the falls then caught the last shuttle bus of the day back to the hotel.

When we returned to the hotel we decided to take the 6:30 shuttle bus into town to the craft village to see the evening show of traditional African dances and music. It was very



A rainbow
in the mists



Victoria Falls

colorful and light hearted. It had become dark before the program started, which added to the atmosphere. The show was over promptly at 8:00 p.m. and 10 minutes later our bus was waiting for us. We returned to the hotel and had dinner in their very attractive restaurant. The food was very good and some of it very exotic: such as, kudu, impala, and ostrich. After enjoying the delicious food we had one more look at the starry sky and went to bed.

Friday, September 2

We were wide awake by 6:00 a.m. and had finished breakfast by 7:00. After packing our bags we caught the shuttle bus to the craft village for some shopping. Crafts here were very good quality. We bought some wood carvings of a mother hippo and her baby, also some very pretty napkins with guineas printed on them, because we had seen guineas everywhere in Zimbabwe, both wild and domesticated.

We had a leisurely lunch and waited for the 3:30 transport to the airport. We arrived in Harare at 6:30 and took the Sheraton shuttle bus to the hotel. It had been a wonderful tour.

Saturday, September 3

This was a day of relaxation as we could not get a flight back to the United States until Sunday. We had breakfast with Hazel and Bob Spitze, who had returned from their tour and also Bud Stanton who had been on our tour. We returned to our room to pack our suitcases. Lowell purchased our airport departure stamps at the hotel bank for \$ 20.00 each. In mid-afternoon we took a taxi to a nearby craft shop to buy a few things for grandchildren, Meredith and Ryan. We had dinner in the dining room and went early to bed: tomorrow would be a long, long day.

Sunday, September 4

Homeward bound and we were ready. We departed for the airport at noon. Our plane was almost an hour late leaving for our connecting flight in Johannesburg S.A. We visited with John Due and D. Gale Johnson who were also returning to Illinois on the same plane. We had no problem making connections on the plane leaving Johannesburg, as it was also an hour late.

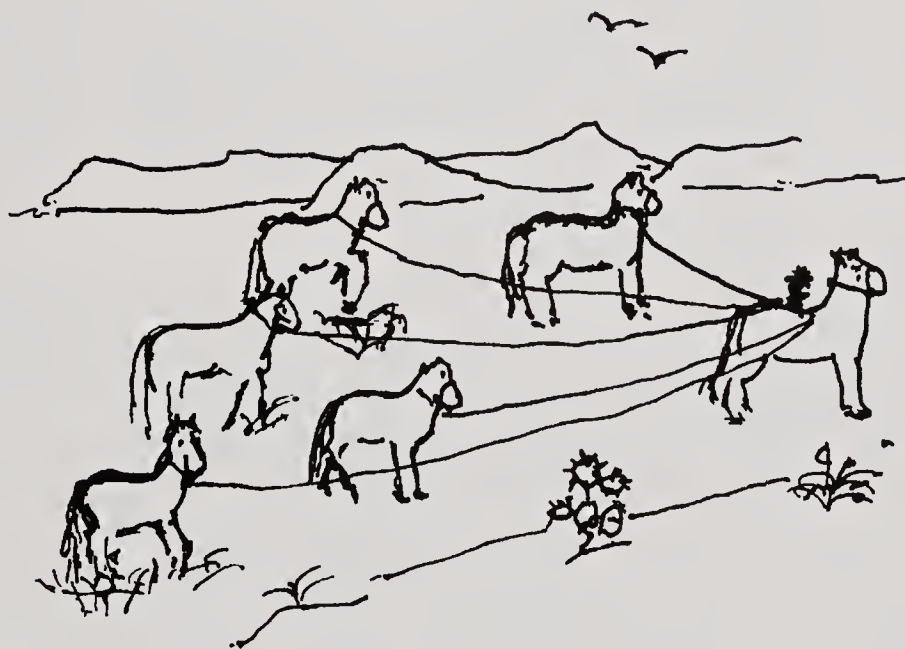
The flight was long and exhausting. The plane was crowded, the crew anything but pleasant, the food skimpy and drinks almost unheard of. We had a half hour refueling stop on the island of Il de Sol, but we were not even allowed to get up from our seats. We were all like zombies by the time we landed at the Kennedy Airport in New York. In spite of all the delays at departure, we arrived one hour early.

There was plenty of time to go through customs and get to the TWA terminal. Just before loading time they announced there was an electrical problem in the plane and we would have to wait until someone could come and check it out. They didn't know how long it would be before they could give us an answer. We all looked at each other and groaned, except one little plump girl who marched up to the desk and pounded on it, saying, "You have to get me on another plane, I'm not going on this one even if it does fly." Her insistent demands jarred all of us to life and everyone began to gather around the desk to ask what were they going to do? I must give TWA people credit, for they immediately got on the phone and discovered they could get all 26 of us on a United flight to Chicago. The only problem was that it departed in thirty minutes and, worse yet, it was departing from La Guardia. They quickly removed our bags from the plane and told us to run as fast as we could to a bus waiting for us outside and around another building — and run we did, in spite of heavy bags. The bus driver drove like a mad fiend, all the while shouting over his shoulder, "If there is any traffic, you will never make it:" as if it were all our fault. We did "make it" and a large number of agents were waiting to quickly check us through. The other passengers were already boarded and waiting.

We arrived in Chicago a little ahead of schedule, picked up a rental car and drove home. Home always looks good after a long trip. It had been an exciting and enriching experience.

Argentina

September 30 - October 6, 1994



Argentina

1994

Friday, September 30

Lowell had received an invitation to speak at a conference sponsored by the Argentine Bolsa (Board of Trade) providing us an opportunity for another enjoyable visit to Argentina. The Food and Agriculture Organization of USDA (FAO) was to provide Lowell with a ticket, but it had not arrived as we departed for Chicago O'Hare at 11:00 a.m. by rental car. We were still hopeful it would be delivered direct to Chicago. It was a beautiful autumn day. Many fields of soybeans had already been harvested and the corn was waiting for the combines, with faint tinges of green still remaining in their leaves. We dropped the car at Hertz and checked in at the United desk at 2:30. We were relieved to find that Lowell's ticket was waiting at the check-in desk. FAO had been so slow in making the arrangements that it had to be sent to O'Hare — it was too late to send it through the mail to Urbana. We were carrying a copy of the confirmed itinerary just in case it had not arrived.

We spent the next two hours in the crowded Red Carpet room. It was a challenge to find two seats together near the window. Lowell found coffee and cookies while I held our chairs. The plane departed on time for Miami, with an uneventful flight. Following a 2-hour wait in Miami we departed for Buenos Aires at 11:00 p.m. It was a very full plane and a 9-hour flight.

Saturday, October 1

We arrived in Buenos Aires about 9:00 a.m. under partly cloudy skies. It took a long time to get through immigration control. There were only five agents to handle passengers from at least two loaded 747s. An American Airlines plane had landed just after us and was unloading at the same time. We had no baggage to pick up (we were traveling light with just our carry-ons this time) so we passed through customs without waiting for them to unload baggage.

A man from the Bolsa was waiting to drive us to our hotel. The service was greatly appreciated after the long flight. It was about 11:00 a.m. when we arrived at the Hotel Continental. It was listed as a 4-star hotel, but it was much more like a 2-star. The room was rather colorless and sparsely furnished — not even writing pads, pen, or fax paper on the desk.

We were tired enough to take an hour nap before going outside to look for lunch. We found a restaurant about a block from the hotel that seemed reasonable in price. Everything was much more expensive than during our last visit in 1990. We spent the better part of the afternoon strolling up and down Florida Avenue pedestrian mall looking in the shops. We

returned to the hotel, ate the apples we had picked up in the O'Hare Red Carpet room, showered, and went to bed.

Sunday, October 2

We slept quite well in spite of the unending noise of traffic in the street outside. We had breakfast early, and returned to our room as we were expecting a call from our friend Alfonso. He called about 10:00 and said Christina's mother (who lives near here) would pick us up at 11:00 a.m. and drive us to Alfonso's home in the country about 30 miles north of Buenos Aires. We had first met during her visit to Urbana and then again during our previous visit to Buenos Aires, when she had taken me to coffee. She arrived at the hotel right on time, and we headed for the outskirts of the city.

The traffic was heavy. Everyone was leaving the city on Sunday. It was a full hour's drive, but with a lot of pleasant conversation. It took over an hour in the heavy traffic to reach the private housing development where Alfonso and Christina lived. It was a very attractive area incorporating a country club, with broad sprawling lawns, lots of trees and attractive landscaping. Everything was a beautiful spring green with many flowering shrubs and flower beds.

Alfonso and Christina came out to greet us as we pulled up in front of their rather English looking brown brick house and escorted us to the back covered "porch-terrace" overlooking the lawn and swimming pool. The doorway was completely surrounded by vines and flowers. A table was set for lunch and meat had been laid on the grill. We were introduced to shy 4-year-old Marina and 2½ -year-old little Alfonso. Seven-year-old Augustina was playing with some neighbor children and had not yet returned home.

It was a most pleasant day, as we shared information and memories and sipped Coke and munched on cheese, crackers, potato chips and small beef sandwiches. Augustina and three little girl friends arrived a little later and each little girl shyly gave us a South American kiss on the cheek as she was introduced.

The children picnicked on the lawn as we sat at the table enjoying a delicious beef barbecue, potato salad, tossed salad, and fresh strawberries. After lunch we walked about, looking at the homes and enjoying the scenery. We encountered another couple out for a stroll and Alfonso introduced them as his neighbors. They exchanged pleasantries in English, commented on the beautiful weather and continued on their way.

It started to sprinkle so we returned to the house to find Augustina and her three little friends in costumes. They said they had written a play and were going to present it for us in the living room. When Betty (Augustina's grandmother) asked if it would be in Spanish or English, they proudly announced "It will be in English, of course."

They made sure all of us were properly seated then arrayed themselves in front of the fireplace with a large sofa on each side. They had found long dresses, yellow pajamas, and colorful Hawaiian leis for costumes. Augustina was clearly the organizer and director, providing

Children of Alfonso and Christina entertain us with an impromptu play



“prompts” for the younger girls. She had found something with which to blacken her eyes and draw a large black ring around her mouth. I wish I could remember the plot, but I think the script was pretty much “made up” as it progressed through the story. Little Alfonso was not included in the play, but kept himself close to the “action” clutching a large can of Pringle Potato Chips under his arm. They were just delightful and after much applause we decided we had better depart for the city as it was becoming very stormy looking. Little Alfonso had by this time overcome his shyness and gave me a big, very wet kiss on the cheek. We got in the car and to Betty’s shock the engine was “dead.” Alfonso said “no problem. I’ll take you back in my car.” Little Alfonso cried bitterly when he found out that he couldn’t go too. We had no more than reached the main road when the sky opened up. The storm resulted in even worse traffic congestion than on the way out. We dropped Betty at her apartment near the San Martin Plaza.

We had enjoyed such a large and late lunch, we decided we didn’t need anything but hot chocolate and a tart for supper and went to bed.

Monday, October 3

We had breakfast and waited for Marvin Lehrer, assistant Agricultural Attaché at the American Embassy, to arrive at the hotel. He was coming at Lowell’s request, to discuss plans to place two intern students in Argentina the next summer. Lowell’s interns had been working on grain marketing issues in many countries around the world and Argentina’s new policies which privatized the government owned grain operations in 1992 provided a unique opportunity for research. Previous visits to Argentina had provided many contacts in farming, marketing, exporting, and universities, and many of them had volunteered to help host the two girls who would be assigned as interns. The University of Belgrano would provide a home base from which to conduct interviews with farmers, marketing firms, and government agencies. People from two government agencies had already made arrangements to meet us at the hotel to discuss details. The contact with the American Embassy was an important piece of the plan, because many of these interns become employees of the Foreign Agricultural Service of USDA

after graduation and even now were located in many embassies around the world.

Following a very productive exchange with Marvin Lehrer, we walked to a nearby bank to change some money. It took a long time as there was quite a long line. With pesos in our pockets, we walked to Florida Avenue and bought two witches drinking maté for our Halloween decorations.

Back at the hotel, we waited for Lowell's two students, Cecilia Lalore and William Bort, to arrive to go to lunch with us. Cecilia had visited the University of Illinois for one year and had elected to take Lowell's class during Spring semester. William was Lowell's graduate student who was putting the finishing touches on his MS thesis after returning to Argentina. They insisted on taking us to lunch, then to Belgrano University where Cecilia was finishing her senior year. Suddenly the "thump, thump" of a flat tire brought the trip to a halt. The driver could have called for another taxi, but William thought it more expedient to step out and flag down another one. The students proudly showed us through their attractive new building, then walked us a block down the street past the imposing Australian Embassy to the Ag Econ building for our meeting with the Dean of Agriculture.

Lowell explained his plans to send two students to Argentina in 1995, to conduct a research assignment, and asked the Dean if they could spend some time at the University of Belgrano. The Dean readily accepted the proposal, and identified faculty and activities that would be useful to the students. He was a very pleasant man, and was eager for more contact with the University of Illinois. We returned to the hotel via taxi after dropping Cecilia at a garage to pick up her car.

There were still several hours of daylight left, so we decided to walk Florida Avenue shopping mall. We found a small restaurant where we enjoyed a light supper before returning to the hotel for an early bedtime.

Tuesday, October 4

We rose early for breakfast and were joined by Larry Shonkwiler. Larry had been a graduate student in Lowell's classes and had taken a position with an advisory service in Bloomington, Illinois. He was giving a paper in the same conference where Lowell was speaking today. Soon after, a man Lowell had met from the World Bank in Chile, also joined us at the breakfast table. Lowell departed for the Bolsa at 8:00 to make final adjustments on his paper for presentation at 9:00.

We are always amused by the formal European type waiters: often very pompous. At breakfast this morning, there was a big bowl of corn flakes on the table, but no cereal bowls. When I asked for a bowl, the waiter rushed back to the kitchen and produced two bowls, accompanied by a very pained expression on his face, as if it was unthinkable that I should ask. I accepted one of the bowls while a man at a nearby table proceeded to help himself to the other one. We had no more than helped ourselves to the cereal, when the waiter rushed back to our

table, picked up the box of cornflakes and hurriedly carried it back to the kitchen. End of cornflakes!!! Later when Larry tried to help himself to the coffee, the waiter all but had a stiff faced stroke, and rushed forward saying “No! No!” He would do it, even though until now he had made no effort to see if anyone needed more coffee.

Following a relaxed morning, I ate lunch in the hotel restaurant, and walked to the airline office to reconfirm our flight back to Chicago. During the afternoon the desk delivered two faxes from Karen and Kathy who worked in Lowell’s office at the University of Illinois. Karen’s fax informed us that the Secretary of Agriculture (Mike Espy) had resigned.

Lowell returned about 6:15 and reported the paper had gone well. The topic was quite appropriate. Argentina was in the process of privatizing many industries such as grain marketing firms. They sold off the railroads and even some sections of highways, to raise money to help pay off government debts and stabilize the inflation. His paper was titled “The Role of Government in a Market Economy” — an attempt to help governments identify which economic activities should be privatized, but which should be retained in government control — such as railroads and highways!

We walked over to Corrientes Avenue and had bif de lomo and a salad. Cecilia Lalore had asked us to be her guest at dinner at a typical Argentine restaurant, but we declined, knowing most locals don’t start to eat until 8:30, and we knew we needed a good night’s sleep in preparation for the long trip home tomorrow.

Wednesday, October 5

We had an early breakfast, and re packed the suitcases for our return home. Lowell had appointments in the morning. When he returned in afternoon, he convinced the hotel desk clerk to let us stay in the room until late afternoon. We had to pay a small amount for the late (6:00 p.m.) check-out, but it was well worth the cost. The taxi came for us at 7:00 for the long ride to the airport. After picking up our boarding passes and checking our bag through to Chicago, we had a bite of dessert (Lowell’s favorite, flan) in the terminal restaurant. Once through passport control we found the United Red Carpet Room and relaxed until time to board the flight to Miami. There were three seats for the two of us, so the 10-hour flight was quite comfortable.

Thursday, October 6

The plane landed in Miami a little after 5:00 a.m. We passed passport control and on through customs with no problems. The Red Carpet Room was very quiet at this time of the morning and we found a comfortable spot for a welcome cup of coffee while waiting for the 7:00 departure to Chicago. It was close to 10:00 a.m. when we arrived in Chicago. We picked up the rental car and headed for the interstate highways (I-294 and I-57) and on to Urbana. We arrived home, with just enough time to unpack, do the laundry, and get ready to depart for Moscow Saturday morning.

Russia

October 8 - 21, 1994



Russia

1994

Saturday, October 8

It was 11:00 a.m. and we were ready to depart for Moscow for the second in the series of Lowell's 2-week teaching workshops. We had no sooner reached Rantoul than it started to rain, increasing in intensity until it was a heavy down pour by the time we reached the Chicago area. We dropped off the rental car and checked our big bag through to Moscow. It weighed over sixty pounds and it was a relief to no longer drag it around. The check-in person informed us there would be about an hour delay of the 5:00 p.m. departure, which turned out to be a two hour delay. We assumed the heavy rain was the primary cause. The sun began to break through the clouds just as it was sinking below the horizon and the plane lifted off from the O'Hare runway.

This turned out to be the kind of flight most people hope to avoid. We were seated in the center section of a Boeing 747. Behind us was a mother with her very obnoxious three children; a pair of three-and-a-half-year-old twins (a boy and a girl) and a nasty six-year-old boy. They fought, kicked our seats and screamed most of the way to Frankfurt. The mother was no better as she yelled a lot, but did nothing. When the fighting got too bad she just disappeared to another part of the plane until a cabin attendant would drag her back to take care of the children — a useless exercise. Everyone around them was totally "fed up." Lowell finally reached his tolerance level, stood up, looked the six-year-old in the eye and said "put that tray back and don't you touch it again the remainder of the trip." The boy looked wide-eyed with shock, but never touched it again. There was no way anyone around them could sleep, so we spent the remainder of the night reading. As we started to get off the plane a weary hostess said, "You must be the most patient people in the world." If she only knew how great had been our urge to throttle the little monsters.

Sunday, October 9

The sun was shining when we arrived in Frankfurt, one hour late. We still had 45 minutes to make the Moscow connection. It was a clear day and we had a good flight on to Moscow. Customs were cleared easily this time and we were happy to see that our big bag made the trip too, as it contained some of Lowell's important papers. Dmitri was waiting for us with a car and driver to take us to the Radisson Hotel. He remained at the airport to meet Dick Hughes who was arriving an hour later from Washington, D.C.

It was 4:00 p.m. when we arrived at the hotel loaded with our bags and most of Bill's and Demcey's who had left them behind when they arrived an hour earlier — typical. We called Si, did most of the unpacking, showered and went to bed.

Monday, October 10

After a good night's sleep we had breakfast with Si, Dick, Bill and Demcey. The men departed for the academy at 9:30 and returned about mid-afternoon. Lowell and I declined the men's invitation to take a walking tour of the city, deciding a walk to Old Arbot was far enough for us. Before we could go, Lowell asked the hotel help to find him someone who might repair electrical equipment. He had blown a fuse in the projector the evening before when he plugged it in for a trial run using our little 110/220 electrical converter. He was doubtful anyone would have the knowledge or the parts to fix it on such short notice, but a room clerk who spoke a little English tracked down a repairman who said he would try if we produced a \$100.00 bill in good condition. Lowell showed him "the color of our money" and he departed with the expensive projector. We could only hope it would be returned and he could actually repair it, as it was essential for much of the program at the Institute.

It was a beautiful warm autumn afternoon. The leaves were changing colors and Moskova River flowed lazily along its banks as we crossed the bridge to the city center. After shopping for some gifts to take home and enjoying a stroll in the warm sun, we returned to the hotel to see if Lowell's research assistant, Karen Bender, had arrived from the States. She had not, and we were a little concerned as she was late. She did arrive about 6:15 and we invited her to join us for dinner. She was our computer expert, handling details of the marketing game.

Lowell spent the evening preparing for the next day's lectures. To our surprise the repairman returned with the projector repaired!! We were uncertain if we would ever see it again. Although it had blown an internal transformer he had found a way to solder in a new one and then offered to loan us a more powerful external transformer for use the next morning. We had no more than turned out the lights when Heidi van Es, daughter of a department member at Illinois, called to say she was in Moscow and would like to join the group the next day.

Tuesday, October 11

We were up at 6:30 and had breakfast with Karen, Dick, Bill, and Demcey. They departed for the day. I had arranged to meet Paula Karl in the lobby at 10:00 a.m. She, and her husband Mike, who was part of the team, had arrived the night before and we had decided to try sight-seeing on our own. After studying the subway map carefully we headed in the direction of the Kremlin and were very pleased with ourselves when we arrived at our destination on the first try. As we entered the Kremlin walls we walked down the wide cobblestone street, since there were no cars or people around, only to be met by a gruffy guard who motioned us to the sidewalk. I decided I was not going to let him intimidate me, so I walked up to him and asked for

directions to the Armory (museum), in English. He looked a little surprised and curtly pointed in the general direction. After circling several cathedrals and asking several more people (none spoke English) we found the museum. We spent over two hours wandering about the two floors of exhibits. The first floor consisted of carriages, sleighs and costumes worn by Peter and Catherine the Great. The second floor housed a large collection of china, silver, crowns, jeweled Bibles, Faberge eggs, etc.

We returned to the subway and got off at the stop near Old Arbot. It was considerably past lunch time, so when we spotted a small Italian restaurant, we stopped for a very good spaghetti lunch. They even had an English menu. After lunch we walked next door to a craft shop. I bought a spindle toy for Karen's little boy and Paula bought several of the crafts. A woman from the street begged Paula to buy some of her painted wooden eggs, but she declined. When we returned to the street she was waiting and became quite unpleasant. Paula finally gave her \$10.00 for an ugly egg she just hated, but she wanted to be rid of the woman. She must have thought me a hard-sell because she never approached me. A little farther down the street we bought some water color pictures then walked a long way back to the hotel. It was four o'clock "tea time" and Paula invited me to her room for tea. Most of the wives carried emergency supplies of coffee, tea, and snacks.

The men returned at seven and all of us sat in the bar while the next day's program was discussed. Then Lowell, Dick, and I went to the coffee shop for a light supper. They served a wonderful chicken pot pie that became our favorite dish on the menu. It was 10:00 p.m. when we turned out the light.

Wednesday, October 12

Budget problems!! Overnight the ruble had plunged 27%. The Russians called it, "Black Tuesday." Luckily the program had been organized to pay in dollars so this did not have a major effect on payment to the Russian's for services rendered. We were up at the usual time and had breakfast before the team departed at 8:30. Paula and I had planned to go to the Pushkin Museum, but I was so tired I decided to remain at the hotel and Paula went shopping. I did not discover until nearly a year later that my blood pressure medication was causing the problem. I spent the entire day resting and reading. Lowell did not return until 7:00. We had a light dinner then went to bed.

Thursday, October 13

I remembered this morning it was my Mother's and my sister Bonnie's birthday. Paula was not feeling well so we remained at the hotel until 4:00 when Valerya came from the academy to escort us back for an evening reception. We arrived in time to watch them play the simulated trading game. Lowell had devised a game where the participants were assigned "roles" as millers, merchandisers, and farmers all trading wheat. We needed "simulated tons of

wheat” so there could be an actual commodity to exchange and maintain a count. That was accomplished by filling plastic jewelry packets (we had commandeered a few hundred from a jeweler in Urbana) with wheat. Guess who got the job of spooning and sealing the 100 packets with wheat?? It was a complicated program of buying and selling, but worked so well that it was used in all the future Russian programs as well as being adapted for use in Lowell’s classes at home.

The trading game consisted of dividing participants into farmers, country elevator managers, merchandisers, and flour millers. The farmers started with a supply of wheat in small packets (which I created for each workshop) each representing 100 tons of wheat. The processors needed to buy wheat to meet their quota of flour for the wholesale trade, and farmers wanted to get the highest possible price for their “supply” of wheat. The world economic situation changed minute by minute according to Lowell’s decree, and the decision to buy, sell, store, wait, or use the futures market required expertise in risk management, and predicting what the market changes Lowell introduced might do to the price. The game became very competitive and some of the participants became very excited, loud, and even aggressive under the pressure of trying to make a “profit.” One of the more interesting (teachable moment) incidents involved the three flour millers deciding to create a secret cartel and force the prices to their advantage. They made a lot of money the first round. By the second round, Lowell had figured a strategy. Since milling was so profitable, another firm joined the industry and was given additional information. As a result, the new firm made most of the profit, the farmers received a fair price, and the cartel went bankrupt. The lesson learned was that free competition was the best way to break monopoly and cartel activity.

The reception was held in the outer room on the third floor. A long table was set with bowls of fruit, trays of open faced sandwiches (consisting of red caviar, smoked pork, and a very fatty sausage). Another table held red and white wine and a third, glasses of fruit juices. It was hardly a lavish spread considering they had told Lowell the project would have to pay more than \$600.00. Everything in Russia was “You must pay.”

The Karls, Dick, Lowell, and I returned to the hotel for dinner. We always traveled in groups at night as there were many night muggings. Some of the others went out to party until 1:00 a.m. All of them felt lousy the next day and were rather poor help.

Friday, October 14

Lowell met with Bill for a planning session after our breakfast. Since it was Bill’s morning to give the lecture, Lowell, Dick, Paula, and I departed, via subway, for the Pushkin museum. It was interesting, but not exceptional. Paintings were grouped by time periods and the sculpture was mostly plaster copies.

We returned to the hotel in time for lunch, after which the team returned to the academy for the afternoon session. Some of the group had gone shopping in the morning and were late

returning. Many of them were not team players. They goofed off every chance they got and made no attempt to carry their share of the load.

Paula and I took the subway to the Arbot to do some shopping. We always tried to go during non rush hours to avoid the mobs on the subway. I bought a small oil painting, which the painter said was of his home in the country. I also acquired two small water color pictures, two scarves, a spindle toy and four nesting dolls Ivan had asked me to purchase for him.

We walked back to the hotel in the late afternoon. The sun had disappeared and it had turned quite chilly. Lowell returned late and after we had sandwiches in the coffee shop he worked on the next day's presentation until bedtime.

Saturday, October 15

After breakfast Lowell departed for a day of lectures. It was a chilly gloomy day outside. I chose to stay in our room to watch television and read. It was after 7:00 when Lowell returned to the hotel for the evening. He was tired as he was carrying the full responsibility of the program.

Sunday, October 16

We slept until 8:00 a.m. Dick joined us at breakfast even though he had had his. Karen arrived a short time later. The four of us decided to take the metro to the north side of the city to the Sunday flea market. It was about a 2-block walk from the metro in an area where the Olympic Games had been held. It was a large area, surrounded by a fence and filled with booths of people selling all kinds of handicrafts; dolls, paintings, scarves, fur hats etc. etc. They charged a small entrance fee at the gate. We bought dolls, a painting, a fur hat for Lowell and a number of small articles.

We returned to the hotel about 1:00 p.m. for a quick lunch then returned to the lobby to meet Elena and her little eight-year-old daughter, Eulia, for an outing to see the Old Circus. Eulia was a darling shy dark-haired little girl, and was very excited at the prospects of seeing the circus.



The one ring circus was held in a circular auditorium. The building was filled to capacity even though there were three performances per day. It was somewhat different from most American circuses. There were no horses, lions, elephants, or tigers. There were a lot of balancing and tumbling acts. There was a very good highwire brother and sister act; also, an excellent father, mother, and their son (who was about six) performing a tumbling act. There were a lot of geese, ducks, dogs, goats, and reindeer doing different tricks. It was interesting to watch the Russian response; they clapped in unison. Once we were aware of that, we started watching at other events and realized "unison synchronized clapping was customary at all events" — even for speakers at the workshops. The children were so serious and sedate compared to American children. There was no laughing at the antics and very somber expressions. One wondered if they were not enjoying the performance or if expressions of joy were not part of their psyche.

We returned about 6:00 and Karen and Dick joined us for dinner. I washed my hair when we returned to the room and Lowell did some work in preparation for the next day.

Monday, October 17

It was a lovely clear day and after Lowell and Dick departed, Karen stopped by the room to leave the computer for Demcey. A short time later Ivan stopped by to pick up the dolls I had purchased for him. Karen called at 1:00 to see if Lowell had returned, but he and Dick did not return until 3:00. It had been a very difficult day. The Russians just could not seem to understand the concept of working together. The American team was not doing too well either. Dick, Lowell, and Bill continued to work until after 7:00. We finally went to bed after 10:30 only to be awakened by a call from Karen, with more problems that required Lowell's decision.

Tuesday, October 18

Shortly after breakfast, the team departed for their last day of the workshop program. I spent the day in the room making witch dolls for Meredith and Ryan for Halloween. Lowell returned at 6:00, very tired, but happy it was finished and that it had gone as well as it had in spite of all the frustrations. Two cultures and many personalities had presented many problems. Lowell's secretary in his office called with some questions before we called it a night.

Wednesday, October 19

For a change we were not in a big hurry this morning. Bill and Demcey joined us for breakfast and said they were going shopping before departing for the airport and home. Lowell had an appointment at the American Embassy with Sue Hienen, the Agricultural Attaché. We took a taxi, passing the area where the new British Embassy was being built. There was a lot of activity as Queen Elizabeth was to arrive soon to lay the corner stone. Sue was waiting for us and we had a very nice visit. Just as we were ready to leave, Bill and Demcey walked into the

assistant attaché's office next door. They looked very shocked to see us because they had told us they were going shopping. We were amused, as this was typical of Bill, always trying to wheel and deal behind the scenes rather than carry his share of the project load. He wanted half the money, the title of leader, but little of the work. He had arranged a private meeting at the embassy with the assistant attaché without telling anyone else or inviting them to participate. He was a little chagrined to find that Lowell had a personal acquaintance with the attaché and was meeting with her when he had been unable to make contact above the assistant.

After a little more shopping (Christmas was coming) and lunch at the Italian restaurant where Paula and I had eaten on Tuesday, we returned to the hotel to start packing. Lowell had a meeting with Alex Kholopov of the Feed Grains Council later in the afternoon.

Thursday, October 20

Our plans for the morning were to take the Metro to Red Square and the Gum department store, but got up to a gray cold morning with heavy snow flurries filling the sky, so we decided to stay at the hotel and finish packing. Si came to the room to visit for a few minutes. He was not accomplishing as much as Lowell had hoped he would. He had been hired to spend several months in Russia laying the ground work for the program. He had spent very little time there and had accomplished very little. He had been paid very well and always insisted he had to travel business class while everyone else flew coach.

After checking out of the hotel, a driver from VOCA picked us up and drove us to the Novotel Hotel, next to the airport. Traffic was heavy and it took nearly an hour to reach the hotel. Yellow leaves were falling in the autumn air. The feeling that winter was quickly closing in on Moscow was everywhere. We went to bed early as our alarm would ring at 4:00 a.m.

Friday, October 21

We were awake and on the way to the airport by 4:45 as check-in started at 5:00. There are very few places to sit after clearing customs. We were surprised to see a few half smiles among the customs officers. Maybe they are learning how to smile after all.

Lufthansa did serve a very nice hot breakfast following the 7:20 take-off. After a three hour flight through cloudy skies we arrived at Frankfurt. The plane parked on a remote part of the airport runway and our passports were checked and a metal detector passed over us and our bags before we were allowed to board the bus to the terminal. We spent most of the next five hours in Lufthansa's Frequent Flier room. We did not depart for Chicago until 1:00 p.m. It was cloudy most of the way. Only a tip of Greenland was visible. Clouds began to break over Canada. There was bright sun over Chicago and the autumn leaves were in full color.

We picked up a rental car and arrived home at 8:30 p.m. It was nice to be home. Winter did not seem nearly as close as it had when we departed Moscow.

Russia

May 17 - June 3, 1995



Russia

1995

Wednesday, May 17

We arose early because this was our morning to depart from Paris following a 3-day conference and fly to Russia. This (our 3rd workshop in Russia) was to be conducted a long way from Moscow. There had been complaints that all the project benefits were being given to the Moscow residents, and it was imperative that these workshops be held in areas where it would be available to the "ordinary people." The choice by our Russian advisors/administrators in Moscow was an old resort near Sochi on the Black Sea for the first week and in a conference center near Pushkin for the second. This was going to complicate logistics, but it did seem only fair that areas other than Moscow have an opportunity to participate.

It was pouring down rain just as it had the day we arrived in Paris. We took a taxi to the airport and arrived much earlier than we expected, due to light traffic. We had to wait half an hour before we were allowed to check our bags. Lowell and I were concerned we might have a late departure and would miss our connection in Moscow for Sochi, as we had only two hours in Moscow to clear customs and get to a domestic airport. Our plane was twenty minutes late departing because of extra cargo being loaded on board. We were relieved to see Sue Heinen arrive for the same flight to Moscow, as she had told us she would help us make our connection to the domestic airport if our crew was not waiting for us when we arrived. Without her we knew it might be difficult to make a quick change, as hardly anyone spoke English at the Moscow airport and certainly not the taxi drivers. Sue, I should add, was the agricultural counselor at the American Embassy in Moscow, and we had discussed this possible problem over dinner in Paris.

Surprisingly, we landed on time. Unbelievably, we zipped through immigration control, but had a long wait for our bag. Sue passed through customs, with us in tow. As we were exiting I heard a familiar voice call "Betty, we are over here." Much to our relief the entire U.S. team was still waiting for us, even though time for departure was getting close. Karen, Bill, Demcey, Ron Olson, Jim Conner, along with Valerya, Archie, and Dmitri (from the Russian National Academy of Sciences) greeted us with relief that we had arrived on time. The Russian group transported us to the domestic airport, helped us check our bags through to Sochi and saw us to the plane. Most of us were a little apprehensive about flying on Russian airlines as we had heard of the high accident record of Aeroflot. The airline we were on was called TransAir. We discovered later it was part of an American investment scheme. After expecting a broken

down little piece of obscure metal with wings, we were more than surprised to board a Boeing 737. It was clean and comfortable. We were seated in business class and served one of the best meals I have had on a plane in years. I noticed time and again foreigners were given special treatment; a carryover, I suspected, from the days of communism where foreigners were shown the best. After a three hour flight we arrived at the Sochi-Adler airport which is on the edge of the Black Sea and only a few miles from the Georgian border. The high snow peaked Caucasus Mountains rose sharply to the east. Just over that ridge the fighting and bloody carnage was going on in Grozny.

Elena and Olga had taken an earlier flight to Sochi/Adler and were there to meet our plane, giving us a warm welcome with bouquets of beautiful pink roses for Karen and myself. They had a large bus waiting outside the terminal to transport us northward for a one hour drive to Sochi, but first we had to walk a short distance to a dingy little building where there was a money exchange. We were told we would have to pay for room and food that evening and it had to be in rubles. It was almost impossible to know how much we would need. The financial transactions for the entire group took an unbelievably long time and it was dark before we wearily boarded the bus for the one hour drive over mountain roads along the Black Sea, to the resort hotel where we were to stay. We were all extremely tired, as everyone except Lowell and myself had come from the United States that day. Then came the check-in experience; unfortunately, we had not changed enough money.

The desk clerks were adamant we should pay for the entire week's lodging and food before we could be assigned a room. There was no place to exchange the amount of money they were demanding, but rules were rules and could not be changed. They were not about to trust us until we could change more money in the morning. I don't know what they thought they were going to do with us in the meantime. After a lot of discussion they finally relented and we were allowed to drag our bags to our assigned room, which was more like an apartment. It consisted of a living room and bedroom, with a balcony off each room, and two baths. It was nice and roomy, but totally colorless and drab. We fell into bed and decided, like Scarlet O'Hara "we will think about that tomorrow."

Thursday, May 18

Thursday was to be a day for getting settled and making plans for the meetings, but first came breakfast. The meals were large and very good quality. Breakfast always consisted of a salad, a small plate of cheese and sausage, a main hot dish, and coffee or tea. Lunch was made up of a salad, soup, a main dish, dessert, and coffee. Dinner was a slightly lighter meal, they omitted the soup, and we were served a lighter dessert than at lunch time.

After breakfast we stepped outside the hotel entrance and who should come roaring up the driveway in a red convertible, but Mikhail Melamed, who had been one of the more outgoing members of the group that had attended the training session in Urbana in March. Big,

tall, and curly-headed, he jumped from the car, grinning from ear to ear and grabbed everyone's hand, welcoming us back to Russia. He had driven all night from his home in Moscow so he could greet us. He was obviously pleased by the surprised look on our faces.

Since we were told the entire conference expenses would have to be paid in rubles instead of dollars (contrary to what we had been previously told) Lowell, Dick, and I set out with a car and driver to find a place to change our money. The Russians didn't know any more about a place where we could change dollars to rubles than we did. As we came from the airport, the previous evening, I noticed a Radisson hotel about a mile from the conference center. We decided to see if they operated like their counterpart in the United States. When we asked the people at the desk, they said they could change dollars to rubles and gave us all the rubles in their cash drawer. It was not nearly enough, so they suggested we try the train station in town for the remainder.

We drove to the train station in town and cleaned out all the cash the train station had to give us. We needed to cash \$2,500 and were still short several hundred dollars. By this time we were even accepting 200-ruble bills (worth less than a nickel) and had accumulated such a large bundle we had nothing large enough in which to carry the money. There were people everywhere, in the train station and the city square. We did not dare to stand there very long with a huge arm load of bills. I pulled off my sweater and wrapped it around the bills so they looked something like a baby cradled in my arms — or so we hoped. Lowell walked on one side of me and Dick on the other as we tried to stroll nonchalantly across the city square to our car. I got in the car with the driver, keeping the money as well hidden as possible, while Lowell and Dick went to a nearby business store and exchanged the remainder of the dollars needed.

It was a beautiful warm sunny day as we were driven along the glistening Black Sea, but I could not feel comfortable until we were able to turn the money over to the conference center. I felt sorry for the person that had to count all that money. We noted a money exchange booth right in the lobby of the hotel, but we were told it was closed this week.

The remainder of the day was spent planning the meetings. I used part of the time to unpack our suitcases. The view of the mountains from our two balconies was stupendous. Snow-capped peaks rose majestically not far from the hotel. The grounds rose gently toward the foothills. Dinner was served in a large pleasant dining room, but like every thing else here it had seen grander days. After dinner our group took a long stroll down the mountainside, through a small housing area: complete with dogs, cats, goats, chickens and weedy back yards with fruit trees. There were roses, roses, roses, everywhere; along the walkways, in the gardens, and spilling over the fences along the walkway.

The beaches were, in most cases, shallow and were more rock than sand. The low mountains rose quickly from the beach, backed by valleys, more low mountains and backed again by a high ridge of snow-capped peaks. These were the Caucasus Mountains. Just over those high peaks fierce fighting was in progress as the people around Grozny fought to free themselves

from Russian control. The beach was far below the level of our hotel grounds, but was an easy walk down. We decided not to worry about the climb up until later.

A paved terrace stretched along the beach. One area had a number of picnic tables and another area had several empty food booths — evidence of the resort atmosphere from more prosperous days. Nearby was a changing house for bathers. After inspecting the beach for some time we discovered an elevator that carried us up about a hundred feet to the level of our hotel. We had our doubts as to the last time it had a maintenance check, but decided to throw caution to the wind. After a few squeaks and groans it carried us up to the path leading to the hotel. The entire area gave one the feeling of abandonment. In a sense, this was true as this resort had been previously used as a vacation reward for government officials that had served their government well. Now the government had collapsed and there was no money for such luxuries — although President Yeltsin still had a summer home near the resort. We could see the road leading to the house, but trees obstructed the view of the house.

It was quite late even though the sun was still high in the sky so we returned to our room for the night.

Friday, May 19

The day started with more frustrations than usual. We had come to expect many of these. The boxes shipped from Illinois, containing several hundred copies of materials needed for the marketing game, had not arrived. With no business office here, we called for a taxi. I had noticed a business office in the Radisson the day before. Along with Karen and Archie we started on a 35-minute drive down the coast to the Radisson hotel with hopes their business office could take care of our problems. Relief was hardly the word we felt when the woman in



Remnants of a grand garden in a resort once reserved for dignitaries

charge ushered us into her office and said, "Yes, we can help you. How soon do you want it?" It required only a little over an hour to finish the copy work including some typing, and we went back to the Dagames (our hotel) where I returned to my usual task of filling 100 jewelry packets with wheat to be used during the workshops. We worked frantically to assemble everything for the afternoon trading game. The training sessions were held in the large modern looking conference center. I spent the afternoon photographing the people involved in the trading game; a simulation of buying and selling grain in a competitive market, including use of a futures market. I also made notes about the people who seemed the most intensely interested as Lowell had asked me to record some names of candidates for the next training session in the United States.

It had been a long and stressful day. Dinner and bedtime were very welcome.

Saturday, May 20

Breakfast was served around 8:00 a.m. so there was little activity until after breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Ken Klemm from Purdue University had arrived the previous evening. Mrs. Klemm and I had discussed taking a tour to the Botanical Gardens near Sochi. The tour was offered by the Intourist organization. When morning came she was not feeling well and decided not to go. When I said I would cancel too, Olga was very upset and said the tour was all set and I must go. Flexibility is not in their vocabulary. When I was informed I would have to pay the full amount for Mrs. Klemm and myself, I put my foot down and refused to go. Since they could see they were going to lose the full amount they quickly gave in and agreed to charge me the fare for just one person.

I set off along the Black Sea with Hamid, a Russian guide, as my driver. Hamid parked the car and we walked up the winding paths to the top of an incline since the cable car was not in service. The landscape was very pretty, but lacking in color as few flowers were yet in bloom. Near the top we were greeted by two friendly little peacock hens. At the top we had a wonderful view of the Black Sea, stretching endlessly to the west. A few small boats moved along the coast and an occasional freighter appeared on the horizon. The city of Sochi was spread before us on the slopes, and the magnificent snowy peaks of the Caucasus Mountains towered above us to the east. While we were viewing the scenery about us, a young man with binoculars in his hands turned and offered them to me so I might get a better view. I was touched by such an act of human kindness, thinking it had been so short a time since we were supposed to be bitter enemies. After enjoying the wonderful views, we boarded the, now operating, cable car for the descent.

We returned to the hotel just before lunch. I spent the afternoon helping Lowell prepare for the trading game and stayed to watch the afternoon session.

After dinner Lowell and I took another long walk before retiring. The days were warm, comfortable and long — stretching toward the midnight sun.

Sunday, May 21

Sunday was a full day of meetings. I spent some time filming the participants playing the trading game, but most of the day I enjoyed the leisure time to read and do some needle work. After dinner, Lowell and I took another long walk by the sea, picking up some of the smooth interesting stones that covered the beach. We wondered at the hundreds (maybe thousands) of years it took the sea to wear them so satin smooth. Various designs of white ran through the dark granite rocks. Some of the designs looked like small flowers. We collected several to take home with us.

The sun had slipped over the edge of the shimmering sea and we walked back to the hotel in the glowing twilight.

Monday, May 22

Lowell and Bill had agreed to take turns with the leadership of the programs and since Lowell had very little responsibility for this day we decided to do a little touring on our own. Archie, a young Russian graduate student (who spoke very good English) and Karen, asked if they might join us. We called for a taxi and set out for a waterfall in the mountains we had been told we should see. Our taxi driver turned out to be a cheerful young man willing to try anything we suggested. He drove us back through the town of Sochi then to a dirt and gravel road that looped back into a valley. The housing in Sochi was drab and unkempt looking. The rustic winding road led us up a mountain side. Then suddenly around a curve we came face to face with a bulldozer. The road ahead was piled high with dirt. I was convinced that was as far as we could go, but in a few minutes the workers pushed the dirt aside to make an opening and we were allowed to squeeze past. A short distance up the road we forded a stream which, about 50 feet away, plunged over the mountain side to a valley below. We were surrounded by trees and lush undergrowth.

We parked the car a short distance beyond the stream in a clearing and walked down a slope to some stairs. It really was more like a metal ladder dropping down almost a hundred feet to the river bed below. When we reached the valley floor we had very little space to put our feet and did some tricky foot work to land on a small sand bar just below a hundred foot waterfall gushing down the mountain and ending in a clear pool that flowed into the river. This area was quite heavily wooded with rhododendrons everywhere. Soft mosses, ferns, and woodland flowers clung to the mountain side and the valley floor. The air was cool and filled with the sound of splashing water. We were in an upland valley where the water from the falls flowed into the river and was joined on the opposite side by a smaller stream, then flowed around a wide curve and disappeared from sight.

We lingered in this quiet peaceful spot as long as time would allow and then started the long ascent up the ladder, straining leg muscles that we were all to feel days later. We returned

We looked out on
the Black Sea

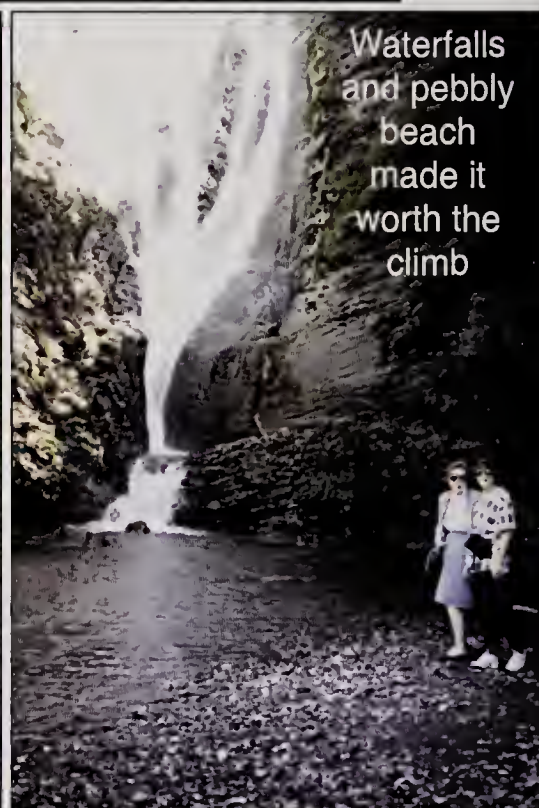


Snow capped
Caucasian
mountains



Challenging descent

An even more difficult return



Waterfalls
and pebbly
beach
made it
worth the
climb

down the mountain road the way we had come, reaching the hotel just in time for lunch.

I photographed the trading game again in the afternoon and we enjoyed dinner and a quiet evening.

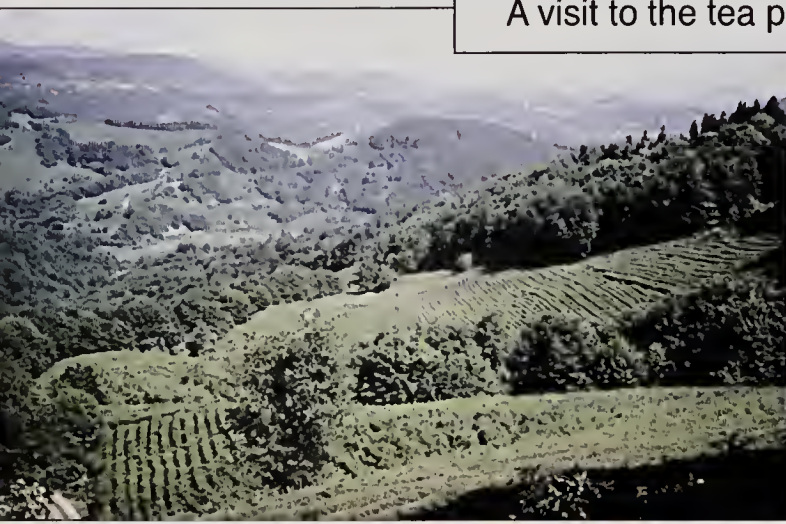
Tuesday, May 23

The morning was spent completing the last of the training sessions for this group of Russians. After lunch our group was driven to a nearby tea plantation. Tea grown here is the farthest north in the world. We were driven up a ridge of a mountain to a small rustic cabin museum which contained many crafts such as wood carvings, pottery, etc. One of the rooms had a large tile-faced stove. Behind it was a high bench which is a warm and cosy place for sleeping. All along the east and north sides was a covered veranda. The tea plantation stretched down the slope to the valley below and the snowy Caucasus glowed in the afternoon sun beyond the valley. A guide described the production details and the history of the tea plantation and then directed us up the ridge to a tea house. We followed the road with the smell of the pine trees and spring green growth in the air. The tea house was a two story log building. We were directed to the upper level where tables were set for tea and costumed dancers dressed in colorful native costumes, were performing. We were seated at one of the tables and watched the performers as we feasted on tea and an assortment of luscious tea breads. After the performance we descended the stairs and looked at the colorful packaged tea and crafts on display. Lowell and I purchased a large tin of assorted teas as did most of our group. We returned to the hotel and I showered and dressed for the evening banquet.

The dining room tables were placed in a rectangle and decorated with flowers and pink napkins. Two cans of beer, bottles of champagne, and red and white wine were at each place setting. There were three small plates of appetizers, salads, and a large plate of pork cutlets, potatoes, and a vegetable for each place setting. Small cakes, bananas, and oranges were served for dessert. This was the most elaborate meal we were ever served in Russia. I could not help but wonder if this was similar to meals served to the faithful party members in years past. After Lowell made a few opening remarks, toasts made by others went on and on whenever someone felt so moved. Finally Lowell made some closing remarks and said our farewell. We had expected Bill to do this since this was supposed to be his session, but since he made no effort Lowell took the responsibility for making toasts and responding to speeches for the group.

We returned to our room to do some packing since we were to fly to St. Petersburg the next day. There was a good view of the Black Sea from the west windows of the lobby on our floor. We decided to take this last opportunity to take one more photo. Each floor had a lady sitting at a desk to assist those who had questions and I suspect she was also a key lady; much like the key ladies we encountered in China. She rushed over to open the window for us and when we finished she asked us if we would like some tea brought to our room. We decided to accept her hospitality and a few minutes later she came to our room carrying a large tray with a

A visit to the tea plantation and lodge



samovar, tea, cups, and cookies. When we offered to pay her she looked surprised and doubtful. It was another one of those sticky situations where you are never sure what is expected. We really felt she had just offered her friendship. We thanked her for her kindness and finished our packing in preparation for the next day's departure to St. Petersburg.

Wednesday, May 24

Breakfast was served at the usual time which gave everyone plenty of time to finish packing and to be in the lobby by 10:45. We were shocked and saddened to learn one of the Russian men in our group had died of a heart attack the evening before. The other Russians had not informed us when it happened and seemed reluctant to talk about it. When we pressed for more information we were told he had been drinking heavily and had gone swimming in the very cold Black Sea. We were very sorry this had happened, but there was little we could do as he had been taken home the night before.

All the people and bags were on the bus shortly after 11:00 a.m. It was an hour's ride to the airport. When we arrived Elena directed us to what we assumed was the VIP lounge. It was a large cavernous and rather dingy room. Three other people waited with us. When loading time came we were ushered through security. We were asked to open our suitcase as they thought they saw something suspicious. It was the transformer for the computer and other electronic equipment. After Elena gave a rather lengthy explanation, we were allowed to walk on through to the waiting plane. We were flying Aeroflot, with some apprehension I might add, as even the Russians had nothing good to say about the airline. Contrary to warnings it was a better flight than we had expected — at least we got there without incident. We had a 30-minute wait on the ground in a rather hot plane while they loaded. Two rather sturdy looking flight attendants served everyone glasses of water. Snacks and juices were offered for sale after take-off, but then came free Pepsi, a Russian version of a twinkie and coffee or tea for free. We did not quite get the logic.

It was a rather smooth three hour flight to St. Petersburg and we arrived almost on time. The plane was parked some distance from the terminal and we descended some stairs to an underground passage way that led to the terminal. Again we were ushered to a special waiting room and our bags were brought to us. Elena had arranged for a van to transport us to Pushkin. It took some effort to squeeze nine people and the bags into the van. It was a lovely warm spring day for the 40-minute drive to Pushkin.

We arrived at what had been a small palace now turned into a conference center. It was located across the street from the gorgeous gardens and summer palace of Catherine the Great. We were given our room key and proceeded through the halls and stairs until we found the right number. The room was even more sparse than the one in Sochi. The furniture was a mish mash of badly worn pieces from another era. There were two single beds, a desk, and a small bathroom. The only towels were two dingy, worn and mismatched kitchen towels, to all appear-

ances. The refrigerator, we discovered, would barely cool water (no ice), and when we told the hall monitor we were out of toilet tissue she brought in two half rolls that appeared to have been salvaged from another room. The conference center itself, was fairly clean, but in need of considerable repair. There was a high wrought iron fence around the grounds with a guard at the gate. There was a lot of security, although there did not seem to be any great need or very much worth protecting.

After checking into our room we took a long walk through the beautiful woods and gardens surrounding Catherine's Palace since dinner was not served until 8:00 p.m. We went to bed long before sunset as the daylight hours now stretched well past midnight.

Thursday, May 25

Everyone was up for breakfast at 8:00 a.m. Lowell had made arrangements to have the funding for the conference transferred to a bank in St. Petersburg. Since thousands of dollars were involved we were a little concerned about the safety of carrying so much money, but Elena was insistent it had to be paid **at once**. Never did they make these demands known prior to the beginning of the workshops. With her help, we got a van and driver to drive us to the bank. Since the morning was free, the entire crew went with us. Once we arrived at the bank, all but Elena took off to explore the city, leaving the three of us to handle the banking. Getting into the bank was no easy task. The security guard inside the front door said we would have to call upstairs to gain admittance, but neither of the phones would work; most of the time they did not. The guard finally let us pass to a passport check, then we climbed two flights of stairs to wait in line at another door. Elevators are hard to find in Russia and the ones that work are even harder to find. After a long wait we were allowed to enter the bank. Only three people were allowed in the inner room at a time, and since there were three of us, we had to wait in the hall until three people came out. When we told the young woman at the desk what we wanted she pulled out a book and "surprise, surprise," the money had been transferred from our personal account since we were never forewarned in time to process a university voucher and she asked, "when do you want it?" Lowell then arranged for us to pick up the money Monday morning. We rejoined the van and driver to return to the hotel, but our group had disappeared. After about a 20-minute wait they reappeared, to find us waiting beside the van — no apologies.

We drove back to the conference center and since there was little time before lunch, the group decided to go to the Hermitage. The time was all too brief, but everyone did get a quick overview. Elena had to return to the conference center by lunch time and Lowell felt there were many preparations still to be made for the meetings, so we returned with her. The remainder of the crew decided to spend the afternoon and evening sightseeing in the city, returning late at night by train and subway. A great adventure for them, but a little stressful for us. This turned out to be a pattern throughout this trip. Most took little responsibility for the conference other than their own presentation, even though it was the North Dakota team's turn to carry the load.

After Lowell and I finished lunch and he made some more preparations for the first session, we decided to walk across the wooded park to the summer palace. The palace was a beautiful blue, white and gold structure. The central part was rectangular with an attached chapel on the north end, topped with gold onion domed spires. Curved wings stretched around a court yard to the back or west side. There was a broad expanse of gardens in front of the palace. The entire area was surrounded by woodlands. A small stream meandered through the woods and emptied into a small lake. Paths wound through the park and around the lake. Woodland flowers of violets, buttercups, trillium, etc. carpeted the floor of the woods. East of the palace and in the woods was a lovely blue, white and gold circular domed building with four small wings flaring out in opposite directions. It was called the Hermitage and was a special place to entertain and dine the privileged guests. It was in a bad state of disrepair and was surrounded by a tumble down wooden fence. A long gray structure, called the bathhouse, stretched from the palace to the lake. It was not open to the public at this time.

Only a small portion of the house had been reconstructed since the terrible destruction by the Germans during word War II. They destroyed the interior and mined the park. The part of the palace that had been reconstructed was magnificent. We donned soft slippers over our shoes and proceeded up a red carpeted white marble staircase to the floor above. Through a door to the left was one of the loveliest ballrooms I had ever seen. Windows, stretching along both the east and the west walls, were surrounded by ornate white and gold plaster. Mirrors and crystal chandeliers were everywhere. A wonderful mural covered the ceiling. Highly polished parquet with intricate designs, covered the floor. It was truly breathtaking. Room after room was equally beautiful. Walls were covered with brocade, often white, but sometimes blue, red and other colors. One room was covered with light blue brocade and decorated with scenes of Chinese peasant life.

It was getting close to closing time. We looked at a few things in the gift shop then returned to the hotel where we had dinner. Food was very poor here compared to the food we had eaten in Sochi. I suspect they were accustomed to cooking for the Russian elite in Sochi and Pushkin was standard conference fare.

Friday, May 26

This was the day the participants were to arrive and the American team had a little leisure time. After breakfast almost everyone, except Lowell and myself, decided this was a good opportunity to visit Catherine's palace. We decided to take a long walk through the woods and around the lake. There was a small island in the middle of the lake where some construction was in progress. We were told a restaurant was being built there. Also in the lake stood the Chesma Column, marking the navel victory in the Aegean Sea in 1770. There was a navel school near the park and we often saw the students walking in the area. They looked so very young. At the lower end of the lake we watched as an officer tried to teach some young cadets



The Grotto Pavilion in the Great Pond



Catherine's summer palace



Parquet floors and ceramic stove



The Chesma Column



Struggling sailors

how to row a boat and oh, how green they were! They just could not get their oars synchronized. It was obvious most had not held an oar in their hands before. We watched and laughed at their clumsy amateur efforts. We walked on around the lake, across a small marble bridge, across several small canals and to the back side of the palace court yard which was entered by Rastrelli's beautiful gilded gates.

Just beyond the woods we could see the yellow and white Alexander Palace built by Catherine for her grandson. It was time for lunch and we returned to the conference center. Lowell worked most of the afternoon preparing for the conference. The remainder of the group departed for St. Petersburg. They never seemed to feel any responsibility other than their own presentations. It really placed a heavy load on Lowell.

We really enjoyed the beautiful sun-lit evenings and it was late before we went to bed.

Saturday, May 27

We were up early, but the sun was up long before we were. We had breakfast in the dining room at 8:00. Some of the participants joined us at our table, but did not seem to speak English or at least they were too shy to try. A young oriental-looking woman often joined us at our table and we were a little puzzled about her presence. She was not a participant but often in the company of Sergey. It was rumored she was Sergey's mistress. I wondered if his wife knew of her presence. We knew he was married, although we never saw his wife at any of the social or business affairs.

At last we were served a breakfast we could recognize. It consisted of juice, bread, cheese omelet, ham, fresh cucumbers, and tomatoes. There was no coffee, only tea, and Alexi and I commiserated together about the lack of said drink. Alexi was one of our Russian simultaneous translators; a very warm and friendly young man. Coffee was offered at the morning break of the opening session and I happily joined the group for the one cup served. We decided one cup was better than none. I remained to help with the trading game if help was needed, but when Archie offered to help, I watched with Elena.

Gale and Marilyn Cramer arrived from the United States in mid-afternoon. Gale was a professor from Arkansas and had come to assist Lowell with the presentations. We had known them since our Michigan State days. We had dinner together and enjoyed visiting about things that had happened since the last time we had seen them. Then the four of us went for a walk in Catherine's park. When we returned to the hotel we were happy to learn Dick Hughes had arrived from Washington, D.C. As a result of the ensuing discussion it was rather late before we were free to go to bed.

Sunday, May 28

We arose early and joined the Cramers and Dick on the terrace until it was time to have breakfast. Alexi joined us along with several others. Everyone expressed great enthusiasm when

I produced a jar of instant coffee. Alexi ordered hot water and we celebrated. When we were about finished, a waiter rather sheepishly produced two pots of coffee, and continued to do so every morning thereafter.

Lowell and Gale departed for their meetings and since Marilyn had not had an opportunity to see the palace I joined her for another trip through the interior. It was impossible to absorb everything the first time through anyway. I should mention there was a wrought iron fence around the palace grounds and a gate where every one was expected to pay a nominal fee to gain admittance. When we first arrived at the conference center, someone in the neighborhood had managed to pry open a hole in the fence, and everyone just walked through. Several days later it was repaired and padlocked and everyone had to go to a proper booth at the entrance to gain admittance. This particular morning the ticket sales person had not arrived and the two ladies that were there just grinned and waved us on through.

We spent the entire morning at the palace and returned to our rooms just in time for lunch. We had just 20 minutes to eat our lunch and we might as well have skipped it. It consisted of onions cooked in tomato sauce and poured over yesterday's leftover fish, greasy borsch, macaroni, tough beef chunks, cold cooked carrots, and punch to drink. We had a saying "you had better eat your dinner because if you don't you will get it for breakfast" (most likely in the form of ground fish.)

The Russians had arranged for the group to take turns between sessions to take a taxi to the nearby Pavlovski Palace. The palace was given by Catherine the Great to her son Paul in 1777. Immediately after lunch Lowell, Marilyn, Gale and I departed for the palace. The golden-yellow Great Palace's flat dome was supported by 64 white columns. It stood on a high bluff overlooking a river, and was surrounded by beautiful park land. The interior was beautiful like Catherine's Palace, but quite different in design. The state apartments, on the first floor, were especially ornate and beautiful. There was a strong Italian influence throughout the rooms. Many of the rooms were round, oval, or octagonal, giving a more intimate appearance than the Catherine Palace. We spent two hours viewing the palace and a short time walking about the grounds, which were too vast to cover in a half a day. It was quite warm walking about the grounds and an occasional mosquito put in an appearance, foretelling there were more to come in the days ahead. We met our taxi at the palace gate and returned to the center, just in time for Lowell's session.

We took a brief walk after dinner and Lowell spent the remainder of the evening working on Monday's presentation.

Monday, May 29

We had breakfast with our group and finally discovered the key to getting coffee. Each morning Alexi went to the kitchen and ordered it. They would bring it, sometimes late, but they did bring it.

This was the morning we had arranged to go into St. Petersburg to pick up the money that had been transferred to the bank from Busey Bank in Urbana. We were not looking forward to the experience of carrying that much money back to Pushkin. I felt Dmitri should have been responsible for it at this point, but Elena, Lowell, and myself were told we would be going to the bank. They did recruit a husky driver, who looked like a Chicago Bears football player, along with a young man from the center, (serving as guards) to make the 1-hour drive into the city in a dirty ratty looking car.

Everything went much better than we had expected. Once we arrived we were ushered upstairs by a young woman who had previously given us her name. Transactions were quickly completed and 130 100-dollar bills were dropped in my purse; I was the designated (though unenthusiastic) carrier. The young woman guard watched and smiled knowingly throughout the process. Lowell, Elena, and the young man from the hotel surrounded me as we walked quickly to our waiting car and driver. We felt like characters out of a James Bond movie. I was later informed I had been selected to carry the money because thugs were less likely to mug a woman. Thanks a lot!

It was a very warm day for the 1-hour drive back to Pushkin, but a relief to no longer be responsible for such a large sum of money. Trying to make money transactions in Russia was a horrendous task. Lowell still had hours of discussions with Elena before the accounts were settled. Trust did not seem to be a word they understood; probably for good reason.

We arrived just in time for lunch. After lunch Marilyn and I took a long walk in the hot sun to the outdoor market. It was in a depressing dusty inner courtyard. The food consisted mostly of last years potatoes, some bananas, oranges, apples, unrefrigerated chickens, and a few flowers.

We returned to the hotel in time to dress for the reception. The table was beautifully set with small appetizers and fruit. Lowell had limited the budget so there were less expensive drinks this time around. After the necessary toasts, we departed and went for a walk. Lowell was very tired after a long and stressful day, so we retired early.

Tuesday, May 30

Breakfast provided a surprisingly good omelet — at least the kitchen cook knew how to cook an egg. It was such a contrast to the food we had had at Sochi.

Marilyn and I went for a walk on the palace grounds and spent two hours walking the paths in the cool of the morning. Gale and Lowell had an appointment with the Rector of the Pushkin Agricultural University.

We joined the men for lunch. After lunch I helped Lowell pay some of the remaining bills, then watched as the results of the trading game were given. When the men departed for the stock exchange, Marilyn and I decided not to go.

Gale and Lowell returned around six and the four of us went to dinner together. We then returned to our rooms; I to start packing and Lowell to complete all his business transactions. The workshop was over and we were going to spend a few days in St. Petersburg.

Wednesday, May 31

After breakfast the men met for an evaluation session and to discuss which of the participants would be selected for the trip to the States. Marilyn and I decided to look for a post office. We walked about four blocks to one we had been told about, but it was closed until 11:00. We tried to ask some Russians if there was a box nearby, but had a hard time understanding directions. Any questions brings a lengthy discussion between all the Russians within earshot, and never seems to bring an answer; at least from our point of view. We returned to the conference hotel (or the "orphanage" as Dick liked to call it) a little before noon. The hotel had once been the home of an aristocrat, but now it was dingy and in need of repair.

Lowell returned to the room at 11:45 and, we along with Marilyn, Gale and Dick loaded our bags into a van and said goodbye to Dmitri, Valerya, and Bill. We were on our way to the Nevskij Palace Hotel in St. Petersburg. It seemed like a palace after the week in the "orphanage."

Oh! what luxury; clean, clean, clean, plus an abundance of white towels, soap, air conditioning, and soft pillows. But, as described in an article, it was not always so peaceful.

The five of us had lunch at the hotel then rented a van to the Hermitage. This was my third trip, but it is impossible to see it in one visit. The Cramers returned to the hotel with us by taxi, but Dick decided to get some exercise and walk.

About 6:30 all of us went in search of bottled water, then had supper in a small restaurant called Carroll's. It is patterned after a U.S. McDonald's, including place mats with pictures of the menu — a great help when ordering, although several of the girls behind the register could speak English. We then returned to the hotel to enjoy the comfort of our room.

Thursday, June 1

We had a 7:00 a.m. breakfast with the Cramers and Dick joining us before we finished. It was a fantastic buffet after what we had been eating.

After breakfast the Cramers decided to walk across the Neva River to the Peter Paul Fortress, as they were to depart for France at noon. Dick had arranged for the three of us to visit a model farm, sponsored by the USDA to help demonstrate how Russian farmers could make the transition to private enterprise. A driver was to come from the farm and pick us up. We waited in front of the hotel for almost an hour. The farm had no telephone, so we could not call to see why the driver and car did not come. We finally gave up and took a taxi to the Peter Paul Fortress which is across the Neva, on Hare Island and across the river from the Hermitage. Peter laid the first foundations in 1703 to protect the mainland and to secure Russia's outlet to the sea. This was considered the beginning of the city. The most important feature is the St. Peter-and-Paul



Peter and Paul Cathedral on Hare Island . . .



. . . contains the burial vaults of the czars



Table setting
in Alexander's
palace



Our tea from a Samovar

Cathedral. It was started in 1712, built by Domenico Trezzizi and later improved by Rastrelli. The golden spire was very different from the usual onion domes of the traditional Orthodox churches. We walked down the tree shaded street, bordered by the barracks, and to the Cathedral where all the czars are buried except Nicholas II and his family. They were shot after the Revolution and the location of their remains remained a mystery for many years. At the present time there is an effort underway to bring the family remains to the Cathedral for reburial.

There was a very small beach between the fortress and the river and that space was covered with winter-white bodies, turning beet-red, in the sun. After spending some time walking about the compound, viewing the ramparts, and buying a small water color, Lowell and I took a taxi back to the hotel for lunch. Dick again chose to walk.

After lunch Lowell and I took a taxi to St. Isaacs Cathedral. It was a magnificent structure with a central high dome, painted murals covering the walls and ceiling, malachite and lapis covered columns supporting the dome and gold trim everywhere. It was now just a visual museum, no longer used for religious purposes. That was really sad as it had a great spiritual quality.

The afternoon had become very warm and humid (almost 90 degrees). We did not see any taxi around the Cathedral so we walked down the street past the Admiralty to the Hermitage where we had seen taxis before. We returned to the hotel as we had an appointment to meet Marianna Shigalava, the mother of Masha, a Russian girl who had translated for us at the U of I. Masha was married to Bryce Bowman and both had been very useful to Lowell in translating materials for the Russian program. They had arranged for us to meet her and have her give us some tips on tours. We had a nice visit with her in the coffee shop. She speaks very good English and told us she hoped to get a job as an interpreter. She asked if we would take a birthday present to her daughter, because anything of value was usually stolen if sent through the mail. She said the Mothers Day present her daughter had sent her never arrived and she was sure it had been stolen.

We did some packing before going to bed.

Friday, June 2

We had a lovely leisurely breakfast. When Dick joined us, he was sunburned to a crisp. He had gone to the sundeck the afternoon before and had fallen asleep in the hot sun.

We said goodbye to Dick, went to our room, finished our packing and

Sidenote: On August 6 of that year, we read an article "**2 Slain in Downtown Hail of Bullets**" at www.spb.su/times by staff writer, Charles Digges. It said, "a hail of bullets killed two men in broad daylight on a quiet St. Petersburg side street in the city's historic center in what police are calling a contract murder, striking a chord of fear among neighborhood residents... In February, two unidentified men who have not been apprehended, opened fire with automatic rifles in the Vienna Cafe in the posh Nevskij (Nevsky) Palace Hotel, killing three, including bystander..."

had an early lunch in the Vienna Cafe. This was the same coffee shop where an American was shot a few weeks before, by an apparent mafia war gang aiming at a Russian. The American was unfortunate enough to be there at the wrong time.

The hotel people arranged our transportation to the airport. It was VIP service as we were ushered to an air-conditioned car and waved "bon voyage" by two people from the hotel. I should mention this was an Austrian-owned hotel: not a Russian.

It was another warm sunny day as it had been most of the trip. It was about an hour's drive to the airport. We passed through security quickly, then had over an hour and a half before we could check in. It was a dreary un-airconditioned room, but there were places to sit. Once we were allowed to check our bag to Paris, things improved. We were given a pass to a special waiting room. We had no idea why we were given it, but suspected it was because we were foreigners. It was an attractive airconditioned room. Snacks, coffee, tea, and cold drinks were served to the few people in the room.

Our plane (Air France) departed at 4:10 — on time. The sky looked very stormy south and east of the airport, but the pilot skipped easily through the towering thunder heads.

It was just under a 4-hour trip with a 2-hour time change. We arrived at DeGaul airport at 5:45 p.m. We located the shuttle bus to the nearby Ibis Hotel for an overnight stay, since there were no connections to Chicago until morning. It was a clean but modest hotel. We had a cold drink in the bar and a snack in our room before bedtime.

Sunday, June 3

A breakfast buffet was served in the hotel restaurant. The food was simple but good with hard-cooked eggs, juice, ham, cheese, cereal, rolls, and coffee. We departed for the airport for the 11:50 departure for Chicago. Check-in went quickly, unlike Russia, and we passed through passport control to wait. I noticed a rather frightened looking young Indian girl sitting across the room. After a while she moved over beside me and asked me if this was the right gate for the plane to Chicago. She relaxed when I assured her it was. It was her first trip to the United States and she was on her way to visit an aunt and uncle living in Chicago.

We boarded on time, but sat on the ground for nearly an hour while baggage was pulled from the plane and checked. Someone's bag had been checked through to Chicago, but that person was not on board. Security required that any bag on the plane had to match with a person on the plane. Once we were on our way it was a pleasant trip over a mostly cloud-covered ocean. The sky did clear enough for us to see the southern tip of Greenland, with huge icebergs floating in the bays. We arrived in Chicago about 2:00 p.m. and drove home in a rental car only to discover the sump-pump had failed while we were gone. Due to heavy rains, the basement had been flooded with two inches of water. Everything in the basement was covered with mildew. It could have been worse and it was good to be home. We decided we would deal with that tomorrow.

Russia

October 25 - November 7, 1995



Russia

1995

Wednesday, October 25

We were on our way to Russia again, via rental car to Chicago, for the last in a series of workshops to teach the Russians about the strategies for operating in privatized grain markets. We arrived at O'Hare International terminal to check in with Lufthansa only to learn they had moved to the domestic terminal with United Airlines. Luckily we had allowed extra time for just such surprises. With suitcases in tow we took the tram to the domestic terminal. After checking our luggage through to Russia we purchased our tickets for an upcoming trip to Seattle at Thanksgiving. Since United Airlines no longer provided service to Willard Airport in Champaign, we had to take advantage of access to a United desk. After eating a sandwich we spent the time until departure in the Red Carpet room. It was a nice day and our plane departed on time at 6:45 p.m. We had a comfortable and easy flight to Frankfurt.

Thursday, October 26

We arrived in Frankfurt a little ahead of time so we took the opportunity to locate United's new Red Carpet room and waited there until time to board the plane for Moscow. We arrived in Moscow on time (3:30 p.m.) and were surprised to see our bag and box were one of the first to appear on the belt. Custom procedures were easy this time. We were better acquainted with the process and the Russians seemed better organized than they were on our first trip.

Dmitri and a driver were waiting to take us to the Radisson Hotel where we said goodbye to Dmitri and checked into our room on the eighth floor. We unpacked and went to bed. The weather in Moscow was surprisingly nice and warm considering it was late October.

Friday, October 27

Lowell spent the morning at the hotel with Dmitri going over plans for the meetings. It was a lovely, sunny afternoon, so Lowell and I decided to take the subway to Red Square. A beautiful little chapel had been opened to the public for the first time the previous day. The original chapel had been torn down in just one night. It was now completely restored and a copy of the original icon had been brought from Greece. With dignitaries of the church and state in attendance, the icon of the Iverskaya Mother of God was returned to its rightful resting place. It had disappeared in 1929 when the chapel was secretly destroyed. The icon, considered to be the patroness of Russian statehood, later reappeared in Mt. Athos, Greece. Many people

were filling the tiny space, lighting candles and praying. I am convinced Christianity may be forced underground for a time, but cannot be destroyed.

We spent about an hour walking about the Gum department store. It was now a really large shopping mall consisting of three long corridors on two levels with cross-over bridges on the second level. The third level was unoccupied. How different it was now from the recent past, when the only shops were government run and controlled. Now many of the shops were either European or American companies. Many Russians were looking at the products they hoped to buy, but most things were still financially out of reach for much of the population. It was interesting to see Black and Decker tools, French perfume, and American made dish washers filling the stores and capturing the attention of young couples, who we imagined might be thinking of furnishing their apartment.

We returned to the hotel and had dinner before an early night.

Saturday, October 28

More of our crew had arrived from the United States during the evening and night hours. Dick Hughes joined us for breakfast and was upset because he had left his wallet in the taxi that brought him from the airport the night before. He said the taxi driver seemed such a nice young man. He thought (hoped) he might return it even though Dick did not know the driver's name or where he lived. We hoped Dick's faith in humanity would be supported by actions, but we were doubtful considering what we had been led to believe about honesty in the new Russia.

After breakfast the men met to discuss the up-coming meetings. When they finished, the entire group decided to take a taxi to a flea market on the outskirts of Moscow where mostly handcrafts were sold. We had been to this market during a previous trip to Moscow. It was located near the former Olympic site. It was a clear, rather crisp day. The flea market was in a fenced-in area where the vendors paid a fee to set up their booths and the shoppers paid a small fee to enter. Along the sidewalk leading to the entrance were people selling all kinds of things; such as paintings, needlework, small pieces of furniture, dishes, etc. Most of them looked poor, elderly and rather desperate. My heart went out to them. I couldn't help going back and placing a dollar bill in the hand of an elderly lady who was offering to sell a few trinkets and lace handkerchiefs. Some were selling only one item as though it was a last personal item.

We spent nearly two hours there. Lowell and I bought Brent a Russian fur hat. We then purchased a small string musical instrument and some Christmas ornaments. Our group returned to the Old Arbot via the subway. Frank bought each of us a banana from a vendor along the street, as it was well after lunch. Lowell and I then decided to pursue our own interests along the Arbot. We stopped at a Russian craft store and purchased some plates for Christmas gifts and then decided to take the long walk back to the hotel.

It was Demcey's birthday so everyone decided to go to the Metropol Hotel for dinner to celebrate. We had found this to be a very elegant buffet when we went there for dinner in 1994.

We missed our subway stop so were half hour late for our reservations. Dinner was very expensive (\$110.00) for Lowell and me. We each had a salad. I had beef stroganoff and Lowell had a Russian dish of sturgeon. It was about 11:00 p.m. before we returned to our hotel.

Dick had not gone with us as he had received a call telling him the taxi driver had found the wallet he had left on the taxi seat on Saturday. The driver said he would return it as soon as he finished work, which he did. Dick was overjoyed and gave the young driver a reward. It was good to learn there are honest people even in the new Russia.

Sunday, October 29

The men met again this morning, to go over details of the future sessions. After the meeting the entire group decided to visit the Armory Museum inside the Kremlin walls. We hired a woman guide at the gate and she gave us a very good tour of the grounds and the museum. I had seen the museum twice before, but learned something new each time. I especially enjoyed the costumes of Peter and Catherine the Great, also the carriages and the sleighs.

After spending a considerable amount of time in the museum, most of the group decided to walk across Red Square to the Gum department store. Since Lowell and I had just been there, we decided to take the subway back to the hotel so we could fill some packets with wheat for the simulated 100-ton lots to be exchanged during the trading game at the next workshop session. We had a sandwich at the hotel's Amadeus restaurant, finished our work, and were in bed by 11:15.

Monday, October 30

Following our usual breakfast, the men departed for the Academy at 8:15 for the first session. Bill had arranged for a driver to take his wife Ronda, Professor Pat from Louisiana, and me on a sightseeing tour. Unfortunately, it was Monday and the museums, convents and monasteries were closed. Even so, we did get a good overview of Moscow. We visited Lenin's Hill, near the University, which gave us a good view of the river, the city, and the stadium below. A thin curtain of fog hung over the river valley as a pale sun tried to burn its way through the crisp autumn air. We were driven to the outskirts of the city to the site of Napoleon's departure. A new monument had just been completed, celebrating 50 years after WW II. It consisted of a large walk area with fountains and flower beds and proceeded to a series of steps leading to a long row of columns set in a curve. Behind it was a round museum with a spire. To the left of the museum was a small white and gold chapel. This site had been dedicated in May when President and Mrs. Clinton were there. Our driver told us, in a rather amused voice, when it came time for them to sit down there was no chair for Mrs. Clinton and Mrs. Yeltson had generously given her the chair that had been designated for Mrs. Yeltson.

Our guide then took us to the main building of the National Academy of Sciences which had been the home of a count, but had been taken over by the Communists. It was a very pretty yellow and white mansion in a classical style. We were driven up the circular drive and back to

the gate where we asked if we could take a picture. Our guide said we could. The Russians had become much freer with their actions and speech than they had been on our first trip, so we were very shocked, as was our guide, when a uniformed guard with gun in hand appeared from nowhere and demanded to know why we were there and why we were taking pictures. Our driver and guide did some fast talking and explained we were wives of some Americans who were working with the National Academy and just wanted a picture of the building. He eyed us suspiciously and we thought he surely was going to make us give up our film, but after a very long moment he said "Alright, but no more pictures." Needless to say, we hastily departed. Our last stop was at one of Moscow's most important cathedrals. It was undergoing some restoration as were most of the churches and cathedrals. It was a beautiful Greek orthodox structure, garnished with murals, icons and gold.

We returned to the hotel for lunch and then Ronda and I decided to take the metro to the Arbot for some shopping. Christmas was not far away. We walked along the Arbot in the chilly afternoon air. The pale afternoon sun brought little warmth. Small vending stands lined the pedestrian walkway. I bought a wood carved Father Christmas. His robe was painted blue (a preferred color the sales person told me) and was holding a bag of toys and a Christmas tree. After we finished our shopping, we decided to walk back to the hotel. It was a long walk; about a mile. The men returned a little before seven o'clock. Lowell and I joined some of the people in our group for dinner in the Scandia restaurant. It was after ten before we went to bed.

Tuesday, October 31

It was Halloween and we were told Russians also celebrate the day, though I did not discover in what way. We had breakfast with Ronda, Bill, and Demcey. The men departed for the Tuesday session shortly after we had eaten. Ronda and I wanted to see Lenin's tomb, but opening time was very uncertain. With only the limited information we were able to glean, we decided to leave for Red Square about 9:30. We took the light blue metro line we had used before and got off at a stop near the main Kremlin gate, thinking we could walk around the outer wall to Red Square. It was a poor decision as guards had blocked off the area and a big hole was being dug in the ground. We later learned it was to become a large underground mall. We had to circumvent the area for several blocks and ended up walking to the Bolshoi Theater, over to the Metropol Hotel and back to the square. The dark blue line would have brought us directly to the square — as we discovered later. It was another lesson learned. Again we had difficulty finding an entrance to the square as it was blocked off. After asking several young guards, who could not speak English, and several false attempts we found a narrow roped off walkway to the tomb. This time, guards gave us a shy grin and tried to help the best they could, unlike the stern looks we had received on previous trips.

The exterior of the tomb was polished red granite blocks, with very simple lines, backed by a long row of pines and the Kremlin wall behind the trees. We passed two unspeaking

guards, walked down some rather dark steps and into the tomb. The body of Lenin was placed on a raised flat surface and surrounded by dried foliage and plastic flowers. Soft lights from above played down on the body. It appeared wax-like to us. Two guards stood nearby. Before we entered, we saw a sign that said, "no talking and keep moving." The walkway circled the body and led out the other side of the tomb. I made two circles. There were rows of polished stone benches on either side of the exterior of the tomb, where dignitaries could sit when viewing parades on Red Square. We were directed to a walkway in back of the pines where many national figures were buried in front of the Kremlin wall. Also, plaques were mounted on the wall honoring various dignitaries. A small metal vase, containing plastic flowers, was placed on the ground in front of each plaque. There were about a dozen busts of important people on pedestals; one of Stalin, and others that we could not read.

We were not allowed to retrace our steps and had to walk to the south side of Red Square, around St. Basils and the Gum department store before we could reach the metro stop. We decided to try and find our way back to the hotel on the dark blue line which we did very successfully.

About 2:00 p.m. Dick called and asked if I would join him in the lobby for a cappuccino. We visited for over an hour. He disclosed he had not gone to the Kremlin with Ronda and me as planned because he had stayed up too late drinking with some of the fellows. He and Ronda departed for the Institute about three o'clock to join the group going to the ballet. Lowell and I decided not to go as he had some work to do and we had seen two ballets on previous trips.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon reading and writing. Lowell returned in time for a late dinner before bedtime. We were very annoyed when we were awakened by loud voices in the hall at eleven. We had not had a full night's sleep since we arrived, as a result of meetings, activities, and now a noisy hotel.

Wednesday, November 1

We were up at 6:45 and had breakfast. We were usually the first ones to have breakfast. Roberto returned the electric plug he had borrowed several days before, just as Lowell departed for the morning session. Ronda called and invited me to go with her, Bill, Ron, and Roberto to the Pushkin Museum, but I declined as I had seen it before. It was a cold day and snow flurries were flying in the air.

Lowell and Dmitri returned at noon to pick up the money Berta had transferred from Busey bank in Urbana. They brought the money to our room to sort and then they returned to the Institute after Lowell checked at the business office to see why a fax had not gone through. We discovered it had the wrong area code. I remained to pick up a copy when it did go through. I spent the afternoon reading and making some Barbie doll clothes for granddaughter Meredith's birthday. Lowell did not return until after 7:30 p.m. We visited briefly with the group at the bar. Most decided to go out for dinner, but Pat, Lowell, and I opted for eating at the hotel. Lowell had had a long day and it was already late and very cold outside.

Thursday, November 2

We were up for breakfast before 7:00 a.m. and were surprised to see it snowing. Dick, Ronda, Pat and I departed at 10:30 to visit the Historical museum located on the north side of Red Square. It was snowing hard and continued to snow all day; sometimes small flakes and sometimes large. We entered the metro and descended the first set of escalators, which were very fast and very steep. There was a sudden scream and an elderly lady went rolling down the escalator, head over heels. I had not previously realized there was an unobtrusive guard at the bottom of the escalator. He stepped forward and pulled the emergency switch. The woman was rescued with no serious injuries.

Once I reached the bottom of the escalator, I pulled out my map to look for the appropriate station names. A young Russian girl stepped forward and asked if she could help. She then guided us up the stairs to another set of escalators, pointed to the right train and boarded it with us. A young man quickly offered me his seat. I had that happen to me time and again in Russia, more often than in the United States. I had imagined they might resent us after years of the cold war, but more often than not, there was a warm "reaching out." We disembarked at the Red Square metro. It was snowing heavily and was rapidly becoming deep. Snow plows were out everywhere on streets and sidewalks. Much to our disappointment the museum was closed, so we decided to look around the Gum department store. We soon tired of window shopping, so Dick and I decided to return to the hotel. Ronda and Pat took the metro with us as far as the Arbot to do more shopping.

The snow continued all day. Dick and I had lunch together at the hotel. He was very upset and seemed to want to talk to someone as something had gone wrong with the negotiations he had just come from in Ireland. It appeared to be something he had said which an Irish lawyer had misconstrued, taken offense and registered a complaint with officials in Washington, D.C. The best of intentions can turn into a disaster!

I then returned to our room as it was already mid-afternoon. I spent the remainder of the afternoon in the room reading.

Friday, November 3

I met with several of the team for breakfast, and then spent the morning organizing for our return home. I used some of the time to bring my notes up to date and did some sewing on doll clothes for Meredith. Ronda and I had a late lunch at the hotel about 1:00 and I spent the rest of the afternoon in my room reading.

Lowell returned about 6:00 p.m. We sat in the bar a few minutes and visited with our group, then Ronda, Bill, Gale, Lowell, and I had dinner in the hotel restaurant. The remainder of the group decided to go out for dinner. Ronda and Bill departed before we finished eating as Ronda was to leave on the 9:45 plane for the States. Gale, Lowell, and I decided to sample the

dessert bar. We were surprised when we were charged for each tiny dessert. Oh well! They tasted very good anyway. We returned to our rooms and bed.

Saturday, November 4

Everyone was up for an early start as this would be a full day at the Institute, followed by a farewell reception in the evening. Lowell and I had spent several hours negotiating with the hotel staff to arrange for food, podium, etc. The budget was limited, the cost of everything was high, but we were “obligated” to provide a grand affair in keeping with Russian tradition.

The group departed for the Institute at 8:30. I gave the desk our plane schedule and they agreed to confirm our flights back to the States for Tuesday. I received a message about 9:30 that the flights had been confirmed. I spent the morning reading, watching TV and sewing doll clothes. About 5:00 I checked the room where the reception was to be held, to confirm the set-up. Everything was in place except the food. A large bouquet of flowers had been placed on a table. When we later complimented the caterer on the flowers, he happily told us he had brought them from cold storage just for us.

Lowell returned at 6:00 and we went down to the lobby. I was totally unprepared for what happened next. The group from Volgograd (which had been in Illinois for the short course the previous summer) came forward to greet us. The spokesperson for the group stepped forward, kissed my hand and presented me with a lovely bouquet of peach colored roses. He then gave a wonderful little speech saying they represented the entire group from Volgograd and wanted to express their appreciation for the hospitality and personal attention I had given that went beyond the technical program.

We walked down the hall to the reception room, where I was hugged, and kissed on both cheeks more times than I could count. Then the COMEX people presented me with a bouquet of



Flowers and accolades



Presentations and farewells

Dear Betty,

*Thank you very much for your help in organization
of COMEX workshops in Moscow, Dagomys, Pushkin and Urbana-Champaign.
It was very nice to meet you and we hope we will see you in Russia again.*



With best wishes and kindest regards,

MEMO staff:

Sergey Andreyev,

Dmitri Rylko,

Elena Gavrilova,

Valery Savanina,

Olga Kapitonova.

red roses and the groups from Volga and St. Petersburg each gave me bouquets of lavender chrysanthemums. Allan Mustard had arrived from Washington, D.C. along with Sue Heinen, the agricultural attaché from the American Embassy. A fellow from the World Bank also showed up. He was newly stationed here and lonely for his wife still in the states. Kathy Reading (representing the Seedboro Equipment Company in Chicago) and her interpreter (he was the same man who had conducted Ronda, Pat and me on the tour around the city) were there also.

Food disappeared very fast due to the fact that more people showed up than expected and the budget had severely limited the quantity. I really felt embarrassed that we had fallen so short on food, but we had stretched the budget to the limit.

Lowell presented certificates along with awards to the winners of the marketing game. The Russians presented Dick with a Russian hat. Tears came to Dick's eyes when they began to chant "Hughes, Hughes, Hughes." I was more than surprised when the COMEX group presented me with a certificate also, with a note from them written on the back. Then everyone cheered. I was not accustomed to getting so much recognition. One of the Russian women gave Lowell a beautiful book about the region where she lived.

Thursday I had given Valerya and Olga each a book about our national parks and Elena a book and sidewalk chalk for Eulia her little daughter. Olga nearly cried in appreciation and wanted me to have lunch with her on Friday, but I had already promised Ronda I would have lunch with her as she was returning to the States. So this evening Olga gave me a lovely little table runner. At the end of the program one of the Russian men asked if he could say a few words. It turned out to be more than a few words and Lowell began to panic as previous experience suggested it might become very lengthy, but fortunately he didn't go on too long. When he finished he shook hands with Lowell then dashed over and kissed my hand.

It had been a most rewarding evening for all concerned, I believe. The eight workshops had ended in an evening of shared friendships which had begun with mutual suspicions and preconceived ideas about each other. I hoped the brief but intense exposure would blossom into warm and lasting trust and friendship.

We all said "goodnight" and there were more rounds of Russian hugs and kisses with promises to meet again. Lowell, Bill, Gale, Demcey, and a Russian consultant met for more discussions and a light supper. Pat and I joined them. Once more it was after 11:00 p.m. before we fell into bed.

Sunday, November 5

It was Sunday and we slept until 7:30, and then indulged in a long leisurely breakfast. Demcey was the only one up to join us. It was nice to have a little time for relaxing.

Housekeeping brought me a large vase for my flowers. I had kept them in the waste paper basket filled with water over night. Lowell spent some time going over papers in preparation for wrapping up the conference work. I started packing for our return trip home. We watched a little television and were shocked to learn President Rabin, of Israel, had been assassinated.

Lowell met with the team in the afternoon to discuss how they would handle publication of the results of all the workshops. After they finished, Dmitri came to the room for the remainder of the payments for the consultants. Later in the day he remembered he had miscalculated in counting for one of the consultants (the correction always turned out to be more than the original) so Lowell met him in the lobby with the additional money. When he returned to the room he had a lovely bouquet of pink roses Dmitri had brought for me.

Monday, November 6

We again had a leisurely breakfast in the restaurant. Everything was rather quiet as this was the holiday to mark the Revolution, but there appeared to be little celebration.

People came to breakfast later than usual and in casual dress. Most of them were American business men. We returned to our room and finished our packing and had a big lunch before we called a taxi at 2:00 p.m. to take us to the airport Novotel for our last night's stay.

We had a snack in our room and watched the Rabin funeral on TV before going to bed.

Tuesday, November 7

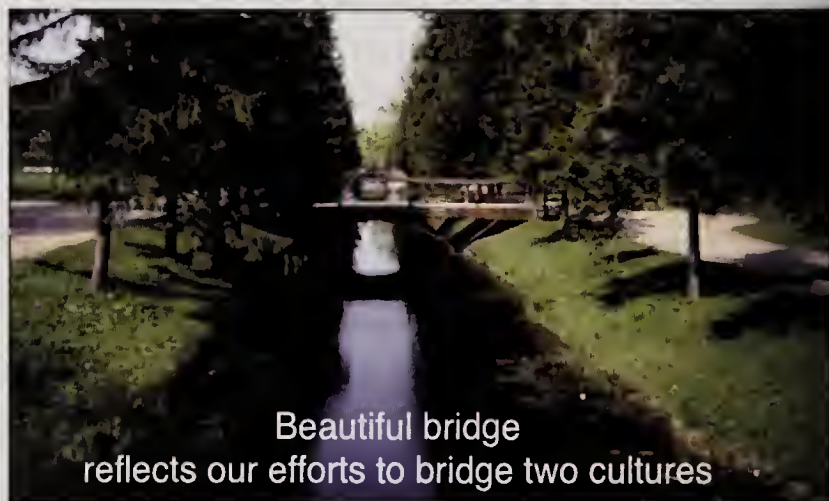
The alarm rang at 4:00 a.m. and we departed for the nearby airport a little before 5:00 via the hotel shuttle bus. We were some of the first passengers in line. It takes a very long time in Russia to be checked through the gate. It was another hour and a half wait before we could board the plane. Most people were standing, as there were only about a half dozen chairs in the waiting area. I noticed there were many more things for sale in the duty free area this time than there had been on our first trip to Russia. The Lufthansa flight 3213 was ready for departure on time. It took only a few minutes to de-ice the plane before takeoff. It was very cold and crispy with lots of snow on the ground. A cold Russian winter was breathing down our necks.

A rather robust Russian priest sat next to me on the plane with his black flowing robes almost covering me. He was very nice and polite and had a warm and friendly smile which belied the stern appearance of the formidable robes. He spoke fairly good English.

When the plane landed in Frankfurt and parked on the tarmac, everyone's passport was checked again and sometimes a metal detector was passed over some people. Americans were mostly ignored in this process. Everyone was bussed to the terminal and we had only a little more than an hour to wait. That amount of time was needed in that airport as it is a real hodge-podge of gates.

The Lufthansa flight from Frankfurt to Chicago took about nine hours, giving me a chance to muse about all that had happened over the past three years as we tried to help the Russian grain merchants adapt to an entirely new economic model.

It was a good flight; arriving in Chicago at 12:45. We picked up the National rental car and were home by 4:00 p.m. We had no idea if we would return to Russia some day, but we hoped it would be possible. We wondered what long term effects would result from all the time, emotions, and shared work that had been invested in the project. Would they truly understand and remember the requirements for a free market? Would they become "leaders" in their professional and government positions? Would they slide back into the less demanding system of "follow the leader" whether he be Communist, dictator, or servant of the people? Would the leaders in government continue with some form of democracy or would they gravitate back to the dominant role of past rulers? Did the experience change their role in their communities and their attitude toward their neighbors? Would they smile more? We will probably never know if they will remember us with the same warm feelings we had developed for so many of them.



Beautiful bridge
reflects our efforts to bridge two cultures

Russia

July 9 - 19, 1996



Russia

1996

Tuesday, July 9

We were starting our fifth trip to Russia. This was an outgrowth of previous trips to Russia, during which we had worked on a project known as COMEX, to help Russian grain traders develop skills in management and grain trading. The final requirement of the program was a description of the current grain markets in Russia. Lowell had selected two University of Illinois students to spend three weeks learning all they could about the wheat markets in St. Petersburg. Anna, who was born in Russia and now resided in Chicago, and Jim were already in Pushkin, Russia, attending classes as part of a group of exchange students. Lowell and I were to meet them in St. Petersburg when their Pushkin program ended, to help them start their research project.

We rented a car for the drive to Chicago; departing in midmorning in order to be sure we arrived in plenty of time for the 4:45 departure in the afternoon. The flight was uneventful, but the plane was very crowded, making it impossible to sleep.

Wednesday, July 10

We arrived in Frankfurt at 7:50 in the morning, 10 minutes ahead of schedule. We were happy for the extra time between flights, as the scheduled 1-hour time before departure for St. Petersburg was cutting it close. We had discovered on past trips that extra time between flights was required, because passengers to Russia were always bussed out to the plane, and loading started early. We were never sure why, but there always seemed to be tighter security on the planes to and from Russia. The plane to St. Petersburg departed on time for the 3-hour flight across two time zones. We arrived in St. Petersburg half an hour early and cleared customs quickly; much faster than customs clearance in Moscow.

Jim and Anna were waiting for us, and (to our surprise) so was Chebikin Vyacheslav from Melcom, who had attended the seminars in Illinois. He had a car and driver and insisted on taking us to our hotel. He greeted us with a bottle of champagne and I received a very courtly kiss on my hand. Jim and Anna followed us to the hotel with flowers and candy in hand. We checked into the Nevsky Palace Hotel. Jim then walked down the street and purchased a two-gallon bottle of water for use in our room. The cost at the hotel was four dollars a glass. We thanked everyone for taking such good care of us and assured them we needed nothing more than a good night's sleep. I was asleep by 6:30 p.m.

Thursday, July 11

We had a huge buffet breakfast. It was included in the hotel room charge and a good thing it was, because the hotel rate was about \$260.00 plus \$50.00 tax per night. This was extremely high, but we had little choice if we wanted a convenient location from which to work.

Anna and Jim arrived shortly after breakfast to help make plans for the week. Albert Dyachkov from the St. Petersburg Futures Exchange had called us and wanted us to meet him at Peterhof (Peter The Great's summer home) located outside of the city so he could show us the gardens where he had worked when he was a young man. We had met him on our first trip to St. Petersburg in May 1994, and he had proven to be a most congenial guide. We hired a car and driver to drive us to Peterhof. Albert was waiting for us at the gate. It was a glorious summer day with blue skies and a gentle breeze blowing off the Gulf of Finland. We walked past the white and gold palace and down to the gardens on the lower level bordering the Gulf. The white and gold onion domes glistened in the morning sun. The magnificent fountains that were being repaired when we were here in 1994 were now restored. However, they would not be turned on until 11:00 a.m. so we started with a walking tour of the gardens. We stood near the edge of the water and gazed across the shining Gulf of Finland, thinking of all the history, struggles, and conquests that had taken place in those waters and on these shores.

What a beautiful sight when the fountains were turned on. There were water sprays and cascades everywhere. All of the statues had been freshly gilded with gold, and gleamed in the morning sun. The fountains were so diverse it would take hours to describe them in detail.



The Grand Cascade in all its splendor



Looking east from
the Grand Cascade



Albert and
the tree he
planted as
a boy



Albert, Lowell, Anna, and Jim



People trapped
under trick waterfalls



Albert wanted us to take his photo in front of one of the large evergreen trees in front of the palace. With Anna translating we discovered he had planted that tree as a young man while working on the Peterhof grounds.

It was after 12:30 before we started the 1-hour drive back to the city with a stop at a little “hole in the wall” restaurant for a light lunch — simple but quaint.

We returned to the hotel and Lowell spent some time talking with Anna and Jim about the research they were to do. Later we made plans for the evening. Anna and Jim were so afraid we were going to spend the entire time working that they had taken it upon themselves to make some arrangements for us to see some cultural sights. They had purchased tickets for us to see the Nutcracker Ballet that evening. We arrived at the Mariinski Theater in time for the seven o'clock performance. Their friend Molly Williams joined us. She was the niece of a former Illinois' Director of Agriculture, who at one time had been in the running for U.S. Secretary of Agriculture. At that time “Pud” Williams had told Lowell that if he received the appointment, he would like him to be his assistant secretary. He did not get the appointment and we did not have to make that decision.

The ballet was very pretty with many children in the cast, but not quite as professional as the ballets we had seen in Moscow. After the performance we had coffee at a nearby café and enjoyed conversing with Jim and Anna's friends from the Pushkin program. The glow of the beautiful white night enveloped us long after 10:00 p.m. Jim and Anna had obviously spent several evenings at this café with their friends, because even the manager of the café came to our table to converse with them. A rather strange young woman kept moving her chair closer to us, obviously listening to our conversation. At one point she rose and went inside the café. While she was gone, one from our group moved to her chair thinking she was not going to return. Sometime later she returned and emphatically informed the occupant this was her chair. She took over the chair and placed herself right in the middle of our group, listening intently to every word of our conversation for the rest of the evening. She was a complete stranger to all of us at the table, and we had no explanation of her interest in edging into our group. Everyone rolled their eyes and tried to ignore her.

It was still almost as bright as day when we hailed a taxi and returned to the hotel at 11:00 p.m. The night had a magical feeling and it was difficult to give in to sleep, but tomorrow was another day with many exciting events to come.

Friday, July 12

Anna and Jim arrived midmorning with a car and driver for an appointment at the grain exchange. The trading activity was slow in comparison to Chicago. We spent an hour there and then went on to an appointment with Chebikin who had met us at the airport when we arrived. He was a very nice host. He told us about the Melcom operation, served us coffee and cookies and gave us a lovely book of pictures of St. Petersburg. He was young, energetic and progres-

sive in his thinking. He was just what Russia needed, if they were going to succeed in creating a free market system.

We had a good lunch at an interesting Finnish restaurant, then on to an appointment with Lydia Norina who had attended the seminars in Illinois. She was much more of the old line of thinking and not as open to new ideas. We did learn that the mayor of St. Petersburg was in charge of ordering wheat supplies for the flour millers in the region and this gave him power in many areas of business and politics. That power was used to his advantage in the elections held in 2000, when Yeltsin was replaced as President.

We departed from our hotel at 6:00 p.m. for the summer circus, taking advantage of the car and driver that had been retained by Anna for our use. Our driver was an unemployed professional whom Anna had met. With no source of income in the present economic crisis, he was overjoyed to serve as our driver for a few dollars a day. This was especially convenient tonight since the circus was located some distance from the downtown area. This was another event organized by Jim and Anna, in their efforts to be sure we were properly entertained. Anna had purchased Russian tickets for us because they were much cheaper than tourist tickets. She spoke fluent Russian so had no trouble passing herself off as a Russian entitled to the cheap tickets. "However," she warned us in an aside, "don't say anything to the ticket taker." Molly and a friend arrived a little later with Russian tickets, also speaking Russian, but were refused admittance on Russian tickets as they were spotted as foreigners. The ticket-taker insisted on charging them eight dollars more. Outspoken Molly said, "no way," yelled at them in Russian and insisted they give her back all the money.

We continued into the arena and found our seat numbers, waiting for Molly to join us. When Molly and her friend did not arrive, Anna decided she would go outside and look for them, taking our tickets with her. We were sitting in the seats that matched our ticket numbers, but some people came in and indicated that those were their seats. They did not speak English, but we got the message. When we refused to leave, they called an usher. She demanded to see our tickets in the way only a Russian can. Of course, we did not have the tickets since Anna had them. We tried to explain as she ushered us to the lobby. She did not understand a word of English and was making quite a fuss when a very pleasant and pretty usher stepped forward and asked, in English, if she could help. We explained our problem and she said for us to just wait in the lobby until Anna returned. When Anna returned, we discovered the seats were numbered the same on both the left and the right sides of the amphitheater and ours were marked for the left instead of the right. They were front row seats, I might add.

It was an excellent one-ring circus. They had one of the best elephant acts we had seen anywhere. The high wire acts were outstanding. A little oriental girl and her brother performed a breath-taking act on wire hoops, high in the air. A father and his 6-year-old son, were also a big hit with the audience. Our driver was waiting to take us back to the hotel after the performance and a good thing too because it was starting to sprinkle.

Saturday, July 13

Today was a day of rest. We enjoyed a leisurely breakfast and were surprised to see Anna and Jim waiting in the lobby. They had just come from the train station where they had said goodbye to some of their friends who were part of the exchange students' program at the Pushkin cultural classes. Their 6-week program was finished and the students were returning home. Lowell had arranged for Anna and Jim to stay another three weeks for the research project. The Pushkin program conducted prior to our arrival in St. Petersburg was part of a two-way exchange between the University of Illinois College of Agriculture and Pushkin University. The Russian students in the exchange had been in Illinois the previous spring.

We assured Anna and Jim we did not need anything today and for them to go back to the university in Pushkin and get some much needed rest as they had been working very hard. We spent the day working on notes, resting and going for a walk. They returned at 6:30 to go with us to see the Swan Lake ballet at the Pushkin Drama Theater (formerly the Alexandrinski Theater.) We took a taxi and then discovered it was only two blocks from the hotel. The performance was a sellout and Anna had been able to obtain only two tickets. She insisted we use them even though she was dying to see it too. Since we could not read Russian signs on the many doorways and staircases in the theater, she decided to show us to our seats. The woman at the door paid no attention to the fact that Anna had no ticket. When we reached our balcony, Anna discovered the woman usher on that level spoke English and was very excited to speak with us because she had a son in New York. When Anna told her we had been able to obtain only two seats she said "For four dollars I can put two chairs in the front row." The Russians were eager for any dollars they could get as their ruble was losing value against the dollar at a rapid daily rate. We quickly gave her the money and Anna took our tickets and retrieved Jim from the lobby. I am sure this was not legal, but it was their way of doing a little business on the side. Life was hard in Russia.

Much to our surprise, Kevin Monk from the U of I and his parents and sister were in our box also. They were farmers from Champaign County and had come to travel with Kevin, now that the Pushkin exchange program was finished.

The ballet was very beautiful and, in my opinion, the dancers were even better than the Bolshoi dancers. We walked back to the hotel after the performance. It was midnight before we went to bed and still so light outside you could read a book.

Sunday, July 14

Lowell and I had a leisurely breakfast at the hotel. Marianna Shigalava, the mother of Masha Bowman (a young woman and her husband who had worked for Lowell in Urbana as interpreters and translators) arrived shortly after noon and took us on a walking tour of old St. Petersburg. We had a very pleasant afternoon, visiting about many things, as we walked along

the canal in the warm summer sun and on to Peter The Great's summer gardens and palace. We crossed the Neva River to the Peter and Paul Fortress (which we had visited on a previous trip), while admiring the beauty of the river and magnificent buildings that lined it. It was late afternoon before we took the subway back to the hotel and thanked Marianna for her hospitality, and the insight into the history, culture, and current conditions in Russia.

Supper was at a nearby Carroll's restaurant which is patterned after McDonald's. It was almost an exact duplicate, including place mats with menu items shown in pictures to aid in ordering. We returned to the hotel and went early to bed.

Monday, July 15

Jim and Anna arrived from Pushkin and the four of us were driven to the office of a flour miller, where we met with another of the men who had been a workshop participant. We spent an hour with him discussing the grain trade and gained many insights into the changes taking place in Russia.

Anna and Jim then departed to get their visas extended. Lowell and I had lunch, finished packing, and waited for them to return so we could be driven to the train station. They returned with our driver about 3:00 p.m. We waited on the platform in the pleasant summer sun until we could board the train.

Russian passenger trains are always long and our car always seemed to be far down the platform. We trudged down the long platform dragging our bags behind us. Unlike the two previous trains we had taken, this one was clean with crisp white curtains and recently washed windows. A very pleasant Russian woman and her son shared our compartment.

The train departed about 4:00. This was an express train with only two brief stops, so it took us less than six hours to reach Moscow. Previous trips had taken almost eight hours to reach the central Moscow station. Shortly after leaving St. Petersburg, we were served a complimentary box dinner which consisted of a sandwich, yogurt, a cookie, bottled water, and a Russian newspaper for each person.

We watched the passing villages and countryside from our compartment and sometimes stood in the walkway outside the compartment at the open windows. At one point we were treated to a brilliant rainbow, framing the Russian countryside in a perfect full curve touching both horizons. A little later the Russian lady sharing our compartment pointed to a large river and told me in Russian it was the Moscow River.

The trip was very scenic with small lakes visible through the many birches and pines. Here and there we whizzed through small villages. Many homes were made of logs. It was haying time and we saw entire families hard at work making hay because Russian summers are short. The grass along the railroad tracks was being harvested as well as the small fields. It was cut and left to dry, then hand raked into small piles. Each pile of hay was then stacked around tall poles or hauled away in bundles on men's backs or taken away on hay racks or trucks. It

was a beautiful warm sunny summer evening and we saw a number of families having a picnic supper seated on the grass or sometimes beside a pretty lake. Some of them probably had several more hours of work in the hay fields before dusk.

Although it was about 10:00 p.m. when we arrived in Moscow, it was still broad daylight. Our pleasant traveling companions bade us goodbye as we disembarked from the train. Dmitri (our chief Russian contact for the COMEX project) greeted us as we stepped from the train and presented me with a bouquet of flowers. We were driven by car to our hotel by our young friend, Mikhail Melamed, who had been a participant in an earlier seminar. He had driven all the way to the Black Sea to meet us on our previous trip. Knowing we were coming to Moscow, he had arranged for his personal car and driver to meet us at the station. He conferred with Dmitri to know just when to have the car at the station.

It was about 10:30 when we checked into the hotel reserved for us by the Russian Academy of Sciences. Moscow was crowded with summer visitors, and it had been difficult to find a room in the downtown area. The hotel they had found was not the type of accommodation we had hoped for. It was very dark and dingy, a little dirty and not without a few cockroaches. The hotel management took a very "old line" brusk and bossy attitude. There was a note in our mailbox when we returned the next evening after a day of meetings, written in rather convoluted English that read, "Mister Hill, please pay for your living in the hotel to Academe Service or we shall lock your room. We organized your reservation here. We replace (sic) in Business-center of the hotel on 1 floor." Obviously this hotel was following old line Russian customs and trust did not go very far; either pay in advance or be locked out of your room! We had hard beds, hard pillows, hard rolls, and hard-liner hosts.

Tuesday, July 16

We found the room serving breakfast at 8:00 a.m. — if you could call it breakfast. A tour group had devoured most of it before we got there. The juice and cooked cereal were gone. A few slices of cheese, limp salad, and bread remained. It was very unappetizing. We had to wait for more coffee to be brewed.

Dmitri came for us at 9:30 and we took the metro to the office of the U.S. Feed Grains Council. This was the same metro line that had been bombed a few weeks before.

I was not impressed with the Russian representative at the council. He tried to impress everyone that he was more important than he really was. I would not trust him very far.

We then took the metro to the Academy of Sciences Institute, where we had spent so many hours in previous visits. We were greeted warmly by Olga, Elena, and Valerya. After Lowell's discussions with the group, they served us cookies and coffee. Dmitri then insisted on taking us to the Pushkin Museum. It was far overrated and cost us \$10.00 each. A lot of the sculptures are reproductions of art in other locations. After we had seen most of the museum, we walked down a broad tree lined avenue to the Old Arbot. Dmitri said goodbye and he

would see us the next day. We stopped at an Italian restaurant for an early dinner then walked down the Old Arbot. Everything was changing. The abandoned stores and dingy fronts we saw on our first visit were brightly painted and appeared to be thriving. There were kiosks and sidewalk cafés up and down the street. We stopped at a couple of stands and purchased some bananas and peaches. When we made our first trip we were told bananas were a new import, expensive, and hard to find. Now they were available on stands everywhere. It was time to return to the hotel and bring our notes up to date; besides everyone was tired and our feet were aching.

Wednesday, July 17

We had another breakfast at the hotel — after all, we had been required to pay for it in advance. The menu was unchanged — limp salads, a little cheese, dead rolls, watered apple juice, and coffee. We waited and waited for Dmitri's call, but finally decided to call him. He had been trying to call us, but could not get through the hotel switchboard because we had not paid in advance for the possibility that someone might want to call us. We had not been told we could not receive phone calls unless we had paid a deposit in advance. Dmitri told us to take the metro to the Russian Grain Association building at noon and meet him there. Once again we found ourselves on the same metro line that had been bombed a few weeks earlier, and hoped their feud had been settled!

We met Dmitri a little before 1:00 pm. Lowell had a good discussion with the head of the Russian Grain Trade Association. He was a very pleasant man. At one point in the discussion a man entered the room, carrying a tray containing Pepsi, coffee and wonderful warm croissants fresh from their own bakery. One of the young men that worked there had been part of one of the groups that had come to Illinois. He sat in on the discussions and then walked us back to the metro. All of the seminar participants were making special efforts to try to repay the hospitality they had experienced in Illinois. We purchased some bottled water on the way back to the hotel. Lowell then made a number of phone calls to set up appointments for the discussions needed before we departed Russia.

Jim, Anna, Lowell, and I departed for Dmitri's home about 5:30 p.m. via the metro. Dmitri said he would meet us at our last stop, but he and Anna got the meeting place mixed up as to which of the six exits to that metro station was to be the meeting place. It took 20 minutes for us to find each other. We walked about four blocks to his apartment in a fairly nice part of the city. We entered the building through a door with a speaker-controlled entrance. A grouchy little old lady stood at the door like a snappish little guard dog, spitting out to Dmitri her irritation about our presence. He grumbled at her under his breath and walked on past her. I believe she must have been a hold-over from the old Communist party that reported all foreigners. I think Dmitri secretly enjoyed flaunting his new-found freedom to bring American friends into the highly regulated apartment building.

We took the elevator to the third floor and entered his apartment through a steel door. Dmitri's wife Elena was waiting for us. She was very pretty and tiny, wearing glasses. She did not speak English, but could speak Russian and French. She welcomed us warmly and offered to show us their apartment. It was much larger than we had been led to expect for a typical Russian apartment. We had entered through a large central room they used as a library. The kitchen was all white with modern appliances. Next to the kitchen was a large room with a bay window that was their living-dining area. There were two bedrooms with a bath. One of the bedrooms was theirs and the other belonged to their grade school-aged daughter who had remained at their country home with her grandparents. Elena had come from their country home to meet us and to prepare dinner for us.

We were served cold glasses of juice before dinner. Dinner consisted of two lovely salads, one of greens from their garden in the country and the other a delicious tomato salad. We were served an assortment of cold meats (ham, smoked sturgeon, etc.), parsley buttered potatoes, and an assortment of cakes and cookies for dessert. She apologized for the cold dinner as she had just come from their country home that morning. It was a very enjoyable evening. Dmitri showed us photos of his father and it seemed obvious to us that he had probably held a high position in the old government order.

We said goodbye about 10:00 and departed through the front entrance with the same little old lady fretting about something. Anna laughed and said she was saying to Dmitri in an accusatory tone, "You had all those people up there?" The reduction in her authority under the new Russia was apparently driving her a little crazy.

Dmitri walked us back to our metro stop. Across the street we could see a huge cathedral under construction. The original had been destroyed by the communists. We were back at our hotel by 11:00 p.m. and it was still very light outside.

Thursday, July 18

We were up at 7:00 and faced the same dismal breakfast at 8:00. A young man from Finland asked if he could join us at the breakfast table. He had heard us speaking English. He was an engineer and had been assigned the job of setting up a telecommunication system in a remote area of Russia. Since he could not speak Russian, he could not understand the locals and the locals could not understand him. He was obviously overjoyed to be able to communicate in English with anyone.

Dmitri arrived a little later and he and Lowell went to the lobby bar to work on writing contracts for the consultants and assigning them their topics for the papers they were to write for the COMEX book. Unfortunately that book was never completed. Responsibility for publishing had been assigned to the faculty of North Dakota State University. Despite the allocation of additional funds and all the time invested by professionals from U.S. and Russia in writing the chapters, they never followed through. Dmitri and Lowell finished about noon and

we checked out of the hotel, taking our bags to Anna's room as we were to spend the night at the airport Novotel. Jim and Anna were staying another two weeks to work on the COMEX wheat project.

Lowell needed to transfer some money to Dmitri for the consultants, so the five of us walked to the Radisson hotel where there was a bank. We asked Dmitri to join us there for lunch. However, he could not stay, so the four of us had lunch at the Radisson before returning to Anna's room for our bags. A few weeks later the American co-manager of the Radisson was shot by the bodyguards of the Russian co-manager during a long running feud about who was in control. He was shot on the subway steps adjacent to the hotel; steps we had traversed many times during our use of that hotel and subway. The feud had been going on for some time and this was not the first "shoot-out." There were bullet holes in the central fountain in the lobby of the Radisson.

It had started to sprinkle so we returned by metro. We picked up our bags, ordered a taxi, said goodbye to Anna and Jim as we stood in front of the hotel in the warm sunshine, and departed for the Novotel. We arrived at the hotel about 4:00 p.m. and turned on television to learn that a TWA 747 had exploded and crashed in the ocean on takeoff from New York. It was a little unnerving with our own long flight ahead of us. We went to bed early, but did not get much sleep.

Friday, July 19

The alarm rang at 4:00 and our pre-arranged breakfast was brought to our room. We checked out of the hotel and boarded the shuttle bus. We were at the terminal by 5:00 prepared for the usual long stand in line and slow check through customs for the 7:00 flight to Frankfurt. We had a 5½-hour wait after landing in Frankfurt before the flight to Chicago and it was about 20 minutes late leaving. It was a nice sunny day and we were happy to have the new Red Carpet room in which to rest until plane time, even if it was a long way from our departure gate. It was a good and uneventful flight to Chicago. We picked up a rental car for the 3-hour drive home. We were tired, but it had been a very good trip. All's well that ends well. The work in Russia was at an end. We hoped our personal and professional exchanges would make a difference in the attitudes and lives of at least a few. Events of the next four years have left us wondering what happened to the 20 men and women who spent two weeks at Urbana learning marketing strategies. Have they been successful in spite of the very difficult economic times? Did their experience and contacts give them a better-than-average opportunity? Do they ever remember the time we spent together? We certainly do and we treasure each and every memory.

Korea

October 2 - 12, 1996



Korea

1996

Wednesday, October 2

Things had not gone as planned this week as Lowell had had a pain in his right side since Sunday. A trip to the doctor on Tuesday determined nothing. Dr. Stoll said if it was him he would go. I, on the other hand, was a nervous wreck with visions of a ruptured appendix in mid-ocean or emergency surgery in Korea or Japan by an unknown surgeon. Lowell insisted he was feeling better so we departed for Chicago with the promise we would turn home if he did not feel much better by the time we reached San Francisco. We stopped at O'Hare to change our tickets to a 5-hour shorter flight, and then checked into Howard Johnsons for the night.

Thursday, October 3

We were up at 5:00 a.m. with Lowell insisting he was feeling better. We took the six o'clock shuttle to the airport for an 8:15 departure. The plane loaded on time, but we sat on the ground for 30 minutes waiting for fog to clear in San Francisco. Since we had a late start, there was just enough time to walk the length of the San Francisco terminal and board the plane for Seoul. This was a much more comfortable flight than usual as we flew business class. No "cattle car" seats were available, which required Lowell to use his grant funds for business class, so I squandered my 90,000 United miles to join him.

Friday, October 4

We arrived in Seoul on time at 3:30 p.m. Kyung and Sook Lee were there to meet us and drove us to the Hilton. Kyung wanted us to move to a hotel closer to his home, so we reluctantly decided to do it the next day. The Hilton was perfect for us and as we had a reasonable rate we weren't too thrilled about the suggested change. They had dinner with us at the hotel and then we said, "Goodnight" as we had had a long day.

Saturday, October 5

A bright and sunny day dawned. Sook and Kyung arrived at 9:00 to take us on an all-day tour before returning us to the hotel Kyung had chosen. Thus we had to pack our suitcases and bring them with us for the long day's trip.

We were driven north of Seoul for about an hour before we dropped Sook off at a bus stop. She was going to Kyung's parents to take care of them for the weekend. The daughter-in-

law of the oldest son was responsible for the parents in-law, we were told. When I asked what was expected of her she said, "Everything: cooking cleaning, weeding the garden, maid service." She said if she didn't do those things it caused family friction even though they are in better health than she is. Sook has asthma and struggles to breathe most of the time. I felt so sorry for her to be caught in such an unfair situation. As far as I could tell, nothing is expected of the daughters or the second daughter-in-law.

We continued driving northeast for another hour before we came to a little farming village where we were to visit the county fair. Parking was at a premium and Kyung must have told the gate police we were important people, as the guard thought a moment and then said we could park any place we could find a space, which we did, next to the grandstand. It was an absolutely beautiful day with warm sunshine, a cool breeze and mountains rising all around us.



The county extension director was waiting for us and directed us to some seats in the grandstand. The grandstand completely encircled a large oval track and field, and nearly all the seats were filled. We were seated near the judge's stand, and we were amused as brightly dressed attendants brought us frequent refreshments. Bright colored flags waved everywhere in the gentle morning breeze. A local politician was speaking when we arrived. Shortly afterwards a group of young people, dressed in white shorts and shirts, came onto the track. The leader carried a flaming torch. They circled the track then mounted some stairs on the far side to light an "eternal flame." The program began in earnest. Three helicopters flew over head, spewing red, white, and blue streams of smoke. Then came a lone copter scattering huge amounts of confetti on the crowd below, creating a beautiful spectacle in the bright mid-day sun.

A large group of Junior High School children sat in front of us (mostly girls). They were neat and trim in their dark blue and green jumpers with white blouses. I was struck by rows and rows of shiny black hair with not a blond among them; so unlike the United States.

We watched a pantomime of years gone by — a mother singing to her child, farmers working in the fields, a funeral procession. The body was carried in a highly decorated ark with a canopy over head, as mourners followed behind. Next was a large group of soldiers performing combat exercises. Several showed their expertise when they jumped through hoops of blazing fire. The high point of their demonstration of skill and discipline included every soldier breaking a brick with a blow from their foreheads, all in perfect unison.

An elementary school marching band (95% girls) performed several excellent numbers. They were dressed in pink with navy trimmed cheer leading type uniforms. The few boys were in neat pink shorts and jackets. The final number was a large group of school girls, dressed in their beautiful national dress, all soft pastel colors, performing the lovely fan dance. They looked like delicate butterflies drifting in the wind. While we watched the performances, a lovely young girl, dressed in a bright chiffon national dress, served us ginseng tea, which had been ordered by the thoughtful extension director. The crowd then broke for lunch and we returned to our car to be driven to the county extension office. I would have liked to have seen the exhibits, but Kyung said there were not many of them and the afternoon would be devoted to sports.

It was very festive with banners blowing in the autumn breeze. Small low tables were placed on the ground under canopies while people sat by them and consumed their lunch which had been purchased from the various vendors. Many of them were school children. Shish-ka-bobs and corn dogs were popular items, as well as cotton candy.

The county extension office was located on the edge of the village. It was a very nice new brick building several stories high. The offices and labs were impressive. They would rival many U.S. university labs. The Home Economics department was large with a sewing area, a large kitchen area, and an area with big tables to be used for discussions and projects. I was told they teach some 2000 persons a year in the basics of cooking, canning, sewing, and fine and applied arts. The number seemed very large and I fear something was lost in the translation, but

even 200 would be impressive. Another room was filled with computers used mostly to train farm wives for handling their farm accounts.

Our next stop was a short distance down the road to a dingy little restaurant located on the mountain side. We were told, rather proudly, they sold only tofu lunches. Since neither Lowell nor I relish tofu, we anticipated this was going to be an interesting experience and it surely was. We stepped inside to a rather dim interior where a number of people were seated at tables eating their lunch. It was an unappetizing place, to say the least. We could see the kitchen from where we sat. The cooks wore black rubber boots and aprons for good reason; water covered the floor to a depth of four to six inches. It appeared as though the dishes were getting the "cold water" rinse, with much of the water slopping over on the floor. Each of us was given a bowl of rice and a bowl of thin soup. Many big bowls of spicy raw and over-cooked vegetables were placed on the table along with all forms of tofu. Some of it was like dumplings, some in custard like cubes, etc. — all to be mixed with the spicy vegetables.

Lowell and I attacked this gourmet fare with a great deal of caution; after all, the kitchen was still in view. Our surroundings did not add to our appetites. Rolls of toilet paper were placed on the table to be used as napkins. Delicate table manners were not the order of the day as food was consumed with noisy gusto. I always try to remind myself, in these situations, "eat what looks safe — if it has not killed them it probably won't kill you." Survive we did and neither of us got sick.

Our next stop was at a small house about a half mile up the road and situated on the side of the mountain. This was the home of the master farmer for the province. He came out to greet us as we drove up to the house. He welcomed us warmly and when asked about the building being constructed next door he told us he was building it himself to be used as a tofu restaurant. The walls were up and the roof was covered in thatch. The interior was still to be finished. I hoped it might have facilities for drainage from the kitchen floor! We walked up a steep path past an unused dairy barn. He said cows were too much work, so he got rid of them. Two small black and white dogs barked noisily from the safety of the partly open barn door.

The sun was pleasantly warm and the air fragrant with the smell of autumn leaves and the pine trees on the slopes below us. We walked on to an upland meadow, passing several large plastic covered green houses on the way. One was filled with red hot peppers which were about ready to harvest. Just beyond the green houses were the soybean fields that were about ready for harvest. The total area spread across the top of the hill was less than three acres. The men discussed the reasons for the Master Farmer Award and the variety of soybeans he planted. As I listened I discovered small foot prints made by deer in the soft moist soil and when I enquired, the farmer said, yes there were a number of deer in the area. He then insisted we return to the farm house for a cold drink of Coke or orange juice which we enjoyed.

It was now 4:00 p.m. Lowell and I were feeling the effects of jet lag and we were ready to return to Seoul, but Kyung had other ideas. He thought we should see a farm in the DMZ

zone — an area where he was stationed as a soldier. North we drove among the ripening golden rice paddies in full swing of harvest. Most were being harvested by a small combine with a bagging attachment to bag the rice as it was threshed. A few small plots were being cut with a hand sickle and tied in bundles or laid in small piles for later gathering and threshing. Threshed grain was spread on multi colored tarps, drying in the sun. It was a beautiful sight to behold with the yellow golden rice shimmering in the sunshine bathing the numerous fields scattered through the valley. The valley was surrounded by mountains, with the colors changing to a deepening blue hue as the sun slid down the western sky.

We had to get permission from the military at two different check points to get into the area. Cameras were temporarily confiscated. We soon learned this was a trip of nostalgia for Kyung, covering an outpost where he had served with the military after the war. We bumped over all sorts of rough roads and finally stopped at a small village where Kyung got out of the car and spoke briefly to a farmer; very briefly I might add. He then drove us again into the country side and up a knoll rising from the rice paddies.

We parked in the parking lot located about half way up the hill side. There was a kiosk at the edge of the parking lot and Kyung purchased a drink while we browsed through a few souvenirs. We walked up the path, then up some steps to the top where a tall monument rose skyward. What a view! The golden fields were below us and the dark blue mountain ranges rose all around us. A short distance away was a knob hill called "ice cream hill" because it had been pounded so hard by mortars and artillery during the war, that landslides created the impression of melting ice cream sliding down the edges of the cone shaped mountain. There were other hills with descriptive names given them by U.S. GI's, such as Pork Chop Hill. We could see a long line of dirt walls snaking through the valley, which had been built as defense lines during the war. To the north we could see the mountains of North Korea and hear the loud propaganda speakers blaring away, denouncing the free world, and extolling the virtues of communism.

It was nearly dark before we passed through the check points, picked up our cameras and headed back to Seoul. Lowell and I were dead-tired, but Kyung insisted we must have dinner along the way and wait for the evening traffic to clear. He chose a place where everyone sat on the floor around a low table. A hot charcoal grill was placed in the center of the table. Each person cooked their own food. We had lean strips of sirloin steak which was delicious, but I was so tired that, for the life of me, I cannot remember any of the other multitudes of dishes we were served. With feet folded under me and no back rest I could not fully appreciate this special treat. Lowell, whose legs do not fold under him even as well as mine do, was even more miserable, if that was possible. It was nearly 10:00 p.m. when we reached the cultural center where we were to stay. A friend of Kyung's was waiting for us, had pre-registered us and had our room key in hand. They helped us carry our bags to our room and we wearily said our thanks and goodnight.

Sunday, October 6

It was pouring down rain when we got up and the downpour continued all day. We had a leisurely breakfast in the dining room and then waited for Kyung and his friend, of the previous night, to pick us up at 10:00 a.m. and take us to a Korean wedding. Kyung was to read the young couple their vows. They arrived right on time and we were driven a few blocks to pick up the friend's wife. She wasn't quite ready, so we went around the block one more time. When she arrived she greeted us warmly even though she didn't speak any English. She was a very pretty woman and very attractively dressed. Sook was still with her in-laws.

The wedding was to be held in a hotel somewhere in the southeast suburbs of Seoul. We were running late and needless to say, it was our luck to get lost. The clock kept moving toward the 11:00 ceremony time. Frantic calls on the cellular phone were made again and again, to ascertain the location of the hotel, but it seemed to be eluding the driver. Finally, a few minutes before eleven we pulled up in front of the correct hotel in a pouring rain. The lobby of the wedding hall was packed as there was another wedding in progress at the same time. In fact, it appeared as though there were several weddings in various stages of development. Kyung introduced us to the very anxious bridegroom, a sweet shy looking young man, and then they both disappeared.

We were quickly ushered to some seats that had been saved for us. There were chairs for about 100 with the remainder of the spectators standing against the walls, to the sides and the back of the room. The altar was banked with beautiful pastel flowers. Two tall candles were placed on the altar. Large bouquets of roses, lilies and ferns tied with tulle were placed at the end of every other row of chairs. A white brocaded runner stretched down the aisle. A white grand piano was at the right of the altar. A young woman dressed in white started to play as the mother of the groom and the sister-in-law of the bride came down the aisle to the front row of seats on the left. The mother of the bride came last and was seated on the right front row. A young man at a microphone said a few words in Korean, and then the mother of the groom and the sister-in-law approached the altar, lit the candles and returned to their seats. The groom and the best man (brother of the groom) came down the aisle. Kyung stood behind the altar. Then the wedding march was played and a lovely, nervous looking bride, dressed in a beautiful white wedding gown with veil and carrying a bouquet, came down the aisle, escorted by her uncle, as her father was dead. As they came down the aisle a misty cloud of vapor floated about them and mist and bubbles rose in the air as they approached the altar. The groom came forward, not certain what to do or where to stand. The bride reached out and took his arm, and they moved forward to face Kyung. Kyung said a few words in Korean and the young couple respectfully bowed to each other then faced Kyung as he proceeded to give about a 15-minute sermon in Korean. Later, when I asked him what he had said, he explained he had based it mostly on the Christian ceremony, with many admonitions about mutual love and respect.



Sook and I
watch parade



Bride pours the ceremonial drink



Wedding party in Western dress

Unlike the serious nature of guests in this country, the audience was quite noisy during the ceremony. There was a hum of people talking, children bobbing around the room with balloons. Two elderly ladies were sitting behind us, chatting in Korean. One of them discovered a hair on Lowell's suit coat and proceeded to brush it off amid gales of laughter. The other proceeded to brush his coat again and then they were taking turns brushing and laughing, patting him on the back and saying all kinds who knows what, in Korean.

Kyung had already explained his preference for a more reverent ceremony and included many of the Christian vows in presentation. When he concluded, bride and groom turned and bowed to each family. Tears trickled down both their faces as they came back down the aisle again walking through clouds of mist and bubbles to the strains of the wedding recessional. The western ceremony had ended and they returned to the altar for photos. I had time for only a few

photos before we were ushered to an upstairs room where we were seated at long tables laden with Korean food. The closest thing to a wedding cake was layers of pastel sweetened rice cake and balls. There were many other kinds of food we didn't recognize. People seemed to hastily gobble down their food and disappear.

Meanwhile, the bride and groom had finished with the photo session and changed into traditional Korean wedding dress of brilliant reds, blues, and gold. We quickly finished our lunch and hurried downstairs in time to watch the traditional presentation of the bride to the groom's family. This was to be her family now and she must serve them and leave her own behind; just as Sook was obligated to serve Kyung's family. The groom's mother and uncle (his father is dead) were seated on tatami mats behind a low table laden with various fruits and nuts. The bride and groom sat on the opposite side of the table. A young woman assisted in the various ritual presentations. The bride was presented with many respectful bows and acknowledgments were made. The groom's mother tossed a handful of chestnuts at the bride, and the ones she caught represented the number of children they would have. The mother and uncle then stood and let the young couple take their places. They proceeded to give each other small glasses of rice wine, much as Christians share the wedding cake and champagne. In the final traditional act, the groom carried the bride "piggy-back" once around the table. When the ceremony concluded we retreated to the car in pouring rain and returned to our hotel. We spent the remainder of the afternoon resting and reading.

Monday, October 7

We finished breakfast early and Lowell departed for a day of meetings with a number of soybean firms and an afternoon meeting at the American Embassy with Dave Schoonover who is a long time friend, an alumni of the University of Illinois, and the agricultural counselor for Korea. He had also been the counselor in China and Russia during our previous trips to those countries.

Sook called for me at 9:30 a.m. via taxi, and we were driven to the base of the Seoul tower located on a small round mountain in the heart of Seoul. The Hilton hotel was on one side and the Hyatt on the other. We took the cable car to the top of the mountain, and then used the elevator to ascend to the tower. There is a nice aquarium on one level and a museum of rock formations on another. We then proceeded to the enclosed observation deck, for a view of the city. It was a nice clear day. Mountains rose all about us, with the city interspersed all through the valley. The lovely Han River curved gently through the city south of the tower. We could see many bridges spanning it, including the one that had recently collapsed and was now being rebuilt. It was lunch time and Sook led the way to a restaurant in the tower. She chose a small room with a western style table, rather than the large room with low Korean tables. She was always so very thoughtful as to my comfort. She said her children hated the low floor tables. We were each brought a large bowl of vegetables and a bowl of rice which we mixed with the

vegetables. Each of us was given a bowl of clear soup with a few vegetables floating on the surface. All of this food was accompanied by various dishes of spicy radishes.

After lunch we took the cable car down to the street level and then went by taxi to the It-e-Wan shopping center. It was supposed to be the wholesale shopping center, but lower prices are doubtful; in fact, many things were over-priced because it attracted tourists. Nevertheless, it was a fun place to browse and shop. I bought two eel skin wallets and one celadon vase for gifts. While shopping, we met a woman from St. Louis. She was overjoyed when she learned Sook had lived there. She told us her husband was with the micro-chip industry and they were to be there for two or three years. After three months it was obvious she was terribly homesick. It was late afternoon before we returned to the hotel, but it had been a fun day. Lowell returned later in the evening, and we had a light dinner before going to bed.

Tuesday, October 8

Sook called for me at 7:15 and we took a taxi across town to the USO. It was slow going as the traffic was horrendous and moved at a snail's pace. We did make it just in time for the 8:00 tour to the town of Su-wan, to see the historic "Kings Parade." All this time Sook was giving the taxi driver a running fire of directions about the fastest route to the USO. Arrival times are always uncertain in Seoul traffic, and Sook was worried we would miss the tour.

A group of 13 people had assembled for the tour, some military and some civilians. There were a few from other countries. We were lucky to have a nice sunny day — sweater weather. Enroute we stopped at a temple where a ceremony was being held for someone who had died. This was the 49-day ceremony, we were told. Two priests sat on the floor of the temple chanting. In front of the monks was an altar laden with fruit, flowers and sweets. People in ordinary dress, along with women in white robes and men in pale yellow, joined them in prayer. We were told those in robes were close relatives. After looking at the various buildings on the temple grounds and strolling along under the big shade trees, we returned to the bus and continued on our way to the town of Su-Wan, arriving about 10:30. Our bus driver parked close to the ancient gate and the high stone wall that had, at one time, enclosed the city.

We had an hour and a half to wait for the parade so climbed some steps to the top of the wall where we could get a better view of the parade route. Two drum corps marched about entertaining the gathering crowd. One was a boys' group; the other consisted of girls. They were dressed in white pant suits of an ancient style, tied at the waist with wide colorful sashes that ended in a large puffy bow at one side. They made bright splashes of green, blue, red and yellow as they marched about the crowd. The girls were outstanding and exciting to watch as they marched in various formations, never missing a step. They carried brass cymbals and the big hour glass shaped drums we had seen played on an earlier visit to Seoul. Some high school aged boys, dressed in costumes of the ancient guards, stood on top of the wall and the parapet around the gate. They encouraged me to take their pictures, so I did.

The parade started promptly at noon. Down the street they came and passed through the arch in the old gate. A ruler had started this celebration centuries ago to honor his aging mother and dead father. All were dressed in costumes of that time period. Each person or persons paid for their own costume. The man representing the king rode in one litter and the queen mother in another. These were the places of honor in the parade and they had been selected in a competition. Men in costume on horseback were often interspersed among the marching groups. Bands played continuously and with the beautiful brilliant colored costumes it was a magnificent spectacle.

When the parade ended at 1:00 we were led to a canopied area on the grassy lawn, by the wall, where a barbeque lunch was being prepared for us. We sat at low tables on cushions. A charcoal grill was in the center of each table with four people to a table. We grilled beef at the table and were served bowls of rice along with various bowls of vegetables and relishes. We were slightly smoked ourselves as we attempted to dodge the drifting smoke from the grills. A CNN cameraman spent some time photographing us while we were eating our lunch, but we never knew if we appeared on TV.

We departed for Seoul at 3:00 p.m., arriving at our hotel at 5:45. Lowell was waiting for me and said Mr. Lee from one of the tofu companies had invited us to dinner along with Sook and Kyung. I had only a short time to shower and change for dinner before Kyung called for us at 6:15. Much as I am fond of Kyung I was disappointed when he arrived because Sook was not with him. I knew she had expected to go with us because we had discussed it in the afternoon. I discovered he had not asked her. I had all I could do to control my feelings. The male Asian attitude is disgusting. When we reached the Renaissance Hotel a place had been set for her and I knew Mr. Lee had expected her. The dinner was a huge buffet of both Korean and western food and Mr. Lee was a most gracious host.

On the way to dinner Kyung dropped another small bombshell. He had made reservations at our hotel for only three nights, assuming there would be room for us when the time came, which there wasn't. He then suggested we stay with them at their home, but Lowell and I firmly declined, because we knew Sook had not expected this arrangement and she was already over-tired. He was shocked and embarrassed when we insisted we would go back to the Hilton or perhaps the Weston. I am sure he had a rather miserable dinner with the turn of events and probably knew Sook was deeply disappointed about missing dinner. Kyung disappeared for a few minutes while we waited for our host. We learned later he had made a phone call to try and make an arrangement with our hotel for the extra nights. He was told the only thing available was the executive suite for the discounted rate of \$269.00 a night, available only to members of the club. He had had to prevail on his friend to make the reservations in his name. When he explained this on our way back to the hotel we decided to accept it, but vowed to make our own arrangements after this and hold firm. When we reached the hotel there was still confusion about our new reservation for the night and it required several phone calls before the desk clerk showed us to our room. We spent a couple hours confirming our move to the new room for the next morning.

Wednesday, October 9

We were up at 6:00 this morning to organize the move to the tenth-floor suite. It was a huge three-room, two-bath affair with gaudy heavy dark furniture and curtains that looked like a striped circus tent. We had a granola bar for breakfast as the restaurant did not open until 7:00 and Sook was coming for me at 7:15. She was a little late so we were again pressed for time to catch the 8:00 USO bus to visit a temple and a museum some 30 miles east of Seoul. We were driven through very scenic, mountainous country, then into some large valleys with bright yellow rice fields, which were almost ready for harvest. It had been quite foggy when we started our trip, but now there was only warm October sun, blue skies and a cool breeze.

The museum was the first stop of the day. It was a museum of wood carved Buddhas that had been collected by a wood carver. We were shown a movie about the wood carver and then allowed to walk about the museum. Outside the museum was a Japanese style garden with pools of flowing water containing goldfish and water flowers of various kinds. A statue of Buddha and craggy cyprus trees enhanced the surroundings.

It was then back to the bus and on to a little village near the temple on the banks of the Han River. We walked along a path beside the Han to the temple. There were a number of vender stands along the path with things to sell; such as, chestnuts, roasted grasshoppers, and boiled grubs.

The temple was not particularly impressive and Sook thought so too. The grounds were a sea of school children on field trips, carrying their lunch. Sook and I saw a group of little girls watching us with interest, so we asked what grade they were in school and could they speak any English? They said they were in fourth grade and could not speak any English. Sook took a picture of the girls and myself, which I continue to enjoy. I am always impressed by the warmth and friendliness of children around the world. We walked to a shaded bluff overlooking the Han River. Suddenly, the little girls appeared again and offered us some of their lunch. They carried neat little boxes containing small portions of cooked rice wrapped in seaweed. We took a small rice cake from each little girl and a steamed chestnut from one. We thanked them for their touching hospitality and said goodbye. I thought it so sad that we adults so often outgrow the generous and loving ways of a child.

Sook and I strolled back to some little shops selling celadon and other kinds of pottery. She told me this was a pottery producing area. I bought five little bowls and tried not to think about how I would get them home. Later I was sorry I had not bought more. Lunch at a little nearby restaurant consisted of the usual bowl of lightly cooked mixed vegetables with a bowl of steaming rice to be added. This time a fried egg was placed on top. Everyone was ready to depart by 1:30, with almost everyone clutching a purchase in their hands. It was 4:00 p.m. when I reached the hotel and when Lowell returned we had a light dinner before going to bed.

Thursday, October 10

We had time for a decent breakfast this morning as Sook was not going to call for me until 8:30. Today we were to take a tour to the convention center on the south bank of the Han River. It is a modern high rise building of 63 stories. We visited the I-MAX theater. There were hundreds of school children crowded into the theater. The program was about the discoveries that had taken place from the explorer Magellan to the spaceship Magellan. The children gave delighted screams as the spaceship swooped over the mountains and valleys on the screen. Our next stop was the aquarium where children again filled the place. After a short time, we took the elevator to the observation deck on the 63rd floor and had lunch in a little hamburger restaurant.

At 1:30 we departed for the nearby boat landing for a 1-hour boat trip up and down the placid Han. Our volunteer guide marveled at the promptness of our group and said Koreans are never on time. There was a group of five black women with us. One was a Dr. Carpenter from Southern University in Louisiana who knew our friends the Davis's. She was surprised and pleased to learn Leroy had been Lowell's student.

It was a pleasant trip drifting along the quiet river, viewing the city in the warm autumn sun. The traffic on the river was mostly pleasure boats, as the outlet to the sea is controlled by North Korea. I was back at the hotel by three. We had been invited to dinner by a former Korean student of Lowell's and now a professor at a university in Seoul. He was assisting Lowell with his project while we were in Korea. He had asked another U of I graduate to join us. Much as we appreciated the invitation, we were so tired, all we wanted to do was to go to bed. However, we could not refuse their kind invitation.

Since we had an hour before departure, we walked across the road to a nearby park to see a pet show — mostly birds and dogs. Kyung had suggested we might want to do this and we could see some of the striped tents from our hotel window. The park contained everything from exotic birds to an ordinary house cat. We enjoyed watching a display of a wide variety of parrots and admired the many different breeds of cats. I didn't need to spend much time looking at the reptile exhibit.

Our host arrived at the appointed time and drove us to a parking lot where we could take the subway, as it was much faster than driving in the heavy traffic. We were early and his friend had not arrived. Our worst fears were confirmed when we were ushered into a small private cubical and "you-got-it" low tables and very thin cushions. A waiter brought each of us a big yellow bib with a duck on it. Then we were served with chopsticks, a bowl of thin soup, containing hot radish and pepper slices, along with many dishes of greens, soy sauce with hot mustard and a big platter of thin slices of duck. Our second host was over an hour late and a second platter was ordered. By this time our backs and legs were killing us. Rice wine was then presented by a waiter on his knees with great ceremonial flare. After what seemed like an eternity, steaming bowls of rice soup with slices of duck were served. As soon as we finished the

soup, Lowell thanked them for their kindness, which we really appreciated. It had been a lovely entertaining evening; it was just that our bodies had not held up well. After a walk to the subway and a short trip by car, we reached our hotel and fell into bed.

Friday, October 11

We were up and had breakfast by 6:20, in spite of our late evening. Lowell departed with Kyung at 9:15. Sook had things to do at home and I welcomed a chance to bring my notes up to date, start repacking our suitcases, and prepare for our dinner at another hotel in the evening with Sook and Kyung. I had asked Sook the previous day if she would be joining us for dinner and she replied, "he hasn't said." I replied she should tell him that I insisted she go with us. I find the male dominance here suffocating and feel a country with these customs loses half its creative thinking. Lowell and Kyung returned at 1:30, having already consumed two lunches during the morning, as each tofu processor tried to show their hospitality. I had waited for my lunch, thinking that Lowell would not have had his. But he gallantly accompanied me to the dining room to fill me in on the morning's activities while I ate.

When Kyung called to take us to dinner, Sook was with him. We had a delicious buffet dinner at a hotel (I don't remember the name). It consisted of table after table of both western and Asian food. During the dinner Sook showed Kyung my diamond ring and said, as the past year had been their 25th wedding anniversary, she would like one like that. We gave him a hard time and told him, "it was never too late." It was a very enjoyable evening and the time slipped by quickly. The evening had turned cool and we were glad for our coats as we returned to our hotel.

Saturday, October 12

We were up at 6:00 a.m. as this was the day we departed for a trip to Japan. We had breakfast and finished our packing before 9:00. Sook and Kyung were to drive us to the airport. They were half an hour late. We assured them they need not wait for our plane to depart as we knew our way around the airport. They were on their way to his parents home, as Sook said, "to do the housework." Poor Sook; my heart ached for her.

We had a quick check-in and spent about 20 minutes in the Red Carpet room before going through the long lines of security and customs. We departed for the two hour flight to Tokyo on time. It was a sunny but hazy day with temperatures in the low seventies. After lunch was served, a cabin attendant brought us a chilled bottle of champagne. When we asked who had given it to us, she replied, "the crew." We never knew the reason for the mysterious and unexpected present. Had someone in Korea or Japan made arrangements? We carefully stowed the bottle in our luggage as the plane descended for the landing at Narita, Japan, but that is the beginning of another story for another day.

Japan

October 12 - 19, 1996



Japan

1996

Saturday, October 12

The alarm went off at 6:00 this morning, giving us time to close the suitcases and be ready for breakfast in the Korea Hilton hotel at 7:00. We would soon be on our way from Korea to Japan on the second leg of this journey. Our project and appointments in Korea were completed. Kyung and Sook were to pick us up at 9:00 for the long drive to the airport, in time for the 12:10 p.m. departure, but they were late. We were becoming a little worried, but they knew our departure time and the condition of the Seoul traffic, so we waited, uneasily, in our room. Sook called our room from the lobby at 9:30 while Kyung circled the block. We had been following this strategy because parking around the hotel was almost impossible. As it turned out, the traffic to the airport was not as bad as usual and we reached the arrival door at 11:00. The weather was sunny, but very hazy, with temperatures in the low 70s. We assured Kyung and Sook they did not need to park and wait with us, since we were now familiar with the airport and procedures. They were on their way to Kyung's parents in another village for the weekend. Sook was expected to clean the house and cook for the parents and adult daughters, while Kyung "enjoyed" himself, I guess. As the wife of the eldest son, Sook was expected to do all the work and provide the care of Kyung's parents and their children. They expect so much of her.

We had a quick check-in at the ticket/baggage counter and then went to the Red Carpet room. We stayed only 20 minutes because we had seen the long lines at the immigration and security check points. We decided we had better start the process early. It took most of the hour and 20 minutes before boarding, to reach the boarding lounge. We departed on time for the 2-hour flight to Narita airport in Japan. We were served lunch on the plane. Then about 45 minutes before reaching Narita, one of the cabin attendants brought us a big bottle of champagne. When we asked who gave it to us, she said, "we did," apparently meaning the crew. We still don't know the reason or the real source of the gift. No one else in the cabin received one.

We arrived at Narita about 2:30 and stood in another long line, waiting for immigration to stamp our passports. Our suitcase was waiting for us in the baggage area, and we received the green light when we pressed the button at the customs check point. We had another 15-minute wait for the TCAT bus to Tokyo. It had taken an hour since landing to get to this point, and we knew we still had a 2-hour bus ride to the hotel. The sun disappeared behind a bank of clouds, and it was almost dark when we finally arrived at the Tokyo Prince Hotel. As we approached

the registration desk, Naohisa Obata stepped forward to greet us and introduce himself. Professor Kenji Horiguchi had assigned "Nao," a university student, to be our guide and escort. He was a handsome and polite young man and proved to be a very valuable assistant in our travels. As soon as we had registered, he gave us a quick review of the schedule for the next few days, including a trip to Nagoya on Sunday.

We had stayed at the Tokyo Prince on several previous trips, so we were quite familiar with their procedures. Check-in was quick and simple, and our room was ready for us. The bed was turned down, the lights were on, white robes lay on the bed and the slippers were ready to step into. This room seemed to be somewhat larger than the rooms on our previous visits. We ordered a sandwich in the coffeeshop and returned to our room. I showered, washed my hair, and was in bed and asleep by 8:30. We slept so hard we didn't know until the next morning that there had been a 4.0 earthquake shortly after we went to bed.

Sunday, October 13

We were awake before 6:30, feeling surprisingly well-rested. Following breakfast, using the usual hotel complimentary coupons, we re-arranged the suitcases for the trip to Nagoya. Since we had no scheduled activity until after lunch, Lowell and I went for a short walk. The hotel grounds included a small but attractive garden, washed clean by the previous night's rain. The sun was shining this morning with temperatures in the 70's. We had a light snack in the room for lunch.

Nao met us in the lobby about 2:00 p.m. to travel with us to Nagoya. We signaled one of the ever-present taxis standing at the door of the hotel, for a short ride to the train station. Nao had already purchased tickets for us, but train travel was so heavy he could only get non-reserved 2nd-class seats. This did not present a problem as we arrived early enough to be the first in our car, with our choice of seats. However, this did mean that we waited in line for nearly an hour before the train arrived to connect to our car. The train made only a 15-minute stop while they cleaned the train.

A few minutes after boarding, the bullet train zipped out of the station in a smooth glide. The track pretty well followed the coastline, with excellent glimpses of the ocean. Rice fields were in various stages of harvest; some just being cut, others drying, and some still standing with their golden heads glowing in the sun. The ocean was on our left; the mountains, villages, and rice paddies on our right. We often headed straight into a mountain, to be plunged into darkness as the train entered a long tunnel. A few moments of darkness and we emerged into the bright light of rice fields, sea, and mountains. One stretch had rows and rows of bright green tea plants, creeping up the steep slopes.

Two very fast hours after departing Tokyo we glided to a stop at the Nagoya station. We didn't have time to even look for the company people we had been told would meet us. The welcoming party from Nihon Starch was waiting for us as we stepped onto the platform.

Soichiro Kurachi and his lovely young wife, Kimiko, whom we had never met, rushed up to greet us. Soichiro grabbed my hand in his and said, "It has been such a long time." We had met Soichiro many years earlier when he, his father, and his sister Yuko had been our guests in Urbana. We had never met Kimiko, as he had not married until after he returned to Japan. After completing his degree at the University of Chicago, he had accepted a position with Proctor and Gamble in Cincinnati. He later transferred to a financial institution in New York, until he was called home to join the family firm of Nihon Corn Starch Co. Pretty petite Kimiko was dressed in a lovely pink knit suit. She greeted me warmly and said how happy she was to meet me, handing me a bouquet of baby's breath and red dahlias, with a polite bow.

We were also greeted by Mr. Kawakita, Vice president for Research and Development, and Mr. Okada, general manager of the Kinura plant of the Nihon Corn Starch Company. Lowell had worked with the Nihon Starch Company, owned by the Kurachi family, for nearly ten years. We introduced Nao and he bowed low to each person. Mr. Okada grabbed our bags and hurried us to the waiting cars — the usual Mercedes and drivers. We were whisked to the hotel, but lo and behold, it was not the budget hotel where we had made reservations, but the Hilton. Doormen rushed from the hotel to help everyone out of the cars and take the baggage. We were swept past the registration desk and up to the club room on the top floor, for a cup of coffee and a short visit while the room was being readied. We had been "checked in" before we arrived, and were told to charge anything we needed during our stay. Mr. Kurachi had discovered where we had made our original hotel reservations (I don't know how) and had cancelled them, having decided that the Hilton was more appropriate for a professor.

Soichiro asked if we would like to join him and Kimiko for dinner or would we prefer to have an early night's rest. We thanked him, and chose the latter, partly because we were tired and partly because we thought we would be imposing too much on their time. We said good-night and were taken to our room (I mean rooms!!!) We had been given the executive suite with bedroom, sitting room, two baths, two television sets, three telephones, mini bars, etc. The suite of rooms was grand enough, but in addition, a magnificent bouquet of flowers graced a table in the bedroom. There were roses, lilies, and many exotic blooms I didn't recognize. The card contained greetings from Mr. and Mrs. Hideo Kurachi. In the sitting room was a box of Lady Godiva chocolates from Yuko, the Kurachi's daughter. On the coffee tables were a large bowl of fruit from Soichiro and Kimiko, and a large box of cookies and candy compliments of the hotel manager. What an overwhelming welcome!!!

We asked Nao to join us for dinner. I don't know what kind of a room they had reserved for him, but it must have been on one of the lower floors. He was a very nice young man, very polite, and spoke good English. He was quite impressed at the level of people involved in this meeting, and somewhat in awe of being in their presence. We decided to try the French restaurant but almost "bit off more than we could chew." It was a 7-course meal!! Elegance was the order of the day, with candle light, mirrors, and five waiters hovering over us.

Monday, October 14

We were up shortly after 6:00 a.m. as both Lowell and I had been handed complete, detailed itineraries the night before. Our days were going to be very full. Nao joined us for breakfast in the Executive Club hospitality room, with waiters standing by to fill coffee cups and assist.

Mr. Kawakita and drivers were at the door at 8:45 precisely, as shown on the schedule. Doormen scurried to assist us into the waiting Mercedes, while the chauffeurs stood beside the open car doors. Ten minutes later we arrived at the office building and were ushered to the top floor by Mr. Kawakita. As we entered the office we were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Hideo Kurachi, and their daughter Yuko Ichikawa, and Mr. and Mrs. Soichiro Kurachi. Yuko had come from Tokyo that morning so she could accompany me for the day. We were served tea using the formal tea ceremony with which we were now familiar, although it was regular tea rather than traditional Japanese green, accompanied by small sweet rice cakes. The office was impressive, with two entire walls glass from floor to ceiling. This provided a beautiful view across the city. All the furniture was elegant — white overstuffed chairs, several low tables, and a solid mahogany desk for Mr. Kurachi complete with Japanese and American flags placed conspicuously on the corner.

We spent an hour discussing family and expressing our pleasure at being together again. We learned that Yuko's eight-year-old son was attending a Methodist school in Tokyo, and that Soichiro and Kimiko had had a little girl since we had last visited them.

Lowell had prepared a framed certificate for Mr. Kurachi, signed by our Dean of Agriculture, commending Mr. Kurachi for his contributions to research and the improvement of corn quality. Mr. Kurachi was very pleased at this recognition and wanted several photos of the presentation. These included placing the framed certificate behind the two flags, for maximum effect of symbolic cooperation.

Lowell also had prepared a speech to persuade Mr. Kurachi to provide him with the yield and prices of products from the plant, and records of quality attributes on every vessel of U.S. and South African corn received during the past five years. This information was important to the research, but was very confidential and he had been refused this information from all U.S. processors. To his surprise, they listened politely, and then informed him that Mr. Okada had already been instructed to prepare all of this and bound copies were waiting at the plant.

Promptly at 10:00 Mrs. Kurachi stood up and said it was time to depart for the Kabuki Theater. She is a darling person; one cannot help but love her. She didn't speak English, but that didn't matter. She communicated beautifully, was so warm, and enthusiastic and extremely intelligent. Yuko translated her "command" that we needed to be on our way, and we left the men and descended to the ground floor. Two chauffeured cars were waiting for us at the curb, and we were off for a 20-minute ride to the Theater. It was pouring down rain and had been all morning. So complete was their attention that I was not even allowed to carry my own tote bag.

Kimiko carried my bag and the chauffeur held the umbrella over my head, even though I protested I could do both of those things.

Once more we were swept inside like a bunch of autumn leaves, to a bustling red-carpeted lobby. A gentleman from the theater was waiting for us at the entrance. Brushing people aside, he ushered us to a private lecture room, seated us in plush chairs, and proceeded to tell me the history of Kabuki, complete with tapes of music typical of Kabuki. We were seated at a large table with our instructor seated across from us. Bright bowls of green tea were placed in front of each of us, as he proceeded with the lecture in fairly good English. "Too soon," he said, "but we must go to the theater as it is time for first performance."

The theater was arranged in a large semi circle, with a large stage up front and a runway from the back of the theater to the stage. The seats were all red-cushioned, giving the feeling of an all red room. These were not our seats, however. We were taken to a door at the rear of the theater, where we entered a glass enclosed room, complete with comfortable arm chairs and a shelf with binoculars to use for closer viewing. Sound was piped into the room. I was given a book with the program written in English, listing the actors and telling the story that was to be presented on stage. Mrs. Kurachi placed Yuko on my right to translate more about the story as it progressed. The gentleman from the theater provided a running commentary as the actors came on stage. Twice when Mrs. Kurachi thought he was not giving me enough information, she got up and obviously told him to "get with it." The costumes, based on the Edo period, were magnificent.

The first performance lasted one hour, then Yuko jumped up gleefully, declaring it was lunch time. As people cleared the theater, our lunch was brought to us in black lacquered boxes. Yuko said this type of box had been used for picnics, but not anymore. Each box was about 12 by 12 by 6 inches with four drawers filled with food that pulled out from the front. Our food consisted of a bowl of noodle soup and another bowl of rice. Another drawer opened to reveal dishes of tempura — vegetables and fish pieces deep-fried in a flour batter. There were various salad ingredients, pickled radishes, and other condiments. There were also some cubes of raw fish and two toasted fish completely whole. They were fully intact and about two inches in length. Yuko knew my tastes from previous trips and said, "Anything you don't like, don't eat." They had thoughtfully provided me with a fork as well as the traditional chopsticks.

We hardly had time to eat our meal before the bell rang, signaling the start of the next performance. We hurriedly packed our boxes, which were quickly carried away and the next performance began. This was to be a 2-hour production. This time one of the secretaries, who had accompanied us from Mr. Kurachi's office, sat on my right and translated the story for me. She was a very sweet little girl, who spoke excellent English and made the story very entertaining. She made the story come alive.

As my readers may not know, Kabuki is performed only by male actors, some taking the female parts. Two little boys were part of this performance. One had a rather large speaking



Planning meeting in head office



Commendation certificate from our Dean



Private instruction
on Kabuki



Conversing with the star



Mrs Kurachi poses with the star



Kimiko, Yuko, Mrs Kurachi, me —
kneeling politely

role; the other one (probably no more than six-years-old) was dressed like a miniature samurai warrior. The audience applauded enthusiastically as he strutted his stuff down the runway.

About half way through this performance, Kimiko and Yuko disappeared. As soon as the performance concluded, the gentleman from the theater reappeared to escort us backstage. I was told that very, very rarely was anyone allowed backstage. Dear Mrs. Kurachi had arranged all of this especially for me. The prop men were busy changing the scenery for the next production. The stage consisted of a large turntable, which could be rotated from front to back. Part of the stage could be lowered to a whole floor below. We dodged prop men as we were guided around the staging, and squeezed our way between scenery. We looked at many structures over head, and peered below the stage where we could view the many things needed for such an elaborate production. We visited dressing rooms for makeup and costumes, as actors dressed for the next performance. We scurried up and down the narrow halls. The dressing rooms were very tiny cubicles with tatami mats and low dressing tables. Last, but not least, we were ushered in to one of the stars' dressing rooms.

We removed our shoes before entering into the presence of the star. He motioned for us to enter his dressing room. He was kneeling on the tatami mats that covered the floor, surrounded on three sides by huge bouquets of orchids and other exotic blossoms, and was dressed in a dark blue silk kimono. I was told to sit next to him, or rather to kneel on the mats. Mrs. Kurachi was placed next to me and the other three girls took positions around the center tatami mat. Cups of hot green tea were immediately placed before us. He took my hand and shook it with a mischievous grin, saying he had been to the United States, once to Houston. Then with an extra wide grin, he added, "Dallas." Mrs Kurachi explained about me in her lilting Japanese, and he presented us books containing photos of himself. When Mrs. Kurachi asked him to autograph it, he pulled out a large card edged in gold and autographed one for each of us. Then came photograph opportunities for all of us. When he again grabbed my hand and held it for the photo everyone oohed and giggled.

Mrs. Kurachi formally presented the actor with a gift. She bowed low while still on her knees, her head almost touching the floor. In return, he handed her two wrapped boxes which we learned more about during the evening with the Kurachi family. He had us all pose once more for a group picture, all of us on our knees and me sitting next to the famous actor. We thanked him and hurried to our seats, because the third performance of the day had already begun. This performance also lasted about an hour. It was already three o'clock!

We gathered our belongings and walked through the rain to our car. The drivers assisted us into the seats and we were off to visit a doll maker. I think everyone in the company must know that I collect dolls. Mrs. N. is a friend of Mrs. Kurachi's who teaches doll making classes, and a class was in progress when we entered. Mrs. N. wore a bright blue apron over her brown slacks and tan shirt. Her glasses slid unnoticed down her nose as she concentrated on the detailed instructions and demonstration. The ladies in her class were seated on tatami

mats working at low tables, each assembling a doll from pieces of fabric. They wanted me to have a hands-on experience too, but in deference to my comfort, they insisted on setting up a normal height table and chair for me. This type of doll making uses brocaded fabric, glued over a form made from wood. Mrs. N. had started a decorative ball and everyone insisted I try gluing on a section, with the help of our little secretary interpreter, since she had done this type of art before. Time was very short. Our hostess presented me with the ball I had started, and a complete kit to cover a simple doll. She then handed me a pink tissue wrapped package and asked me to open it. It was a little doll covered in brocade, sitting in a brocaded basket. The arrangement was designed to represent a small child placed in a rice basket while the mother worked in the rice field. I made a point of admiring each of the ladies' work and all of them lined up for pictures. I should mention that everywhere I went, cameras were recording each event.

We were hustled back into the waiting cars, so we could be back at the Hilton by the appointed time of 5:00. Each time we exited or entered the cars, doormen and chauffeurs alike flew to open doors and help us enter or exit, as though I was some sort of V.I.P. Lowell and Nao arrived at the hotel at almost the same instant. We had detected that the drivers were using car phones to coordinate locations so their timing would be perfect. Lowell had had an interesting day at the plant, with a large group lunch. They had organized several meetings, but the primary topic of discussion with the operations people, were complaints about the quality of U.S. corn. They seemed to have forgotten the success of the test shipment of 1991 which provided them a way to reduce the breakage. The good news was they delivered the data he needed, although Mr. Okada made it clear it was provided over his objections. Mr. Yamashita was especially argumentative, pretending not to speak English, but understanding enough to raise objections to every point Lowell tried to make. As a side note, he softened the day we departed Nagoya, and suddenly burst into perfect English; very congenial as long as we did not discuss corn.

It was a mad dash to change clothes because we were to be picked up in 50 minutes to meet the Kurachi family at another hotel. No company people were included this time — just Lowell and I, our student interpreter, and the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Kurachi, Soichiro and Kimiko, and Yuko. We were escorted to a private dining room where the family was waiting to greet us. Kimiko was wearing a pale yellow kimono decorated with delicately embroidered red carnations, “chosen,” she explained “in honor of our guests.” She was beautiful!

We were served drinks of our choice and Mr. Kurachi asked if I had had an enjoyable day. When I replied “yes, I enjoyed it very much, especially the Kabuki,” he looked very pleased and said with a grin, “Mrs. Kurachi is very much into the cultural arts.” I suspect they are big sponsors of cultural activities in Nagoya. Now I was to find out what Yuko and Kimiko were doing when they disappeared during the second performance of Kabuki earlier in the day. They



Instruction in the art of doll making



Refreshments and gifts before dinner



Pretty Kimiko
admires
the gifts



Elaborately decorated dolls
from the factory I visited



A toast to friendship
(note flags and
centerpiece)

had shopped for souvenirs from the theater gift shop. There were coasters, fans, a calendar, and a handkerchief. Then came the two boxes I had seen the actor hand Mrs. Kurachi. They were mugs for Lowell and me; the one for Lowell was slightly larger than mine.

We were seated at a long table, with a beautiful arrangement down the center. There were several floral arrangements integrated with miniature wooden bridges and fences. The pair of Japanese and American flags was placed at one end. Mr. Kurachi gave us a formal welcome and toast, translated by Yuko. He told us how happy they were to see us again and added many other nice things. Lowell returned the toast and we proceeded to consume a nine course meal, with a head waiter announcing each course, while Yuko and Soichiro translated.

It was a wonderful evening with lively conversation. Mrs. Kurachi was right in the middle of it, in spite of the need for translations. A very proficient translator stayed close to Mr. and Mrs. Kurachi, but always slightly in the background. Mrs. Kurachi asked me what Lowell allowed me to do, and when I said "Whatever I wanted," she said that was true for her too. Soichiro burst into laughter and said, "You better not let Dad hear you say that." His mother was truly a delightful person. Soichiro was very amicable and outgoing having lived for several years in the United States. Kimiko shyly entered into the conversation. They made us feel as if we had been friends and family for many years. At the conclusion of the meal, Lowell and I were presented with still another wrapped gift — as always, the wrapping paper was on the diagonal.

Mr. Kurachi stood beaming with pleasure as Mrs. Kurachi presented me with the beautifully wrapped box. Inside were two elaborately detailed brocaded dolls in a glass case, representing a Japanese Prince and Princess. Lowell's gift was a beautiful stationary box made from ebony wood. Mr. Kurachi had had it made to commemorate his most recent award from the Emperor of Japan, the second such recognition for his work in the Japanese starch industries. We were completely overwhelmed and hardly knew what to say. "Thank You" seemed so inadequate. We thanked them the best we could and said goodnight. Nao was very quiet through all of this, clearly awed by the grandeur of the activities and being in the presence of these important people in the Japanese business world.

We were escorted back to the waiting cars, assisted into the back seat, and quickly delivered back to our hotel. We were exhausted from the day-long flurry of activities and our adrenalin still high from all the attention and coping with all the new and stressful situations.

Tuesday, October 15

We were awake by 6:00 to finish our packing as Mr. Kawakita was coming at 8:10 to take us to the train station. We had breakfast as usual in the Executive Suite hospitality room. When I returned to our rooms, I wrapped the beautiful bouquet to take back to Tokyo with me: the flowers were too beautiful to leave behind.

Mr. Kawakita and Mr. Yamashita delivered us to the train station five minutes before the

train was scheduled to arrive. They ushered us to the spot on the platform marked, "car 9, first class." Mr. Kawakita had insisted that the 2nd class tickets purchased by Nao were not appropriate for a university professor, so earlier he had confiscated our tickets from Nao and exchanged them for 1st class at company expense.

Japan's platforms are all marked with car numbers so that everyone in each car can be lined up behind the mark ready to complete boarding in the minimum amount of time. We bade our gracious hosts goodbye, as the train glided to a stop, the door perfectly aligned with the line on the platform. We were helped into our car with our luggage, and the two-minute stop allowed just enough time for the company men to step back outside. We dropped into our seats as the train glided from the station and accelerated to its running speed of 100-miles-per-hour.

It was a beautiful sunny day as we sped back to Tokyo, catching glimpses of sea, mountains, villages, tea plantations, and rice fields. A little less than two hours brought us into the Tokyo station. Nao said he had never experienced anything like these past two days and probably never would again. He thanked us for an opportunity for experiences he was sure would help him in his future career. He helped us find a taxi for the ride back to our hotel, and we arranged to meet him at 2:30, giving him some free time and us time for lunch. The hotel concierge happily provided me with a vase for my big bouquet.

Lowell had an afternoon meeting with the U.S. Feed Grains Council and the American Soybean Association. He was pleased at the response from the in-country directors of both organizations, but he and they both were pessimistic about the potential for making progress in improving quality through changing grades. Both directors agreed with Lowell's approach, but Kent Nelson of ASA said the board members back in the States were adamantly opposed to any movement toward pricing soybeans on the basis of their true value — a concept Lowell called "component pricing." Kent did not have a copy of his publication on component pricing and believed that ASA in St. Louis was deliberately keeping this information out of the hands of the country directors. Lowell later made sure Kent received a copy!

When Lowell returned a little after 6:00, we had a sandwich in the tea salon before going to bed.

Wednesday, October 16

We were up shortly after 6:00 and had an early breakfast, since Lowell had another day of appointments. He had called the American Embassy the afternoon before, to make an appointment with Catherine Otte and Mark Dries. He had asked Professor Horiguchi to make these arrangements in advance, but Kenji was reluctant to call the Embassy. Fortunately both Catherine and Mark were available on short notice. I am often amazed at the connective network around the world. Catherine told us she had worked on one of Lowell's regional projects while completing her MS degree in Minnesota. She laughingly complained to Lowell that someone kept sending the data back to her for more corrections, and was even more amused

when he told her he was the one that kept finding the errors and sending the tables back. Mark had been in Brazil during one of our visits and knew several of Lowell's students now working in the Foreign Agricultural Service. We spent an hour with them and the Japanese attaché, receiving some valuable information. As we left the Embassy, Nao said he needed to return to the university, so we said goodbye, and walked across the street to look through the shops in the Okura Hotel. Everything there was very expensive.

We took a taxi back to our hotel and had lunch at the Prince Villa, in their garden restaurant since it was such a nice day. We chose a wonderful meal of lobster and scallops in a cream sauce. Hiroshi Isoda, who had been a visiting professor at Illinois the year before, met us in the lobby at 3:30. Kenji was supposed to be there also, but we waited until 4:00 before he showed, accompanied by Nao. I said "hello" and "goodbye" as they left to walk to the Japan Corn Starch Association for a 4:00 meeting — a little late thanks to Kenji.

Lowell returned to the hotel about 6:00 and reported that the Starch Association was cooperative, providing him with useful information, but they were not optimistic that starch plants other than Nihon Corn Starch would cooperate and provide data for his study. We decided on a snack in the room before turning in for the night.

Thursday, October 17

We awoke at 6:00 to bright sunshine. Lowell departed with Kenji for a meeting with the Japan Maize Products Co. — the holdout so far as data was concerned. The manager provided a sample of the data that he could share, but over the next year of cajoling it became clear he was not going to provide that data. I stayed in the room to try to bring my notes up to date and to start rearranging the suitcases for the trip home. I took a 40-minute walk around the hotel grounds in the afternoon and spent some time looking through the hotel shops. They had some designer clothes and jewelry, such as van Arpel and Cleves, and some necklaces priced at over one million dollars.

Lowell returned about 5:30 and we went to the Prince Garden Restaurant one more time with Kenji. He stayed just long enough to have a drink with us as he had to catch a plane to Kyushu. We had a pleasant visit and Kenji gave me a doll from Kiniko. We gave Kenji the bottle of champagne we had received on the flight from Seoul to Narita, and told him it was a gift in honor of his daughter's wedding scheduled for next spring. We returned to our room for the night.

Friday, October 18

We arose in time to complete breakfast by 7:00 this morning, because Lowell had an early meeting. Mr. Tsutomu Hori, Assistant Manager for Cargill in Tokyo, had contacted Lowell before we left Urbana, to request a meeting while we were in Tokyo. Kenji was able to contact him and arrange a meeting for today at 9:00. He requested the meeting be held in the hotel

rather than in their offices and said Kenji need not be present, since he (Mr. Hori) spoke fluent English. To Lowell's surprise, Mr. Horie was very interested in his research and offered to provide data so confidential he requested that Lowell not tell Cargill Headquarters in Minneapolis they had met. This also explained why he had suggested that he meet Lowell in our hotel and said Kenji's presence was not needed. Lowell returned to our room about 11:00 and we decided to take a walk to see if we could find the tax free shop we had visited on previous trips. It seemed that it no longer existed for we were unable to find it where we remembered. Still, it was a nice sunny day for a walk, although there was smog in the air from so many cars.

We had lobster fettuccini for lunch at the Prince Restaurant. There were a few extra things thrown in such as squid, small octopus, and other "floaters" we could not identify. But it was good. We came back to the hotel, bought our bus tickets to the airport at a whopping \$9.00 each and paid our airport tax — another \$17.00 each. We shopped for a few gifts in the gift shop then came back to the room to finish packing the suitcases. We decided a snack in the room would do for tonight. Mr. Kawakita called from Nagoya, to ask Lowell if the genetically modified corn they had been hearing about would be harmful. Lowell assured him no ill effects had been found despite extensive testing. However, a recent news story had the Japanese consumers and importers upset. Many Japanese officials believed the United States should not allow such corn to be marketed or exported, and if they did Japan might refuse to import. That was a portent of things to come, for in a few years the GMO corn and soybeans were to become major issues in international trade. In the market place, perception is truth, and no amount of testing would convince consumers there might not be some danger sometime some place. With that concern settled for today, we went early to bed for the long day ahead.

Saturday, October 19

We were awake before 7:00 and ready to go home. We took the TCAT bus to the airport a little before noon. After checking tickets and baggage, and clearing immigration, we waited in the Red Carpet room for our plane to Chicago. The trip was long but uneventful, and we arrived on time at the United Airlines terminal. We had taken advantage of the Howard Johnsons' "park and fly" package, so we called the hotel and waited for their courtesy van to take us to the hotel parking lot where we had left our car over two weeks before. We put our bags in the trunk, turned the key in the ignition and were greeted by a "click" — the battery was dead. Lowell found a nice employee in the hotel who agreed to jump start the car for \$5.00, and we were soon on our way home.

Combining the two trips (Korea and Japan) had made this a long, and fast moving, trip. It had been productive from the standpoint of research, but it had also been a whirlwind of exciting and pleasant experiences, making many new friends and enjoying the warm hospitality of previous ones.

Korea

June 1 - 10, 1998



Korean national dress

Korea

1998

Monday, June 1

This trip to Korea had been organized to determine exactly what the Korean tofu processors were looking for so far as quality was concerned. There had been complaints about the quality of U.S. soybeans imported into Korea and Japan, and Lowell was determined to find out what attributes of raw soybeans would meet their requirements and enable the United States farmers to compete with soybeans from other countries including the locally grown varieties. With help from his student, Kyung Lee, he had persuaded the associations and individual firms to cooperate — a magnificent feat in itself!!

Today was not a good beginning for a trip. I awoke feeling very ill and had been having problems for some time. The doctor had prescribed some medication for acid reflux, but the condition was not really confirmed until three months later. Lowell had made many appointments in Korea and I knew he would not go without me, so I was determined I would carry through with the plans, even though I wondered every mile of the car trip to O'Hare, if I would have to turn back.

Our United Airlines flight departed for Seoul at 3:30 p.m. and somehow I managed the strength to stumble on board. We were fortunate to be in a 3-seat row and I could sleep during some of the trip. We changed planes in Narita Airport, outside Tokyo, for the final leg of the journey. We arrived at the Kimpo Airport just outside of Seoul at 9:30 p.m. Tuesday night.

Tuesday, June 2

There were thousands of people going through immigration and standing in line so long it was very exhausting, especially after the long plane trip. We finally made it to the glass booth and passed quickly through. We found our bags and pushed the green button at customs "Nothing to Declare" and were in the main terminal. A heavy thunder storm had just passed through the area, and we stepped over and through water puddles to find a taxi. It was a long drive through Seoul traffic to the Westin Chosen Hotel in Central Seoul. It was quite late by the time we were checked in, unpacked, and ready to go to bed.

Wednesday, June 3

Lowell had meetings scheduled for most of the day with the Soybean Curd Cooperative Association and the Agricultural and Fishery Marketing Cooperative (an agency within the

government's department of agriculture). Kyung came to the hotel to accompany him on the visits. I went to the lobby to say hello and he said Sook would call later in the day to see what I would like to do for the day.

When my good friend Sook called to see if I would like to go to a museum at the Women's University, I told her I had not been feeling well and thought I had better rest for the day. We decided to try to organize the trip for another day. Sook and I had spent a lot of time together over the years, when we had visited her and Kyung on other trips to Korea. She is a dear friend and I looked forward to spending some time with her while we were in Seoul these next few days.

Lowell returned late in the afternoon. We had dinner at the hotel and retired early as we were feeling the effects of jet lag.

Thursday, June 4

Lowell had meetings scheduled all day with the American Soybean Association, the agricultural counselor at the American Embassy, and the Seoul Tofu Corporation. The objective of this trip to Korea was to organize a trial shipment of good quality soybeans selected especially for tofu production. The Korean Tofu Association members were not happy with the quality of soybeans imported through the Agricultural and Fisheries Marketing Cooperative (AFMC) and Lowell and Kyung were trying to find a way to bypass the government's lack of interest in importing soybeans better suited to the needs of the tofu processors. The project required cooperation from U.S. and Korean government agencies, the American Soybean Association, importers at point of entry into Korea, and tofu processors and their Trade Association, headed by Mr. Sam Lee. The meeting schedule organized by Kyung was indeed an ambitious one.

Kyung and Lowell invited me to accompany them on today's schedule, and I decided it could be an interesting day. Following the meeting with the agricultural counselor, we were driven to a small tofu plant located at the end of a very narrow street. The plant was on one side of the street and the office was a small room on the other side. This plant was owned by Mr. Sam Lee, and he wanted to show it to us in preparation for the discussions that he was organizing within the Trade Association. As we entered the small office, we removed our shoes, even though the floor was no cleaner than our shoe soles. Mr. Lee's wife and daughter greeted us warmly and offered us hot tea. Mr. Lee brought us several kinds of soft, hard and silken tofu, so that we could taste and feel the difference. We learned that "mouth feel" was one of the quality factors in judging tofu.

We walked across the street to the plant to watch the process of making hard tofu. The soybeans, stored in an overhead bin, were dropped into a washing bin, where impurities and any dust or dirt were removed. After an extended period of soaking, the clean beans were ground to create slurry. The flavor and texture of the final product was influenced by grinding methods, soaking time and temperature, water absorbed, as well as the original variety. The slurry was heated to 212° F. for five or six minutes, before adding a coagulant to produce a

thick, milky, cream-colored mass. This was poured into many pans, each about 24 inches square, to congeal. A weight was placed on top of each pan to squeeze excess water from the semi-liquid tofu. The gelatinous cakes were then rinsed with water, cut into squares, placed into containers, and taken to a waiting pickup truck for distribution to the various consumers. This process was repeated every day, seven days a week, to provide fresh tofu to retail and wholesale customers. A portion of the tofu was removed while it was still in a semi-liquid state, placed in plastic bags (about 1 quart in size) and sold as “soft” or “silken” tofu. I think the silken tofu used a slightly different process.

Mr. Lee insisted on taking us to lunch. The restaurant he selected was a very pretty one with an oriental garden in front, complete with flowers, shrubs, waterfall, and a pool filled with large brightly colored carp. Inside, the restaurant was large with many long tables. It appeared to be a place where many tour groups came to eat. It was well past lunch time so most tourists had already eaten and were walking around the gardens. We were served a wide variety of dishes, including vegetables, beef, fish, pork, and the inevitable large dish of steamed rice for each of us.

On our return to the hotel, we stopped at the Olympic Park and Mr. Lee suggested that we walk through the nearby craft shops located in the Park. We enjoyed looking at the various crafts, as well as the many department store products — from clothes to household equipment, and luggage. A salesman was demonstrating a kitchen-size tofu processor. It resembled a bread making machine and allowed the housewife to drop raw beans in the top, turn on the machine, and “presto” a cake of tofu came out (much later I think). We spent most of our time admiring the Korean made handicrafts. Mr Lee kept showing me the pretty lacquered jewelry boxes. Many of them were also music boxes and were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. While I was looking in another part of the store, he purchased one and presented it to me as a gift. He was obviously pleased at my surprise and pleasure. Then he decided I should have a doll and insisted that I choose one. I chose a pair of dolls dressed in traditional bride and groom costumes. It was late afternoon by the time we finished in the craft shop, so Mr. Lee returned us to the hotel for a night’s rest.

Friday, June 5

We were awake early and had breakfast at the hotel restaurant. Breakfast consisted of a large buffet with both Western and Korean dishes. The hotel had two major dining room choices. One offered a large buffet with innumerable Western and Korean dishes, with the option of ordering ala carte. The other dining room was quite formal, with glass walls on one side exposing a lovely oriental garden. Lowell and I often ate there, in part to enjoy the view. The food was excellent and beautifully served.

We sent grandson, Ryan, a fax to wish him a Happy Birthday. Lowell and Kyung departed for a morning visit to the Sun Kwang Elevator at Inchon to see how they handled soybeans arriving at the port, and to determine if they could, or would, cooperate in handling

specialty soybeans intended for the experiment with the tofu processors. He later told me the meeting had been very successful. The managers (brothers) had recently encountered problems with a shipment of soybeans. In searching for a solution they had come across a web page on the computer that had one of Lowell's publications. The brothers thought that provided exactly the information they needed, and consequently were willing to help in any way possible.

The strategy for the demonstration shipment was to load one hold of the vessel with special soybeans. At Inchon these beans would be unloaded separately, bypass the cleaners, and be bagged and distributed as needed to 20 different small tofu processors. These processors would keep records of the yield and quality. One of the major problems was keeping identity through the importing elevator and sending the right bags to the right processor on the daily schedule required by most small processors. Since this procedure would eliminate the importer's income from cleaning and create more work for them in the long run if the processors decided to use Lowell's strategy on a regular basis, he was surprised to see how readily they agreed to his plan. They regularly removed 12% of the weight of the cargo in the cleaners, without checking if this was too much or too little to meet cleanliness standards of the processors. The material removed was resold and the processors paid for cleaning.

If they followed Lowell's suggestion, they would lose income from cleaning as well as losing material which they now sold as feed. While discussing the details, Lowell received another surprise. A manager of another plant in Inchon, who had worked with Lowell on a previous project, walked in to say, "Hello." He had heard that Lowell was visiting and wanted him to know he had been promoted, but was still interested in helping if his help was needed from the other importing elevator. As it turned out, a year later the cooperation offers were in vain. The government agency refused to allow Lowell to conduct the experimental shipment.

Sook came to the hotel before lunch and we had lunch together at the hotel. After lunch we took a taxi to the Women's University in Seoul to see a cultural museum and then on to an agricultural museum some distance away. Sook returned to the hotel with me and we visited until Kyung brought Lowell back. It had taken less than an hour for Lowell and Kyung to drive to Inchon in the morning, but it required three hours on the return journey as a result of the terrible traffic in Seoul and surrounding suburbs. After Sook and Kyung left, Lowell and I had dinner at the hotel and went to bed. I was still struggling with weakness and shortness of breath, along with chest pains.

Saturday, June 6

Mr. Lee and Kyung met us at our hotel at 11:00 a.m. and drove us to a small town southeast of Seoul. It was located in a small rather flat valley, surrounded by rugged dark blue-green mountains. The fields were devoted primarily to rice paddies and soybean fields. We stopped at a tofu processing plant which was more automated than the plant owned by Mr. Lee that we visited the day before. Although the facilities were quite clean, we waded water nearly to our

shoe tops. The amount of water required to soak, rinse, and wash during processing results in a constant flow of water over the floor of the building. We were shown the top floor where the soybeans are received in bags and stored. On the steps were bags of the coagulant stamped with the label, "ADM, Decatur."

With the plant tour completed we were driven to a state park high in the mountains. Mr. Lee had wanted to drive us to the opposite side of the country for the "grand tour" (8-hour trip), but Lowell had talked him out of that, with a promise of "maybe next time." Mr. Lee was a very aggressive and somewhat reckless driver and we had no desire to spend 16 hours on the road.

We drove to the crest of the mountain, got out of the car and walked up a path to a stone wall. It was a remnant of an old fortification to protect a Korean King, hiding from a Chinese invasion. We walked among the trees and followed the wall for a short distance, peering over the wall from time to time to see the sharp drop down the mountain side to the rocks in the valley below. Mr. Lee then drove us to a nearby restaurant located on the side of this steep mountain. We were ushered into a private room, with windows on two sides, giving a wide panoramic view of the mountains, gardens, and valley. Mr. Lee explained this restaurant specialized in food that was primarily growing wild on the mountain and harvested by the restaurant employees.

As usual, we sat on mats on the floor, at a long low table. Dish after dish of unusual cooked greens were brought to the table: foods such as tiny bamboo shoots, miniature ferns, tips from evergreen trees, mushrooms, etc. The only recognizable dish was a large, whole, steamed chicken that was placed in the center of the table as the main dish. All the Koreans at the table attacked the bird with chopsticks and fingers, pulling pieces of meat or a wing off the chicken. We cautiously joined in the best we could with our chopstick technology. Soon there was nothing left except a bony skeleton laying in the plate as if a swarm of piranhas had picked it clean.

Sunday, June 7

Kyung had told us he wanted to take us sightseeing and called for us at the hotel about mid morning. Traffic around the hotel was so difficult, that the usual procedure for Kyung's daily pickup was to call us on his cell phone when he was about three blocks away and arrange for us to meet him on the street corner. If we were not there, he had to drive several blocks in a crazy traffic pattern to pass by the pickup point a second time. Sook could not join us today because she was doing the weekend cooking and cleaning for his parents. We took her as far as a bus stop where she left for the trip to their village. Kyung drove to a street mall which he said was called "Mary's Alley" in Korean. There were many craft shops and the street was crowded with pedestrians. Children walked around carrying ice cream cones, candy and balloons. There were street entertainers and the smells of food drifted from numerous vendors and cafés. We stopped at a small restaurant and had cold drinks and sandwiches. The cold drinks were very welcome as it had turned quite warm and humid. After lunch, I found a lovely large bowl that I decided to buy, but Kyung would not let me pay for it and insisted it was a gift from him and Sook.



An ancient wall
built to protect
a Korean king



A rural
restaurant

He then took us to the Royal Family's former palace. The grounds and buildings were very extensive. The buildings were located in a lovely park. Paths wandered over small brooks and among the trees and flowers. The structures were brightly painted and gilded in gold. At the far end of the grounds was a lovely lily pool with bright colored water lilies floating on the placid water. Butterflies drifted lazily overhead. It was late afternoon and we decided to return to the hotel. I was feeling much better than I did when we departed from Illinois, but this had been a long day on our feet.

Monday, June 8

Lowell had a full day of meetings, including an assembly of processors arranged by Kyung and Sam. I decided to spend some time shopping in the underground mall adjacent to our hotel and spent the remainder of the day doing as much packing of the suitcases as I could before tomorrow. I also managed time for a little relaxed reading. Lowell returned very satisfied with his long meeting with the representatives from the 20 processing plants that were going to participate in the experimental shipment. They had asked very good questions about the benefits and costs, and the long run implications for their industry and the government agencies. Each firm had willingly completed a survey identifying the process, capacity, and location at

their respective plants. The logistics of the experimental shipment were now in place, and there was little more to be done except wait for the Korean Ministry of Agriculture to schedule the purchase of the cargo.

Tuesday, June 9

Lowell departed for the last of his meetings shortly after breakfast. There was a research laboratory operated by one of the cooperative associations that would need to be involved in the testing. He needed to confer with their management and scientist, and had one more meeting with the Korean Ministry of Agriculture. Sook came for me after lunch and we took a taxi to a museum housing old agricultural equipment. It was very interesting. I'm sure Lowell would have enjoyed it if he had had the time that afternoon.

Sook and I then returned to their apartment. Hannah, their youngest child, was there when we arrived. Lowell and Kyung arrived a short time later. Hannah had just finished her first year at Harvard. She was a little shy with us at first, but we had a lot of fun visiting and joking with her. We had arranged for Kyung and Sook to be our guests for dinner on this, our last night in Korea. Kyung had told us he was sure Hannah would not want to join us; however, when we asked her if she would like to join us, she gave an enthusiastic "yes." Kyung drove the five of us back to the Westin Hotel, for the "grand buffet" dinner. Hannah tried more dishes than any of us. We had a very enjoyable evening of conversation and laughter. It was hard to say goodbye, for we never knew when we would be able to meet again. We were returning to the States tomorrow.

Wednesday, June 10

We had moved our departure date ahead two days as Lowell was able to finish his work ahead of schedule. We ate a leisurely breakfast, closed our suitcases, and departed for the airport by taxi. The plane departed promptly at 11:45. It was a long trip with a several hour layover in Tokyo. We arrived in Chicago at 3:15 and drove home by rental car.

It had been a good and productive trip, and we had thoroughly enjoyed seeing Sook, Kyung, and Hannah again. It required another year of negotiations and compromises before the Korean government made it clear they would not allow the test shipment and would change their import regulations if necessary to keep the experimental shipment out of Korea. The government (and some of the officials) were benefitting from the system of soybean imports as they were now operating, and they were not about to allow a professor to make changes that might diminish their control and income. All the good contacts, and the friendly and enthusiastic responses from processors, were no match for government bureaucracy. The bureaucrats won the battle and the war so far as soybean imports were concerned, but they could not diminish the American and Korean friendships established during the trip — friendships that continued for many years.

China

April 23 - May 4, 2004



China

2004

Friday, April 23

It was 6:00 a.m. and we were packed and ready to start our second trip to China by way of Hong Kong. We were really looking forward to the China part of the trip because we had built in time for a side trip to Xian. Regrettably we had missed the Terra Cotta soldiers in Xian on our 1989 trip to China.

Lowell had been asked by Bobby Accord, USDA Administrator of the unit known as APHIS to join a team of U.S. scientists to meet with Chinese government officials in the city of Shenzhen. Cathy Enright was to be team leader. The Chinese had been complaining about quality and contamination of soybeans purchased from the United States and even now were holding a large vessel in quarantine, refusing to let it unload. This was a big loss of income for U.S. farmers as well as for the exporter and it was endangering trade relations. Chinese inspectors had found evidence of infestation of a fungus called phytophthora (I can't even pronounce it, let alone describe it). The scientists say it affects the roots of growing soybeans and China did not want any of this to endanger their own large production of soybeans.

The goal and hopes of the U.S. team was to persuade the Chinese officials that this fungus was prevalent in most soybean growing regions in most countries, including China. Lowell's specific assignment was to explain the impossibility of the Chinese request that the U.S. government set aside a geographical region free of fungus, supervise production, harvesting and shipment, and guarantee that China would receive shipments only from that region. Based on our previous experience with Chinese government officials, we knew this was not an easy assignment, but he was happy to lend his expertise.

As usual, half of our load of baggage consisted of Lowell's publications to be distributed during the meetings, but we managed to get them in and our bags were at the door. We reluctantly pushed the neighbor's cat (Smokey) out the door as we waited for Lois and Harold Guither to arrive to drive us to the airport. Smokey had decided over the past few months, she did not appreciate her home across the street where she had to share with four cats and one boisterous dog. Little by little she had inserted herself into our house, our lives and our hearts. She had advanced from meowing at the door for attention, to being allowed into one room, to slipping into all rooms, and finally persuading us to share a few tid bits of food. She was an outdoor cat (feral kitten from the Smoky Mountains) so was allowed in only during the day. She couldn't understand why she was being forced out the door so soon

after coming for her early morning greeting.

The Guithers arrived and we loaded our bags into their car's trunk. The weather was good and we had arrived so early for check-in that they put us on an earlier flight to Chicago from Willard Airport. We thought we might as well wait in Chicago as in Champaign. With the long wait ahead of us, we stopped at one of the restaurants for a sandwich. Paul McGowan, another member of the team from Washington, D.C. had arrived early also, and introduced himself to us as we were waiting in the departure lounge. We spent the remainder of the time before boarding, visiting with him about the Chinese complaints and the USDA strategy in the days ahead.

We boarded on time but were delayed 45 minutes as the toilet in the upper deck had leaked and ruined several seats below. These had to be replaced and the toilet repaired before we could depart. I was surprised they accomplished the repairs as quickly as they did.

It was a long 15-hour trip, with beautiful sunlight all the way. We had crossed the Hudson Bay east of Churchill and were soon over the frozen polar ice cap. Jagged and solitary snow peaks glistened in the brilliant sun as we crossed the Queen Elizabeth Islands. As we moved over open water, we could see huge chunks of floating ice. It was a sharp contrast as we passed over a desolate Siberia and on over China to the airport in Hong Kong. The landing was a big change from our last trip to Hong Kong. The old airport surrounded by water, no longer served international flights and the newly constructed one was beautiful in its relatively open setting. The terminal was very modern, lots of glass, and very attractive throughout. Passport control was a "piece of cake," relative to our last visit. It required only a few minutes with several efficient fast moving lines, instead of the crush of people and long wait in the old airport in 1989.

We discovered that Cathy Enright and Dean Malvick (a young professor from Illinois) were moving through passport control at the same time as we were. Since Cathy was team leader, she made the arrangements for us to take the bus to the Marriott Hotel. The airport was a long way from the congestion of the city — it required an hour to make the trip. By that time we were quite numb. Our room was lovely and shortly after we checked in, we were brought a bowl of fruit and a pot of Jasmine tea. We were so tired we showered, enjoyed our tea and fruit, and were in bed by 8:00. We slept till 6:00 the next morning. Perhaps it was that Jasmine tea!

Sunday April 25

We did not have a Saturday, because we lost a day crossing the International Date Line. Breakfast in the hotel dining room was a shock when we saw the prices. Everything was very expensive compared to our last visit to Hong Kong.

We met the rest of our group and walked to the Star Ferry to cross to Kowloon. Once we left the exit, we split and each went his (or her) own way to shop. Lowell and I looked through the three levels on the ocean front. There were many more shops than we found in 1989 and they were much more "up scale." We thought the number and diversity was amazing in 1989

but this time it was “mind numbing,” with many aisles branching off other branches until it resembled a maze. About 11:30 we found a small restaurant in the mall and had a good lunch.

We walked back to the ferry to return to the hotel, and discovered senior citizens had free passage. When we tried to pass through the regular passenger gate the attendant waved us off. As we stood there looking confused, she pointed to another turnstile and said “senior citizen.” We appreciated the kind gesture, because there were no signs telling us of the “freebie” or which turnstile allowed free passage. Once on the other side we found a huge underground mall complex that eventually led to our hotel. Here was another opportunity to shop! I bought a small floral purse — much too expensive — and a Chinese doll for my collection. It was by now late afternoon so we stopped for a sandwich at the hotel restaurant (not very adventurous, but convenient) and returned to our room for a much needed long night’s rest.

Monday, April 26

I finished closing our suitcases for transfer to the Schenzen hotel and accompanied Lowell to the huge buffet breakfast served in the hotel restaurant. The delegation met in the conference room of the U.S. Trade Office for a pre-meeting briefing session for the 12-member U.S. delegation. It was expected to be a confrontational session with the Chinese delegation, so planning the U.S. strategy and content of presentations was essential. Cathy requested that some of Lowell’s direct statements of fact should be deleted for fear the Chinese would just walk out.

Everyone was on their own for lunch. Lowell and I had a quick, light lunch in the hotel restaurant, then met the rest of the crew in the lobby for departure to the train station. Cathy had determined that the train was the most efficient way to move the crew to Schenzen without losing anyone along the way. It took several taxis to accommodate the large crew, each with their “official looking” briefcase. Lowell and I were again surprised when purchasing our train tickets to be told we were half price as a result of our age. The Chinese do defer to senior citizens and apparently we were the only ones in our group to qualify. The train was much like one you would see in a subway and evidently served as an almost continuous shuttle between Hong Kong and mainland China. It was hot and crowded in the mid-afternoon rush.

We were met by a representative from the Shangri-La Hotel (they must have considered this a prestigious group!) who accompanied us to the lobby for check-in. To our surprise we were also met by Jim Butterworth, from the American Embassy. We recognized the face, but were unable to make the connection so far from home. He informed us he had been at the American Embassy in Mexico when we were working with Jeanne Bailey and was very familiar with many of Lowell’s students working in embassies around the world. He was a very nice and personable young man, chatting amicably with us, as the rest of the group eyed us, wondering why we were getting the special attention. A young man named Victor, introduced himself as a naturalized American Chinese, and said he was to join us as sort of an unofficial host, translator, and guide.

With his help, it was decided the group should have a Chinese dinner at a restaurant just around the corner from the hotel. The room was hot and steamy, with hungry mosquitoes flying around our heads. The restaurant was crowded, but we managed to find seating at two round tables. Between the crowd, the heat, and the bugs it was less than comfortable and I hoped this was not to be one of those long Chinese dinner affairs. Victor shortened the process and eliminated the menu language problems by ordering a number of assorted Chinese dishes for all of us. We were able to pick and choose and the meal went quickly amid pleasant conversation. We returned to the hotel for a welcome night's rest in preparation for what might be a stressful meeting tomorrow.

Tuesday, April 27

This was Lowell's birthday (at least in China) and I wished him the best. We went to breakfast early and found most of the team already present. Some of the delegation was a little nervous about what would transpire in the coming meeting. They knew the Chinese officials were going to be uncooperative at the best and confrontational at the worst and always illogical in their debate. The team departed at 8:45 in several taxis: far be it from their hosts to provide the accommodation and hospitality of private coaches! I only hoped this diverse team was up to the challenges of the day. The team included professors, government officials, and industry representatives, ranging in age and position from top administrators to "peons" (albeit it peons with special knowledge), and led by a very capable, but assertive and inexperienced negotiator. I offered a silent prayer.

I spent the day in my room writing, reading, and resting. Several friends often ask, "What do you do while Lowell is gone all day in meetings?" I am never short of self entertainment — even if it is no more than people-watching from the window, lobby, or street. I have absorbed so much of the culture from just observing the passing scene in the street and the interaction among individuals and classes of people. Today I stood amazed at the change in the scene of a Chinese city since 1989. The streets were filled with shoppers and businessmen and women, Nearly all were in western garb. The streets were lined with modern high rise buildings and shops were filled with the latest fashions and modern products. Clothes were brightly colored on adults as well as children. Streets and sidewalks were new and smooth — not broken and interspersed with plank or dirt. I already had found out that Shenzhen had been selected by the Chinese government to demonstrate their modernization and had been designated as an "Economic Development Zone" — presumably to compete with nearby Hong Kong. Government officials looked the other way as private markets and competition developed in this economic zone and was indirectly encouraged. I wondered if the economic prosperity in Shenzhen had been replicated in the rest of the country.

Lowell called at 6:45 to say that it had been a day of very intense discussions, resulting in a delay of the evening banquet until 7:00, so he would be late returning to the room.

Meanwhile, the guest service at the hotel had discovered that today was Lowell's birthday (probably from his passport which the desk had confiscated upon our arrival) and delivered a beautiful birthday cake covered in frosting and various fruits. A very nice gesture and PR plan! Lowell did not return until after 9:00 but was still able to enjoy a generous slice of the beautiful cake, before going to bed. He had had a very long, tense, and tiring day!

Wednesday, April 28

We went early for breakfast this morning. Sometimes it is good to "beat the crowd" and have a few quiet and private moments before the group descends and starts discussing technical business issues. They gathered slowly (one or two at a time), and joined us at our table for conversation which I enjoy. I find they often appreciate a few personal questions instead of reviewing the day's program. I was prepared to lead them into topics of family, children, past travels, etc. For some reason, they seem to gravitate toward our table even without an invitation.

The sky was hazy, but the sun was breaking through clouds reminiscent of thunder storm clouds I have seen back home. The team departed for the Seaside Hotel for their last meeting with the Chinese officials. So far Lowell reported little progress. The Chinese insisted the cargo (and most cargoes from the United States) were contaminated with the fungus, plus a long list of other contaminants including dead rats. They insisted the fungus was not present in China, and they did not want that in their country. The scientists provided evidence from tests done by U.S. scientists that much of China did have the fungus and subsequent disease, as well as having developed resistant varieties. Why had they developed resistant varieties if the fungus did not exist? To this they gave no answer. They discredited any surveys done by U.S. scientists as being biased. The entire room went silent when the U of I plant pathologist produced journal articles done in China, written in Chinese, and authored by their own scientists documenting the presence of *phytophthora* in many provinces scattered across the Chinese soybean growing area. When they responded they ignored the evidence, but added that the seeds and fungus were being distributed along the rail route to the processing plant (where the fungus is destroyed by heat). When asked how the soybeans "escaped" sealed rail cars, it took a lot of translating to discover that when the train goes through a village, the locals jump on the slow moving train, steal buckets of beans for planting or eating. "Is that a Chinese problem or a U.S. problem?" No answer.

Lowell described the complex market channel in the United States where soybeans are commingled from many regions and the difficulties in having government control farmers' growing conditions. The Chinese idea was for our government to control the market so that soybeans shipped to China would come from only one region, where production and marketing would be controlled by government, and segregated into a designated vessel. That might work for a country like China, but would not be possible in the United States. The closest we could come would be "identity preserved" shipments at a very high cost and in small quantities. Their

response was that it was our government's obligation and there should be no added cost. They clearly did not have a good understanding of free markets! As with all government meetings, it adjourned with no solution except "Let's hold another meeting." (As an aside, the soybean cargo in question was in fact discharged a few days later when the U.S. exporter lowered the price, rather than having to incur the cost of moving to another port.)

A Chinese girl and an American girl from the American Embassy contacted me and asked if I would like to join them for a little shopping trip. They were real "cut ups" — lots of conversation and joking and eager to help me make selections. I ended up with a purse and two umbrellas, but only after they negotiated me through several shops and did more bargaining than I would have had the nerve to do.

The negotiating team returned from the meeting and we prepared for our departure on Thursday, back to Hong Kong.

Thursday, April 29

We checked out of the Sangri-La hotel early, since the Chinese officials had organized a trip to a nearby soybean processing plant. We boarded a bus for the trip and were accompanied by Keith Schneller from the Guangzhou Agricultural Trade Office. He was to give the group information as we traveled, but when he discovered we knew Jeanne Bailey (Lowell's student, and now ag attaché in Mexico) he moved to a seat beside me and most of the conversation (to the irritation of some other passengers) centered around our activities and friends we had in common. Between the agricultural counselor and the trade officer, we had had a lot of personal attention!

When we arrived, we discovered there was a vessel of U.S. soybeans being unloaded into the plant. Sacks of soybeans were being moved into a large barge. With soybeans and other grains scattered around the facilities and the barges, Lowell asked how they controlled rodents. The Chinese guide responded rats were not allowed by Chinese regulations so there were none except dead ones in the U.S. cargo. We had been given similar assurances in 1989 at corn storage facilities in Shengyan. Much to our amusement, a nice fat rat scampered along the edge of the Chinese barge, down a rope attached to the barge, leaped onto the dock and disappeared.

Of course, we had to view the inspection department at Lowell's insistence. They were carefully examining samples from the boat using various testing devices. A lot of sample bags filled with beans, were stacked along one wall, with tags in Chinese. Lowell discovered several samples containing high levels of mold and foreign materials. The beans were covered in red dust. Knowing that this red soil came only from Brazil, he asked Keith if that was what the tag read in Chinese. Keith smiled and nodded, trying not to attract the attention of the Chinese hosts. It was clear that "poor quality beans" were not limited to U.S. sources!!

With the tour completed, we bade farewell to our less than gracious hosts and took the bus to the Haojing Seafood restaurant. It was announced this was "a no host" lunch — the

Chinese were not about to waste their Yuan on the American delegation. This was a sort of “order your own and wait for it to arrive” type of service. Fortunately Jim helped us work through the system and our food came wrapped in paper at a stand up table.

There were two more tours of processing facilities scheduled for the afternoon. Neither was very interesting to Lowell or me, so we were glad when our bus delivered us to the Luohu Railway station. At that point, Jim’s knowledge came in handy. He quickly organized tickets on the hydroplane back to Hong Kong. It not only provided a good view of the harbor, but eliminated the longer train ride through a very crowded station.

We parted company with our group at this point and searched for a taxi to take us to the hotel at the airport. Our plans were now tourist with a schedule to fly to Xian. The rest were headed back to the states with an overnight back at the Marriott Hotel. Cathy and Dean helped us locate an airport taxi and we were off for the long but scenic ride to the international airport. As we approached, we could see a plane coming low over the terminal for a landing. We had reservations at the hotel adjacent to the airport which allowed us to walk from lobby to the terminal — very convenient!

Friday, April 30

We rose early, packed our suitcases, and walked across the overpass connecting the hotel to the terminal. Since we had had no breakfast, we found a small restaurant serving breakfast while we waited for United Airlines to open their check-in counter. The tables were scattered around an open balcony, reminding us once more of the contrast of this light, open, airy terminal with the old terminal located at the water’s edge. Breakfast finished, we quickly checked our one big bag and took our two carry-on bags with us to the gate.

Finally, we were on our way to connect with the tour of Xian, the surrounding area, and best of all the Terra Cotta Warriors. It was a commercial tour which we had reserved in advance, guaranteeing no more than 20 people, so we assumed some of our traveling companions on the plane were headed for the same connection in Xian airport.

As we cleared customs in Xian, a middle aged man stepped forward and asked if we were “the Hills.” When we said “Yes” he said “I am your tour guide in Xian.” We asked when the rest of our group would arrive and he replied, “You are all of the group. A previously scheduled group has canceled, but we are authorized to continue the tour so long as there are at least two people.” How could we get so lucky? We had a personal guide and driver who indicated a willingness to adjust the tour to our specific interests. He ushered us into the van and headed for the city and our hotel. The area was rather flat, but we could see low mountains on the far horizon. The air was hazy and a little dusty.

We deposited our bags at the Shangri-la Golden Flower Hotel and proceeded to the old wall that at one time had ringed the town. Our guide was not wasting any time starting us on our tour. He already stated he was going to vary the schedule and work in a few things not on

the printed itinerary. Only a small segment of the wall remained and he encouraged us to climb the stone steps to the top, just in time to watch a re enactment of a celebration from the Tang period. The costumed dancers proceeded through a stone archway, into the city. A couple of tourists were pulled into the group of dancers to be the “honored couple.” This Xian city wall was considered to be a typical example of the fortifications of ancient China. Inside the wall there were several shops selling souvenirs. We took a few minutes to browse among the replicas of many “ancient” objects of art spread out on large, flat tables

Following lunch at a local Chinese restaurant, we were taken to the Shaanxi Museum. With three main buildings, it was far too vast to see much in the allotted time. It was filled with artifacts covering almost the entire history of China. Our guide was a master of information and could quote dates and history of every Dynasty and war, and emphasized the many contributions of the Chinese people to the culture and technology of the world. Although many of the captions were in English, he tirelessly embellished every exhibit with his vast knowledge of history. The most prominent of the exhibits was a collection of ancient texts (ancient calligraphy) written on stone tablets.

A side trip while driving through the streets put us inside a shop selling tapestries, carpets, scarves, and various other woven objects. Women and young girls were setting at various types of looms hard at work at their artistry. There were beautiful and intricate designs, and I enjoyed visiting with one of the women about her crafts. I bought a scarf and it was back to the van. The next stop was the Great Mosque, which seemed a little out of place in modern China. However, we were informed it is located in a primarily Moslem neighborhood. It had been an eventful and interesting day, but we were beginning to feel tired so asked our guide to return us to our room for the evening. Tomorrow’s schedule looked to be a very busy one.

Saturday, May 1

We were up early in preparation for a full day of sightseeing. Our tour started with a walk through an open shopping area stretching down a narrow street. Both sides were filled with stands and booths, each one touching the next. They were selling everything from food to crafts to clothing to appliances. We had no sooner started down the street than it began to rain. Many of the booths were prepared with plastic cloths. We were not so well prepared and were looking for shelter. Surprise of surprises! Right at our elbow was an inviting McDonald’s. We quickly sought shelter under its roof to wait out the rain. Since it appeared the rain was going to continue, we decided to indulge in a snack.

The shower stopped just as we finished eating, and we continued on down the booth-lined street to the Big Wild Goose Pagoda (There is also a Small Wild Goose Pagoda — the size referring to the building, not the goose.) The original building housed manuscripts brought from India by the monk who introduced Buddhism to China. The area included a large monastery with (so we were told) 897 rooms. We wandered through a few of these, but declined the oppor-



City wall in Xian



Celebration
from Tang
dynasty



White Goose Pagoda



Food and gift stalls in the rain

tunity to climb the steps to the seventh story at the top. This had to be a quick look because our guide was urging us to hurry. The morning was still young and he had plans to move on to bigger things

Our driver met us just outside the Pagoda and took us about 20 miles east of Xian city to the Terra Cotta Warrior's Museum. The park-like area, on which the museum is located, covered more than 50 acres at the foot of Mount Li. The beautifully landscaped park contained many buildings and archeological sites in addition to the museum. Our driver parked the van in a large brick-covered lot, filled with booths and vendors offering a bountiful supply of souvenirs, books, and crafts. Beyond the crafts was a walkway through a beautifully landscaped park. There were evergreen shrubs interspersed with flowering landscaped beds and brightly blooming pots of flowers. The walkway led to a large plaza surrounded by several buildings, including three separate underground pits that had been excavated and partially restored. We entered the building which covered the largest of the pits and gazed in disbelief at the number of warriors, horses and chariots. There were rows and rows of the warriors standing in long pits with their heads and shoulders just above the ground level. At one time they had been painted, but only a few specks of color remained. We stood at the edge of the pits and gazed down in wonder at the scene before us.

Although hundreds of the figures had been restored, this was only a small fraction of the area yet to be excavated and hundreds (maybe thousands) of the figures were lying in rubble, still to be restored. Our guide told us that a rebel in the Qin dynasty had found the pits and set fire to the structure. The roof timbers collapsed and crushed the thousands of terra cotta figures. Following re discovery of the tombs and mausoleum in 1974, archeologists initiated efforts to preserve and restore the many figures. The task of restoration required finding hundreds of pieces and sorting them into individual figures, like a huge jigsaw puzzle, assembling each fragment in its place until another warrior appeared. Each of the thousands of figures had different facial features to the point where some believed each sculpturer had patterned it after his own likeness. The figures were in different positions, with the archers kneeling with their long bows ready. Behind them were the spear throwers and finally at the far end of the excavation were the horse drawn war chariots.

We walked around the excavated area in awe at the size and magnitude of the scene below us. There were many areas still under excavation and several below ground rooms were filled with pieces still to be matched and assembled.

The terra cotta excavations had an interesting history. A farmer digging a well for water came across fragments of pottery and ancient bronze weapons. He contacted the authorities and the rest was history. It was estimated the pits contain more than 8000 figures. Other mounds have been found that apparently contain even more terra cotta figures. We had driven past what appeared to be hill about a mile from the museum. We were told it was not a hill but was in fact a huge burial mound for the Emperor Qin and contained even more warriors. It was hard to





Warriors' horses await their riders

imagine how such primitive people could construct such a monument and the amount of labor and time required to do it on such a grandiose scale. Archeologists think there may have been as many as 720,000 conscripted laborers working on the site. Many of these were killed by the emperor to be sure there was no one left to reveal the location of his tomb. What power did the emperor have to command such a structure for his protection in the afterlife?

Our guide directed us to the exhibition hall containing many historical artifacts. As we entered the lobby, we noticed a man sitting in a chair behind a small table. Our guide whispered that this was in fact the farmer who had discovered the tombs while digging for water, and he often just sat in the museum lobby watching the people. He continued. "If you buy a souvenir picture book, perhaps I can persuade the farmer to autograph it for you." We bought the book and returned to the table. Our guide asked him if he would sign the book and that old wrinkled face broke into a broad grin. He nodded his agreement and entered a lot of Chinese characters on the fly leaf. Whether "for real" or a way to sell books I was not sure, but the man looked authentic and the right age. I expected a request for a tip, but he smiled at me and we walked on to view the rest of the exhibits.

One of the most interesting and intricate pieces in the exhibit was the replica of the Emperor Qin's two wheeled bronze chariots with a lot of gold and silver used as ornamentation. It was pulled by four horses, complete with harness and reins. Horses and harness were highly decorated. A fiber tassel attached to the head of the far right side of the horse was a symbol of

high social position and authority of the driver. The emperor was sitting on a high shelf-like seat, holding the eight lines adroitly in his hands. There was a highly decorated umbrella attached to the chariot, so as to shield the emperor from sun and rain.

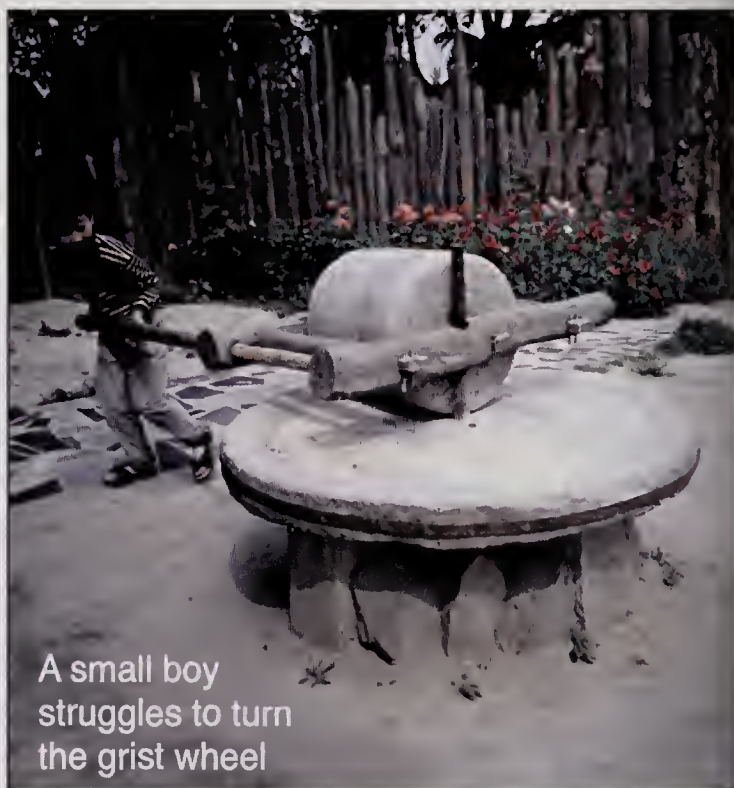
It was time for a late lunch. The dining room was a large building near the museum. Tables were set in rows down the center. On either side of the room were long, heavily laden tables of food set up buffet style. I could not begin to describe the number of different dishes of food — some of which we recognized, but many we did not. We picked up plates and piled them high with the food we thought looked most familiar and chose a table set for two. Our guide disappeared to find his own lunch.

We headed east to the Huaqing Hot Springs. The palace had quite a history of emperors, concubines, intrigue, and murder. The most famous was Lady Yang, who was put to death because “the emperor was neglecting his duties, in favor of the hot springs.” In the center of the plaza was a fountain spraying a wide circle of water far above our heads. A private pool and bath inside a building had once been reserved for the emperor and his favorite concubine. Our guide pointed out her bathtub and dressing room which were still intact. Grounds consisted of many acres of greenery, shrubs, flowers, and hot springs that still bring tourists for “the cure.”

On our way back to Xian, our guide suggested a stop at a spot not shown in the guide books. At the top of a long hill stood a single rustic building that had been a mill and blacksmith shop. The area around the museum was enclosed with a fence made entirely of small poles of various sizes, driven into the ground. People were demonstrating various crafts such as



Huaqing Hot Springs



A small boy
struggles to turn
the grist wheel

paper cutting, calligraphy, metal work, and baking at the fireplace. Outside the museum was a circular flat stone about three feet in diameter, supported by many smaller stones set on end in the dirt. On top was a perfectly rounded cylindrical stone, with a crudely fashioned axle through the center. Heavy short logs supported the total, all anchored to the center of the flat stone. A long stick was fastened to the rolling cylinder. This “invention” was obviously intended to be used for grinding. A little boy standing nearby understood my curiosity as to how it worked and with a big smile placed some grains of corn on the flat stone and, using all his strength, managed to make a few turns and grind the kernels into flour. I thanked him and received the reward of another big grin.

Now we were really on a tight schedule and the driver rushed us back to our hotel with just enough time to prepare for an evening dinner and performance of song and dance from the Tang Dynasty period. Our guide had arranged perfect seats for us, close to the stage and at the center aisle so we didn't have to look over someone's head. An oriental orchestra was seated on a balcony to our left, but high above the crowd and the stage. The overflow crowd was seated in another large balcony behind us. The balustrade was covered with exotic colors and figures.

As soon as we were seated, waiters began serving our exotic meal. Our *Programme & Menu* listed the menu with exotic names like “Pearls of Cathay” (fish and dumplings) and “The Princess's Pin” (tenderloin of beef with fried rice).

The program opened with a dance group coming down the center aisle, led by a beautiful woman dressed in a flowing white garment, covered with gold brocade. About her shoulders was a red velvet cloak. She was followed by four girls gowned in light blue floor length dresses. They wore flowered head dresses in their black hair piled high on their head, and bright red tassels swung from their waists. Their arms and hands were covered with the blue silk of their gowns, and matching slippers were occasionally displayed as they walked down the steps of the aisle. Behind them came another entourage of four girls in soft green gowns, elaborately decorated in red and gold. A huge silk flower was perched precariously on top of each head. The first two carried huge red Chinese lanterns: the last two carried placards on long poles held above their heads like crossed spears. We were seated on the aisle, so close that the flowing gowns almost brushed our table as they passed. This gave us a view (and photo ops) that were terrific. The food and the program that followed were indescribable: filled with action, color, music, dance and song. Each dance seemed to be more colorful and animated than the last! The costumes were magnificent, with brilliant colors of blue and white and red. The lead singer had a beautiful voice which indicated musical talent and training.

Most of the musical instruments were unknown to us except the Koto, which Mrs. Kurachi had shown me in her room on one of our trips to Japan. Most instruments seemed to be string instruments of a design we did not recognize, with no electronic enhancement or amplification — thankfully.

節目表 Programme

PRELUDE

Hua Qing Palace
An Ancient Chinese Instrumental Ensemble

華清宮

CULTURAL DANCE SEGMENT

White Ramie Cloth Costume Dance

白綾舞

Da Nuo Dance

大傩舞

Rainbow Costume Dance

霓裳羽衣舞

Warriors Triumphal Dance

秦王破陣樂

INSTRUMENT MUSICAL

Happy Spring Outing

游春圖
(歌/弦/琵琶/笙/笛/簫)

Highlighted by Spring Orioles Song 春鶯囀
(Hand plucked string instrument with Pai Xiao solo presentation) (琵琶獨奏)

FINALE

Ta Ge

踏歌

菜譜 Menu

Pearls of Cathay

Delicacies of fish & dumpling specialties a la Xian

春色滿園

The Royal Marriage

Black mushroom consommé

翡翠草草

Heart of The Dragon

Crispy fresh king prawns garnished with honey glazed
walnut highlighted with salad

龍馭桐川

The Princess's Pin

Baked succulent tenderloin of beef served
with traditional vegetarian and fried rice

驪宮艷影

The Willow's Melody

Chilled sago surprise with orange

花朝甘露

After Dinner Delight

Platter of assorted cookies

Jasmine tea

臨潼烽火

茉莉花香

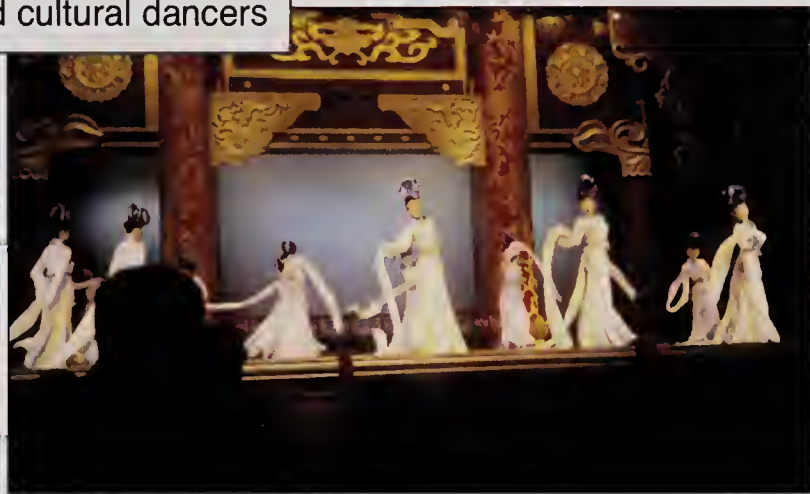
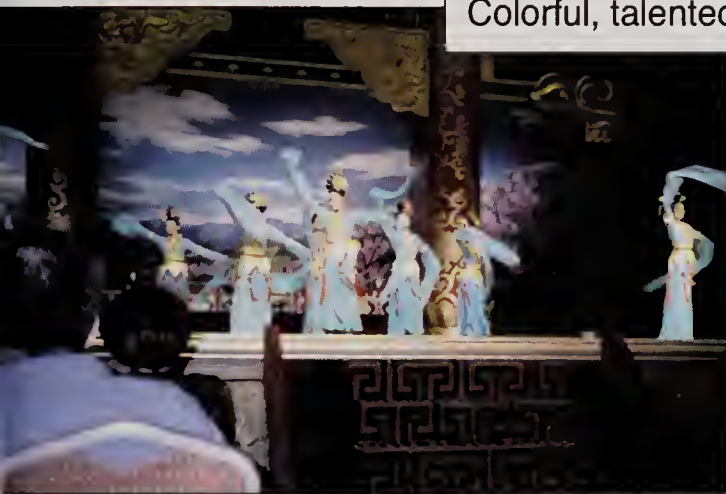
Program
and menu
for cultural
show

Programme Run Down & Menu

Opening procession at the cultural show



Colorful, talented cultural dancers



Sunday, May 2

Breakfast was always plentiful, served American style. After a leisurely breakfast (we were still reeling from yesterday's schedule) we met our guide for a trip to a tiny country town to visit a Chinese version of a Grandma Moses painter. After an hour's drive, Lowell asked if there was any place for a bathroom stop. The driver said "just ahead." He pulled over on the shoulder. Across the road was a concrete block wall about eight feet high and eight feet long. Lowell walked across the road and stepped out of sight behind the wall. The Chinese girl who was traveling with us spoke good English and said "Welcome to the Chinese version of an interstate rest stop!" Everyone laughed and I thought "When in China, do as the Chinese do" and followed Lowell across the road where I discovered a grassy spot behind the wall.

After a long ride we came to a Chinese village. A few little houses lined the cobblestone street. We were ushered into a small house and introduced to a little middle-aged woman. She had a pleasant smile and greeted us warmly in Chinese. The walls of the room were covered with her beautiful primitive paintings. We looked at them for some time and admired their artistic beauty. Among her talents was cutting paper into intricate designs such as birds, flowers, butterflies, and dragons. She proceeded to show us how she created a butterfly. When she finished she handed it to me with a gracious smile. I selected two small colorful paintings.

Next stop was across the street to a painter's very small studio. At the present time he was involved in painting a woman dressed in an ancient costume. As I admired the painting and indicated I had taken courses in art, he handed me the brush and insisted I add one stroke to the garment so that it would in fact carry my touch. I did my best and hoped my hand would not slip and spoil his entire painting! He complimented me on the deftness with which I applied the color.

Our guide told us we were to have had lunch at a typical farm house, but plans had been changed. We would have to wait and have our lunch in Xian. As he was going past the farmhouse, I saw pigs at the back door, along with piles of garbage. I was happy we were going to eat in town. The road past this house was deeply rutted dirt and mud holes that the driver dodged. Several of the other houses looked equally primitive with corn shocks in the front yard and animals around the houses. It was clear not all of China had modernized during the period since our first visit in 1989.

Back in Xian we had a late lunch in a somewhat fancy hotel dining room. A long table was set with all kinds of food. We were seated at a table for two with plates of raw vegetables and raw meats cut into bite-sized portions. A small grill heated by a Sterno burner was placed in the center of the table and a waiter came and lighted it. Several kinds of dip in small dishes were placed around the table. The guide explained we were to cook our food and then dip the hot food into each of the various dishes to coat and flavor the meat. That seemed to be a workable situation until I discovered that one of the dishes held raw eggs. I couldn't quite bring myself to have raw egg as the last coating!!



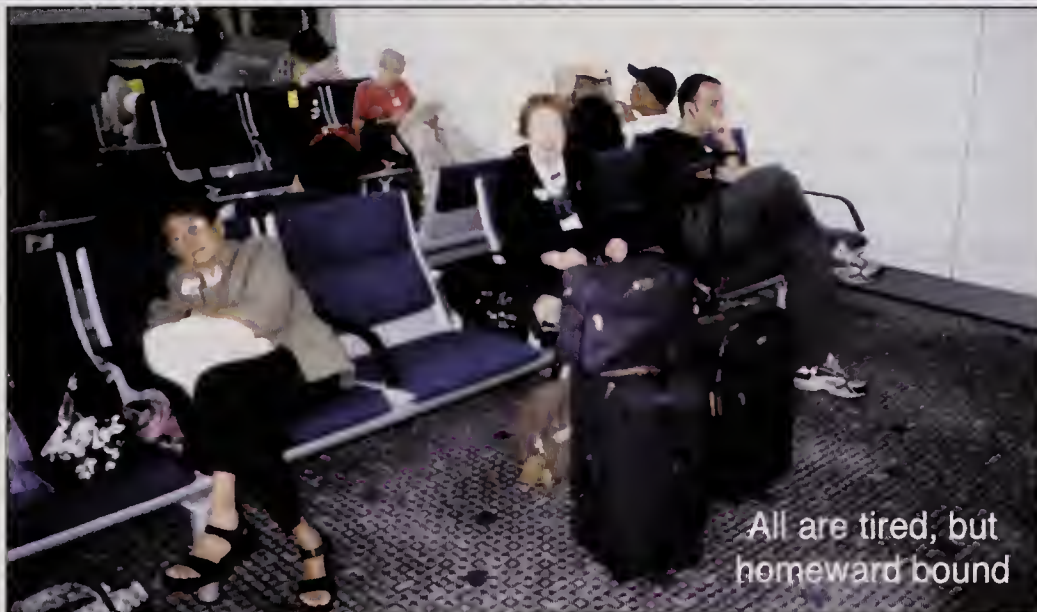
Chinese artist –
painting and
paper cutting



A painter in a near-by shop . . .



. . . asks me to add my touch



All are tired, but
homeward bound

Lowell invited the guide to sit and eat with us, but he said guides were not allowed to eat with their guests. Following continued urging he finally did sit at our table and visit for a portion of our lunch time. Conversation changed to enquiries about his job and he told us he would be required to retire at an early age in order to make room for the next generation.

Following lunch we had time for just one more museum. The Banpo Neolithic Museum was located a short drive east of Xian, overlooking the Chan River. It was said to have been inhabited in 6000 B.C. The collection of ancient artifacts was impressive, and the reconstruction of some of the Stone Age structures helped me visualize life as it was so long ago. Our guide maintained a constant flow of information, but we were getting tired and were ready for a return to our hotel for a night's rest.

Monday May 3

Our bags were packed and we checked out of the hotel before entering the van. Our guide accompanied us to the airport and we said our goodbyes and thanks for the excellent tours, information, and personal attention to our preferences. We thought both driver and guide deserved generous tips — especially since their normal tour would have had tips from 20 people!!! We checked into the airport, boarded the plane and flew back to Hong Kong. The hotel adjoining the airport terminal was so convenient, we returned for our last night in Hong Kong. We had a leisurely evening watching the planes take off and land nearly at window height. It was good to be going home tomorrow.

Tuesday, May 4

Our early departure from Hong Kong did not allow time for breakfast at the hotel because the dining room was not yet open, but we found a place to buy some food in the terminal. We went to the ticket counter and picked up our boarding passes. When we started to pass through the boarding gate, the attendant stopped us and insisted my bag was too large. It was the same as Lowell's except for slightly larger wheels. I had carried this bag around the world and its size had never been questioned. We argued, demonstrated, and pleaded, but to no avail "Too big" she insisted. "Go back to desk and check it." We returned and explained our problem to the young man at the counter. He replied, "Oh, those ladies get rather picky sometimes." He reached under the counter and handed me a sticker saying the bag size had been approved. With the tag attached, the same attendant at the gate waved us through without any more questions.

The flight home was uneventful, including the transfer to American Eagle. We had the usual "tour" of Champaign/Urbana in Corky's limo before he finally dropped us off at our home. We were tired from the long flight and the crossing of so many time zones, but we were satisfied with all we had experienced in such a short time. The tour to Xian had been a wonderful experience, and the high point had been the Warriors and the evening cultural show.

Epilogue 2011

More than 35 years have flown by since our first “adventure” in Mexico in 1975. I felt welcome and secure, enjoying the warmth and hospitality of the people we met. Side streets and country excursions were exciting episodes simply because of their uniqueness. I felt safe and comfortable walking the streets in Coatzacoalacos (even when they confiscated our passports) as well as in Mexico City. In every country, people reached out to us in friendship.

The world has changed dramatically since those years, with many natural and manmade disasters. I have watched those changes develop, entranced, knowing that I once stood on the spots being shown in the media reports — mud slides on the mountain slopes outside Rio, volcanic eruptions in Indonesia, economic disasters in several countries, and dramatic (sometimes violent) changes in government. I often shared historic moments with friends in those countries — sometimes rejoicing, sometimes with justifiable concern and trepidation. As I once again read my notes, I remember the smiles and happy greetings as I walked the streets of Warsaw, when the Russian soldiers were leaving after years of occupying Poland. I rejoiced with the President of the Hungary Board of Trade as he proudly showed us the construction of a trading floor patterned after the Chicago Board of Trade that would be the first “private futures market for grain in Hungary” he said. I worked alongside potential Russian grain traders as they struggled to understand what it meant to operate in a free market for grain, only a year after army tanks had shattered the 3rd floor of their White House.

I visited the Hatshepsut temple a few months before the brutal attack on a bus load of tourists. I watched the turmoil in Tahrir Square as protestors demanded an end to the oppressive rule under which they had lived. Our hotel was near the Square and a few steps away from the Egyptian Museum. I was saddened during the 2011 riots, as the media filmed looting in the Valley of the Kings and damage to the museum treasures we had admired. What a contrast to my visit, where I had “tricked” my way past a guard wanting money for visiting the cat mummies. I saw no signs of animosity between the ethnic groups in the shops and streets of Sarajevo. The misty magical forest path we walked became a battlefield shortly after I left, the trees in the forest became firewood, and Yugoslavia became not one but 7 countries. We travelled much of China in 1987 and sensed a “yearning” for more freedom and better living conditions, especially in the cities, but never anticipated the events that transpired in Tiananmen Square less than two years after our “feet numbing” exploration of the grounds.

Terrorist bombings in Bali gave us cause to reflect on our visit during a time when our biggest concern was the size of the cockroaches in our bedroom. Zimbabwe farmers were prospering — black as well as white. Grain was in surplus and being exported to feed other countries. A local business man and wife, who had sold their store in the village to buy a small farm, escorted us through their tomato field — pride of ownership etched in their faces. I heard a few people wondering if prosperity would last under the new regime, but no one anticipated the rapid change in freedoms and the brutal attacks against successful farmers, as the country quickly changed from a grain exporter to an impoverished hungry nation. Our typhoon adventure in Chiba, Japan, which drove our corn-loaded vessel out of port, paled beside the 2011 earthquake, tsunami, and nuclear disasters. We were inconvenienced by the typhoon, but our friends in Chiba and Kashima faced massive destruction.

Sadly, I realize that many of the places and events I have recounted in this daily journal may no longer be safe for the casual traveler. I can only hope that someday future generations will once again be able to travel in the peace and safety, and feel the “reaching out” in friendship that I found among the many wonderful people in every country. The olive branch from a stranger outside a Buenos Aires church is still pressed between the pages of my book. It offers the hope that someday the world will once again provide opportunities for another generation to enjoy the warmth of experiences shared across cultures.

